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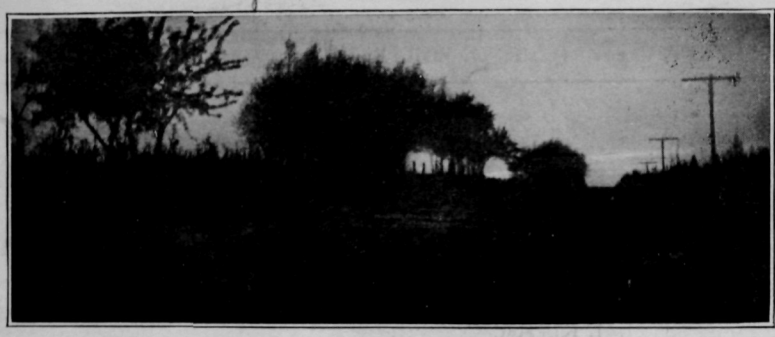
Our Motto for September: "Nothing can stand between you and the accomplishment of a right desire"

THE MIDWESTERN



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TERMS: One Dollar a Year; Ten Cents a Copy

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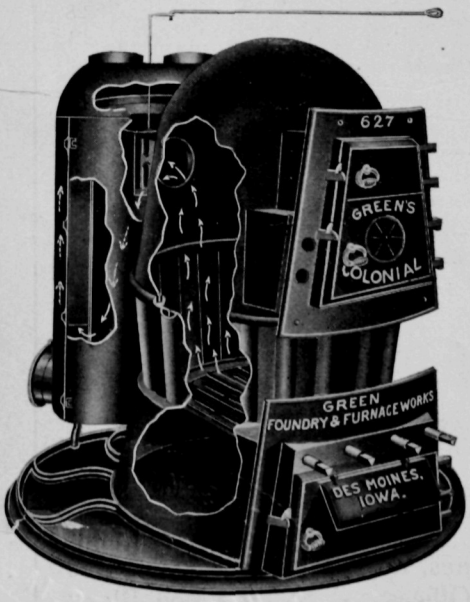

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Join the Iowa Party for a Cruise of the Mediterranean and the Orient

Including a Tour of the Holy Land and Egypt

A select party of Iowans is now being arranged in connection with Clark's Tenth Annual Cruise of the Mediterranean and the Orient. For this cruise, the magnificent new White Star Line Steamship "ARABIC" has been specially chartered.

In seventy days, from February 6 to April 16, 1908, the party will make a journey of nearly 15,000 miles. All points of interest in Spain, Algeria, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Italy and Southern France will be visited under the direction of experienced and well educated guides. At a slight additional expense many side trips are available. All arrangements are made months in advance thus avoiding the unusual annoyances and delays.

COST OF TRIP—First class, $400.00 and upwards according to stateroom. When it is considered that this includes stateroom, meals, shore excursions, hotels, fees, guides and all necessary expenses, the cost is surprisingly reasonable.

The Iowa party, now forming, will be under the personal direction of Miss Harriet E. Yeater, state secretary of the Iowa Sabbath School Association and Lecturer for the Iowa Anti-Saloon League and formerly principal of the Knoxville, Iowa, public schools.

Miss Yeater made this cruise of the Mediterranean and the Orient during the winter of the present year and has been engaged as a lecturer for the tenth annual cruise.

Any one interested in this most interesting trip is invited to write or call for full particulars. A beautifully illustrated booklet of one hundred pages will be mailed free.

Miss Harriet E. Yeater,

Room 518 Iowa Loan and Trust Co. Building **Des Moines, Iowa**

ONE YEAR OLD

A year ago THE MIDWESTERN was born. To the general public its birth appeared ridiculous, for experiments along the line of rearing magaines in Des Moines had all proved failures. Nevertheless, the new venture took a long, deep breath, and began life in earnest.

To the general public it may have appeared a foolhardly venture. But there was a public to which it appealed in a good way, the public formed by the business men of the city, without whose approval no venture of any sort could make headway. The business men were growing tired of the constant complaints and criticisms of the town. They had begun to see that appreciation, not depreciation, was what the town needed. So the proposed magazine, to be a "booster," a journal of appreciation of the good things, first in Des Moines, then of Iowa and of the middle west, met with congratulations at the very outset. It was intended to call the magazine "The Booster," but finally a committee of three were asked to select a name appropriate to the idea from which the venture emanated.

* * *

Before the committee met to act, an offer of $25 was made for a name. Six hundred and twenty-seven names were sent in. The committee, composed of Mrs. C. E. Rawson, secretary of the Des Moines Life Association; Capt. H. B. Hedge, president of the Central State bank, and Harvey Ingham, editor of the Register and Leader, met in the parlors of the Des Moines Life on the morning of August 18, and after much discussion a unanimous choice was made of the name, THE MIDWESTERN.

* * *

The first issue of ten thousand copies was sold out in three days, so completely

that we had no reserve with which to supply subscribers. We bought back at 25 cents a piece about forty copies from newstands and firms which had paid ten cents a piece for them.

The surprise was overwhelming to us. And such surprises have followed every month in the year. Of the twelve months' issues, we have not more than one hundred copies left, and there are several numbers of which we have only our office files.

* * *

With almost no effort, the subscription list has grown until we are proud of it. To our volunteer subscribers in every state in the union—but two—and many in Canada, we send greeting and cordial thanks for your support. We trust you will continue members of The Midwestern family and tell your friends about us.

Perhaps a special word to our two hundred subscribers in California will not be out of place. Your letters have been a source of the greatest pleasure to us and are filed away among our treasures. To our Iowa friends we also send a special greeting and ask you to aid us with suggestions about helping to spread the fame of our great state.

* * *

And to Des Moines—what shall we say in expression of our gratitude? Our work has brought us into close touch with all sorts and conditions of people in the city. Among them all we find a growing loyalty to the city of their homes and interests.

The new spirit is all-pervasive and a pull all together is being made for a Greater Des Moines. This new spirit has been the inspiration of our work for The Midwestern. Without it we could not have given you the beautiful books of the past year. And we in turn have done and will do all we can to foster this new spirit which is leading us onward and upward.

* * *

The press of Des Moines and of the state of Iowa, as well as the great newspapers of the whole country have been most cordial and inspiring to us. We deeply appreciate the encouragement received from them.

* * *

To our advertisers we have offered the best medium of its sort in the middle west. Our audience is a picked one. Our pages are never open to fake advertising.

In as far as we are able, we guarantee worth and merit of all articles advertised in our columns. Our rate, considering our circulation, has been low. The best firms in the city are our advertisers and for their cordial and practical support we are grateful indeed.

* * *

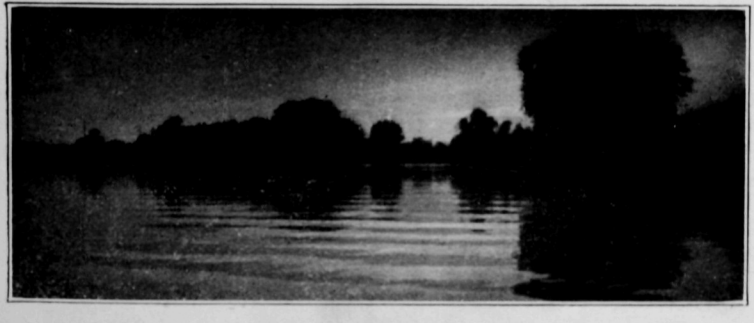
For the coming year we have several special features in view which we shall soon announce. The darling children, whose faces have adorned our pages will have more attention than ever. We invite our friends to send us pictures of their children.

* * *

Notes or articles about any of the unwritten history of the state or of the middle west will be welcome to us. Suggestions of all kinds are always acceptable.

* * *

We are adding a few of the many letters of congratulations we have received upon our birthday. Thank you, dear friends, for all your kind words. By these you help us to go forward to greater things with renewed energy and determination.—Carolyn M. Ogilvie, Editor.



MOONRISE ON THE RIVER

MRS. C. E. RAWSON

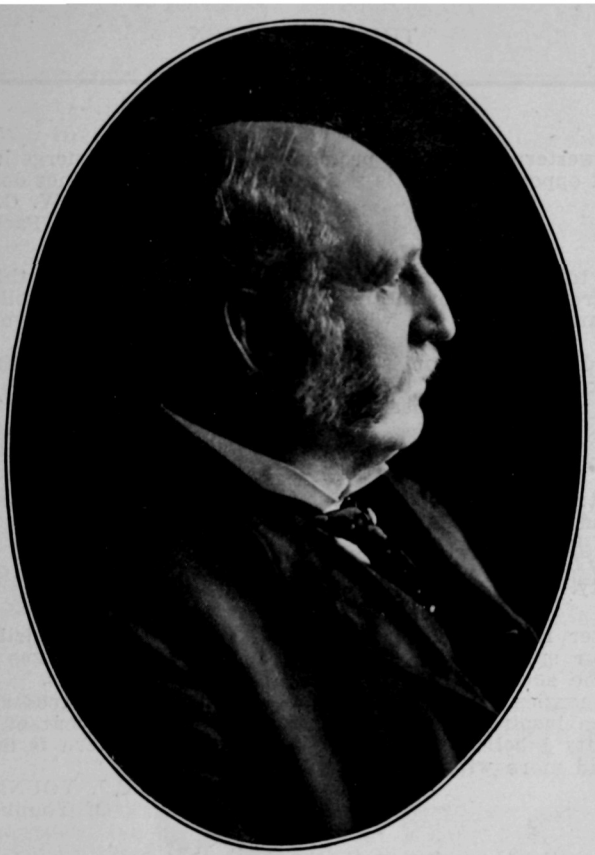
Chairman of the Committee who named The Midwestern.

It gives me great pleasure to say to you on this the anniversary of The Midwestern that this magazine has more than filled the expectations of its friends. It certainly carries the "spirit of the times" into every home it enters. So worthy a magazine deserves the success it is having.

Most cordially yours,

MRS. C. E. RAWSON,

Vice-President Des Moines Life Insurance Co.



CAPTAIN H. B. HEDGE

It has just occurred to me that it is now about one year since I had the pleasure of acting as one of the three who had been requested to select a name for the new magazine from a list of 625 names that had been sent in from all over the west. After much thought and careful consideration we concluded to recommend The Midwestern. Whether we chose wisely or not we can not tell, but we are sure the magazine has been a great success and has already found a welcome place on the reading tables and a warm place in the hearts of the reading public, and I want to especially congratulate you upon all your display cuts. I think they are deserving of more than a passing compliment. Many of the older magazines do not compare with yours in that regard and none excel The Midwestern.

I was one of your first subscribers and have been a careful reader of same for your first year now about to close and want to extend to you my congratulations and hope, and am quite sure, you will receive the support you have so richly won, and to the reading public and advertising people I wish to say I am quite sure you will find The Midwestern all it claims to be, and its being a warm supporter of all Des Moines interests as well as all Iowa and other western interests makes it just what it claims to be—The Midwestern.

H. B. HEDGE,
President of Central State Bank.

The August number of The Midwestern is effective and satisfactory—so good that it certainly deserves special words of commendation from its growing circle of friends. It speaks for itself. It's good to look upon. Form a material, typographical and even artistic standpoint it is excellent.

Kindly accept congratulations on the success of your venture. Your earnest attempt to publish in Des Moines a magazine of merit will meet, as I verily believe, continued and substantial encouragement.

MILO WARD,
Secretary of Commercial Club.

The Midwestern is a very promising yearling and energetically taking advantage of opportunity. It is a live example of Des Moines doing things.

W. G. AGAR,
President of Agar Packing Co.

In reply to your request of August 9th, will say that I think you are entitled to great credit for the splendid magazine you are publishing. The engravings are fine and the whole magazine is a credit to you and your associates.

I am sending several copies of each issue to my friends in the East, and always speak for you when an opportunity affords itself.

Trusting that you will meet with continued success and great prosperity,

H. E. TEACHOUT,
President Des Moines Ice Co.

I congratulate you upon the first birthday of The Midwestern. May it live long and prosper, and add much to the development of a literature in its field.

HERBERT QUICK, Author.

Sioux City.

The writer is heartily in accord with the "booster" spirit that characterizes your splendid magazine, The Midwestern, and takes pleasure in wishing it the success and progress which it richly merits.

All the energies concerned in the development of our good city are dear to the citizen inspired with civic pride, and as an element of strength in the community I believe the influence of The Midwestern is making itself felt more and more with each successive issue.

FALK J. YOUNKER,
Of Younker Bros.

I do enjoy the magazine more than any that come to the house. We take a goodly number. It is all interesting to me and is like being on an island and getting a letter from home. MRS. W. H. CROOKS,
President Boone Chapter of the D. A. R.

The writer certainly considers The Midwestern a lusty youngster, with so little age and so much size as well as quality. It is a welcome visitor in my home and read from cover to cover. GEORGE A. BOODY,
President and General Manager Holland & New Co.

It gives me great pleasure to state that I find each number of The Midwestern a happy surprise. I want to congratulate you on the splendid issues of the past year, and while at first I had some doubts as to whether or not the issuing of a monthly magazine in Des Moines could be made a profitable venture, I feel confident now that it can, and has been done. I have heard many favorable comments on the appearance of the magazine, and especially with reference to the beautiful and numerous cuts which adorn the pages. It is surely a credit to Des Moines, and I do not know but what it can be said to aptly reflect the new "boosting" spirit so comparatively recently engendered in our midst. It might be a coincidence that its birth was contemporaneous with that of the "boosting" movement, but I believe the development of both has had many things in common.

Wishing you continued success, I am,

Yours sincerely,
JOHN O. KNUTSON,
Manager Puck Soap Co.

I regard The Midwestern as not only interesting in contents but highly creditable in appearance. It can not fail of great success by continuing to seek high ideals. I am much pleased with it.

SIDNEY A. FOSTER,
Vice-President Royal Union Life Insurance Co.

I congratulate The Midwestern on its first birthday. The publication deserves the support of the people of Des Moines and Iowa. It is certainly living up to its reputation as a magazine of appreciation.

Very truly yours, LAFE YOUNG, JR.,
Of The Daily Capital.

Let me congratulate you on the August number. It was fine.

MRS. P. W. LUENGEN.

Colfax, Iowa.

I am delighted with your success. The whole appearance of the magazine is artistic. It is a credit to Des Moines.

FREDERICK HOWARD,
Dean of Music Department, Drake University.

I am glad to note your success. The magazine is a fine booster, not only for Des Moines but for Iowa as well.

HARRY BELT,
Of Belt & Van Sittert.

I like The Midwestern. It shows it is successful. Des Moines should be proud of it.

G. S. GILBERTSON.
Ex-State Treasurer of Iowa.

Everybody is praising your magazine. I hear of it everywhere I go. We could not spare it from our library table.

MRS. J. W. COKENOWER.

I never saw anything improve as The Midwestern has. It is splendid and the most beautifully illustrated magazine in the country.

MRS. FLETCHER HOWARD.

The Midwestern is a good medium for promoting Des Moines and Iowa interests. It is doing splendid work. I congratulate you upon your success.

H. H. POLK,
President Interurban Railway Co.

The Midwestern Magazine is a good thing for Des Moines. It contains, besides good general reading, much data that is both interesting and valuable. The publicity given to civic affairs is read with interest both in and out of Des Moines. The Insurance Number was especially fine and the articles contained in it, together with the article upon the Interurban by President H. H. Polk in the April issue, were the finest things of the sort I have ever seen in print. It is a difficult thing to make a "booster" organ both good and interesting. The Midwestern is both. It covers the field.

LUCIUS WILSON,
Secretary Greater Des Moines Committee.

That The Midwestern is a Des Moines woman's achievement is a matter of pride to all women and especially to the women of Des Moines and Iowa. It improves with every issue and ranks well with the great magazines of America.

MRS. W. F. MITCHELL,
President Des Moines Women's Club.

If good taste, good writing, good pictures, work and perseverance mean anything in a magazine, you are bound to win.

S. H. M. BYERS.

Allow me to congratulate you on your August number of The Midwestern. From its handsome frontispiece to its last page it is certainly a reflection of very clever talent.

On account of my interest in your magazine as an advertising medium, its progress has been closely watched by me, and it affords me much pleasure to state that if all of your patrons are as well pleased with results as the Mountain Valley Springs Company are it would simply be in accord with my opinion of your just reward. Your future is a foregone conclusion. With best wishes, I beg to remain,

Respectfully yours,

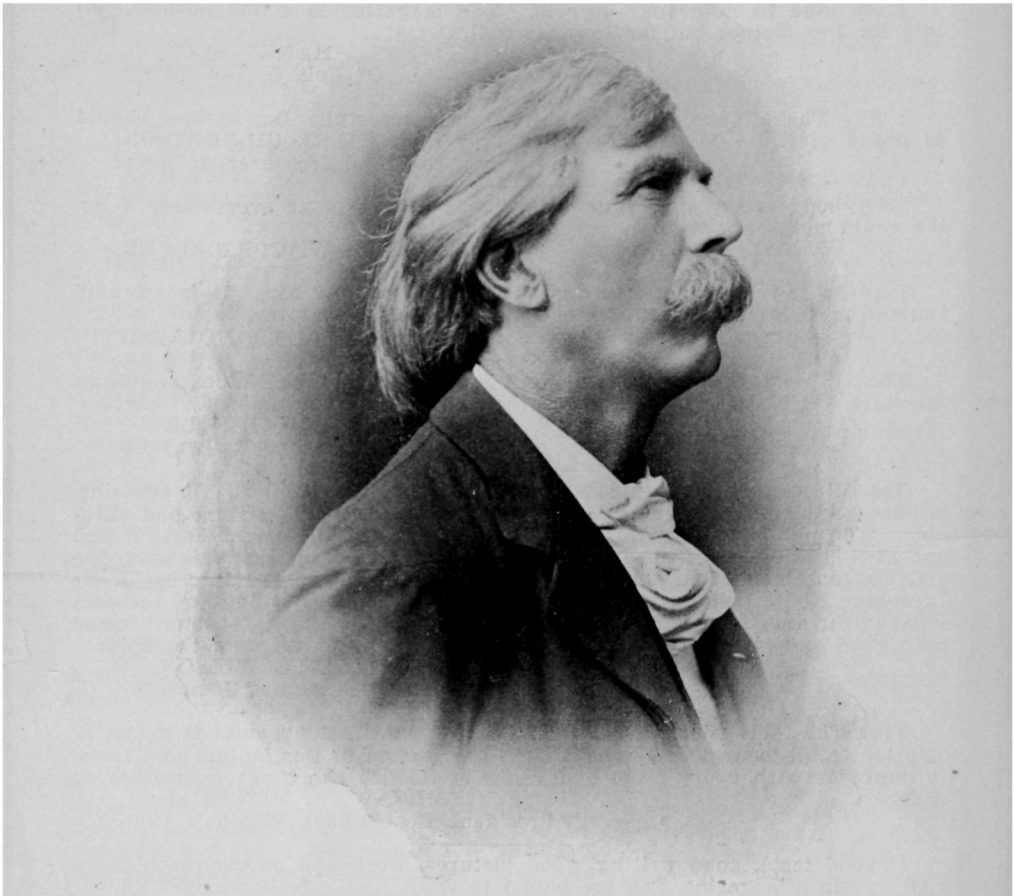
W. L. LA FLESH,
Manager Mountain Valley Springs Co.

It has been my pleasure to read and observe the development of The Midwestern since its first issue, and I believe the citizens of this great commonwealth are to be congratulated upon the advantages derived from the columns of this good magazine.

You have most certainly proven the truth of your motto on the cover page, "In all that is good, Iowa affords the best."

Please accept my congratulations.

L. C. DEETS,
Secretary Iowa State Traveling Men's Association.



MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS

Maj. Byers' new volume of poems, "The Honeymoon" will be out in September, as well as a new and enlarged edition of "The Happy Isles." From this last, we reproduce a Love Sonnet that has met with warm appreciation.

[EDITOR.]

A SONNET OF LOVE.

Who am I? Master of the human soul,
Whom never any mortal yet defied,—
Youth, nor old age, bridegroom, nor bride;
Born of the god's all beauty is my dole;
Lips smile, eyes meet; that instant I control
Soul, heart, and being. There, beside
Him have I conquered, I abide,—
His hell, or paradise, I am the whole,
He doth not will it whom my arrow stings
To sudden joy, or still more sudden pain;
Spite of himself, Love's sweet or bitter things
Evade he cannot—and, one smile to gain,
Beyond the grave he'd follow on swift wings;
For I am that which death hath never slain.

DR. S. S. STILL

First Subscriber to The Midwestern.

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II SEPTEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 1

The First Subscriber to

THE MIDWESTERN

SKETCH OF DR. S. S. STILL

There are always men in a community who are worth while simply as men and as citizens, apart from their business interests, men whom it is a delight to honor and who stand for integrity, both in private and public life. Such a man came to Des Moines in 1898 and has been a resident since that time, in a few years making for himself a host of friends and a record not surpassed by the oldest resident.

Dr. S. S. Still is a western man by birth and education, a native of Missouri and educated in Eudora, Kansas, at Baker University and Kansas State University. His academic education was especially complete, and added to by a wide range of reading upon all subjects, and travel both in this country and in Europe.

It is the wide culture which includes a familiarity with great minds of the past, with social and business conditions of the present and a vivid interest in life and living that produce men of Dr. Still's type, a type expressed by the word "big." When a young boy, Dr. Still was strongly attracted to medicine as a profession. When he came to choose definitely his life work, a new idea was permeating the professional world, the idea that nature tends always to a cure and with natural assistance will care for her own. Medicine was being considered unnatural, but the treatment which kept the bones in place and aided in proper blood and nerve conditions, the treatment known as osteopathy was being considered more in harmony with the everlasting and inevitable laws of physical health. So the young man went to an osteopath college for an education along the lines of the new idea, which strongly appealed to him. He was graduated from the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo., and later from the Iowa College of Law. True to his instinct for exactness and thoroughness Dr. Still took special work in the Chicago School of Anatomy and Physiology. For a number of years he was Professor of Anatomy at the American School in Kirksville.

In 1898 Dr. Still came to Des Moines, and with his wife, Dr. Ella Still, also an osteopath physician, organized what soon grew to be the greatest school of osteopathy in the world, known as Still College of Osteopathy. Dr. Still was president of this college until it was merged with the Kirksville school in 1905. So rapidly spread the fame of this school that students poured in from all parts of America and even from foreign lands. In the five years of its existence over 1,000 students were graduated.

In his profession, Dr. Still has been so successful that he has been honored with the highest offices, and has been President of the Associated Colleges of Osteopathy, of the Iowa State Association, and is a member of the National State and county Osteopathic Associations. Among his associates in the profession, Dr. Still is known to be progressive. He has stood as a leader in the opposition to bigotry in the profes-

DR. S. S. STILL.

DR. ELLA D. STILL

OFFICE OF

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OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

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Mutual 74; Iowa 578-X

Des Moines, Iowa,
Aug. '07

Editors Midwestern,

The phenomenal success of your Magazine has been a source of gratification to me, because it was a phenomenon I had predicted, and the pleasure of "I told you so" is mine,

DR. STILL'S LETTER OF CONGRATULATION ON THE MIDWESTERN'S FIRST BIRTHDAY

sion, and it is a well known fact that the profession owes more to his opposition to certain dogmas than to any other force, for its present high standing among members of other professions.

Dr. Still comes naturally by his love of his profession. Three generations of physicians preceded him, his grandfather being a pioneer doctor in Tennessee, his father a product of Rush Medical college, and he has brought up his own son in the faith, Dr. George A. Still, who is a graduate of the Northwestern College of Medicine. Since his success with Still College, the doctor has had numbers of flattering invitations to engage in professional work in colleges already established and has been asked to aid in establishing new schools. However, Dr. Still has decided to devote himself exclusively to the practice, and with this idea in view he has organized and established the S. S. Still Osteopathic Institute in Des Moines.

Patients come to this institute for treatment from all over the middle west. Dr. Ella D. Still and Dr. Ella M. Crowley are associated with Dr. S. S. Still in the institute, all these being specialists and their work attracts unusual attention. The institute has the largest and most varied collection of radiograms in the middle west.

Dr. Still is a Mason and a member of several Greek letter and college fraternities, and in all of them popular for his good fellowship and interest in their members and work.

Of such a man as we have sketched, the most beautiful things only could be

said of his family and social relations. For sweetness of spirit, generosity to friends and foes alike, helpfulness toward all who need him, and devotion to the highest principles of life, and for splendid manliness as well, Dr. Still is pre-eminent.

It is with feelings of pride and gratitude that THE MIDWESTERN sketches briefly the work of the man and the man himself who became the first subscriber to the magazine while it was still in embryo. A month before its appearance, upon hearing something of it from the editor, Dr. Still handed out a dollar and said, "Put my name down," and the name stands at the head of the thousands who have been added during the first year's existence of the magazine. To Dr. Still, who so generously took us on faith, and encouraged the new venture in a spirit that has helped us toward the success we have attained, THE MIDWESTERN dedicates this brief sketch.

MRS. CHARLES PROUTY,

A Writer of Ability, whose Name has been added to The Midwestern Staff.

CAUGHT AT LONG STOP

BY WALTER RICHARDS

ELL, dear chap, don't get huffy about it," said Lord Portsea calmly. "It's your funeral, not mine. I only suggested it in a brotherly sort of way—for your own good. You say you are not in love, and have never been in love with any woman, and you are a younger son with a younger son's portion—which doen't mean wealth. What's wrong with Elsie Leigh? She's pretty and has a large fortune. Most men would think both facts advantages."

"I am not going to marry a woman for her money," grumbled Wynborough Longe, shortly.

"Who asked you to? I merely said, come with us on the yacht. Going round the world will give you plenty of time to sample her. Come where money is, as the Scotchman said."

"I'm not going to pursue a woman for her money," replied Wynborough Longe, savagely.

"You are born out of time, my dear boy—a knight of old in the world of Father Vaughan—sort of James Welch reversed. Do your own will. And if you don't come an unholy cropper over your romantic notions some day, I shall be surprised."

"Don't fret yourself," said the younger man. "I never saw a woman who could excite me for nuts."

"Umberufen, and do touch wood, or turn round three times, or do something," cried Lord Portsea in mock horror.

"Oh, rot!" cried the younger brother in ungraceful disdain.

As he drove down Piccadilly the fate which he had so rashly dared came on him. A woman's face flew past him in an electric brougham, and at the sight he bent suddenly and stared. It was a face that Romney would have loved to paint—a trifle irregular perhaps in detail, but intensely attractive in the *tout ensemble*. What made it was a wonderful pair of eyes shining like stars through the feathery lashes. The whole was framed in a soft web of warm deep red hair.

The eyes met those of Wynborough Longe within a yard or two as they passed, held in a momentary glance as if drawn by some irresistible attraction, then turned suddenly away, not without some suggestion of discomposure, and vanished. He caught a fleeting glimpse of an exquisite profile through the side window.

"By jove!" he gasped. "What a wonderful face! Who is she? I must find out."

There was little enough to go on. Only a woman's face after all. The sultry hue of the hair might lend a clue, but red haired women of every shade are by no means uncommon in London. The inscrutable magic of the London season, however, took the quest out of his hands with resistless power. Has not everyone noticed how people hitherto unknown spring suddenly into one's life and at once become familiar and often seen?

Wynborough Longe rode in the Row on the following day and in the serried ranks of seasoned flirts and saucy first-year-outs he recognized the lady of the burning hair, quite unaccompanied—unless that were her groom pacing behind—an attendance usually unknown nowadays. Her slim, graceful figure was seen to best advantage in the close-fitting habit. She had the light, firm seat of one born to the saddle.

Longe set himself to watch her—discreetly—keeping his distance.

She spoke to no one, bowed to no one. It must have been a dull parade. Then suddenly he missed her. A rapid gallop convinced him that she was gone. There seemed to be no adequate

reason for remaining longer himself, or for his ill humor.

Two days later there was a scene in the Row. A lady's horse, indignant at some unknown offense, took to executing Highland reels of a new kind, and finally bolted straight for the Corner, where the slippery granite waits for another and another victim.

Wynborough had just entered at the Corner, and was attracted by shouts and a general stampede in the Row. Realizing dimly what had happened, he stopped at the end of the Row and waited. The crowd of equestrians opened like a popped fuchsia. The runaway sprang through the gap. In that minute Longe recognized the lady of the sultry hair. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes wild with fear. Her figure was thrown back as she struggled at the reins.

With an exclamation of horror Longe spurred his horse forward. Luckily for the lady, he had hunted from boyhood and was an expert polo player. He caught the reins dexterously and, exerting all his strength, stopped the runaway just on the edge of the granite.

A deep sigh of relief went up from the spectators.

"Caught at *Long*-stop!" cried Teddy Farleigh.

This was the beginning of the friendship which ended so wonderfully.

The lady was so shaken by her adventure that she was nearly fainting. Eventually she was put into a cab, and Wynborough Longe took her to her home, a large house in Prince's Gate, facing the park, the groom following with the horses. The arrival under these tragic circumstances caused a prodigious fuss, in which a large and excited elderly man, with a florid face and white side-whiskers, took the principal part.

"My dear sir, you have saved the one creature whom I love How can I thank you? I am your lifelong debtor. You must tell me your name. My wife will like to know it when she recovers, and I trust that you will then permit her to thank you in person."

This speech rang in Longe's ears, and the old man's agitated face was present to his eyes as he rode slowly away.

"The deuce!" he said to himself at once bitterly and savagely. "I never even thought of *that*. But I ought. Why are the best always picked up? Fool! Of course, because they are the best. I won't go to that house again."

Some resolutions are more easily made that kept. Lady Merveille—that was the rescued lady's name—like the plucky woman she was, rode in the park on the following morning. When she saw Longe she bowed and checked her horse. He had no valid excuse for ignoring this invitation and inclination drove him towards her with whips of iron. A minute later he had the sweetest experience of his life—of being thanked by the loveliest eyes, the most tantalizing lips and the most entrancing voice—the latter broken by strong emotion.

"You saved my life! But for you I should have been dashed to pieces!" she declared, and would not hear his protests.

They rode together that morning and the next. The third found Lady Merveille taking her regular exercise in the Row, and what was more natural than that Wynborough Longe should join her? And then—there was, somehow, so much to say. The parade was ended and the Row empty before they had half finished, and when he rode back to his flat off Piccadilly Longe remembered much that he had intended to tell her, but which had slipped by in the conversation. Sir Streeter Merveille called at the flat and found the owner out. Wynborough was glad of that. Sir Streeter called again the next day and left an invitation to dinner.

Wynborough was at first inclined to decline this. He met the scarlet-haired divinity in the park that morning and she broached the subject at once.

"I expect you to throw over any engagement and come," she said imperiously, "or I shall know you are not a real friend."

He dined in Prince's Gate and this was but the first of many similar entertainments. The Merveilles were new people and had only a small acquaintance, while Sir Streeter was fond of seeing friends around him. The same people met continually and not one of them thought it remarkable that Wynborough Longe should be a constant guest.

Other people had keener eyes and Lady Merveille's beauty was of a very noticeable kind. Wynborough's own friends observed that he rode almost daily with her in the park. It was reported that they had been seen together at various theaters, at dinner at the Carlton and other restaurants and at Ranelagh and various clubs. He was her escort in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot and it was soon known that they motored down together every day.

The fact was that Sir Streeter, who was years older than his wife, was not equal to the fatigues of gadding, while he was delighted that his young wife should be amused. He had the most perfect confidence in her and he would have trusted Wynborough Longe with her anywhere.

"You saved her life," he repeated again and again with a senile chuckle. "That is a friend indeed. I shall never forget that!"

Then one day Lady Glenlyndon's sharp tongue suddenly dropped distilled vitriol, and burnt Wynborough Longe as with liquid fire. He was dining in Prince's Gate that evening. The lovely hostess seemed lovelier and Sir Streeter more cordial than usual. This cordiality fell on the marks made by Lady Glenlyndon like strokes of the knout on raw wounds.

He went out into the night and wrestled hard with his devil.

There is some advantage still in having connections. The next morning he wired to his brother, the Earl of Portsea, who was just starting for that yachting cruise, with a party which was to include Elsie Leigh, the pretty heiress. Elsie Leigh and change of scene combined would soon effect a cure and restore him to a clean, sane mind. He gave no reason for his change of intention to Portsea and the latter required none. Still, he had heard enough gossip to fear that his brother was on the way to the "unholy cropper" which he had prophesied, and recognized that the new-born desire for foreign travel meant flight—from temptation or perhaps failure. In any case it would be better for Wynborough to be on the ocean than in London for several months to come. He wired merely: "Right-oh."

From a general point of view the voyage was a great success. The weather proved mainly favorable and the party got on together very easily. Elsie Leigh, a pretty vivacious brunette, was the life and soul and pet of the party. She was "good pal" with all the men and a great favorite with the ladies—a very rare combination. She struck up a friendship with Wynborough Longe at once and this friendship ripened continually all the way to India. Yet there was so little question of sex in it on his side that though he often thought of her as a woman who might be married, there was never the slightest consciousness of a desire to woo her as a woman who was to be won.

They talked, as a rule, as "good pals," but one evening as they were sitting on the deck watching the wonderful lights of the sky, he said something which acted upon her as a danger signal. She sat up suddenly and said:

"Don't spoil it! We have been good friends, and let us remain so. I have looked on you as the one man who has not hunted me and has been content to be my pal. Besides, do you think I have no eyes, no intuition? I know as well as possible that you are thinking of another woman all the time, even when you are talking to me and looking at me. And now I am going down. And when we meet again let us be good pals still, and you can tell me about her if you like."

The girl's words were so true that Wynborough felt ashamed and a slight but chilly wall rose between them. In consequence he stopped at Calcutta and eventually went up country with an exploring party into the tall and difficult mountain chain which separates Upper Burmah from the wild and little known Chinese province of Yunnan. There is no time and it would be useless to detail the dangers and adventures which beset the way. It is enough to say that they were completely cut off from civilization for some three years, were given up for dead, and twice had a narrow escape of being really massacred by the Shans.

When Wynborough Longe once more returned to England he was received as a ghost from the grave. He said to himself that the one thing that was dead was the thing that he had gone out to kill, and that he could now

meet her and her husband without a thought that was dishonoring to them or to himself.

How far he was really cured may be gathered from the fact that he thought of her only as her and that her face appeared to him invariably when he awoke in the night or morning. Wisely he determined that he would not call at Prince's Gate nor make any inquiries. In the ordinary course of events they were not likely to meet, and it was better so.

He met Elsie Leigh again, and they renewed their friendship.

"Only no pretense," she said, warningly. "How is she? Are things any better?"

"I am quite cured," he said, with rather a sad smile. "I ground all that out in the Shan mountains, and it can never come again."

"Oh, do take care!" she cried, hurriedly. "I don't know whether it is good or ill for you to forget; but it is simply defying fate to talk in that way."

Fate apparently was of the same opinion, for on the following morning, as Longe was crossing the Park from Stanhope Gate, he was attracted suddenly to a lady who was sitting on the lawn a little to the back. (What drew his attention to her was the almost magical warmth and glow of her hair. His heart gave a thump, and at a glance he recognized Lady Merveille. She was paler, but otherwise unchanged. His fate came on him, and he went to her at once. She bowed a little coolly, but her coolness felted almost immediately, and they were soon talking like old friends.

"I think, do you know, that I am very forgiving," she said at last. "Pray, are you aware that I have a right to be very much offended with you? You gave me to understand that you were a true friend, and then you went off without a word—without saying good-bye, and we only heard of your departure from a paper."

"It was all very sudden. It came on me suddenly," he said, evasively. "There was no time."

"It sounds very mysterious. My poor dear husband was much cut up about it. He referred to it several times in his illness, and said he had liked you, and—other things." A tinge of color came to her cheek as she finished.

"I hope he is quite well now."

She stared at him.

"Don't you know? Of course, you have been away. He died some six months after you disappeared."

"I did not know," stammered Longe. "He was a good man." His lips refused to utter condolences.

He counted the minutes until he thought a decent number had spent themselves, and then he asked to be allowed to call.

Eventually he escorted her home across the Park.

A THANKSGIVING

BY WILLIAM LUCIUS GRAVES

I raise my face to Thee,
  Beneath thy stars, O Lord;
Take thou the praise that still must be
  Beyond the uttered word.

Life leaps within my breast,
  I feel its lyric beat;
Blow cold or warm from out the west,
  The breath of life is sweet.

To live, to feel the wind
  That shakes the apple-bough,
To see the furrow trail behind
  The thrusting of the plow;

To lie where shadows swing
  Across the summer hush,
To hear upon a dawn in spring
  The passion-throated thrush;

Lo, these are joys to me,
  And all things that befall—
The glancing rain, the lilac-tree
  That purples by the wall.

Each winged day, O Lord,
  Hath burden of new bliss,
Yet, since the past will have its word,
  I thank thee, too, for this

Remembrance through dead years—
  Ah, keen as lavender—
Behind a mist of tender tears,
  The pitying eyes of her.

EAST LOCUST STREET, DES MOINES

Aristarchus Studies Elocution

ADAPTED

NOT long after we were settled in our new abode I began to notice some peculiarities in my husband which had never before manifested themselves. Whenever he was alone in his study he spent much of his time in talking to himself, sometimes in low, angry mutterings, sometimes breaking out into fierce denunciation, at other times in airy, fantastic tones. But if I or either of the children entered at such times he invariably stopped abruptly, with a peculiar and confused expression on his face. On more than one occasion I ventured to ask him the meaning of such peculiar conduct, but he only grumbled, "I'm all right; can't a fellow spout a little to himself without being asked all sorts of questions about it?"

But Leander gave voice to my fears when he asked me one day in his father's absence, "Don't you think Pa acts as if he is going crazy? He talks to himself half the time lately when he is alone."

One day shortly after this, Aristarchus was the worst I had ever known him, but I was afraid to speak to him about it, and I didn't know what do to. But when evening came he seemed as calm as ever, until the children had gone to bed, and I mentioned that my throat was quite sore

and I feared I had taken a severe cold. Then he came round behind me, and taking hold of my neck on each side, said:

"Let me knead your throat; it is one of the best remedies in the world."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed in alarm; but his fingers were already pressing on my jugular vein in a way that soon rendered me speechless. I gasped and gurgled, but could not get out a word, and was too thoroughly frightened to struggle; after a minute he relaxed his hold so that I could speak, and I gasped out—

"You are killing me!"

"Why, does this hurt?" he exclaimed, in a tone of cheerful surprise. "Did I choke you?" and again the pressure of his knuckles against my jugular nearly strangled me. I tore his hands from my throat by a violent effort and sprang to my feet, but terror must have looked out of my staring eyes and white face, for my husband exclaimed, "Why, Cordelia! this is no common sore throat. You must be really sick—you are white as a ghost. Lie down on the sofa, and I will go for a doctor at once."

No other suggestion could have brought such relief to my heart.

"Do," I murmured, sinking on the sofa. "Don't come back without one."

In fifteen minutes Aristarchus returned with the doctor, a stranger of whose skill I knew nothing, but whose size rejoiced me, for he looked as if he might eat Aristarchus at two mouthfuls, if necessary. I was no longer afraid, and told the doctor at once that I had no need of his services for myself, but for my poor husband. At this Aristarchus dropped into a chair, and I went on and told the doctor about his ravings and my fears, and his final attempt to choke me to death. Aristarchus did not interrupt me, but his eyes seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and his face turned all colors. When I had finished, he burst forth without waiting for the doctor to speak.

"Cordelia! why didn't you tell me you were afraid, instead of getting a doctor here and publishing it? Doctor, the whole explanation is this: I have a chronic throat trouble. An elocutionist says he can cure me; I go to him twice a week for lessons, and of course practice much of the time when in my study. His treatment includes some simple gymnastic exercises, of which one is to knead the throat. I didn't tell Cordelia about it, because—well, I was afraid she would think—in short, I was afraid she might not have much faith in it."

That miserable doctor burst out laughing and laughed until he shook in his chair, and Aristarchus joined in and laughed till he shook, and I felt like shaking them both. Aristarchus would not let the doctor go until he had promised to regard the affair as a professional secret. But I don't think he was offended, for whenever I meet him he always looks very pleasantly at me.

This was only the beginning. Now that it was no longer a secret, elocution ceased to confine itself to the study, but spread all over the house, and the first result was that Aristarchus no longer held the monopoly, for the children, thinking it the best of fun, soon joined in. But it was no fun for me. If I asked Aristarchus what he would like for dinner, he would most likely answer:

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers."

"O Aristarchus!" I would say "do be serious." And he would answer:

"Certainly, my love!
"Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,
'Twill keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn."

Perhaps you think Aristarchus had his favorite dinner after that!

Miranda Dorothea would be out at play for a long time, and when she reappeared I would ask where she had been, and she would recite in her shrill treble:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

Or I ask Leander to do an errand for me, and he answers:

"Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humor?"

And he used to be such a good, respectful boy! I say, "Leander, you should not answer your mother so; remember who you are." And in slow, sepulchral tones, that make my flesh creep, he replies:

"I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away."

In short, I could scarcely address any member of my family without having ancient poets and modern poets, dead-and-gone philosophers and living Concord aspirants for immortality, hurled metaphorically at my head, until I was so bewildered that I knew not whether I was a high-strung Roman matron, a respectable American lady, or an inmate of some lunatic asylum.

One day Aristarchus was raking off the lawn in front of the house, and I noticed that he had hung his coat on the fence. I was busy and did not see him when he came in, but I heard him at the study window calling, "Stop, thief! stop, thief!" and I stepped to the front door and, looking out, saw that his coat was no longer on the fence, but a man with a coat on his arm was running down the street in the direction of the railroad station.

The wretch has stolen Aristarchus' coat and means to take the next train and leave town with his booty, I thought; and I rushed out and ran down the street after him as fast as I could go. As I ran, I saw faces appear at the windows of houses, and small boys sprang up by the roadside as if by magic; and I heard, as if in a dream, one of them call out, "Go it, Old Fatty!"

And another yelled, "You're all right, ma'am; it's leap year!"

As I came up behind the man I snatched the coat quickly from his arm, saying, as I did so, "I'll take this coat, and you may think yourself lucky to escape arrest and punishment."

The man turned, lifted his hat, and said courteously, "If my summer overcoat will be of any use to you, madam, it is quite at your service."

It was Judge Leland, the richest and most influential man in town.

My face was all ablaze as I gave back the coat and stammered forth: "I beg your pardon. My husband left his coat on the fence. I heard him calling 'stop thief' while you were running down the street with a coat on your arm, and I thought—I—" I could not tell him I took him for a thief, but he helped me out.

"So you thought I had taken your husband's coat. Ha! ha! Very natural mistake, very. Your husband is something of an elocutionist, I believe?"

Nothing could have been more courteous and civil than were the judge's words and manner; yet I felt as if I had been asked if my husband was an ex-convict. When I got back to the house Aristarchus stood at the front door with his coat on and asked me why I had been running down the street after Judge Leland. I didn't tell him.

Not long after this adventure a worse one happened.

Aristarchus had occasion to go down into the basement, and as he went was loudly declaiming:

"Come out, you old speckled hypocrite, from that deep, dark den, overhung with alders, on the evil deeds of which no sunbeam ever shone. Nay, I have thee fast. Plunge not, wriggle not, jump not. It is all in vain. There—now I stretch thee on the stones!"

Meanwhile, I noticed a couple of laboring men standing at our gate, evidently listening, and I ran to the cellar door to beg Aristarchus not to rave so loudly, but just as I reached the door his voice ceased, a loud noise, as of a falling body, succeeded, followed by an ominous silence.

"What is the trouble, Aristarchus?" I cried, in a fright.

"Mur-r-der, most foul and unnatural mur-r-der," replied my husband, in tones of deepest tragedy.

"Oh, dear! Why will you carry on so!" I exclaimed, impatiently.

"I assure you I was not at all to blame," he replied, apologetically. "It was a mouse; he ran directly under my boot; my boot is heavy, the mouse was small; therefore the mouse is dead and my boot is entirely unharmed."

There was no use in expostulating with him, and I went back to my sew-

ing. Presently I was startled by a loud and violent ringing of the bell. Going to the door, I was confronted by a policeman and the two laboring men whom I had seen at our gate during Aristarchus' harangue. The three were puffing like so many locomotives, having evidently been running.

"We must come in, madam," announced the policeman, "and investigate the murder that has just been committed here."

"There has been none," said I, stiffly, and not moving aside to give them entrance.

But at that moment the voice of Aristarchus behind me said, solemnly:

"Do not attempt to deny it, Cordelia. Walk this way, gentlemen, and view the body."

I fell into a chair, nearly convulsed with laughter at this unlooked-for turn of events, and, burying my face in my handkerchief, exclaimed, in smothered tones, "Oh! you will kill me, Aristarchus!"

"Don't be frightened, madam, he shall not harm you," said the policeman, reassuringly, while he grasped his billy firmly, and, holding it alarmingly near Aristarchus' head, followed that eccentric person to the cellar, accompanied also by Leander, who had just come in from play.

"Behold the remains," said Aristarchus, solemnly, as they entered the wash-room.

"Where? There's nobody here," said the policeman. "Here he is," said Aristarchus, touching with a stick the small, furry body of a dead mouse that lay on the floor, "and this is the weapon that did the bloody deed," he added, turning up to view the sole of his right boot.

"Good land! what a sell!" exclaimed the deluded policeman.

Leander picked the mouse up gently by the tip of its tail and held it up before the three men for their closer inspection, saying:

"Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

And Aristarchus added,

"Nothing in his life
Became him like leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle."

and you would agree with me, gentlemen, if you had seen how recklessly he ran under my boot."

"Are you a couple of lunatics?" exclaimed the policeman, looking wrathfully at father and son.

"You might ask my wife about that," suggested Aristarchus, serenely.

Three disgusted looking men left our premises by the basement door and the rear gate. Aristarchus joined me in the sitting-room, looking as innocent as a lamb. I hoped, however, that the occurrence would be a lesson to him. And it was. Moreover, he dropped elocution—so did Leander and Dorothea. I never picked it up.

Susan A. Bisbee.

TWILIGHT ON THE RIVER

H. H. BUDKE

Iowa Branch of a Great Industry

H. H. BUDKE, Iowa Representative

With railroads radiating in every direction through the finest agricultural section of the United States, Des Moines is rapidly becoming a distributing center for everything in demand by the progressive farmers of the west.

No other business has shown a more wonderful growth than that of woven wire fencing. There are many reasons for this. The high price of land makes it necessary to utilize every available space and the practical farmer soon realizes that he must have his farm well fenced in order to obtain maximum results. Lumber has become scarce and high-priced. Hedges are unsuccessful and expensive to maintain. Barb wire is dangerous to all live stock. Enough good animals have been crippled or killed in the state of Iowa, the value of which would nearly fence every farm in the state. So barb wire is fast becoming obselete and is being replaced with woven wire fencing.

A good woven wire fence is the only practical solution of the fence problem. It is easy to put up, will last a lifetime and is the only perfect fence meeting all requirements, turning away the smallest chicken, as well as the strongest

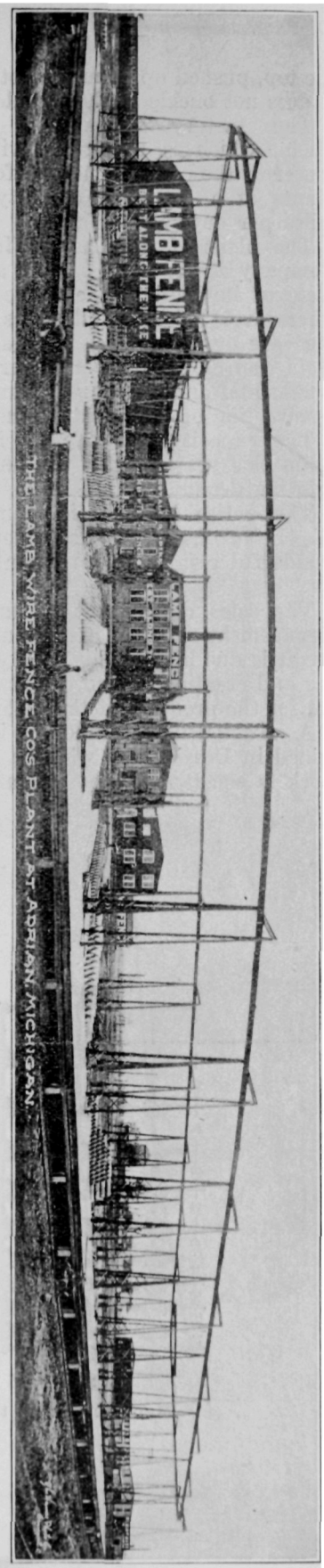
and most vicious animals. A farmer having his stock in the pasture or lot surrounded by a good woven wire fence knows that it will remain there as long as he desires and if the fence is put up right will not have to be rebuilt as long as he lives.

The extraordinary demand for fencing in recent years has naturally stimulated production and has taxed the ingenuity of manufacturers to produce a practical and all-purpose fence. The results have been varied. There are many freakish and impracticable fences on the market which are like the peddlers' razor made only to sell, but there are a number of high-grade practical fences built on commonsense principles which answer all the requirements for a durable and efficient fence which will turn all kinds of stock under any and all conditions.

No fence on the market enjoys such a growing popularity as Peerless and Lamb fences, made by the Lamb Wire Fence Company of Adrian, Mich. The Lamb Wire fence was first brought out in 1896. It has since been improved in many respects. Their latest improved style, called Peerless Fence, is enjoying an unprecedented popularity in the west.

Peerless Fences possess all the advantages common to wire fencing in general as compared with board, rail, barbed or smooth and straight wire. In addition to the general advantages possessed by the woven wire fencing as a class, Peerless has many distinctive features, peculiarly its own, which make it in the estimation of well-informed candid and unprejudiced judges a fence without a rival. It is made of the best galvanized, elastic steel wire obtainable. Owing to the elastic quality of the wire from which it is made it is well equipped to resist the effect of contraction in the winter and expansion in the summer, thus maintaining a uniform tension which is so necessary to the life and durability of a woven wire fence. The cross bars or stays are straight and in one piece, securely fastened to each line wire, which prevents the stays from the habit of slipping so common to many other styles. The fastening of the stays to the line wires are so arranged that it can be stretched over rough and uneven ground without making short bends in the line wires, a usual cause for breaking.

The stiff, straight and elastic stays prevent it from being shoved down from



PLANT OF THE LAMB WIRE FENCE COMPANY, ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

the top, pushed up from the bottom, and it does not buckle in the middle.

The factory is located in Adrian, Mich., which is the great wire fence center of the country, having four large plants of a combined capacity of 225 miles per day.

The plant of the Lamb Wire Fence Company is the most perfect and complete of its kind in the United States, where over 100 different styles of fencing are manufactured, besides a complete line of tubular, steel farm gates, ornamental and garden gates and an extensive line of ornamental fencing.

The capacity was greatly increased again this year to meet the continually growing demand.

The entire business is managed by W. H. Burnham, who has accomplished wonderful results by his executive ability.

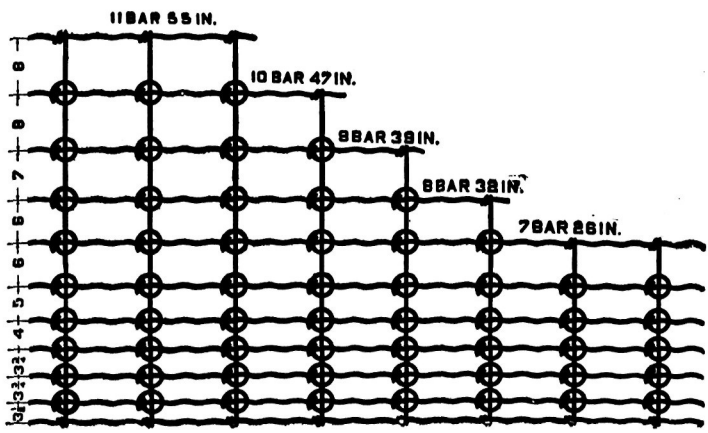
The sales department is under the management of H. P. Stearns and much credit is due him for his ability in finding and creating a good, profitable market for the products of the factory.

A distributing warehouse is maintained in Des Moines, where a complete stock is constantly kept on hand, from which local orders are shipped and which can usually be filled the same day that they are received, thus insuring their many customers prompt and efficient service, which is a particularly valuable feature to smaller dealers who are not in a position to carry a large assortment constantly in stock.

H. H. Budke has charge of the Iowa territory, with headquarters at the Savery hotel. The Iowa business showed an increase of more than 50 per cent over last year's sales.

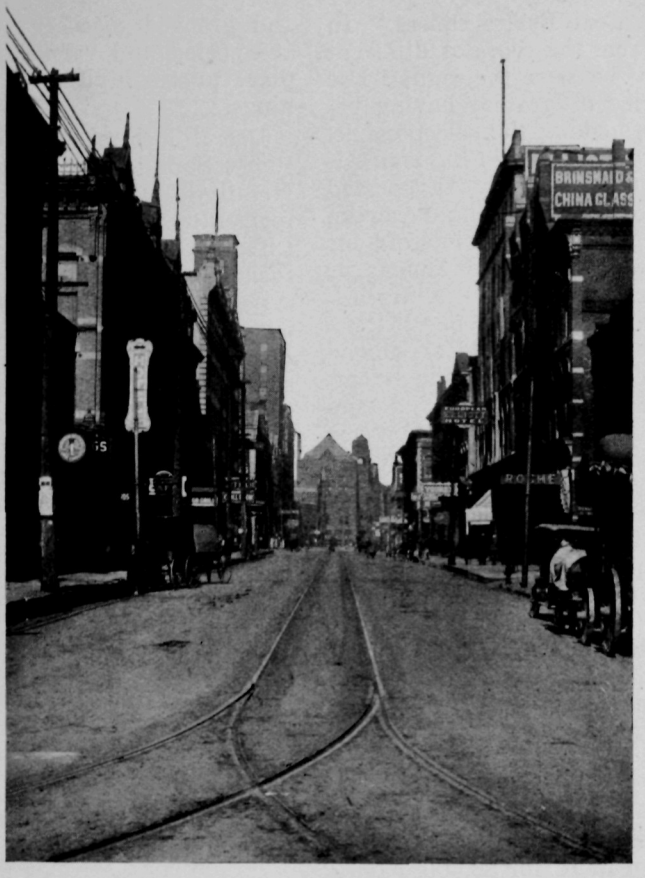
The Des Moines branch distributes for Northern Missouri, Eastern Nebraska, Southern Minnesota and Iowa.

Mr. Budke is energy personified. He is a man who sets his aim high and works straight toward it, with no intention or expectation of falling below his standard. Possessed of good judgment, making friends wherever he goes, of splendid business methods and a man in the front rank of business men where straightforward and honorable dealings are concerned, his firm may well congratulate themselves on their Iowa representative. Upon such men depends largely the success and growth of all great business enterprises.



SAMPLE OF PEERLESS WIRE FENCE

Manufactured by the Lamb Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich.



WEST FOURTH STREET, DES MOINES

Miss Nelle Matthews in Seattle

"Go to it!" is the Seattle motto. "Go to it and get the money!" That is the spirit of the inhabitants of Seattle who hail from every state in the union.

Another evidence of prosperity, and go-a-headitiveness, that is prevalent among the Seattleites is their watchword, "Let no grass grow under hesitating feet, but hop in, grab it, and hop out again." Do you ask the question, "How is real estate?" It is best answerered when one observes that every man, woman and even children are ever on the alert for constantly turning real estate. Make money on quick and short sales is in the very air. To be in the real estate business in the northwest is compared to being on the "board of trade." For the majority of sales are merely margin sales. Nothing seems to stop the Seattle boomer, for tide lands, yet under water, are offered for sale. West Seattle, a promising place for suburban homes, has sprung from a thickly wooded forest, like mushrooms in a night. An electric line built across Elliott Bay, an arm of Puget Sound, made it possible for West Seattle to be put on the market. No sooner was the line completed when the "clearer" was on the ground with his co-workers, engaged in felling the trees. Then came the surveyors, and on their heels appeared the real estate men, who built offices or pitched tents,

calling them "Real Estate Offices." In many places from the roofs of different "shacks" may be seen the sign, "For Sale," the price of ground having become valuable, making the sale possible.

The I-could-have-bought it man is much in evidence and the oft-repeated statement is heard again and again, "Two years ago this corner lot sold for so much, today it changed hands for five, fifteen or twenty times as much."

"Go to it, and get the money," "Let no money escape," is the slogan among the real estate men. They talk of cutting down the grade of a street, a hundred feet, as if a hundred feet of excavation was a mere incident. By the means of sluicing the Seattleites are ripping out hills and filling in tide lands in a way that would make an eastern contractor gasp. Many from Des Moines and Iowans, who have recently made Seattle their home, are active and doing well in the real estate business.

Mrs. Carrie Kirkham-Swafford is known in Seattle as a conservative and far sighted "real estate woman." She is the woman for "quick turns." One big deal made by Mrs. Swafford was the buying of the tide lands, 80 feet frontage, at the Jim Hill docks, for the Great Northern R. R. for $2,300, paying down $200, selling in eleven months for $4,500, receiving $2,500 cash, balance in six months. Mrs. Swafford owns considerable in West Seattle.

Messrs. Jasper, Webster and Sam Compton, are among the prosperous real estate men who have caught the incentive, "Catch them coming and going, don't let any wealth escape Seattle." The Compton men, together with their sister, Miss Sallie Compton, reside near Volunteer Park, one of the leading parks of the city; their summer home is at Richmond Beach, twelve miles from Seattle, situated on Puget Sound. It is of Norway architecture, fir logs tongued and grooved together; within the logs are peeled and varnished, a large fireplace proves inviting morning and evenings.

Des Moines men figure largely in the Puget Sound Realty Association. Mr. Hamilton Higday, the president, was former secretary of the North Western Life of Des Moines. Mr. J. B. Duryea, formerly of Highland Park College, is superintendent of agents, Mr. Sylvester is assistant superintendent of agencies. Among the bond writers of the company are Mr. Blaine Fritz, who is associated with the company, was selected one out of three to represent the company at Alaska, to sell bonds.

Mr. Tyler Scoville, Jr., is a traveling salesman for the company. The Harrah Bros., groceries, on Sixth Avenue, between Walnut and Locust Streets of Des Moines have a fine grocery business on Broadway.

Mr. Robert Walker, a former collector of the Valley National Bank in Des Moines, occupies the position as first assistant cashier of the National Bank of Commerce, capital one million dollars.

Mr. Ralph Stacey of Grinnell is the second vice-president of the same bank.

Mr. Robert S. Wilson is very prosperous as a wholesale dealer in lumber and shingles.

Superintendent Cooper of the Seattle Public Schols has for his corps of assistant teachers mostly from Iowa. ers mostly from Iowa.

Mrs. Ella Ives, formerly Miss Phillips of Keokuk, of the Irwin, Phillips dry goods store, has made a number of good investments.

Mr. John A. Hughes of Keokuk is in the wholesale lumber business.

Miss Martha Berry, for years with Younker Bros., is engaged in the fruit business with her brother on a ranch located on Puget Sound.

The Songbird and I

I pause beneath the elm to rest,
Near graves of those I've loved the best,
And sweet contentment there I find,
Because of memories sweet and kind,
But while I muse of sadder things
The songbird sits and sings and sings,
And gayly jumps from limb to limb.
What matter are my thoughts to him,
What matter if my life is sad?
The songbird's life is yet so glad,
His song so filled with joyful vim,
I cease my sorrowing just for him.

—Raymond W. Mackinnon.

HOME OF MRS. MARY MOTT DAY, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

EARTH MAIDEN

A FANTASY

BESSIE McCLENAHAN

ONCE upon a time in the Golden Age of all golden ages, there lived upon an island called Earth, a queen who was so kind and gentle that all people loved her and because she was queen of Earth and yet had none of the disdain for common folk, which is supposed to belong to royalty, she was called Earth-Mother. Now Earth-Mother had one daughter, a slender little girl with great blue eyes which had an unknown something in their depths that one could not understand, and which seemed to have some magic power, for she knew all the trees and flowers of Earth and every fairy-spirit that dwelt in the tree-hearts or nestled deep in the flower-bells. She had a great flower-garden and there were growing all the flowers that ever were known, and Earth-Maiden—for that was the girl's name—loved every one of them and every tiny fairy that was the soul of the blossoms. And because she was so kind to them and tended each flower so carefully the fairy-queen became her friend and hovered near her every day to keep the evil spirits from harming her.

One day when Earth-Maiden was in her garden near the seashore she saw come gliding over the waves of the Aether-ocean a boat of fantastic shape and surpassing brightness. She shaded her eyes with her little white hand and as the boat came nearer she saw that its prow was the head of a dragon carved from gold and that the sails were of the finest silk ever woven of myriad beautiful colors, each shading and blending into the next, just as we today see in the rainbow that is drawn across the heavens when the sun breaks through a rain-cloud. She was a wee bit frightened, but her curiosity—which was hers as surely as it is any of Earth's maidens today—whispered to her to stay and so she did. Soon the boat touched the shore and invisible hands scattered jewels of brightest colors around Earth-

Maiden and low, sweet voices sang to her and praised her beauty and her gentleness. Earth-Maiden's eyes opened wider and wider, for all the jewels she had ever seen were her many tinted flowers or her own bright eyes as she knelt by the little clear spring to quench her thirst at its pure waters, and the only music she had ever heard were the voices of her mother and of the fairies—for Earth-Maiden had never yet attended her mother's court.

Then a young man stepped from the boat and, advancing gracefully toward Earth-Maiden, bowed one knee and said:

"I am Sun-Prince. My father is king of the mainland across this great ocean. He rules the mighty kingdom of the Sun. For years the wise men have told us that the Sun-Beams, who are their messengers and go to every part of the universe, have brought them word of this island, and its queen, and of you, her daughter, the princess."

"Nay, sir," said Earth-Maiden, who was very much surprised and pleased, too, for she had never seen another creature like Sun-Prince (he was very beautiful, I assure you), and his eyes never ceased looking at her until Earth-Maiden blushed rose-red, just as you or I would have done, and could scarcely say again:

"Nay, sir, you are indeed mistaken. I am not a princess; I am only Earth-Maiden."

For truly she did not know that Earth-Mother was queen of Earth. You see when Earth-Maiden was born, a voice had moaned three times through the palace halls and then had wailed:

"Beware! Beware! Beware!
All shall be happiness,
All shall be woe;
A prince shall come,
And the maid shall go!"

And every one was frightened almost out of his wits, for none could be found who had seen the witch that had uttered that awful threat. So Earth-Maiden had been taken to an old palace near the ocean where she saw no one but Earth-Mother, her flowers and the fairies—and the decree had gone forth that no prince must be allowed to come near the princess or both he and the traitor who had admitted him should be put to death.

After she had denied that she was a princess, the prince looked at her in wonderment and then he said:

"Earth-Maiden, thou are surely the princess, for no one but a princess could have hands like thine, white as ivory and so delicately traced with the faintest of blue veins—or hair like thine, that is like woven gold, only a thousand times brighter—or eyes like thine that are like fathomless wells of the light, only with the kindest, gentlest soul gazing out at one until he fain would bow his knee and worship thee."

"Nay, Sun-Prince," said Earth-Maiden, "I surely cannot be so beautiful." But she liked it, nevertheless, and she thought she had never seen anyone who had pleased her so much, for the fairies were so tiny and Earth-Maiden did not understand her longing for some one with whom she could share her soul-thoughts, and some one who would understand.

So she talked long with Sun-Prince and told him how she dreamed of sailing away on the soft, white clouds, or riding on the back of the gentle South-Wind, and how the flower-fairies were her friends, and how she was some day to visit the home from which the queen-fairy had come, and some day would go with Earth-Mother to visit the island.

"You see, Sun-Prince," and Earth-Maiden looked at him, her eyes filled with perplexity, and said—"you see, Sun-Prince, Earth-Mother is very busy, though I don't know what she is doing, for all I do the whole day through is to sit by the seashore and listen to the waves, or talk with the fairies, or caress the blossoms, and some days I am so tired, I would so like to help Earth-Mother, but she always says, 'Wait a little longer, Earth-Maiden;' and sometimes I beg the South-Wind to take me with him he is so strong, but he is busy, too, and won't stay and talk with me. But perhaps, Sun-Prince, you will take me in your boat to South-Wind and then he will take me wherever he goes."

"Some day, Earth-Maiden," replied Sun-Prince, "but not now, for already the Sun-Beams are hastening home and I must go, too. But I shall come tomorrow, Earth-Maiden, and then you shall tell me more and we shall sail the ocean in my boat and then—then, perhaps, you will take me to visit your garden."

And without waiting for an answer, the Sun-Prince leaped into his boat and floated rapidly out of sight. Earth-Maiden watched him until the golden boat was lost in the mist that now arose

HOME OF MRS. BINA M. WYMAN,

Four miles from Los Angeles, California, with Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. McCord, Mrs. John Beardsley and children on the steps.

from the billowing waves. Then she turned slowly away and walked back to her garden. Long, gray shadows were creeping out of the East and the fairies were waiting for a last good-night to Earth-Maiden before the petals should close. The fairy-queen who lived in the heart of a great, pure white rose looked at her sadly and reproachfully and said:

"Earth-Maiden, thou must not talk to Sun-Prince any more or Earth-Mother will be angry."

"No, no, Queenie, why should Earth-Mother be angry? She must needs love so beautiful a being as Sun-Prince. I am going to bring him to see my garden some day."

The fairy-queen said no more but her heart was heavy and tears stood in her eyes as the white petals closed softly together. And so the days passed, and every day the Golden Dragon floated across the great sea from Sun to Earth and Earth-Mother and Sun-Prince were happy in the sunshine. Sometimes they coasted along the shore and Sun-Prince lay at the feet of Earth-Maiden and sang to her or told her of the marvelous beauties of the Sun, and once he raised her small white hand to his lips and said:

"Earth-Maiden, I have never seen anyone as beautiful as thou art. Thy beauty thrills my soul, and my life is happiness with thee, and when I am gone all that lives is the memory of thee. Wilt thou go with me, Earth-Maiden, some day, across the Aether-ocean to the kingdom of the Sun, and be my queen?"

"Yes, Sun-Prince, whenever thou shalt say."

And so they were happy, with never a doubt or distrust of their happiness until the day Earth-Maiden took the prince for the first time to visit her garden. Alas, for that day when the illusion began to fade. Sun-Prince failed to see the fairies—and 'though he was gentle, he was firm, and 'though Earth-Maiden's blue eyes filled with tears as she tried so hard to make him see her tiny friends, Sun-Prince could not see the flower spirits. He had not the heart,

however, to tell her that flowers were only flowers and not the home of the fairies.

Earth-Maiden was very sorrowful after this day, and her eyes were shadowed with the pain of not being understood. One day she went to the fairy-queen and said to her in a voice that trembled with her earnestness:

"O, Fairy-Queen, won't you help me? Sun-Prince doesn't understand. Won't you try to make him see you, Queenie? Please do, for me—for it grieves me so much that he should not know you."

"I'll try, Earth-Maiden," was all she said, for she was wiser than Earth-Maiden and feared for the breaking of her dream.

The next time Sun-Prince came Earth-Maiden greeted him with a smile and tried to crush down the sorrow deep into her heart, for she thought within herself, "surely, this time he shall see and understand and I shall not need to suffer any more."

"Come, Sun-Prince, let us go into the garden. All the flowers are looking their brightest and the fairies are hovering about like butterflies—light-hearted—free. They will greet you, Sun-Prince, and if you listen closely you will hear the flower-bell chimes and the sweetest singing in the world, the voices of the flower-fairies." She looked at him with a happy smile. "I love them, Sun-Prince, and so must you."

She took him by the hand and they passed beyond the garden gates. The perfumed air stirred gently and a thousand flowers nodded their dainty heads, and a thousand fairies floated out from the petals and hovered around Earth-Maiden. Her soft, white hands were outstretched to greet them and her delicate lips were parted as in her eagerness she flitted to first one flower and then another just touching the fragrant blossoms. At last she stopped before a single, great white rose. Then she turned to Sun-Prince.

"Sun-Prince, now thou shalt see the Queen-Fairy: Softly—for I love her." She bent over the rose, and as she did so a tiny figure winged its way from the rose-heart.

Earth-Maiden looked at Sun-Prince and then all the happiness faded from her face, and her hands trembled so that her finger-tips brushed across a dark green leaf.

"Earth-Maiden, do you believe I am the Sun-Prince?" The tone was insistent; the eyes compelled an answer. Earth-Maiden nodded.

"Earth-Maiden" his voice grew lower and firmer, "Earth-Maiden, you cannot lie and I believe you. Look at me." Her eyes were raised for a moment. "Earth-Maiden, it is for our happiness—your dream of fairies, of flower-spirits, is not true. Nay—do not tremble. I know, I am Prince of the Sun and my father has given life and strength to every flower that grows. I shall prove it to you, Earth-Maiden.

"See—this white rose—I shall break it—there—and now I shall place it back again for I love the flowers, too, Earth-Maiden—and it shall grow as before, for I am the Sun-Prince and all I needs must do is to blow upon it—so—only you shall see that there is no fairy-queen. She is but a myth and flowers are but flowers, subject to the Sun-King alone."

But the poor white rose drooped and the white petals seemed to grow dull—they lost the brightness that the fairy-queen had given them and the broken stem would not be made whole. Then Sun-Prince took a blade of grass and bound the stems together.

"Now, Earth-Maiden, tomorrow it shall be the same."

But Earth-Maiden said not a word. Silently she stood, for she had heard a sad little voice whisper to her as the stem was broken, "Now I go and never can return"—and then the whirr of silver wings—and sadness.

Earth-Maiden looked at the drooping rose and then at the flowers, and lo, everyone had bowed her head and the fairies were all gone.

Then Earth-Maiden turned to Sun-Prince and said with an effort:

"Go, Sun-Prince—you have broken my heart—you have driven away my queen and my fairies."

Sadly Sun-Prince walked away and as he passed beyond the gates he saw Earth-Maiden still standing amidst the flowers. With head bowed, her gold hair about her like a halo and her white hands clasped tightly before her.

The days passed and Earth-Maiden wandered disconsolately from flower to flower, growing paler and paler, weighed down with the burden of her sorrow. Sun-Prince came as before, but never did he see Earth-Maiden. The garden was deserted and though he

MRS. J. T. PRIESTLY AND GRANDSONS JOSEPH AND JAMES PRIESTLY

stood many hours before the gates they would not open to him.

And one day Earth-Maiden left Earth never to return. Away to the land of the South-Wind she went, where there is always sunshine, where softest breezes blow, and the air is laden with the melodies of the waves that break upon the shore. And at last she knew the home of the South-Wind, and what the South-Wind was doing. And there came to her the fairy-spirits, for all the blossoms had died.

Earth-Maiden was happy in a certain sad way, and often she thought of Sun-Prince, and one day she said to the Fairy-Queen:

"Queenie, does Sun-Prince ever visit my garden?"

"Nay, Earth-Maiden, thy garden is no more, for all the fairies have left their flower-homes and all the flowers have withered and died."

"O, Queenie, you must send back the flowers. What will Sun-Prince do? He has none to comfort him." And she stretched out her fair shadowy hands in supplication.

"Nay, Earth-Maiden, he has broken your heart and the fairies will stay with you."

"O, Queenie, send them back. I love him, Queenie, send back my flowers to quiet his sorrow. Will you take away all my happiness?" pleaded Earth-Maiden.

A council was summoned and every flower-fairy was there. Long Earth-Maiden pleaded for Sun-Prince, for she had forgiven, and the fairies listened silently, wonderingly, lovingly. Then spoke the Fairy-Queen:

"Earth-Maiden, we cannot go from you for long. Earth is cold without you. No one longer hears the fairy voices or listens for the sound of fairy wings. But Earth-Maiden, we will grant your prayer; half of each year we will spend with you, and half of the year we will be on earth—only this,

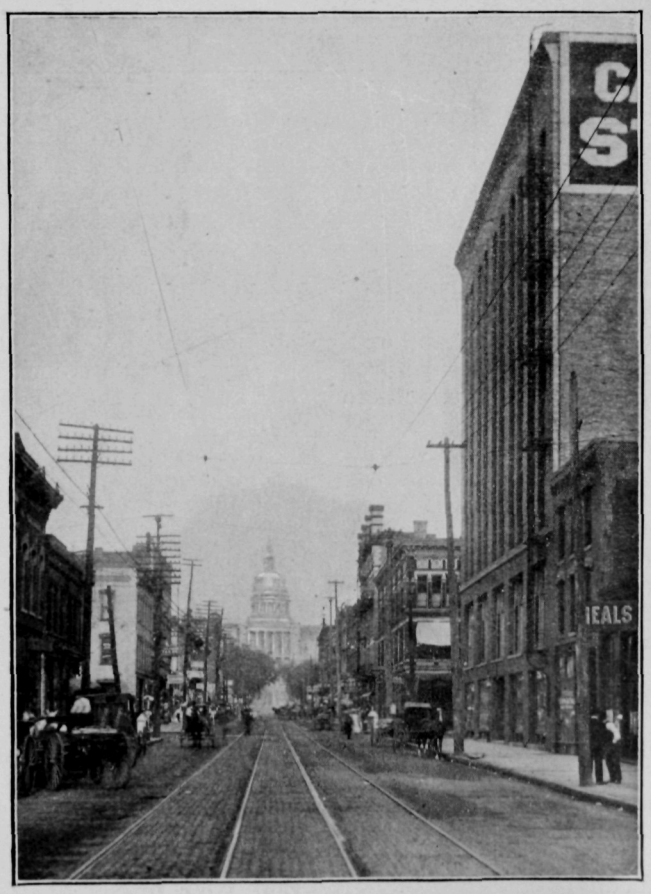
Earth-Maiden, no one shall ever dream that hidden deep in the flower-cups are little fairies singing the livelong day and guarding each flower at night."

And so you see that is why the flowers are with us only on half of the year. When the time comes for them to say good-bye to Earth-Maiden they do so sadly, and reluctantly they send forth the tiny green blades that later on are to bear the flowers. Just this—that we may not forget—the thoughtful fairies leave us, as a promise of their return, the little brown seeds as the petals wither and drop away and the leaves turn brown and drift with the autumn winds.

DAWN

MARTA CUNNINGHAM

Darkness, blackness, then a grey,
Blue light, that silver grows and pales.
Stillness, silence; then a stir
Of breathing life. White trails
Of sombre clouds, float to the West,
And sink within the sea to rest.
Peak on peak, leaps up rose-tipped.
And slope on slope then swells with thrills
Sweet, and pipe and call of bird
And beast. Then high above the hills,
The sun flames up; and shepherd's horn
Resounds and echoes—Day is born!



WEST LOCUST STREET, DES MOINES

THE CITY OF MEXICO

As Seen by a Des Moines Traveler

DR. A. M. LINN

PUBLIC LIBRARY

MEXICAN tradition, only a little younger than mythology tells us that the city of Mexico was located by observing the flight of an eagle; that two adventurers like Romulus and Remus, who are reputed to have founded Rome, were looking for a place upon which to build a city. They watched the eagle's flight until he lit upon a huge cactus, carrying in his talons a snake. Where he alighted they determined to build their city. Since that date the eagle upon the cactus with the snake in his talons has figured upon the banners of the empire and the republic. The choice of location for the city was both fortunate and unfortunate. No more picturesque site could have been chosen. It is in the center of what is supposed to have been the crater of a great volcano. It is surrounded by mountains on all sides. Look in any direction from the capital city and you will find yourself encircled by the towering hills of blue and gray. The location of the Mexican capital is perfectly level and it appears as though, through the centuries, an accumulation of soil had collected over the stretch of lava to form its side. The selection of this location was unfortunate in that it has been very unsanitary. Mexico has never had a system for sewerage. Many thousands of lives lost in endemics and epidemics have paid the penalty for this want of regard for nature's laws. In the rainy season heretofore the waters have at times risen until they covered the streets of the city. This oft times remained until removed through the process of evaporation. Some years ago a number of French engineers were brought to the city for the purpose of devising a plan for sewering the city. As a resultant of their work the mountains at one margin are tunneled to afford the proper outlet for the city's refuse. When the great work is completed the mortality rate of the city will be lowered materially and it will indeed be one of the beautiful places on the earth's surface. Mexico is a city of antitheses. Side by side with the most modern improvements are located evidences of pre-historic times. Old adobe ruins stand in the shadow of houses of modern construction. Unpaved narrow streets of the city parallel broad avenues covered with smoothest asphalt. Ancient cathedrals are in juxtaposition to government buildings of the finest construction and most recent improvements. The finest equipages and automobiles dash hurriedly past the slow-going ox-cart of antiquated manufacture. Mexico is a city of great wealth and poverty. Its wealth comes largely from its mines and extensive herds. The celebrated Humboldt delivered a series of lectures in their school of engineering in the year of 1804 in which he said that Mexico was more richly endowed with mineral deposits than any other equal portion of the earth's surface. His words have come to be recognized to be true. The rich are rich and the poor are poor. Probably in no city of its size can it be more truthfully said that "the dust from the glittering chariot wheels of dives is thrown over the tattered garments of Lazarus." At noon on Sundays a great pageant of fine equipages and richly comparisoned horses move up and down the length of San Francisco street to the plazza and back along the alameda such as may

DOROTHY PRATT

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Pratt

be seen in but two modern capitals of the world, namely: Paris and St. Petersburg. Viewing this weekly parade may be seen hundreds and thousands whose earthly possessions could be mathematically indicated by a limited string of cyphers. The average Mexican effects the sombrero. This fantastic piece of headgear is apparently his delight. It may be of any dimensions, but the larger and more uncouth the appointment the greater is his seeming satisfaction. It consists of a conical centerpiece from ten to twelve inches in height, surrounded by a brim often reaching out beyond his shoulders and then curling up on the margin from two to six inches. It serves as an umbrella during the hot weather and may be made of any material. It may be of plain straw or of any color felt and is often richly ornamented. The Mexican wears close-fitting pants and at a little distance it is easy to imagine that he is a top which you could spin on either end. The poorer classes wear sandals or rather, half of the poorer go barefooted and those that wear anything wear sandals, which is next to nothing. The average Mexican considers himself well to do, if, besides his headpiece, he is the happy possessor of a bright colored sarapo. This might be aptly compared to a shawl of rather gaudy colors which he swings gracefully over his shoulders. He apparently devotes little concern to keeping his extremities warm, but is very particular to keep his shoulders and chest well wrapped.

The average hut is without a floor, which is regarded as a useless adjunct to a house among the poorer classes. We say in the states a poor man for children and a negro for dogs, but the Mexican possesses both of them. Along the railways were occasionally seen groups of huts constituting little towns of fifty or a hundred people. A few of these structures are built of stone, regularly laid in cement, are from ten to fourteen feet square and have flat roofs. Much the larger number of the huts, however, are constructed of the very poorest materials. They look like poverty in its essence. The box of a discarded freight car would be a perfect palace in comparison with these little huts. They are not much larger than dog houses, are covered with any available material, frequently with the blades or fronds of the palm or with brush and grass. The sides of the structure are usually formed by leaning against a frame work, the trunks of the native cactus, which grows to a height of from six to eight feet. You would not give 15 cents to own one, and your dog would think he was very poorly housed if compelled to live in one. In the towns of considerable size the larger number of houses are of the adobe variety. They are built of large sun dried bricks about ten inches thick and twelve to fourteen inches square. These houses are often nicely plastered both outside and in and make a very substantial residence. They seem capable of withstanding the ravages of the elements for centuries. In our country we build houses with several doorways and numerous windows for the purpose of seeing what is going on in the world about us. Our gaze is directed outward. The Mexican house of good proportions has but one entrance and few or no windows. Windows, when they have them, are always grated. The walls of the house stand flush with the sidewalk and the court of the house is a garden spot containing palms and a large variety of perennial plants. The rooms of the house all open upon the court, which is open to the sky. If the house is of more than one story the rooms above open upon the balcony surrounding the court and are lighted by windows facing the balcony and sometimes windows opening from the outside. The houses are suited to the climate and afford no standing invitations to thieves and robbers to enter. The business men of Des Moines regard the midday hours as their harvest time, during which they scarcely leave their stores. The Mexican is the man of manana, which means tomorrow. From 12 to 2 o'clock he closes his business, dines quietly with his friends and takes his siesta. To paraphrase the Biblical statement, "Sufficient unto the day is the business thereof." He does not permit the business he misses to disturb the complacency of his dreams. The average Mexican laborer is shiftless—he is unreliable. When he obtained but a quarter a day he worked six days to support himself. Now he can earn a dollar and works two days per week and is equally happy. What he don't earn don't concern him and the future will take care of itself.

Every little village has its cathedral, and every cathedral has its worshipers.

The Mexican is a devotee and faithful follower of the Papal faith. He is good while he is at church and kneeling at his favorite shrine. The shortcomings of the week do not disturb the serenity of his devotions. He is in the enjoyment of perfect peace with himself and his neighbors while he crosses himself before his favorite image or contributes his mite from his poverty to the temple treasury, or bows to kiss the toe of the image of the Man of Sorrows. There is practically but one religion in Mexico and that is the religion of the Pope. His faith may see beyond the image the concreted form of an invisible creator, but I doubt it. While watching the devotions of an ignorant multitude kneeling before these various images I was forcibly reminded of the section of the decalogue which says, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," and for the violation of which the children of Israel were so severely punished.

After reaching the elevated plateau the line of our railway almost to Mexico was along a level valley for hundreds of miles, ornamented with rugged mountains on either hand. This valley was from five to fifty miles wide and seemed capable of growing an infinite quantity of cactus and grease wood. Here and there on the wide plain we would notice a solitary Mexican herding his flock of sheep or goats or a group of burrows heavily laden with packs winding their way single file over stony paths to some distant village. These herds would sometimes number several thousand. We met on the train a very clever young Mexican who had been educated in civil engineering at Ann Arbor. He had just completed a survey of his father's hacienda, a little ranch containing 180,000 acres, and sustaining flocks numbering something more than 30,000, with other products in proportion. You will be interested in a little visit we made to the Temple of the Virgin of Gaudelupe. Tradition has it that a virgin appeared in a vision to a shepherd and told him to go to the bishop in Mexico and tell him he should build a temple to her at the place he had seen the vision. The practical bishop gave little credence to his story and refused the behest. A fortnight later the virgin again appeared to the shepherd and when informed of the refusal she stamped her foot upon the ground in anger. She told the shepherd to go to the top of the adjacent hill, and there on the barren rock he would find growing a large bed of surpassingly beautiful flowers. These he should gather in his apron and carry to the bishop. When opening his apron to throw these flowers at the feet of the bishop a most beautiful painting, the image of the virgin was found to cover the surface of the apron. The faith of the bishop was healed and a large temple was erected in honor of the virgin, and where she stamped her foot in anger there is now a large well, the waters of which the maimed and the sick and the decrepit come in large numbers to drink and be healed. Around the altar in the temple built to this virgin is a solid silver railing containing fifteen tons of silver. The appointments of the temple are beautiful. It is maintained by her devotees that the original painting on the shepherd's apron, now some hundreds of years old, is just as fresh and beautiful as when the image first appeared. It is kept in a beautiful gold frame, surmounted by a crown estimated to contain gold and jewels to the value of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The week following our visit was a fete week and it was calculated that not less than 150,000 people would make a pilgrimage to this temple to honor with their devotions and their presence the virgin of Gaudelupe. Along the narrow streets near the temple was an oriental picture such as could be seen nowhere else on this continent and was as nearly a reproduction of a scene in Palestine 2,000 years ago as could well be imagined. The gathering pilgrims wore sandals upon their feet and a loose sarapo about their shoulders. They were gathering about the temple from far and near. It was a babble of tongues and quaint costumes on every side. Fakirs spread out their quaint wares for barter and traffic by the sidewalks. Little baskets containing nuts and tropical fruits or vegetables were offered to purchasers in a babble of tongues.

The pilgrims came in all sorts of conveyances and were travel-stained and dusty. Their earthly possessions were limited, but no one could question the ardor of their faith. They had tramped over the dusty hills of Mexico much as the ancient Jews were wont to tread the stony roads which wound about the mountains of Judea in their annual pilgrimages to Jerusalem to keep the feast

ARMY POST BARRACKS, FORT DES MOINES

of the Passover. Impressed with their ignorance, their simplicity and their evident sincerity in their devotions, I was profoundly moved by this scene imminently oriental and totally out of keeping with the spirit of this western world.

The Mexicans are a courteous and social people. To them the coming of the American Medical Association was a most important event. They devoted themselves enthusiastically to the entertainment of their respected visitors and their friends. The ladies were invited daily to the palatial residences of the city, were feted and toasted and taken about the city and to neighboring villages to see interesting and historical places. A reception to the members of the association and their friends was tendered by the President at the National Palace. After gathering in the reception room the President entered and was addressed in Spanish by Liceago, the president of the Superior Board of Health of Mexico, and by the president of the American Public Health Association, Dr. Robinson of Maine. Dr. Robinson spoke in English and expressed the pleasure of the members of the American Public Health Asociation and especially the gratification we all felt to see the very rapid progress the republic of Mexico is making in health and sanitary affairs. This was translated for President Diaz and he made a very cordial reply in Spanish, which was also translated for our benefit. He shook hands very cordially with all the members and their friends and assured us a very hearty welcome to the capital city at any time in the future.

President Diaz is about seventy-seven years old, is straight symmetrica, plain in dress, has a ruddy countenance, white hair and moustache and looks good for twenty-five years more of active service. It will be a happy thing for the Republic of Mexico if his life is spared to administer for the republic a just government with a firm hand for another quarter of a century.

From the palace we were taken in automobiles to the Castle of Chepultepec. General Scott stormed this castle during the conquest of Mexico in 1847. Americans here take little pleasure in recalling the events of the only war the United States ever waged for conquest. The Castle of Chapultepec is virtually a huge rock rising to the height of a hundred feet above the level plain. Its sides are steep and the top of the rock is a level surface comprising five or six acres in extent. About half of this surface is occupied by the buildings of

their military school, the West Point of Mexico. The other half is occupied by the castle, which is really only the summer residence of the president. There are beautiful drives about the base of the rock and the top is reached by a winding roadway cut into the sides of the rock, paved with cobble-stones and lined on either side with cedar and live oaks. The palace is literally a dream of beauty. Its great halls and rooms are most elegantly appointed and furnished. Wide verandas overlook the city and an open space of considerable size is reserved as a garden in which grow perennial plants and trees and flowers in tropical profusion. It is utopian in its surroundings and appointments, literally a diminutive paradise on earth.

At the foot of the rock is a pavilion entirely enclosed with glass. We were conducted to this after our inspection of the palace and were served with choice refreshments. While we discussed these, magic lanterns and moving pictures entertained us and choice music was discoursed by Mexico's crack military band. Mexico has a number of beautiful parks and is constructing and has almost completed one of the finest driveways in the world. Numerous monuments and equestrian statues ornament the parks and drives of the city. We witnessed here also a great military funeral. One of the commanders of the army, General Medja, was interred with military honors. An entire division of the army, comprising some five thousand soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery, paraded with flying banners, maneuvering to the sound of bugle notes for the double purpose of paying military honors to the departed hero and expressing to the inconstant public that there is literally a power behind the throne, and that it is both advantageous and necessary for them to be good.

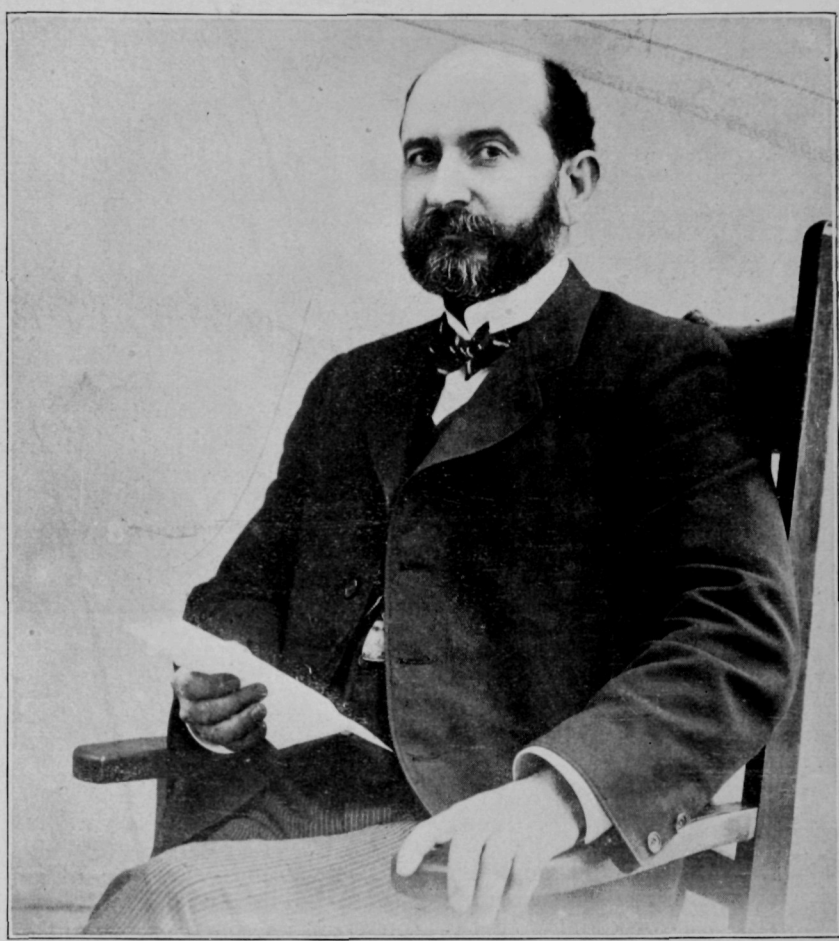
The climate of Mexico is delightful at this time of the year. Although it was December I wore no overcoat. No fires are maintained in the residences of this tropical city for their cheering comfort in winter. It rarely freezes here, although at an altitude of 7,000 feet. Nor does it become excessively warm in summer, although beneath the vertical rays of a tropical sun.

Do you imagine you ever saw flowers in all their gorgeous hues growing here in Iowa? If you did, you are laboring under a happy illusion. Iowa can raise corn to beat the world, Iowa manufactures the premium butter and surpasses all competitors in growing fancy shorthorns and other grades of cattle. Iowa women excel all others in intelligence, culture and refinement, but Iowa can't raise flowers in competition with Mexico. As if in compensation for the rugged, uninviting aspect of her mountains nature has endowed her with a climate and soil for growing the finest flowers, ornamented with sweetest frarance and most fantastic forms. A visit to her flower market is a rare treat in itself. The market is located on the plaza almost in the shadow of Mexico's grand old cathedral. One morning we visited this scene of surpassing beauty. Probably 150 persons were intently occupied in selling flowers. One could obtain all varieties from the delicately tinted rose of surpassing beauty or the sweet-scented violet to the gorgeous, fantastic poinsetta. The Mexicans are artists in weaving their flowers into beautiful wreaths and set pieces. One form which seemed to be a favorite was a very large oval with an average diameter of nearly five feet and a marginal width of at least one foot completely covered with flowers of various colors, but especially the white and tufted at the top and bottom of the oval with longer stemmed specimens of roses or daisies. A favorite form of setpiece also was the harp, four or five feet in height, and another was the cross with the bleeding heart at its foot. If the effect of the gorgeous beauties and sweet fragrance of flowers upon a race is to awaken refinement and stimulate a love of beauty, then the Mexican should possess these qualities in the superlative degree. The Mexican, however, is a cruel fellow. He seems absolutely unfeeling, especially in his treatment of dumb animals. He has no sympathy whatever for associations for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He hitches a diminutive mule, little larger than a burrow, to a heavy two-wheeled cart weighing more than the animal and then piles upon this vehicle a burden large enough for a team of horses. The sharp swish of the whiplash as it sings through the air is a musical note not calculated to give pleasure either to the little mule or the sympathetic spectator watching him tug at his heavy load. An injudicious American watching a performance of this kind administered a sound drubbing to a Mexican who was

GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB

pummelling his animal. Through the intercession of friends the next morning the magistrate discharged him with the admonition that he should never interfere with what did not concern him. We are firmly convinced that Mexico would be a splendid place in which to plant a whole army of humanitarians, each one charged with a profound conviction that he must devote himself to the task of organizing societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The cathedrals of Mexico are an interesting study. They are numerous and and of surpassing interest. You will wonder for what purpose so many of them were constructed. They are massive in their proportions, many of them old and all of them look as though capable of standing for centuries to come. We passed an interesting hour in the great cathedral of Mexico. It stands of the plaza, near the national palace is mammoth in its proportions, and has the appearance of great antiquity. It could readily include within its walls several of Des Moines church buildings. It would be interesting to know the expense of its construction and ornamentation. It is said to have sixty-six different altars or shrines before which its multitude of attendants kneel and cross themselves in the attitude of worshipers. Some of the altars have been ornamented at great expense. About some of them are seen numerous paintings of the Virgin, the Savior and other sacred subjects in wide frames overlaid with gold. The antique customs, the faded appearance of the paintings, in these tarnished frames revealing their ancient splendor through the slow process of decay, convey the impression that they had hung for many generations in their present places. The hundreds of worshipers kneeling at the various altars, the monotonous chanting from unseen choirs, the droning melody of organs in various recesses of the great structure, convey to the average observer a feeling of solemn loneliness almost uncanny in its effects.



DR. W. T. HORNADAY,
Manager of New York Zoological Garden.

It has fallen to the lot of an Iowa man to design and to be the chief instrument in creating the grandest zoological park in the world. This assertion is no idle phrase, but a fact that now is acknowledged far and wide. The New York Zoological park stands in a class by itself—natural, artistic, grand and incomparable; and the most of it all originated in the brain of William T. Hornaday, who frequently and proudly refers to the fact that he was "reared on an Iowa farm."

At present we think the readers of this magazine will be more interested in the man than in his zoological park. It is not often that the world produces a man who is at once a zoologist and scientist, a sportsman and world traveler, a successful business man, author and artist; but it is just that combination in one person which has produced the wonderful Bronx Zoological park. In 1896 Bronx park, New York, was an unmapped wilderness in the little-known upper regions of a great city. Today it is one of the wonders of America—or at least visitors from abroad tell us so, using the word "incomparable."

Dr. Hornaday (whose full title is doctor of science) possesses the creative faculty to a surprising degree. He loves to

take raw materials and from them fashion something fine. When you add to that a thorough and far-reaching knowledge of animals, excellent business ability and "a genius for organization," you have described the qualities that have produced the wonderful "Bronx Zoo" in marvelously quick time. Even in rushing New York the rapidity with which the work has been accomplished is accounted wonderful.

Dr. Hornaday dislikes the publication of biographical sketches of himself and when one is called for always replies that "the public is more interested in my animals than in me." Nevertheless, from the biographical encyclopedia we know that he was born in the backwoods of Indiana, near Plainfield, on December 1, 1854, reared in Marion county, Iowa, and educated at the Iowa State college and Ward's Natural Science establishment at Rochester. As a collecting naturalist he visited, when yet a young man, Florida, Cuba, the West Indies, South America, Europe, Egypt, India, Ceylon, the Malady Peninsula and Borneo.

After seven years of picturesque and very eventful life as a collecting naturalist, shooting and preserving big game of many kinds and all sizes up to the elephant, Mr. Hornaday spent eight years in the U. S. National Museum as chief taxidermist. It was while in Washington that he wrote his first book, "Two Years in the Jungle," which is now in its seventh edition.

In 1896 he was selected by the Zoological Society of New York to plan and develop a great zoological park and he accepted the position of director. Since that date he says, "I have been putting my heart's blood into the Bronx Zoo." An idea of the magnitude of the work already accomplished may be gained from the fact that the Zoological society and New York city together have expended $2,385,000 on the park and the annual cost of maintaining it is $145,000. The permanent force of employes contains 117 persons, not counting the construction department. The director of the park is truly a captain of industry and his salary is $8,000 per year.

As an authority on natural history Dr. Hornaday is ranked high. His "American Natural History" is his most important work and the one which will live longest, but his latest book, "Campfires in the Canadian Rockies," is his most popular one. During the recent controversy between President Roosevelt and the "nature fakirs" Dr. Hornaday's views were quoted throughout the United States in "syndicate" articles under the caption, "A Man Who Knows."

OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORT DES MOINES

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARCO KNEW

A young girl was passing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to Charles Street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common, wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning."

"No, dear; I am going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human, "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along, now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the garden. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resume his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.—Boston Record.

BERTIE WAS THE DOG

Cassie, aged eight, did not like to play with her brother, Bertie, aged seven, because he was rough. The mother lectured Bertie and told him how he must act with little girls and instructed Cassie that hereafter she must have her brother in her games. Cassie answered sweetly:

"All right, mamma! I'll take Bertie out right away and he can play house with Edith and myself."

Much delighted, Bertie trotted into the yard with his sister. There she and her friend Edith had constructed a playhouse. As he was inspecting this Cassie took him by the hand and said:

"Now, Bertie, I'm the lady of the house and Edith is my friend. We are going shopping. You'll be the watch dog and stay at home and take care of everything."

And with that she and Edith walked away for imaginary shopping and Bertie was left to his own thoughts.

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; and somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals.
—Sarah K. Bolton.

From General Porter's Campaigning with Grant

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S KINDNESS

Three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur and murmured: "Poor little creatures, you'll be taken good care of," and turning to Bowers, said: "Colonel, I hope you will see that these little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly." Bowers replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess and are well cared for." Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the emancipation proclamation and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrated the kindness of the man's disposition and showed the childlike simplicity which was mingled with the grandeur of his nature.

Cleanliness is a Virtue

Some children find it difficult to learn the habit of keeping themselves clean after play and work hours are over. Perhaps it is not the child's fault, perhaps it is the parents' fault, but this story of Whistler, the artist, will illustrate a point in the matter.

Whistler and a friend, strolling through a London suburb, met a small boy. Whistler asked him his age.

"Seven," the boy replied.

"Oh, you must be more than seven!" said Whistler, doubtingly.

"Seven," insisted the boy, rather pleased at being taken for older.

Turning to his friend, Whistler said: "Do you think it possible that he really could have gotten as dirty as that in only seven years?"

Nature's Wooing

Oh there's music on the river all along,
Where the birds and crickets join in joyous throng:
How our hearts swell with delight,
How our cares are lost from sight,
As our paddles beat the measure of the song.

Let the burdens of our labors float away,
And all the cares and worries of the day,
From all this world of grief,
There is always sweet relief,
If our love of nature holds its rightful sway.

—Raymond W. Mackinnon.

Whoever restores a young bird to the limb,
Or gladdens the lives of dumb creatures in need,
Is one of Christ's helpers, whatever his creed,
Clasps hands with "the angel that comforted Him."
But whoever finds pleasure in adding one hurt
To an innocent life, be it insect or dove,
Is somehow in league with those who found sport
In nailing the hands of the World's Greatest Love.
Oh, how dare we ask a just God to bestow
The mercy we grant not to creatures below!

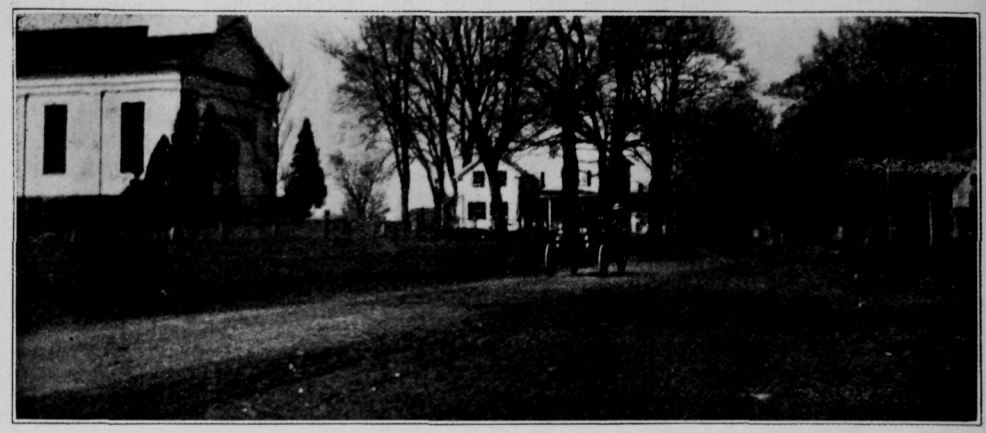
—Mt. Pulaski (Ill.) Weekly News.

Louise is not up on the animal and insect life of nature. She is just beginning to explore the mysteries of the garden and that small world is very wonderful to her.

Some time ago, while examining the cabbages, she came upon a large caterpillar. Such a curiosity had never appeared before to her. Carefully picking it up, she ran to her aunt with the cry:

"See what a lovely plush bug I've found!"

Good Roads for Iowa



CONCRETE ROADWAY

Fancies, Fallacies and Facts of Road Building

BY R. A. MEEKER, STATE SUPERVISOR OF ROADS, NEW JERSEY

FROM the time of the prophet Isaiah to the present men have had their ideas of a perfect highway. The plans of road engineers have been criticized as newfangled while they were only aiming at the road that Isaiah saw with prophetic eye when he cried, "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain." Thus the fancy that a straight road with easy grades is a new idea is swept away by the words of Isaiah uttered over seven hundred years before the Christian era.

Later Claudius Appius had his vision of a road that would perpetuate his name and his dream has been realized; but beyond that he gave, what?—the monument of a tyrant who compelled thousands to work for naught, and a lasting example of how not to build a road. The Appian Way, famous in picture and story, is avoided over a greater portion of its length by every traveler who is in a hurry to reach his journey's end.

This old Roman's idea of a deep foundation has lived after him; but no experienced road builder adopts it. It has gone the way of the Roman Aqueduct, and, like it, has become a monument of unnecessary work. The old Roman's fancy that it is necessary to build a deep foundation for a road crops out here and there, even at the present time, and is exploited as the best, and, in fact, the only true way to build a road. It was not until road builders learned that thoroughly drained earth was the only sure foundation for any kind of road covering that a great advance was made in road construction.

That road improvement is an expensive luxury, something nice to have, but too costly for those who have to work for a living, is the fancy of some, but it is not borne out by experience. In

New Jersey every dollar expended for road improvement has added tens and hundreds of dollars to our state's wealth.

The first roads I built were 16 inches deep, composed of 10 inches of telford bottom and 6 inches of compacted 2½-inch and 1½-inch crushed stone, and finished with coarse stone screenings. That the foundation of this kind of road lasts is true, but the top wears off much more quickly and when that is gone every driver avoids the telford road in good weather. I well remember the first 16-inch telford I ever saw. It was in 1869, at my home city of Plainfield, N. J. We boys were discussing it very learnedly, as we thought; in fact, we were merely rehearsing what we had heard our elders say, when an old Scotchman passed by, and, catching the drift of our remarks, said: "Boys, it is wrang, it is a' wrang; it is wrang in prencepil; here ye hae the anveel an' on it yet put the sma' stone; alang cooms the horse and wagon; the horse's hoofs pound the sma' stone an' the wagon wheels grind it, till, 'twixt the hammer and the anveel the sma' stones are ground to powder." We laughed at the old Scot, but my experience has since taught me that he was right. Not only is a deep telford more expensive to build, but the road wears rough much sooner than a lighter macadem, and is, consequently, much more expensive to maintain. It is also much harder on horses' feet, as it has no elasticity.

It has been argued that a deep telford road will not be heaved by frost. This is not so. I have seen 14-inch telford turned upside down by frost so that the large bottom stones were on top of the road, while 6-inch macadam built over the same soil and subject to the same conditions of travel remain unmoved; the only other difference in construction being that underdrains were placed outside of the macadam while none were used beside the telford.

To build a good stone road, first grade your hill down to five per cent or less if possible; fill up your vats so that you have a minimum grade of at least one-half per cent; second, by underdrains cut off all water that may threaten the road; third, give your road a crown of three-quarters inch per foot; fourth, cut out your sub-grade, being careful to give it the same curvature as the finished road; fifth, roll the sub-grade until it is hard and smooth, carefully removing any spongy or vegetable earth that the rolling may disclose; sixth, spread your bottom course evenly, then roll and add a little binder and continue the rolling until the stones cease to sink or creep in front of the roller; seventh, spread your second course and roll it, with the addition of binder and water, until the whole surface is hard and smooth, carefully filling with stone any depressions that may appear, then finish the whole with a course of ¾-inch stone and screenings. This must be soaked with water and rolled until a wave of mud is formed in front of the roller, being particularly careful to commence the rolling at the sides and gradually work toward the center; by so doing you will preserve the crown of your road. If this work is well and thoroughly done, you will have a road that is smooth, hard and convenient for travel at all seasons of the year.

Good Work for Good Roads

The Wheeling, W. Va., Board of Trade has issued its year book for 1907. The report contains a roster of officers, directors and members, list of committees, constitution and by-laws and facts and figures about the city, the Board of Trade and its work.

Much attention was given by the board during last year to the cause of good roads. Action was taken by the board in December last towards the improvement of the national road and this was followed by state and county conventions which were promoted by the board, and in the management of which the officers of the board took the leading part.

As a result of the meeting held March 14 and 15 the West Virginia Good Roads Association was formed. A county convention was held April 5, when the Ohio Good Roads Association was formed. These meetings have produced excellent results and it is felt that they were well worth the time and effort expended. Interest in the good roads question has been aroused all over the state and many counties and communities have taken action in regard to road improvement.

CONTENTMENT

Legislation in Minnesota

The new law requiring the election of town road inspectors and county supervisors is now being complied with in the state of Minnesota. The county boards and the town supervisors are holding meetings and electing road officers as provided by the new law. It is not expected that much will be accomplished this year, as the law was passed after the road overseers had been elected, and it is reported that the town boards are showing a disposition to let them serve out their terms.

The Spread of the Texas Idea

FROM THE OUTLOOK

A significant instance of the spread of the "Texas Idea" in city government is to be found in Des Moines, Iowa, which voted in June to adopt a charter modeled after the Galveston plan. From a government by a mayor and ward aldermen the municipality will pass under the control of a board of five commissioners elected at large, one of whom shall be mayor. The change will become effective next March. This political upheaval is the result of a long, hard fight against inefficient management of city affairs. Des Moines, a town of perhaps 85,000 population, is the capital of the state, and the statehouse crowd and the politicians of the Polk county courthouse combined with the city officeholders for their own common interest. The consequence was a system that made for the interests of the politicians, but neglected those of the municipality. If there was graft it was probably insignificant. But the city was given a slipshod administration and mediocrity was at a premium. Efforts to better affairs by electing a citizen's ticket had proved futile. So it fell out that the people turned for relief to a scheme of government that offered centralization of authority and responsibility. James G. Berryhill, a public-spirited citizen with business interests in Galveston, had become familiar with the commission plan of government there. Two years ago he was called on to explain the system to the Des Moines Commercial club. As a result of that speech the club took up the matter and began a vigorous campaign under Mr. Berryhill's leadership to obtain the necessary legislation from the state legislature. It was only after two years of constant effort in the face of repeated failures

that success came. The charter, which will be operative next year, embodies the essential features of the plan now in operation in Galveston and Houston. All of the business of the city is to be distributed between the five departments of public affairs, accounts and finances, public safety, streets and public improvements, and parks and public property. The mayor is constituted superintendent of the department of public affairs.

In several important respects, however, the Des Moines plan differs from that in use in Texas. As finally adopted in June, its main provisions are these: In the first place, the officials are to be selected at a non-partisan primary. Any person may become a candidate by filing a petition signed by twenty-five voters ten days before the primary. On the primary ballot the names of the candidates for mayor are arranged alphabetically, without party emblem, and the voters are instructed to vote for one. The names of the candidates for councilmen are arranged alphabetically also, with instructions to vote for four. At the regular election the two candidates for mayor who receive the highest number of votes go on the ballot. The eight aldermanic candidates receiving the highest number of votes are submitted in the same manner. The "recall" is another political experiment first tried, it is believed, in Los Angeles, that is incorporated in the Des Moines charter. If the conduct of a member of the council is distasteful to his constituents a petition of twenty-five per cent of the votes cast in the next preceding election will compel him to become a candidate at a special election. If the incumbent is to retain office he must receive a plurality over any other candidate nominated by petition. The initiative and referendum are features of the Des Moines plan. Any proposed ordinance may be submitted to the council by a petition signed by twenty-five per cent of the electors. The council may pass the ordinance without alteration within twenty days, or submit it to the people at a special election. The referendum works in much the same way. The people, by vote, may reject any ordinance passed by the council. All franchise ordinances must be submitted to the people before they become effective. It has been said that the Des Moines plan has been adopted in order to obtain efficiency. It has been adopted also to secure democracy. Its provisions, the people think, will take away control from a small faction of the dominant party, and will put the authority in the hands of the voters themselves.

MERCY HOSPITAL, DES MOINES

One of the Finest Hospitals in America.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS.

Christian Science and the Gospel

BY JOHN L. RENDALL

A CRITIC of Christian Science recently said: "The Christian revelation of God preaches no such gospel of freedom from pain and disease and self-complacent comfortableness as does Christian Science. A return into the age of miracles would be a relapse into a lower spiritual level, and would be a spiritual misfortune, the worst conceivable."

The best definitions of the word "miracle" give it as something that is extraordinary—above or beyond the ordinary comprehension, not necessarily in contravention of law and order, but which may bring out higher concepts of law than have heretofore been known. This definition would seem to fit Jesus' works. He came "not to destroy but to fulfill," the complete law, to "destroy the works of the devil."

It is inconceivable that a religion which in its practical workings includes a return to primitive Christianity should be considered as a "relapse into a lower spiritual level," or that such religion can by any right process of reasoning be construed into a calamity. What the world needs most of all today is a revival of the Christ-teaching in its original purity. The attainment of this end is the primary object of Christian Science. If in this laudable effort it heals the sick, who can consistently with Scripture condemn it solely on this account?

The Psalmist says: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." "Complacency" when based upon such experiences as have entered into the lives of most Christian Scientists is entirely justifiable. The wise man said, "when a man's ways please the Lord

he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

The gospel of freedom from bodily discords as preached and practiced by Jesus and his disciples was co-incident with the gospel of freedom from sin. To the twelve disciples, Matthew 10:7-8, Jesus said: "And as ye go preach saying, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils, freely ye have received, freely give." This command has never been abrogated but stands today as a fundamental teaching of the Master. That sin and sickness were to be destroyed by one and the same method was evidenced when Jesus said to the one "sick of the palsy,"—"Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." That this law of healing was to be perpetuated and remain as an essential part of the Christian religion was made plain in Jesus' last words to his followers, Mark 16:17-18: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

That freedom from pain, sorrow, and distress is promised to God's people is plainly indicated in Revelation 21:3-4: "And I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying. 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

It may perhaps be argued that all this belongs to some future dispensation, but as Christian Scientists understand the Scriptures, they are for all mankind now as well as for every age everywhere. The promises contained therein are perpetual, positive and enduring. It is not, however, to be supposed that Christian Scientists believe they can by any means enter into the Kingdom of God on earth without consistently striving for it. They understand that the promises are "to him that overcometh," and that only as sin in all its hideous forms is overcome is there any positive assurance of freedom from its thralldom. In Christian Science there is no room for "self-complacency" in sin, but only through the destruction of sin and all that which it includes.

Sickness is the inevitable result of some form of sin. Therefore, from the Christian Science standpoint the only safety for the individual is to overcome sin and its effects.

Patience, meekness, Christ-likeness are fundamental qualities of Christianity. It is the consistent effort of each Christian Scientist to bring out these qualities in his daily living, to so live that he may be enabled in some measure to help his fellowman escape from the bondage of sickness and sin.

The Passing Pantomime

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

Springtime is Columbine,
Footing it faerily;
Sparkle her spangles fine;
Trip, lassie, merrily.
Dance for me, Columbine,
Bubble of wanton wine.

Summer time is the Clown,
Painted audaciously,
Green, crimson, azure, brown,
Singing vivaciously.
Glow with full laughter, Clown,
Under your lotos-crown.

Autumn is Harlequin,
Magic his pleasuring,
Making the forest's green
Gold for our treasuring.
Can you glide, Harlequin,
Silvery hair and thin?

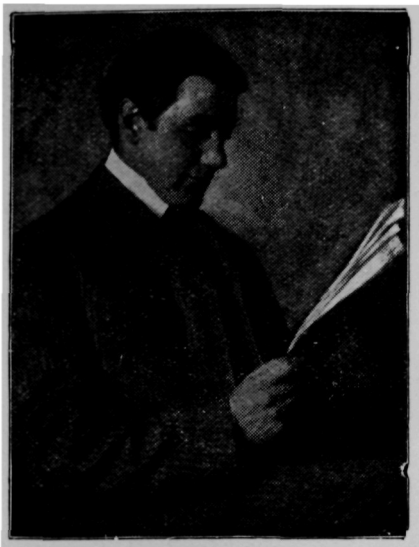
Winter in Pantaloon,
Stiffest but wariest;
Bluff tragic old buffoon,
Under frowns, merriest.
Mime for me, Pantaloon,
Curtains drop all too soon.

MRS. W. T. JOHNSTON

President of the Art Committe of Des Moines Women's Club.

The Art Committee of the Women's Club, of which Mrs. W. T. Johnston is president, will bring Prof. Charles Zueblin of Chicago University to Des Moines during the coming season for six lectures on "The Twentieth Century City." The topics are (1) The New Civic Spirit. (2) The Training of the Citizen. (3) The Making of the City. (4) The Administration of the City. (5) The Life of the Citizen. (6) The City of the Future. The lectures will begin October 8, and follow at intervals of two weeks.

Mr. Zueblin was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania, the Northwestern University (Ph. B., 1887), Yale University (B. D., 1889), and the University of Leipzig. He founded the Northwestern University Settlement, Chicago, 1891; was appointed instructor in Sociology, the University of Chicago, 1892; first Chairman School Extension Committee, Chicago, 1901; President American League for Civic Improvement, 1901-2; and is now a member of the Chicago Special Park Commission and the

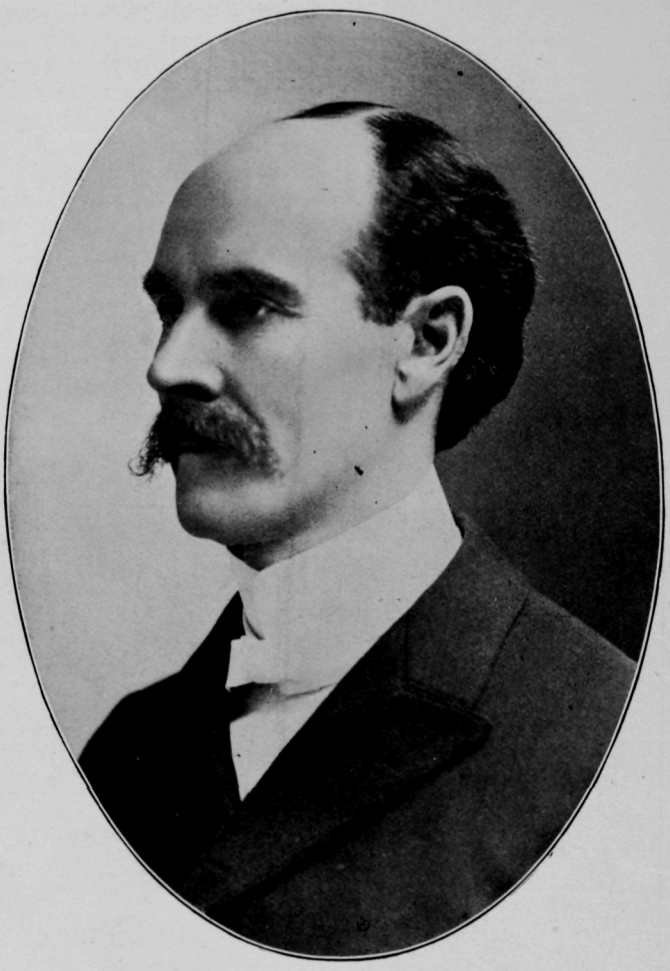


PROF. CHAS. ZUEBLIN.

Chicago Vacation School Board, and a Director in the Municipal Museum of Chicago. It has been the fortune of few men to do in the last decade what Professor Zueblin has done in stirring educational and civic organizations to an appreciation of their power in the promotion of democratic culture and civic improvement. He speaks with the fervor and force of a sympathetic, practical student of human affairs.

Des Moines is certainly fortunate in getting these lectures at the present time, when civic pride is being aroused among the people as never before. The Art Committee and its president, Mrs. Johnston, are doing a splendid work which deserves the commendation and support of every citizen in Des Moines. Course tickets will sell for $1.

MRS. J. W. COKENOWER Photo by Webster.
Chairman of the Program Committee of Art Committee.



DR. I. N. McCASH

Who goes from Iowa to reside in Berkeley, California.

Dr. I. N. McCash is ordered by his physician to a milder climate and next month will find him installed as pastor of the Christian Church in Berkeley, California. The many friends of Dr. McCash and his family will regret much to lose them from Des Moines. So closely has this fearless and daring champion of the truth been identified with the life of Des Moines, that it is indeed like losing a dear child from a home, to see him so far removed. In energy of action, loyalty to the right, effectiveness of work and capacity to make friends of even those opposed in views, Dr. McCash could have no superior anywhere. His work in the University Place Church of Christ was wonderful. He began with six hundred members. Almost twenty-five hundred were enrolled when he resigned to take up the work of the Iowa Saloon League. As president of this league Dr. McCash did effective work. He at once put the organization on a cash basis. All the work was carried out in strict accordance with the law. It thus commended itself to all of the best people in Iowa, and commanded the respect of its enemies. It takes a strong man to influence legislation, and then to enforce the law, as was done by the league under the direction of Dr. McCash. For fourteen years. Dr. McCash has acted in the capacity of President of the Iowa Children's Home. During this time the

home and land have been paid for, costing $25,000. Nearly 4,000 children have been put into good homes.

Des Moines will lose a man worth having for a citizen in losing Dr. McCash. Filled with the spirit that makes for success in the highest sense of the word, of big heart, big mind and big purposes, enthusiastic in all his work, of fine executive ability, a good friend, a leader commanding confidence from all his associates, in short, a man of heroic mould, realizing the ideal of the knights of the days of the crusaders, such a man is Dr. McCash. Such men are not found every day. His many friends will wish him renewed health and great success in his new field of labor.

The Angelus

Ragged cliffs, covered with the dark green of summer-drooping foliage; the deep fissures half-hidden 'neath the masses of the daisy's yellow; below a slender little rivulet, in whose purity the shadows quivering lie—over all the mystic haze of the summer's breath. A subtle perfume, from whence no one can tell, it is a part of the whole, the incense the earth breathes out, the loving tribute to the Soul of itself, and the Life Soul of the all-existence. Little tremors of delight stir the silky grass, and the leaves tremble at each other's touch; the joyous wind laughs softly and draws nearer the conscious earth.

The valley has caught the inspiration of it all, and the long, ripe grain bows low as the parting sunlight burns down upon it. The sky is the deep blue that draws the eye to look farther and farther into its fathomless depths, until the heart feels the glory of it flowing into itself and thrills with divine ecstasy.

Over in the rich brown field a peasant is standing, resting from the hour's toil. With head bowed, he stands. The scythe is idle, forgotten. In his eyes is the dream-fire of an inspired prophet—nearer that distant music surges about him, thrilling his being with its undefined, overpowering sweetness—his head sinks upon the bare, brown chest—clearer and yet clearer—then the head is thrown back; the full, deep red lips are parted; the eyes fire-filled, and once more, as if awed by the ringing harmony of the Nature-God about him, the head is lowered.

Buried in that rugged hillside's depths is a tiny cot. Just outside in the dooryard playing, the little, fair-haired, laughing children. A great wave of divine melody breathes over them—the laughing lips grow sweeter in their merriment, the little feet more light in their dancing play.

Over the steep cliff's rugged breast, over the valley's harvest-brown—to the silent man resting in the field, sound the deep tones of that God-Harmony—the Angelus!

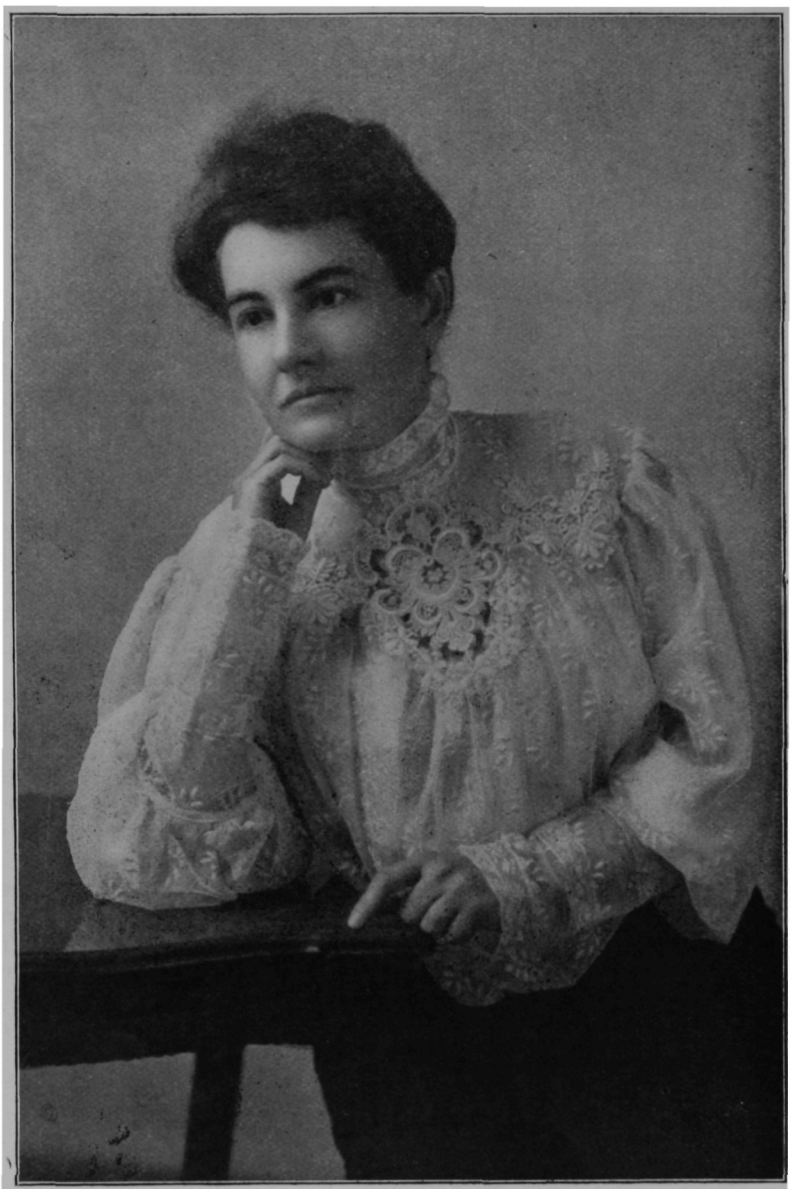
—*Bessie McClenahan.*

The Wood Nymph

BESSIE McCLENAHAN

Into the depths of forest green,
With its quivering light of golden sheen,
A rustle of leaf—
—the softest sigh—
Only the breath of the wind passing by?

The soft blue haze of twilight new—
Low even' song from ev'ry bough,
The parting of shadow—
—and gentle eyes—
Only the last golden gleam as it dies?



MISS HARRIET E. YEATER

A Cruise on the Mediterranean

A wonderfully interesting half hour will be spent by the caller upon Miss Harriet Yeater, in her office rooms in the Iowa Loan & Trust building. Miss Yeater is an Iowa girl, born and bred. She was once a teacher, but for several years has been connected with the temperance work of the Iowa State League.

She is an effective speaker, uniting to a fine presence, her enthusiasm for her work and the culture that comes of education and travel. At present Miss Yeater is booking passengers for a cruise in the Mediterranean,to sail from America February 6, 1908. More than three hundred have already taken passage. The trip will be unique in many ways. One of the most magnificent of the ocean steamers, the Arabic, of the White Star line, will carry the party. Only six hundred will be taken, and all go first class. Six hundred people of intelligence, with the same end in view, will form a delightful little world of their own. On board the boat entertainments and lectures about the places visited will be given almost every day or evening. The program is too tempting to be given in part, so let the interested person send for the literature put out by the company, to Miss Yeater. The special features of the cruise will be visits among other shore trips, to Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, nineteen days in Palestine and Egypt, four days in Rome, visit to Monte Carlo, etc. The cruise will take seventy days' time. A personal call upon Miss Yeater will well repay the would-be traveler, as her explanation in detail of many of the tempting features is very interesting.

Miss Yeater is well worth knowing for herself and to meet her is to be assured of the character of the enterprise in every particular. Doubtless many Iowa people will avail themselves of this fine opportunity to take a mid-winter cruise along the historic shores of the Mediter-

ALFRED WINGATE WARREN

Son of Mrs. Florence Warren.

MISS MYRTLE MEYER

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer, whose marriage to Mr. William Eldred of St. Paul occurs September 11.

NIGHT

BESSIE McCLENAHAN

The quiet hour. Far in the west, across the hills beyond that dark, solitary row of trees, the violet shadows of evening overhanging the silent earth, and deep in the distance the living red streaking the gray and purple. The gathering darkness above; the soft richness of its depth starred with silver.

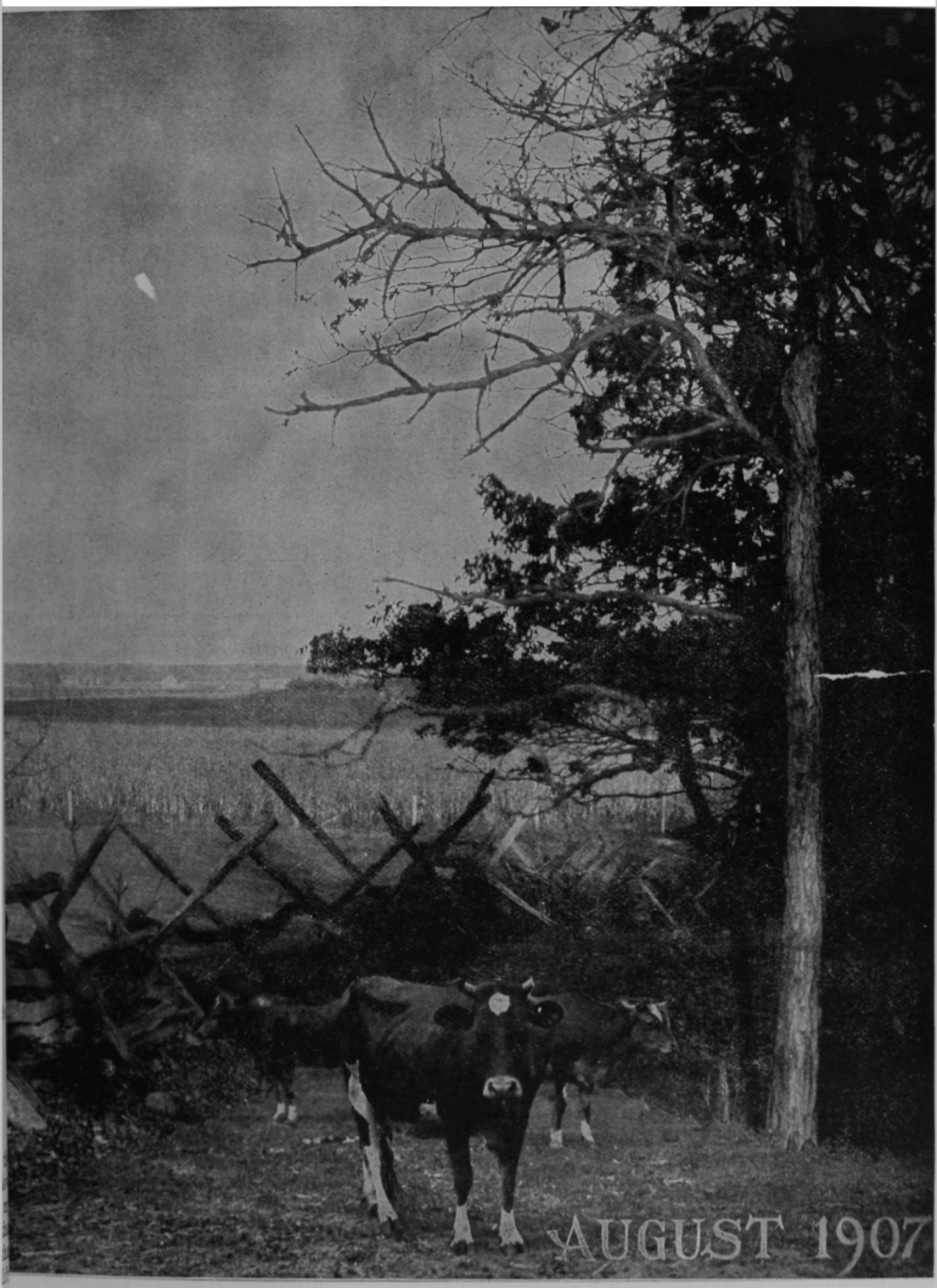
Alone—wrapped in the tender twilight—I—powerless, unknowing, lost in the immensity of existence, where day and night meet in perfect harmony and the long struggle ceases—thrilled with a love that knows no peace—I stretch out my arms in an agony of yearning for that beyond me—the Great Spirit—that throbs and beats forever against my life.

One cry is torn from my lips—one prayer from the pain of living—

"Oh, God! God!"

— — — — — —

What answer?



BEAUTIFUL COVER PLATE OF AUGUST NUMBER OF SUCCESSFUL FARMING
E. T. MEREDITH, EDITOR

RICHARD PRAY

Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Pray.

THE GOOD CITIZEN

G. F. RINEHART

AS man is a gregarious animal society becomes a matter of necessity to him. It is a product of evolution and as natural as the measles or the mumps.

As a social being, the relation of man to his fellows is a matter of legitimate inquiry, and no man can have adequate knowledge of his kind unless he knows his fellow from the outside as well as from the inside. He must know his reputation as well as his character.

Citizenship may be defined as the sum total of conduct relating to society. The hermit is not generally regarded as a good citizen. His relations with his fellows are not congenial. He lives within himself. He is a selfish creature, and selfishness is the chief enemy to citizenship.

In barbarism, egoism predominates. The individual takes all he can get and holds all he can hold. His selfishness keeps his stomach full regardless of the want or need of others. Civilization comes exactly in proportion to the growth of altruism.

Man owes more to society than he can pay in an ordinary lifetime. Just in proportion as he realizes this he becomes a better man, a better citizen. We have begun to learn that happiness is not secured by what the world may give to us, but that it comes in direct proportion to the amount of good we can do for the world.

Selfishness and greed go hand in hand. Selfishness and avarice are bosom friends. Both are in league with cupidity and cunning. Their Golden Rule of conduct is "Do others and do them first." The rich nabobs who have

secured their accretions through predatory methods imagine that by giving away a library or endowing a college now and then they are reaching the sublimest heights of altruism, when as a matter of fact they do not know its first principles.

A Rockefeller gives away a university and thinks he is laying up treasures in heaven. He generally puts up the price of oil so that the general public is bled for the benefactions that cater to the few. If he understood the basis of ethics he would lower the price of oil so that the entire human race would not pay unjust tribute to his greed.

A Carnegie gives away libraries by the score, assuring himself that he is doing incalculable good to the human race. The mere fact that no matter how many libraries he gives away his income increases is proof positive of the fact that he is robbing Peter to pay Paul and that this process, continued forever, would never open the gates of paradise to his little soul. If he would stop robbing the people they would soon have money enough to build their own libraries and dispense their own benefactions.

The good citizen is not the man who is merely negative. The good citizen is not the man who never disobeys a law. The good citizen is not the man who smiles forever. The good citizen is not the man who never was angry in his life.

Christ was about the best citizen who ever blessed the earth, and one of the best things he ever did was to whip the money changers from the temple and castigate the hypocrites for long and loud prayers. He broke senseless laws, was positive in his convictions, fearless in the expression of his sentiments, and, more than all, he devoted his life, not to the accumulation of property, not to the winning of power and place for himself, but to doing for others what he could and thereby leaving a legacy that has enriched the ages.

George Washington was a good citizen, notwithstanding he was roundly abused as a traitor and hunted with persistency by the emissaries of King George III, who thought he had a divine right to hang the rebel.

Samuel Adams was a good citizen, notwithstanding the fact that he was a business bankrupt without the money-making instinct. Patrick Henry was a good citizen, notwithstanding the fact that he never robbed the human race to endow a college.

Abraham Lincoln was a good citizen, though he never robbed labor of a dollar to found a library. Even Old John Brown was a good citizen, notwithstanding he trampled ruthlessly on laws that declared that the colored man had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. The men who operated the "under-ground railroad" were good citizens, though all were law-breakers.

A good citizen is a man who does his duty by his fellows; one who gives to every man a "square deal;" one who guarantees to every other human being every right he claims for himself; one who believes in doing unto others as he would that others should do unto him; one who believes in equal rights to all and special privileges to none; one who is positive and aggressive in doing righteous deeds; one who lives for others and leaves to his children the heritage of an example that shall serve to light and guide them through the years.

An unique collection of Des Moines views has been gotten out by Enos Hunt, called the "Multiple View Card." It contains fourteen views of Des Moines and folds into size of a post card. It costs one cent to mail it. For sale at all news stands or can be had by addressing Enos Hunt, 610 Iowa Loan & Trust building. 10c each.

The most beautifully clean and cool looking place in Des Moines is Munger's Laundry, on Locust street. All of the wood work is painted white, and the walls from half way up, with ceilings, are also snowy white. Orderliness and utility are in evidence everywhere. It is certainly the ideal laundry and the work it turns out is just as good as the laundry looks. "Munger's" has grown to be a household word in Des Moines. This speaks well for the manager, Mr. A. W. Chennell, who has been connected with the house for a number of years, making many personal friends, as well as friends for the firm.

MISS MARTA CUNNINGHAM, OF LONDON

Daughter of Mrs. Minerva Thorpe Stevenson.

A Gifted Young American

Des Moines is entertaining a gifted young girl whom all delight to honor who know her, Miss Marta Cunningham, of London, daughter of Mrs. Minerva Thorpe Stevenson. Miss Cunningham is a native of this country, but was educated abroad and has lived in Paris and London the greater part of her life. For a number of years she lived with Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) in her London home. When quite a young girl while still in the convent, where she was educated, Miss Cunningham showed a talent as a writer of poems and sketches and also for music, both instrumental and vocal. From her poems, written in her teens, several are given in this issue of THE MIDWESTERN. The harp was Miss Cunningham's favorite instrument and she became a fine performer. But finally she decided to give up other studies for the cultivation of her voice. For several years she has been singing in concert and recitals in England with the greatest success. Recently, at the Ritz hotel, in London, she appeared in evening concert under the patronage of the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, sister to the Queen of England. The London and English papers have been enthusiastic in praise of Miss Cunningham's lovely soprano voice, her dramatic feeling and beautiful stage presence. She has frequently been a guest at the greatest houses in England and is a favorite in the best circles. She comes home now to visit with her mother, from whom she has inherited her great gifts. It is hoped by Mrs. Stevenson's many friends in Des Moines that Miss Cunningham may appear in recital during her visit.

ARROWHEADS

TRIOLET

Softly slips the boat between
Stems that bend and bending rise,
Blossoms starring through the green.
Softly slips the boat between
Pointed leaves of summer sheen,
Mingling with reflected skies.
Softly skips the boat between
Stems that bend and bending rise.
—Katharine Ruth Ellis, Michillinda, Michigan.

SIDNEY LANIER

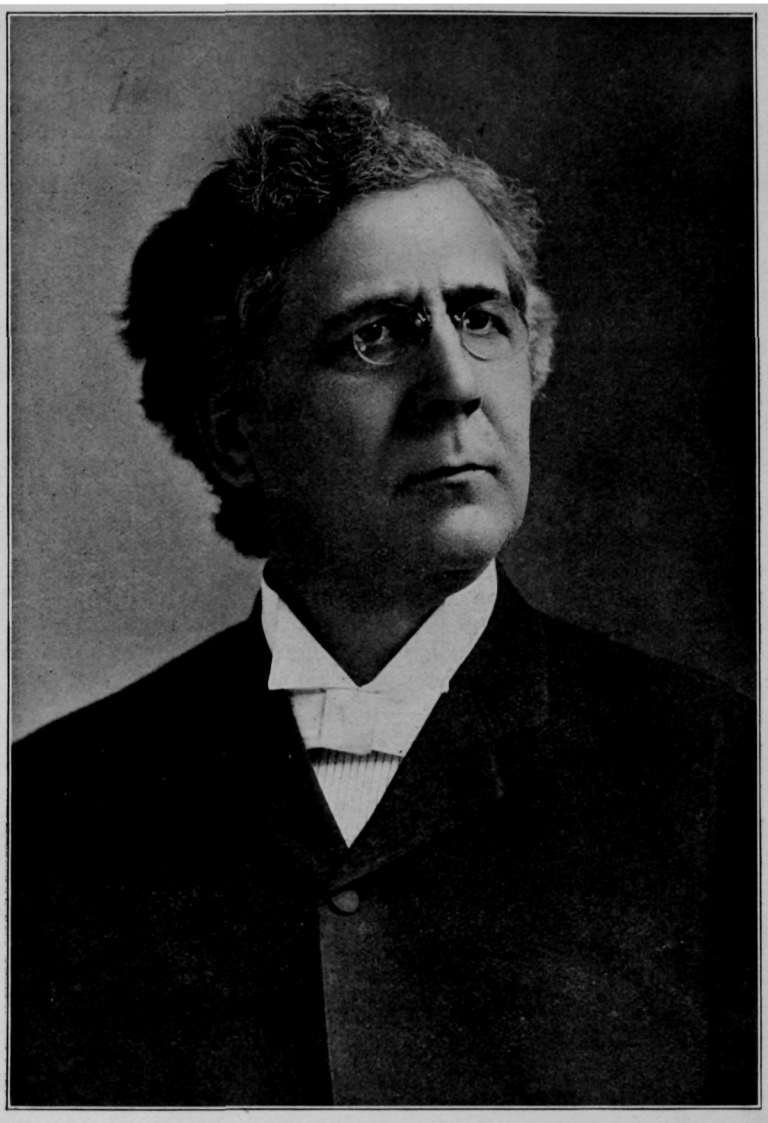
Yours was the cult of the sun and trees.
Breath and spirit yours, wind and breeze,
Kinsman you of the leaf and bark,
The sunlight your frankness, your secret the dark.

And yours was the music of words asleep
Waiting the master's hand to sweep
Over the strings and set it free.
Yours the rhythm of marsh and sea.

Early upon you the curse was laid.
Bound to the galleys of tyrant Trade,
Unheed of captives at your side,
Passionate singing, you toiled and died.

THE MESSAGE

My soul I sent
On a journey bent
The girth of earth to span;
That she might learn
Why hearts so burn
And tremble 'neath Sin's ban.
For God in His love must yearn,
For the sorrowing home of man!
O'er mountain peaks,
Long rippling creeks,
My Soul an answer sought
And back this message brought:
"To reach the goal man seeks,
He must the path of sorrow go,
That true perfection he may know."
Not yet content
My Soul I sent
Through cavernous depths of air,
Through space afar
To search each star
For the solution of man's welfare.
From what will Death's hand bar
The shrinking Soul? From care?
Turmoil? Or is one passed
From Life to Chaos vast,
Or plunged in tortures dread?
My Soul through Immensity sped,
This message bearing fast:
"God's fair creation holds no place,
That does not know His smile and grace."



M. L. BARTLETT

President Des Moines Musical College.

A New Pianist for Des Moines College

Des Moines musical circles are greatly interested in the coming of Sidney J. Silber, the distinguished pianist and teacher, whom Dr. Bartlett has engaged as director of the piano department of the Des Moines Musical College.

Mr. Silber is a Milwaukean by birth, and received his early training there under Albert Jahn. His family being well to do he was sent to Europe, where, for two years, he pursued his studies under Jedliczka and Heinrich Barth of Berlin, finishing under that renowned teacher of the piano, Theodore Leschetizky, of Vienna, with whom he remained three years.

While abroad he was often heard in recitals and concerts and received most favorable criticisms, both from the press and artists of the piano. As one of the favored pupils of Leschetizky, it was his good fortune to receive especial attention and given full opportunities in the studies in the approved world-wide famous "Leschetizky Method." It is therefore a source of great pride to the Des Moines Musical College, as well as to the city and state that we will have one so fully capable to impart such a method. It will be a source of pride and congratulation that pupils will have the opportunity to be trained in a meth-

od that has turned out the greatest pianists that the world has ever known, such for instance as: Paderewski, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler and Mark Hambourg.

During the past year Mr. Silber has appeared in public recitals and concerts in the United States, and always with success. He has a magnificent technic, beautiful touch, and shows elegance and grace as well as power and energy.

Mr. Silber is still a young man, of quite distinguished bearing, of charming personality and address. He visited the city last week for a single day only, and expressed pleasure in coming here to reside. He played several selections before several invited guests, and in the most informal way, and which gave great delight to those present.

On account of the lease of the building in which the college has been located for many years, Dr. Bartlett has leased for a term of years the second floor of the Oriel Block at the northeast corner of Ninth and Walnut streets. The suite of five studios will be made elegant in their appointments and up to date in every respect.

JOSEPHINE WINGATE WARREN

Daughter of Mrs. Florence Warren.

WITH THE EDITOR

With Lepers

Colonel French of the Salvation Army of the Pacific coast is making arrangements, it is said, for opening a leper mission, and his wife has offered to go to the leper island of Molokai and consecrate her life to the care of the unfortunates. Her wish is noble, and her proposed consecration is heroic.

But there are other lepers than those afflicted with the ulcerous eruptions and scaling off of dead skin. These lepers are not kept by the law on some remote farm or on some lonely isle, as more dangerous than wild beasts to the community. On the contrary, they are active in business or celebrated for the elegance of their leisure; they are welcomed in clubs and parlors; but to their wives they are worse than lepers, for they have corrupt souls.

Yet, knowing the foulness of these minds and the uncleanliness of behavior, the wives live with them and make no outward complaint; they live with apparent devotion, as though they were honored by the association. Sometimes this bravery is for the sake of the children. Sometimes it comes from a pathetic hope that the leper may be made clean by their self-consecration.

A Woman Inspector

Connecticut has a new law providing for a woman factory inspector. Under this law the factory inspector appoints one woman deputy upon the recomendation of an advisory commission of three women chosen by the Governor. This commission is a continuous body, each member serving six years, the first chosen for two, four and six years respectively.

This law was enacted through a desire to secure a high class and capable woman to investigate social and moral conditions affecting women employed in factories and department stores. The passage of this law was brought about through the efforts of Mrs. C. Pates, wife of a Yale professor, and Mrs. Percy Walden, a graduate of Radcliffe, who was distinguished for her instigation along such lines. They secured the aid of women's clubs, unions and manufacturers themselves.

When we consider that there are fifty thousand working women in Connecticut, the appointment of one woman inspector seems very small indeed. But with the success of the experiment will probably be brought about the adding of sufficient members to do the work properly.

Why Not?

The publishers of "The Outlook" were pleased and surprised when they received so many satisfactory answers to questions they had put out. These questions referred to reasons for liking the Outlook. They discovered that women liked it for just the very reasons that men liked it. To one alive to the situation this is not a surprise. Women, if any thing, are broader minded and of a bigger intellectuality than men. This is a general rule. Men are immersed in business. Women are learning to read and study and think as never before in the history of the world. Doubtless the Outlook's most appreciative readers are women.

WHY THEY LOVED HIM

The triumphal tour of Mark Twain in England was a great tribute of honor, not only to him, but to the country he represented, as well. Seldom do the undemonstrative English shower such tokens of affection upon even one of their own as was given to Mark Twain. Why it is that the cold blooded English so adore Mark Twain would be perhaps difficult to explain. The English are slow to appreciate humor, but Mark Twain knows how to please them.

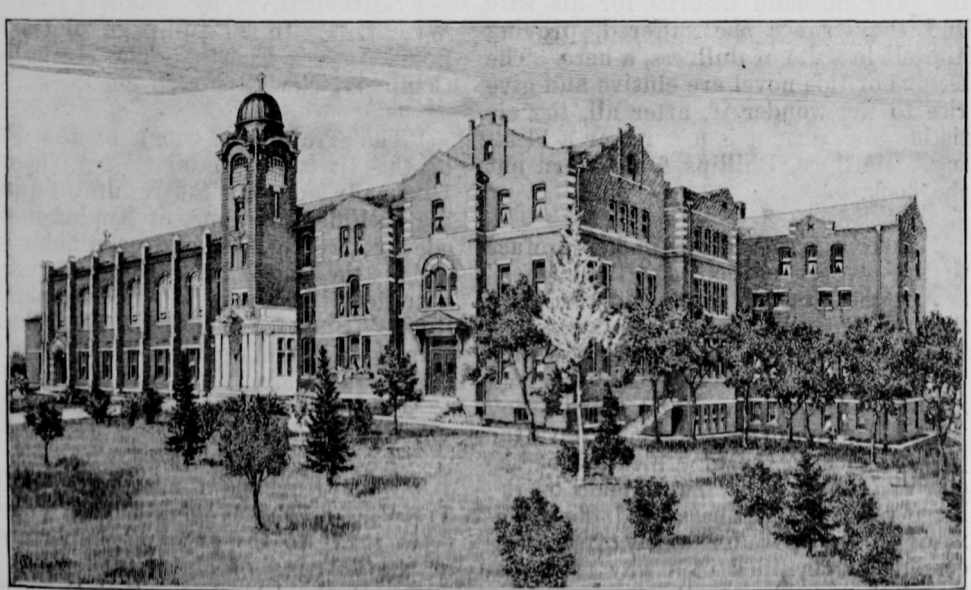
One eastern journal in commenting upon the affection between our American humorist and the sons of John Bull, declares that it is engendered by Twain's remarkable gift of self-repression. Self-repression is not an American trait of character. It is distinctly English and the English love themselves so well that any reflection of their chief characteristics in others is cause for pleasure to them. The peculiar thing about Mark Twain is that he seems the embodiment of self-expression. Do the two traits go hand-in-hand?

THE OLD RESIDENTS' PICNIC

In August of each year, the old residents of Des Moines and Polk county have a picnic dinner in one of the parks, followed by speeches and music. There is something of intense sadness in these annual gatherings, as well as great pleasure in the exchange of greetings among old friends. Each year familiar and dear faces are missed, and voices we loved to hear are forever silent. There are some men whose lives and influence are never forgotten. Those who have known and loved them, live continually to dwell upon their memory. Such men are a credit to the community in which they lived, men whose lives have been lived along the lines of trust and honor, whose heart have beaten for humanity and who did no wrong to their fellows. On the other hand, how quickly are dropped the memories and names of those whose influence and whose life work were debasing, whose every htonght was evil to their companions, who had no high sense of the beauty of holiness.

Better poverty and honor than an accumulation of this world's goods and a soul filled with pollution.

The one leaves a legacy of untold wealth and glory to his children, a wealth far above the value of gold and riches—the other's very gold is accursed and their memory a blot upon the page of life of those who follow him.



ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, WEST GRAND AVENUE

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

Jane Wardle has written a powerful and fascinating story in "The Artistic Temperament." The story hinges on the love affair of a woman who has a dull and unappreciative husband, and a gifted young artist, whose artistic temperament causes all the broken hearts and tears and tragedies of the story. He tires of this lovely woman and marries from motives of cold-blooded ambition, in order to ally himself with a powerful family of wealth and position. The lady of his first love is forgiven by her husband, who takes her away from the scene of her sorrows after the marriage of the artist. But happiness fails to return to her. She dies of a broken heart The artist rises to fame by prodigious bounds, while the poor husband mourns for his wife and the wrongs she suffered, proving himself in spite of dullness, a hero. The lessons of this novel are elusive and give rise to the wonder if, after all, the artistic temperament is a curse or a blessing. McClure, Phillips & Co. turn out the book.

* * *

Mabel Osgood Wright, in her preface to the seventh edition of "Birdcraft," as popular and charming now as when first printed, says that "eleven years ago this record was sent forth with the hope that those who had never yet gone afield might be led outdoors and there enjoy what I had enjoyed. In those days the printed aids to the identification of the common birds were few outside of the large reference libraries, and the specimens in the museums were often inaccessible or classified in a way that rendered them useless to the novice. Now books upon nearly every phase of bird life lie close at hand, both the result of compilation and of rich personal experience, while dry-plate photography has come to be the recorder of much that words cannot express. Organized protection is influencing legislation to give to the bird all the rights of a legal citizenship, and the colored charts and pictures of birds, such as money could not buy in 1890, together with admirable libraries of general nature books, are circulated freely in the country schools of many states.

Mrs. Wright's pioneer volume has lost none of its value, and nature lovers will welcome this new edition, with its accurate, simply expressed bird lore and description. It is one of the best books of its kind.

("Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright. With 80 full-page plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. The Macmillan Company, New York, $2 net.)

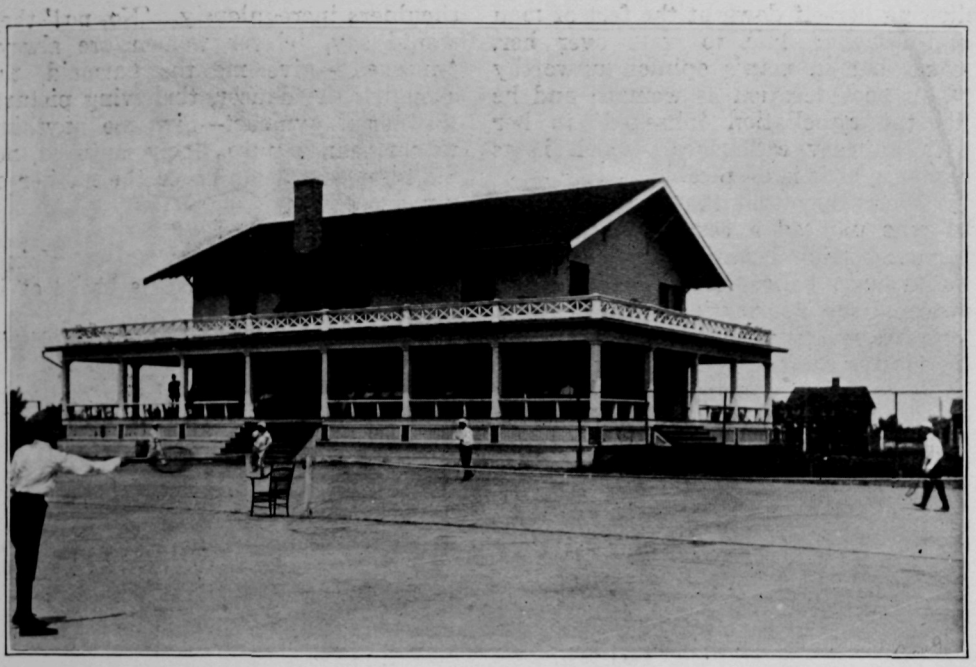
* * *

"The Traitor; a Story of the Fall of the Invisible Empire," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., depicts the results of playing with fire, the abuse of Kuklux methods by irresponsible and criminal men. This is the last of his "trilogy of reconstruction," begun with "The Leopard's Spots," and followed by "The Clansman." All the world is familiar with the trend of Mr. Dixon's argument and this third book is creating almost a sensational interest.

* * *

Luther Burbank's new book, "The Training of the Human Plant," dedicates itself to the supreme importance of the training of children.

Mr. Burbank's idea is that the same methods which he had used to develop



HYPERION CLUB HOUSE

new and finer species of plants can be applied to human beings and that since "from six to ten generations are generally sufficient to fix the descendants of the parent plants in their new ways" the same number of generations will suffice to create a new and permanent improvement in the human race. As an evolutionist he holds that "heredity is only the sum of all past environment;" that "acquired characters are transmitted and, even further, that all characters which are transmitted have been acquired."

Thus by giving children an ideal environment they can be bred into ideal men and women in the course of ten generations, and Mr. Burbank advocates the dedication of a dozen families to the good cause. But he offers no subtle alchemy by which human nature shall be kept from asserting itself long enough to keep the twelve families from tearing each other's hair and spoiling the experiment.

("The Training of the Human Plant," by Luther Burbank. The Century Company, New York, 60 cents net.)

* * *

"Delicia and Other Stories" soon to be issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. by Marie Corelli, is destined to further accentuate the author's intense feeling on the sex question—especially "the other sex." An extract will show the trend of the book:

"To put it bluntly and plainly," the Corelli writes, "a great majority of the men of the present day want women to keep them. It is not a manly or noble desire, but as the kind of men I mean have neither the courage nor the intelligence to fight the world for themselves, it is, I suppose, natural to such inefficient weaklings that they should—seeing the fierce heat and contest of competition in every branch of modern labor—gladly sneak behind a woman's petticoat to escape the general fray.

"But the point to which I particularly wish to call the attention of the more thoughtful of my readers is that these [sic] very sort of men (when they have secured the ignoble end of their ambition—namely, the rich woman to live upon, under matrimonial suffrance) are the first to run down women's work, women's privileges, women's attainments and women's honor. The man who owes his dinner to his wife's unremitting toil is often to be heard speaking of the 'uselessness' of women, their frivolity and general incapacity. * *

"The woman who paints a great picture is 'unsexed;' the woman who writes a great book is 'unsexed;' in fact, whatever woman does that is higher and more ambitious than the mere act of

flinging herself down at the feet of man and allowing him to walk over her, makes her in man's opinion unworthy of his consideration as woman; and he fits the appellation 'unsexed' to her with an easy callousness, which is as unmanly as it is despicable.

"Were they told that a certain artist who painted a certain picture was a young and beautiful woman they would never believe it; if some one volunteered the information that the sculptor whose massive marble group of classic figures adorns one of the galleries in Rome was a woman whose smile was ravishing and whose figure was a model for Psyche, they would shrug their shoulders incredulously. 'No, no!' they would say, 'clever women are always 'unsexed'—give me the barmaid, the shopgirl, the dancer, thel iving picture, the aerial gymnast—give me anything rather than a pure, finely cultured, noble natured woman to be the mother of my sons!' "

* * *

A new author among Des Moines school-teachers will soon be heard of in the reading world.

The book is of child stories and will be illustrated by a well-known Des Moines artist. One of the great houses has accepted the book and it will be beautifully brought out this fall.

LOST JOYS

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Through utter dark and chartless space
The day-god burns up to his place;
And drops not from the stalk a rose,
But in its place another blows.

Life's gift, or great or small, once given,
Is as the flower, the star of heaven;
Aye, Nature is not more than men—
The lost joys all come back again.

Once a Scotsman was visiting New York, and, coming across a statue of Washington, stood gaping at it

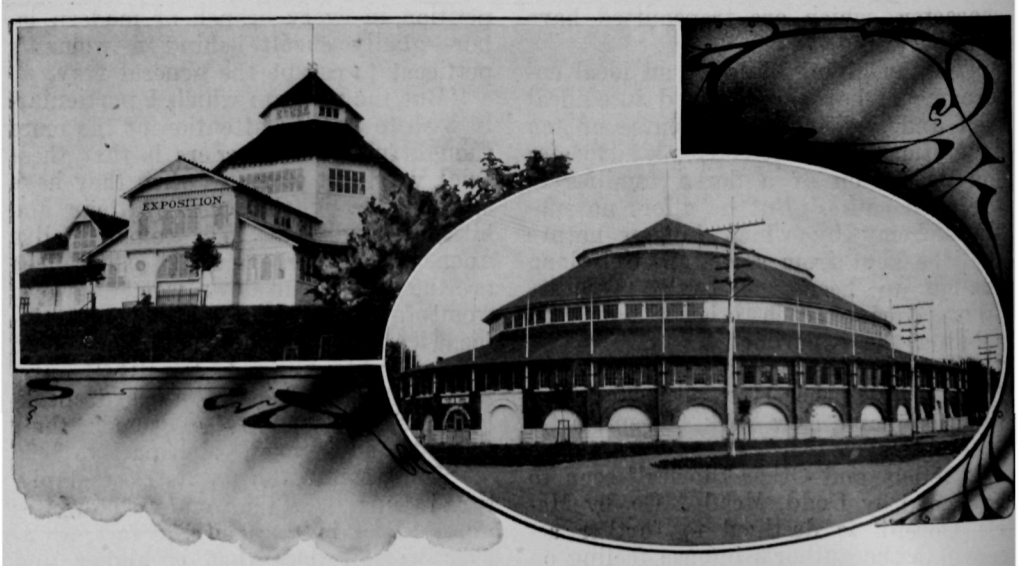
Just then a yankee came up and said to Sandy:

"There's a good man. A lie never passed his lips."

"No," said the Scotsman, "I suppose he talked through his nose, like the rest of you."—London Spare Moments.

He—I hear that George and Kitty have made up their quarrel!

She—Only temporarily. They are going to be married soon!—London Judy.



VIEW OF STATE FAIR GROUNDS

The Story of What One Woman Did

THERE is certainly nothing the matter with Iowa. She comes pretty near eclipsing the fabled land that flowed with milk and honey. Grain out there grows so high that it may be said at times to tickle the toes of the angels, but the star wealth-producer of all is old "Biddy," the hen. She is the most valuable asset, the greatest hustler in the state. According to the Iowa board of agriculture, she not only pays the state and city taxes, but yields a nice little nest egg of upward of two millions besides, To know just how gloriously Biddy can be put through her paces, listen to this interesting story about Mrs. Rebecca Johnson of Maxwell, Iowa. She is widely known as the "Poultry Queen of Iowa," a title that the governor of that state took special occasion some time ago to say she well deserved.

She is an extraordinary example of what a woman can do in an emergency. Imagine yourself with a husband suddenly incapacitated for all work, four young children, no means to speak of, and a 270-acre farm recently bought, with not quite a thousand dollars paid down, and big obligations ahead. This is just what happened to Mrs. Johnson some twenty years ago. The situation looked like a stone-wall of adversity which no woman, with her frail hands, could hope to pull down. But that stone-wall out in Maxwell came down and superb was the struggle thereof.

As Mrs. Johnson sat one day in the window, doing her spring sewing, she became interested in an old hen that, in a box, was doing her maternal duty to some eggs, on the porch outside. And as she watched day by day a vision of a big poultry farm and large profits slowly took shape in her imagination. Here perhaps was the key to the future.

From the moment her decision was made she went to work in earnest. She placed a thermometer under her setting hen every day for three weeks and made a record of the daily temperature. She also observed that the prospective mother turned her encased offspring every four hours. With this little information for a foundation she started to beat old Biddy at her own game.

Mrs. Johnson had read in her farm paper that chickens could be raised by artificial incubation, but as she had never seen one of the "wooden mothers" and knew nothing of the natural laws of incubation, she was thrown upon her own resources as to how to proceed. But this didn't daunt her. She took one of her wood boxes and another box, a trifle smaller, and constructed a crude incubator according to her own ideas. When finished she carefully placed on the shelves within 116 eggs, set the lamps going to the temperature the old hen had told her and then trusted to providence. For three weeks she felt that the fate of nations depended upon her turning the eggs and keeping the lamps at the right heat. And at the end of that time, when the great moment arrived, imagine her joy to have 105 little fluffy chicks come bravely out into the world.

That was the beginning. The fine art of chicken raising has since been learned from A to Z by Mrs. Johnson. Last year in one day Mrs. Johnson took from her now highly improved incubators 2,330 chickens and all the country round made an event of it and came to see her do it. Of recent years so widely has Mrs. Johnson's fame gone abroad through the land that she has been deluged with the inquiries as to her methods. In self-defense, one cannot spend the whole of every day answering letters, she had to write a book on the subject.

In speaking of her success this much-to-be congratulated, although modest woman has said: "I sold the proceeds of the farm and applied it on the debt. I made the living for the family and paid our help and bought farm machinery with the proceeds of eggs and poultry. I have built a new house, barn, double cribs 26x48, hog house 18x90, poultry house 16x58, smoke house, ice

CUT FLOWERS
FLORAL DECORATIONS
FUNERAL DESIGNS
IOWA SEED CO.
613-615 LOCUST ST.

house, wash house and three brooders and paid a debt of $14,000 in eight years. Not all of this was done with poultry, but I made the living for our family, paid all running expenses and put up some of the buildings with what I received from my poultry and eggs, leaving the entire proceeds of the farm to apply on the debt. I have two sons in college and old Biddy is footing the bills.''

To our advertisers we would say, we give you in each issue a splendid public. No other journal in the state can more confidently ask you to appear before its patrons. In one essential direction we have the advantage of all other journals. Each and every one of the multitude to whom we present you is worth while to you.

If you handle first-class and reliable goods is it not a first-class and reliable audience before whom you wish to appear? This is the audience we give you. Your advertising pays with us. You can appeal to our public with confidence.

There is a greater demand for dressmakers in Des Moines than there has ever been. Not for sewers only, but for those who know how to design or make gowns from beginning to finish. Such persons command fine salaries. In order to secure good positions applicants must be capable. Therefore, make yourselves competent by training. One can not learn this line of work without proper instruction and practice. Madame Stevenson teaches you all that you need to become a first class dressmaker. Her pupils are always preferred in every establishment. Tuition $25.00 with work supplied as soon as competent.

Carter Studio

Fifth and Locust Sts. *Over Franz*

Suitable Wedding Presents

In Water Colors and Hand Painted China

Instruction Given - - - Expert Firing

MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER

MOUNTAIN VALLEY WATER

From Hot Springs, Arkansas

THERE are **Cheaper** waters than **Mountain Valley Water.** Not only cheaper in price **but Cheaper in Every Other Way.** If you have **Kidney or Bladder Trouble** don't let the price stand in the way of your health, for **Health** is **Priceless.** Let us impress you with **One Very Pertinent Fact,** the **Reputation** of Hot Springs, Arkansas, is not founded on newspaper advertisements, but on the **Efficacy of Its Waters.**

Ask, write or phone for a **Free Booklet** that tells the **Whole Glorious Story.**

JOHN WEBER, Jr., Distributer

Phones { Bell No. 53 / Mut. Main 28

412 Locust St.
DES MOINES, IOWA

(Please mention The Midwestern Magazine)

EASTERN GEM

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

We are the selling agents for this celebrated Coal. It cannot be excelled by any other coal for use in open fires in grates, and in heating, kitchen and laundry stoves. Also very fine for use in hot water heaters and furnaces. Makes a lasting fire and stocks equal to Anthracite. It ignites easily, burns freely, gives a bright, cheerful blaze, pretty nearly smokeless, more so than many of the "so-called" smokeless coals on the market, has but little soot, very low in ash, being absolutely a pure coal, containing neither sulpher nor other impurities and for this reason entirely consumes; gives every unit of heat with very few ashes and no cinder or other refuse and burns as cleanly as hickory wood. To get best results and to increase the combustion and reduce amount of smoke, allow plenty of air to enter over the fire through the feed door. This will help consume the gases instead of wasting same by allowing to escape up the chimney with smoke. It will not break in handling, nor slack down by exposure to the weather. It does not coke in grate or range but entirely consumes without poking or teasing and as a consequence lasts longer. We are selling this coal entirely on its merits and only ask if you want an A No. 1 high grade coal that you give us a trial order, well knowing it will excel your most sanguine expectations. This coal equals Cannel for burning in grates and fireplaces. We call particular attention to the advantages of using Egg sizes for certain purposes when the coal must be used in small size. The consumer receives the coal prepared for use, saving the labor required in breaking up the very hard lumps and also the waste made in breaking up the lumps with an ax which is always considerable.

ANALYSIS

Moisture	2.72
Volatile Matter	39.68
Carbon	55.53
Ash	2.07

Thermal heat units 14462.

Order a sample load and be convinced that this Coal is a "Gem" in every sense of the word.

SOLD BY

GLOBE COAL COMPANY

PHONES—Mut. 1658; Ia. 678 **Wholesale and Retail** **611 GRAND AVENUE**

A New Department

Work of the Pure Food Law

Since the passage of the pure food law in Iowa it may be supposed that we are offered nothing in our market which is not permissible under the law.

Manufacturers of pure foods are spending immense sums in advertising their goods, thus offering absolute protection to those who read and give heed to what they are purchasing. And yet, in Des Moines, the "just as good" scheme is worked every day and seems to have gained in insistence since the passage of the pure food law.

The people of America are thoroughly aroused on the question of adulterated foods.

The National Grocers' Association did all in their power to kill the national law and to prevent its passage in congress. But now that it has become a law this association, at a recent meeting in Chicago, endorses it unequivocally.

No pure food manufacturer is afraid to advertise his goods.

Should the public then not be advised in regard to substitute foods and drugs? Why accept a substitute when pure articles are advertised and their value tested by general use? In regard to substitute foods, a fine article appears in a recent issue of "What to Eat," from the pen of W. H. Black, advertising manager of the Butterick trio. We quote from this article:

"Now is a good time to advertise against the evils of substitution, thereby attracting attention to your products as being the standards and at the same time warning consumers against the frauds practiced by your imitating competitors. I say now is the time, because a great deal of publicity has been given to substitution frauds of late by the newspapers and magazines, and it should always be the efforts of advertisers to utilize publicity of this kind to commercial advantage. The publicity has caused the housewife and the consumer generally to be on the alert with regard to substitutions. The buyer is anxious for such assistance as he can find to avoid these frauds and he will naturally look upon you with favor for helping to guide him in the purchase of his products. The very fact of your advertising against substitutions is proof to the consumer that you are a maker of legitimate foods, and hence you advance your sales, lend prestige to your products and diminish an unjust competition all in the one advertisement. During the agitation against substitutions is the best time for you to impress upon the public that you are a foe to substitutions and hence a maker of legitimate standard products.

Aside from the impressive publicity the advertiser receives from this kind of advertisement, he is performing a very necessary task in endeavoring to stamp out the greatest menace to trade conditions in America. While publications catering to the legitimate trade are doing much toward this end, they certainly ought to have the unstinted aid of the advertisers themselves, the men who are most concerned. By the united efforts of all at one time this menace can be eternally wiped from the land. The national food law, the recent food regulations, the ruling of courts and the measures enacted by many state legislatures are all directed to a large extent against the substitution evil. Hence, there is no time like the present to marshal all forces together against the common enemy—an enemy to the trade, the law and the public."

THE MIDWESTERN has been and will be in the future very careful to advertise goods which come under the pure food rating. We will not advertise substitute foods. We will endeavor to

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD OF CHICAGO

point the people of the middle west to the dealers who sell original pure foods.

We believe in this way we shall be serving the public along the line of their highest and best interests.

Every housewife should pay especial attention to this department. The health of her family demands interest and intelligence on her part along these lines.

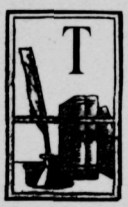
Mrs. Marshall Field, widow of the late merchant prince of Chicago, has been appointed on a civic health commission named by Mayor Busse to confer with the health department on matters pertaining to the public health, and especially for the purpose of discussing means of protecting the city from contagious diseases.

Mrs. Field accepted the appointment most graciously and has announced her intention to exert whatever influence she possesses toward bettering the health conditions of the city. This is taken to mean that she will not devote so much of her time to society in the future, but will give most of her efforts to philanthropic work.

It is believed that a large number of club women will be drawn into the movement to promote better health conditions in Chicago through the influences of Mrs. Field.

How the Pure Food Law will affect the Food Business

BY LUCIUS MAHON



THOSE who have been watching, with a feeling of uncertainty, the effect of pure food legislation on the food product business, must admit today that there is not enough doubt left to make the subject a debatable one. The manufacturers and large handlers of food products who have kept in close touch with the changing conditions during the last five years, say without hesitation that there is no degree of speculation left as to the results which pure food legislation in the different states

LUCIUS MAHON OF ST. LOUIS.

has had, and the recently enacted national pure food law will have, upon the food product business.

The national pure food law is, of course, only operative when interstate commerce is transacted; but as all large manufacturers and jobbers have interstate relations, the national law will completely supervise the manufacture of their products. The manufacturers and jobbers who are operating only in their respective states are already very largely taken care of in the fact that over twenty states already have some kind of pure food standards; and in most of them the food requirements are worked out to a final detail. Following the natural tendency of pure food legislation it is altogether safe to assume that such states as have not pure food laws will within the next year or two get in line with the general sentiment and put themselves on the same basis as their sister pure food states.

MORE DEMAND FOR PURE FOODS

It is a matter of actual fact that in the sixteen or eighteen states where the state laws have been enforced the consuming public has not only demanded a higher quality of food products, but that the consumption of such products has also increased. This demand of course has operated directly upon the manufacturing jobber and the retail merchant alike.

In fact it may be said that the publicity given the manufacture of pure food products through the agitation caused by pure food legislation has done more than the manufacturers could have accomplished in years of advertising, not only in placing upon the market high quality pure food products, but also in creating a demand for them. It has done something more than this for the manufacturer. As a matter of either staying in the food product manufacturing business or closing up shop, the honest manufacturer in his hour of neces-

Of all the good things to eat a picnic suggests, there is nothing quite so good as the

I. B. C. Party Flake

Because of the big demand, they are always **CRISP** and **FRESH** making them mighty palatable. Don't go camping or have another picnic without a box of

Made by
INDEPENDENT BISCUIT COMPANY
Davenport, Iowa

AL. GREFE, Agt.
221 Second St., Des Moines, Ia.

For sale by all Smart Grocers

Butter and Egg Market

We make a Specialty of
Fresh Eggs

Try our CLOVER DALE BUTTER
Country Butter Always Fresh
502 Sixth Ave., **Phones, Ia. 133 J. Mut. 1238**

Good Things to Eat

Best Quality
Greatest Variety

Boston Market Co.

Both Phones
320 Sixth Avenue

The Midwestern owes a great measure of its artistic success to F. N. Webster, the well known photographer of Des Moines. Mr. Webster is an artist in his line of work and the many beautiful pictures shown in our paper during the year, from his studio, give evidence that we have among us the man who takes the lead in his business in the middle west.

Pure Milk of Highest Grade

The Chicago Board of Health has been making great efforts to bring the dairy products of that city up to high rank and also endeavoring to educate the public in regard to what they should expect of dairymen.

The health commission insists upon perfect cleanliness. In order to have cleanliness dairymen are thus instructed:

House animals in elevated, drainable building.

Building should be hygienic and well ventilated.

Fodder should be away from contamination.

Dairies should be whitewashed and have plenty of water.

No water from shallow wells should be used to water stock or cleanse utensils.

Exclude animals suffering from tuberculosis, fever or any illness prejudicial to human health.

Dirty milk is dangerous for both babies and for adults. It quickly grows stale and spoils. Cholera infantum is a common result of dirty milk fed to children. Dirty milk often contains deadly germs of dangerous diseases, such as typhoid, scarlet fever and diphtheria.

The public should insist upon having pure, clean milk. Des Moines has a dairy which received especial commendation after an examination by the Chicago board of health, the Iowa Dairy company, whose milk and cream are of the highest and purest grade. They can be reached by phone and their wagons go to every part of the city. Is there then the least excuse for any family in Des Moines doing without the purest, cleanest and best when it can be had from the Iowa Dairy company?

THE CONSUMERS ICE CO.

Located at Eighth and New York Ave., have been in business for the past three years, and have in that time built up a wonderful trade by giving entire satisfaction to their customers. It is their one aim to maintain a reasonable price regardless of the cost or scarcity of ice. Their ice is cut above all drainage, making it the cleanest and purest ice offered to the people. They take good care of their customers and deliver the best ice promptly.

Both Mut. and Iowa Phones No. 1785.

sity has found ways in which to put up his products in accordance with the law, which heretofore seemed to him impossible; and today he would not, if he could, go back to the old methods. As a whole the benefits derived have more than compensated any temporary loss of business he may have sustained.

WHY PURE FOODS PROSPER.

There are several reasons why pure food legislation has decreased and will continue to decrease the consumption of adulterated foods, and largely increase the consumption of pure foods. Deleterious goods are absolutely prohibited under the national law. Such products as are in effect imitations, being compounds or mixtures of ingredients not true to the name of the product, must, to be legal, be so labeled that the very apearance of the package arouses sufficient suspicion in the consumers' minds to make them willing to pay a few cents more to get an article which they know to be absolutely pure. There are enough of that class of people who always want the best to give any brand of meritorious goods a sustaining market.

This is a prosperous country and the people in general are willing spenders when it comes to satisfying their tastes. When the average consumers use upon the table a product which pleases them the price they pay for it is not what influences their purchase when reordering. The potent force that influences their purchasing power is in the fact that the article was good and they liked it.

There always has been a well-defined suspicion in the minds of many good consumers against the wholesomeness of what they term "factory made foods." In those states where the laws have been honestly enforced this feeling has very surely given way to one of *confidence*, because they *know* without a doubt that the products offered must be pure and wholesome. The writer has been in a dozen pure food states during the last six months and has talked with hundreds of good merchants, and with few exceptions they say that they are now selling families such products as they had heretofore put up themselves. The fact that the methods now used and the results obtained by the food manufacturers today are very similar to those of the housewife, partially explains why she is willing to look to her grocer for those products which she herself used to make. The American mind is not concerning itself so much with what the manufacturers have done in the past as it is with the purity of his products in the future. It may be said, however, that among the large and reputable manufacturers there has never been enough harmful adulteration engaged in to cause the loss of public confidence. There is, therefore, very little to overcome in the way of prejudice.

THE SITUATION PROMISING.

The whole situation today from the pure food manufacturer's standpoint looks good—it never looked better. As a whole the manufacturers are making large preparations for future business, and in some notable cases have made during this year large appropriations for the extension of their plants. This money is not being spent in uncertain speculation as to what effect pure food legislation will have on the consuming public, but is being spent on facts as demonstrated to them by demands of their own business. As a matter of profit and good business sense the manufacturers, jobbers and retail merchants would, of course, rather sell high-grade pure food products than the cheaper goods; and it would be hard to find a dissenting voice among the large manufacturers as to the beneficial results, even up to the present time, of pure food legislation. Nothing has ever occurred that has and will so greatly benefit the honest pure food manufacturer as the national and states pure food laws. It has put the whole food product business on a higher and more substantial plane. In effect it is giving the people better goods for their money and as a future proposition has laid out for the manufacturer a sure foundation on which he can securely and confidently build his business.

What objection can therefore be raised?

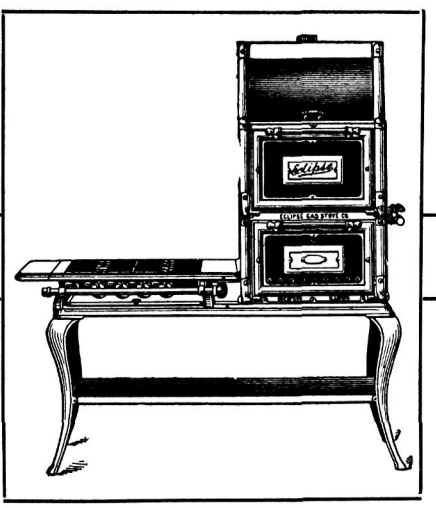
Sutherland Millinery Company
Wholesalers and Retailers
Fine Millinery
206 West Seventh St. Des Moines, Iowa

Mrs. M. Flanagan
515 E. Locust St.
Is showing the very latest styles in
Hats
Opening to be between the 14th and 18th of September

Good Cooking

Requires the best of fires—a strong, constant heat, regulated with ease and precision. The only way to get it is to

Use a Gas Range



Call at our office and look at the latest models.

Des Moines Gas Company

413 Locust Street.

Value of Good Cooking

Professor Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry in the United States Department of Agriculture, has returned to Paris from the Bordeaux exposition and is energetically urging the assemblage of an international conference for the prevention of the adulteration of food.

Dr. Wiley already has consulted Senator Calvet, who is particularly interested in the suppression of food frauds in France, and Dr. Emile Roux, both of whom are in accord with his purpose. He believes that America, France, England and Germany would support such a movement. The idea is that the conference will be effective if delegates are sent officially by the countries they represent, and if a sincere effort is made to uphold the decisions reached.

PLANS WAR ON BAD COOKING.

Professor Wiley says that when he returns to America he will start a crusade against bad cooking.

"More people in America have their health permanently injured through bad cooking than through eating adulterated food," he said. "American women pass years trying to play the piano, for which they have little or no talent, and they neglect cooking, believing it beneath their dignity. As a matter of fact, cooking is a great art. In France I have not yet found a dyspeptic and the bread is so good that I could almost live on it, with the addition only of good, pure butter, which the French make. Owing to their excellent cooking and general sanitary conditions, which I find better than in America, people of France are very healthy.

COOKING BEFORE CATECHISM.

"I don't wish to be irreverent, but I hold that good cooking is of vital importance to every nation, and that in bringing up children the study of cookery should precede the study of the catechism, for, when children are well fed, they may appreciate the catechism better.

"While it may never become a presidential issue or a plank in a party platform, the next movement in America, I believe will be toward improvement in American cooking."

The Duchess of Portland a Vegetarian

Vegetarianism is making rapid progress in the higher circles of English society. The Duchess of Portland is the most recent notable convert. The other day she invited a large party of friends to lunch with her at Eustace Miles' restaurant.

Mr. Miles, by the way, is a vegetarian faddist, who fell before young Jay Gould in the tennis championships this year.

A. J. Balfour, former premier, was among the Duchess of Portland's guests, and, as the duchess brought more friends with her than were expected, Mr. Balfour assisted in the hasty improvisation of another table and laid the cloth with great skill. The party was a great success and is excepted to result in a number of more conversions to the cult of the cabbage. Mr. Balfour was interested, but did not express any settled convictions on the subject.

A Pure Food Luncheon

Patrons of the Boston Lunch are constantly delighted with the quality of the milk served there. This is the pasteurized milk of the Iowa Dairy Co., with extra cream added. The sandwiches of homemade bread, fresh butter and pure food articles, cheese, ham, chicken, etc., also are constantly praised by regular and transient patrons. Only pure foods are served at the Boston Lunch. This insures wholesomeness and cleanliness, two essentials of health for the individual. The day when business men dreaded to eat down town is long past since the Boston Lunch was established in various cities. Its accessibility makes it a favorite place with transient custom, near street car waiting room and only two blocks from depots. During the hot weather many families had sandwiches put up for luncheon to eat at home. The great and increasing popularity of the Boston Lunch is fully warranted and is well understood by its best of friends. They know, for they have eaten there.

DON'T attempt to launder your Shirt Waists, your White Suits, Lingerie and Children's Clothes at home when we do it so nicely for you.

We wash with soft water.

We employ the best laundresses in the city. We are very careful with your delicate fabrics and believe we give them as close attention as you would yourself.

Try us this week with your summer wearables.

Best Gentlemen's Work in the City.

Drop us a postal or phone 579 for our wagon.

Munger's Laundry

1109-1111 Grand Ave.

A FINE MEAT MARKET

The Fulton Market, Charles Ebersole, proprietor, at 421 Sixth avenue, has been remodeled and refurnished until it presents a thoroughly metropolitan appearance and would do credit to any larger city in the country. Charlie Ebersole, as his friends well know, is an artist in his line and under his direction the new rooms are just as fine as they could be made. The tiled floor, tiled walls, fish tanks, refrigerators porcelain lined, everything white and shining, give a look of cleanliness and attractiveness to the market that wins the attention and interest of even the passerby. The pure food law is strictly adhered to at the Fulton and all customers are protected from meats and other articles which do not meet the required conditions. All of Mr. Ebersole's old friends, of whom he has a host in Des Moines, are congratulating him on his splendid new store, in the same location as the old one, 421 Sixth avenue. The finest of steaks, lard, poultry, game, etc., can always be found at good prices at the Fulton Market.

Des Moines Dress Club

719 Locust Street

Cleaning, Pressing and Dyeing

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Give us a trial

Mutual Phone 1019

Men's and Women's Hanan Shoes

HANAN & SON TRADE HANAN MARK NEW YORK

Are worn by the best dressers in America as well as abroad. Let us send YOU a pair, Express charges paid.

Send for Free Booklet M, showing New Fall Styles.

Frederick Field Shoe Co.

Fine Millinery

All the season's latest styles, new fall shapes, lovely fall materials at

SUSIE BRADLEY'S

705 West Locust St.

WE DO ENGRAVING

When you have any cuts to be made, see us or call us by phone. Iowa 106, Mutual 383, and we will send our representative to see you. Read the cap line at top again.

Register and Leader Engraving Department

Office 125 Fourth Street

Des Moines, - Iowa

People's Savings Bank

CAPITAL, $100,000.00

SURPLUS, $75,000.00

RESOURCES:

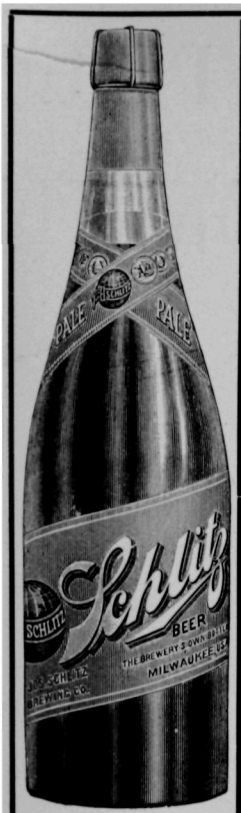
Loans and Discounts, -	$1,418,472.96
Real Estate, - - -	3,075.00
Furniture and Fixtures -	4,210.00
Overdrafts - - -	15,947.87
Cash and Exchange -	286,782.01
	$1,728,487.84

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock - -	$100,000.00
Surplus - - - -	50,000.00
Other Profits - - -	38,862.63
Deposits - - -	1,539,625.21
	$1,728,487.84

OFFICERS

C. H. MARTIN, Pres.
T. F. FLYNN, Vice-Pres.
F. P. FLYNN, Cashier
E. A. SLININGER, Asst. Cash.



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BEER IS HEALTHY

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That is why people who know drink

Schlitz

And again it costs no more than common green beer, which makes you bilious

JOHN WEBER, Jr.

416 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa

Distributers for
GREEN RIVER WHISKY
"The Whisky Without a Headache"

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When You See the Name

Shackelford

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You need not go farther for QUALITY. They are made so they last a lifetime. Brick for all kinds of Building and Paving

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

SHACKELFORD BRICK CO.

DES MOINES — IOWA

EMPIRE THEATRE

W. 8th St. between Walnut and Locust Sts.

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE

8 BIG BRIGHT ACTS 8

The Greatest of European and American Attractions will be seen at this house this season. :: :: :: :: :: ::

2 Performances Daily

Evenings at 8:15 P. M. - - Matiness at 2:30 P. M.

PRICES: Nights---10, 15, 25, 35c.

RESERVED

MATINEES---All Seats 10 and 20c.

A Great Picture

Younker Bros. are proving themselves public benefactors in the way of providing art for the people, and nothing ordinary, but the greatest paintings in the world. The masterpiece they are now having on exhibition, "The Blacksmith," was shown in the spring at Younker Bros. and was such a favorite with the people that it was secured again. A constant stream of people are coming and going to see this picture. The custom is a new one for Des Moines and popular with the many patrons of Younker Bros. store, who appreciate the efforts of the house to promote the higher interests of the community.

Mr. Lanning Likes Des Moines

Mr. Geo. L. Lanning, of the Lamb Wire Fence Co., of Adrian, Michigan, one of the largest manufacturing plants of its kind in the world, was a caller at The Midwestern office during the month. Mr. Lanning expressed himself as being delighted with the progressive spirit manifested in Des Moines. He considers it a beautiful city and the people most delightful. The Des Moines plan especially interested him and he said the eyes of the whole country are turned toward Iowa, anxious to see the result of our near future. Mr. Lanning is a cultured and intelligent man of the highest business standing, and his good opinion of our city is certainly worth having.

Mason's Millinery, 208-10 7th St.

Lumber

West Seventh Street and Chestnut

J.H. Queal & Co.

Lumber

East Second Street and Grand Ave.

Innovation for the Home Beautiful in Des Moines

It has been a source of more or less anxiety and uncertainty to every lady, who has a home to decorate, to know just the right colors to use, how to combine them, and the general design to be conformed to the contour of the room, and a great many other things necessary to know so that your neighbor will not consider your knowledge of color science ridiculous. Mr. Boody, manager of the Holland & New Co., who has written a number of articles along this line for THE MIDWESTERN in the past few months, informed THE MIDWESTERN that he has just completed arrangements with Margaret Greenleaf, of New York, so that the matter of home decorating will be a real comfort and joy to the ladies of Des Moines. Here is the plan: Any lady who anticipates decorating any part of the interior of her home may write a letter to the Holland & New Co., asking such questions she desires. As to colors, period work, muriel decorations, modern treatmentof woods, etc. These letters will be forwarded to Miss Greenleaf and the questions answered and specifications furnished if required direct to the inquirer, absolutely free of cost. Mr. Boody states his company has taken this advanced step which is a real innovation for Des Moines for the sole purpose of enhancing the aesthetics of those who have ambitions along this line. It is due ladies of Des Moines as well as the women's club, who are studying this year "Mural Decorations" that they should have absolute authority on everything that pertains to home decorating. The most critical of art students will not question Margaret Greenleaf. This arrangement with Miss Greenleaf by the Holland & New Co. is an unusual expense. But Mr. Boody says he believes Des Moines appreciates art sufficiently by this time to warrant this undertaking. Every one in Des Moines, as well as Iowa, knows that Mr. Boody has built up the Holland & New Co. until it is now the largest decorative house anywhere west of Chicago. This has been done in a large measure through what is known as the "Boody merit labor system." For every one knows how to appreciate the splendid, clean, artistic workmen this company is putting out. Their pay roll at this dull season of the year runs from 40 to 60 per cent more than a year ago. This rapid growth in business is conclusive evidence of the merit of their system. People in Des Moines and the state of Iowa who have never visited this splendid store at 608-10 Locust street will find a pleasing surprise and a warm welcome if they will call.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL, $200,000.00
SURPLUS, $100,000.00

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GEO. E. PEARSALL, Cashier
GEO. COOPER, Ass't Cashier

ESTABLISHED 1872

DES MOINES, IOWA

MR. J. W. HOLLAND'S DOG "RED"

Mr. J. W. Holland, who was at the Lyric this month, is a proud owner of a beautiful dog, which made a host of friends both for himself and master during their stay in Des Moines.

"Red" is an English bull terrier, a blooded dog from the famous "Brandy" of London. His fine, intelligent head and beautiful eyes attracted much attention. Red is fourteen months old and appears with Mr. Holland in several acts for which he has been trained.

During the parade on soldiers' review day, in the midst of a crowd of women and children a horse broke loose and started to run. At a word from his master, Red sprang forward, caught the strap and held to it until the horse was caught.

Several weeks ago, Mr. Holland was throwing sticks in the water on the bank of a river in Indiana and Red swam after them. Some children on the bank threw sticks also and one fell in. Red immediately plunged after the child and dragged him ashore. When Mr. Holland was in Chicago recently, getting into an auto, as they started, an unhitched horse near by took fright and started to run. The reins fell on the ground. Red was given his cue, caught the reins and although he was dragged quite a distance, held on until the horse stopped and the owner reached him. He is full of spirits and as affectionate as a child, and he and his master are chums, as only a man and a noble dog can be.

The Miles Pharmacy

This old, well known Pharmacy has long been the place of all others the public depends upon for painstaking and intelligent service. A drug store without side lines, it devotes itself to the drug business alone. The stock of chemicals and surgical appliances is not surpassed in Iowa, either in quality or variety.

A. H. Miles, Expert Pharmacist, K. P. Blk., 6th and Locust

The Delightful Empire

The Empire theater this season is now the prettiest and safest theater west of Chicago. Throughout the summer the entire house has been artistically decorated with such a blend of colors and electric effects, under the sole supervision of Chas. Morris, the renowned decorator, that patrons of last season, when renewing their acquaintance this year, will hardly recognize the beautiful and comfortable little Eighth street playhouse. Nothing remains of the old house, in fact, but the floor and walls. The attractions will be the best money can procure.

Highland Park College of Music

DES MOINES, IOWA **MR. FRANK NAGEL, Dean**

The largest and most thoroughly technical College of Music in the West

PIANO—Mr. Frank Nagel, Miss Lydia Stuhr, Mrs. Lydia Frank, Miss Virginia Burleigh, Miss Isabel McKee, Miss Lillian Pratt: VIOLIN—Mr. Louis Rischar, Miss Emma Ritchey: VOCAL—Mrs. Grace Clark-DeGraff, Mrs. Maybelle Wagner-Shank, Mrs. Katherine Bray-Haines, Miss Edna May Tilton: PIPE ORGAN—Mrs. Celeste Givens; ORATORY—Miss Louise M. Smith.

Complete course in Voice, Violin, Piano, Harmony, Counterpoint, Theory, Ear Training, Sight Reading, and all Band and Orchestral Instruments.

Studios at Highland Park College and on third floor of the K. P. Block, Southeast corner of Sixth and Locust. Studios now open and students may begin work any day. For further particulars call at studios or address

O. H. LONGWELL, President,

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Now Offered for Sale to Actual Settlers

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EDWARDS-MARTIN LAND CO., 512-513 Utica Bldg., DES MOINES, IOWA

C. W. NELSON, Proprietor I. B. DOWNS, Manager

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The Only Steel Die and Copper Plate Engraving Plant in Iowa

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Want advertisements cost seven cents a word

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(Flexible Stained Glass)

Germany's latest scientific discovery, reproducing the best effects of

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

Reducing the price 50%.

Colors guaranteed permanent and to withstand **frost** and all washings.

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

The Des Moines Musical College

(Department of Des Moines College)

Announces the engagement of

SIDNEY J. SILBER,

Pupil of Jedliczka and Barth of Berlin, and three years with Leschetizky of Vienna—the latter the teacher of Paderewski and Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler

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Assistant Director of the Vocal Department.

MR. MAX KROMER,

Director of the Violin Department and Harp.

MISS PEARL RICE,

Organist of St. Paul's Church, Teacher of Organ.

The most thorough and advanced school of musical learning in the state; only professionally trained teachers in the faculty. Instruction directed to the unfolding of the pupil's individuality. Pupils trained from the beginning to the highest professional proficiency. A High School of Music in Piano, Voice, Organ, Violin, Theory, Harmony, Composition Ensemble, and all Orchestral and Band Instruments. Many free advantages; Diplomas and Teacher's Certificates Granted; Special Department for Beginners.

New catalog giving all desired information sent free to any address, by addressing

DR. M. L. BARTLETT, Musical Director

S. E. Cor. Walnut and Ninth St., Des Moines, Ia. **Fall Term Begins September Tenth**

Furniture of Distinction

Fastidious buyers will delight in the purity of design, honesty of material and moderation of price of Davidson's good furniture shown in a most extensive and complete assortment.

Notable in our this fall's exhibition of home furnishings is our large collection of Colonial and French Period Reproductions in solid mahogany and Circassian Walnut.

Our showing of French Wilton and Bundhar Wilton Carpets and Rugs—America's finest carpeting—of which we are sole agents, is more comprehensive this fall than in any previous season.

S. DAVIDSON & BROS.

PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE

412-414 WALNUT ST.

The home of "Jewel Stoves and Ranges.

Iowa's Largest Furniture Store.

FIR LUMBER

Our Specialty

We own it in the "Virgin Timber," log it with donkey engines, and haul it on our own railroad to our sawmill where we manufacture it as you may need it.

Then

Is it any more than natural we should be considered when you want anything in Fir Lumber from a single board of flooring to a timber 80 feet long.

Let Us Have Your Inquiries

Not only for Fir but for anything in lumber. We are Wholesalers and Retailers of White Cedar Posts and Poles, Oak Bridge Lumber, Red Cedar, Oak and Cypress Piling.

Wheeler Lumber & Bridge Supply Co.

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This charming little Turn-out will call for your garments and convey them to the Best Place in the city to be

Cleaned and Pressed

The New Wardrobe

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Send us your Furs to be cleaned. You will be happily surprised to see your garments after we get through with them

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Dentists

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

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A. L. McCARTY
W. W. McCARTY

Mut. Phone 711

SEFREN & GLICKMAN'S

New Furs for the coming winter are GORGEOUS

They are showing the finest quality of Genuine Seal Skin, Persian Lamb, Broadtail, etc. It certainly is a treat to see them.

SEFREN & GLICKMAN

510 Locust St.

Announcement

I am forming a syndicate for the purchase and re-sale of a 30,000-acre tract of land in south Texas which will pay over 100% profit. No investment less than $5,000.00 will be considered. None but square business men of good standing will be admitted. Full particulars on application.

Every associate of mine has made money the past three years. Three syndicates which I have formed and carried to success show from 100% to 300% profit.

References: Woods National Bank, San Antonio, Texas; Karnes County National Bank, Karnes City, Texas.

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San Antonio and Aransas Pass. Ry. San Antonio, Texas

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The Western Musical Herald

WEN ELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

THE Western Musical Herald is a monthly review of music in the West. It covers the musical news of the leading western cities and in addition, that of the smaller communities, colleges, conservatories, music clubs, etc. A file of the Western Musical Herald will be a musical history of the West. Subscription is $1.00 per year and every music teacher, musician and music student should be a subscriber. Send for sample copy.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL HERALD

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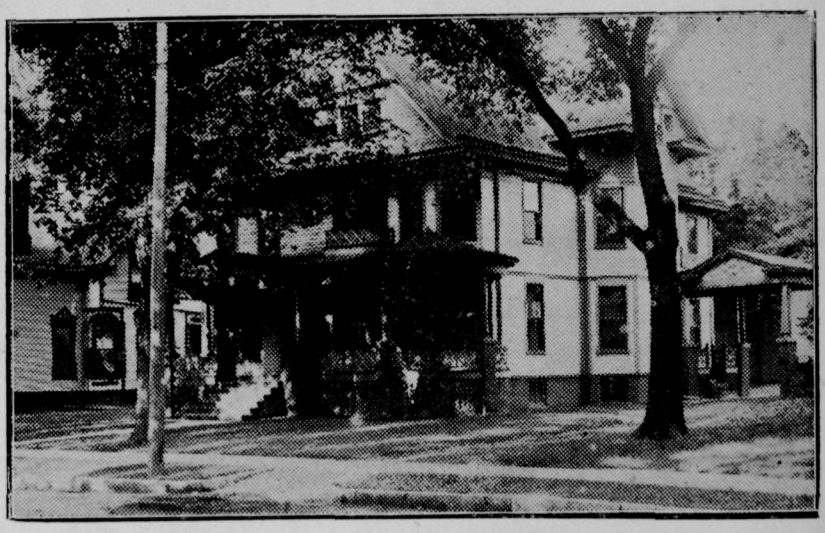
This Week at the News Stands



FOR SALE: A Positive Bargain

This fine residence contains 11 nice, large and well arranged rooms besides reception hall, bathroom, etc. The house is strictly modern in every respect, oak finish, leaded glass finished attic, hot water heat and laundry in basement, nice large barn, fine shaded lot, 64-foot frontage by 132 feet deep. This property although in excellent condition can be bought at one-half its original cost. We invite your inspection of this property.

THE McCLURE CO. 310 Fifth St.

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Liquor, Drug and Tobacco Habits and Neurasthenia Cured.

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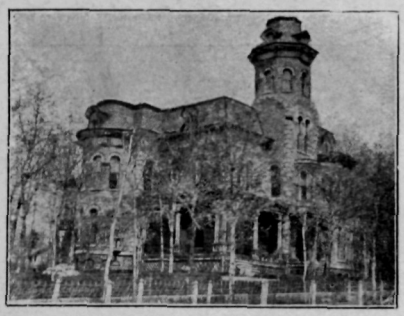

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Established 1890

The Keeley Institute at 706 West Fourth St. is the only place in the State of Iowa where the Genuine Keeley Remedies are given.

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A Broom
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That has a *Smooth, Hard Polished Handle.* Feels good to the hands. Handles handsomely finished in Canary or Rose color. The color is in the wood and will not become sticky or wear off.

That is light and well balanced—not a back breaker.

That is bright and tight and a pleasure to use.

The Little Polly, 35c

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Made only by

Harrah & Stewart Mfg. Co.

Des Moines, Iowa

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You need not go farther for QUALITY. They are made so they last a lifetime. Brick for all kinds of Building and Paving

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

SHACKELFORD BRICK CO.

DES· MOINES——————————IOWA

Join the Iowa Party for a Cruise of the Mediterranean and the Orient

∴ Including a Tour of the Holy Land and Egypt ∴

A select party of Iowans is now being arranged in connection with Clark's Tenth Annual Cruise of the Mediterranean and the Orient. For this cruise, the magnificent new White Star Line Steamship "ARABIC" has been specially chartered.

In seventy days, from February 6 to April 16, 1908, the party will make a journey of nearly 15,000 miles. All points of interest in Spain, Algeria, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Italy and Southern France will be visited under the direction of experienced and well educated guides. At a slight additional expense many side trips are available. All arrangements are made months in advance thus avoiding the unusual annoyances and delays.

COST OF TRIP—First class, $400.00 and upwards according to stateroom. When it is considered that this includes stateroom, meals, shore excursions, hotels, fees, guides and all necessary expenses, the cost is surprisingly reasonable.

The Iowa party, now forming, will be under the personal direction of Miss Harriet E. Yeater, state secretary of the Iowa Sabbath School Association and Lecturer for the Iowa Anti-Saloon League and formerly principal of Knoxville, Iowa, public schools.

Miss Yeater made this cruise of the Mediterranean and the Orient during the winter of the present year and has been engaged as a lecturer for the tenth annual cruise.

Any one interested in this most interesting trip is invited to write or call for full particulars. A beautifully illustrated booklet of one hundred pages will be mailed free.

Miss Harriet E. Yeater,

Room 518 Iowa Loan and Trust Co. Building — Des Moines, Iowa

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

Our Motto for October: "Only the good in our own hearts can advise us of the goodness that hides by our side."

THE MIDWESTERN

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Entered at Des Moines Postoffice as Second Class Matter

TERMS: One Dollar a Year; Ten Cents a Copy

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We wash with soft water.

We employ the best laundresses in the city. We are very careful with your delicate fabrics and believe we give them as close attention as you would yourself.

Try us this week with your summer wearables.

Best Gentlemen's Work in the City.

Drop us a postal or phone 579 for our wagon.

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I have everything in the line of Real Estate for sale at low prices and easy terms or exchange.

Some special bargains in farm and city property. See my property and compare prices.

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SCENE ON THE DES MOINES RIVER

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

BEER IS HEALTHY

THAT IS

Good, Clean, Pure Beer

That is why people who know drink

Schlitz

And again it costs no more than common green beer, which makes you bilious

JOHN WEBER, Jr.

416 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa

Distributers for
GREEN RIVER WHISKY
"The Whisky Without a Headache"

Phones { Iowa 53 / Mutual 28

THE REPRIMAND

Photo by F. E. Foster.

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

Our anniversary number was received with many expressions of pleasure from friends both in and out of Iowa. For all of these we are grateful. We shall endeavor to more than verify your good opinion during the coming year.

* * * * *

For six months to come our pages will be devoted to advertising all of the good things we have in Des Moines. We know all Iowa will be delighted with our next issue and no pains or expense is being spared to make it representative in the lines taken up in its pages.

* * * * *

Everything is flourishing in Iowa. Everything is on the up grade. No backward step for the Hawkeye state this year. Something of the splendid promise of our state will be shown in each number of THE MIDWESTERN next month, and in the months that follow. Even Iowans will be surprised at the showing. Send us your subscription before the next issue is out. Join the growing family of the only magazine in Iowa.

* * * * *

We believe in education most intensely. We believe in laying a sure foundation for the state's future through the inculcation of patriotic principle in the children of today. In order to put our belief into practice, we offer five one dollar prizes to the school children of Des Moines under sixteen years of age. The five prizes will be given to the writers of the five best essays on the topic "Foods Manufactured in Des Moines." These essays must not be over 250 words each. They must be in our hands on or before October 6th. Full address of writer must appear on the first page of manuscript. No MSS. will be returned.

* * * * *

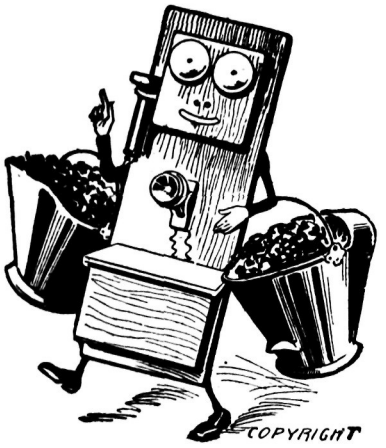
As an advertising medium for a good article, THE MIDWESTERN cannot be surpassed west of Chicago. We endeavor as far as possible to protect. We have no use for the store-keeper who insists on customers taking something else "just as good;" insist on having the advertised article. It is first class and thus has imitators. Beware of imitators. If you never buy Des Moines made goods, try them, you will not be disappointed.

* * * * *

We must again insist on advance orders for anything like a hundred or more extra copies of the magazine. If you do not do so, we might disappoint you. We are usually sold out entirely in a few days, and positively cannot furnish back numbers.

* * * * *

Give us of your courage for the coming year. Let us know what we can do to make the magazine news interesting and valuable to you. Give us some ideas. We shall be grateful for all help of this kind. THE EDITOR.



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Wholesale and Retail
611 Grand Ave.

High Grade Coal

Mutual 1658 **Iowa 678**

Wholesale and Retail

"Jewett" Rubber Roofing

To Dealers:
Have you sent us a trial order for roofing? If not it will pay you to do it, we fully guarantee it to be equal to any other roofing on the market, and we can make you a price that will interest you.
Send us your orders for Sash, Doors, Lumber, Mouldings and Columns.

JEWETT LUMBER CO.

Ninth and Grand Avenue **DES MOINES, IOWA**

Carter Studio

Fifth and Locust Sts. *Over Franz*

Suitable Wedding Presents
In Water Colors and Hand Painted China

Instruction Given *Expert Firing*

HARRY S. GRAY
Undertaking Parlors
1113-1115 Locust St.
Mutual Phone 1090 DES MOINES
Iowa Phone 649 IOWA

The lovely child face of our cover is from a photograph of Edna Balluff, niece of Represenative Frank Balluff of Davenport, by Hostetler and Colville. It will have many admirers all over the country by readers and friends of THE MIDWESTERN.

Madame Seermerhor, Miss McCoy, Madame Shantz and Mr. Isaac Younker all of Younkers, have just returned from Europe in fine health and spirits and full of new ideas in regard to styles for the fall and winter seasons. They enjoyed their vacations and the ocean voyages. Through these three artists, Paris i brought to the doors of Iowa people. The fall business has begun with a rush at Younkers, the greatest dry goods establishment in the West.

OUR CITY PARKS.

Under the wise care of our park commissioners, Des Moines has acquired a system of public parks which is a pride to every loyal dweller in the city. Seven hundred and fifty acres of land, more breathing places than any city of its size in America—this is what Des Moines boasts of in the way of city parks. We present our readers with a number of good pictures this month.

TRADE AT HURLBUT'S AND SAVE ALL OF THE TICKETS

Five-Hundred Dollars Free to Hurlbut Customers

On the first day of January we will give to you who trade at this store between today and that date, five hundred dollars absolutely free.

Buy your drugs, medicines, toilet preparations, drug sundries, cigars and soda water here. Our stocks are the largest and freshest in Iowa. Our prices are the lowest, too. Now, on top of that you may win one or more of the prizes given January 1st. You'll get a numbered ticket with every 25c you spend here. Save these tickets. Get all of them you can.

There Will Be Thirty-Seven Prizes

The Grand Prize will be	$100.00	There'll be 10 prizes of, each	$10.00
There'll be 2 prizes of, each	50.00	There'll be 20 prizes of, each	5.00
There'll be 4 prizes of, each	25.00		

The "Progressive Euchre" Feature

Customers who failed to draw prizes in the contest just recently closed may exchange each old ticket held by them for two tickets in the new $500.00 contest, with each 25c purchase. That is, if you failed to draw a prize in the contest recently closed, bring in your tickets every time you make a purchase hereafter and we will give you two chances in the January 1st contest for one of your chances in the last, with each 25c purchase you may make here.

REED HURLBUT, Druggist, Cor. Fifth and Walnut Sts.
Store Never Closee, Day or Night.

Buy a Ticket

for the

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DATES: October 8 and 22
November 5 and 19
December 3 and 17

Y. M. C. A. Auditorium **8:00 O,clock**

LOVE AND SEPTEMBER

By Mojor Byers; in his new edition of "The Happy Isles".

O tell me, have you seen her,
This brown-haired love of mine?
They call her sweet September,
And she is all divine.
A painter is my lady.
And, O, such heavenly skill!
One little touch of her white hand
Can color all the hill.

I saw her yester-morning
Pass down along the lane;
The woodbine turned its leaves to red
To see her face again.
The wild crab apple on the trees
Felt warmer pulses stir;
The orchard and the forest leaves
Went blushing all for her.

She crossed the new-mown meadows,
Her pallet in her hand,
And colors of the rainbow fell
Upon the happy land.
She touched the sumac with her breath,
To scarlet red it turned;
And all the hedge-rows by the lane
With gold and scarlet burned.

The purpling grapes in clusters
Upon the am'rous vine
She pressed and gave new promise
Of a more luscious wine.
And by the lazy stream she walked,
And past the dusty mills;
She left a mist upon the fields,
A purple on the hills.

I would that you had seen her
As through the woods she went,
A touch—a trifle mortal,
But more of heaven lent.
The happy breezes kissed her
Where smiles and dimples lay,
The winds and sunshine kissed her—
O! would that I were they.

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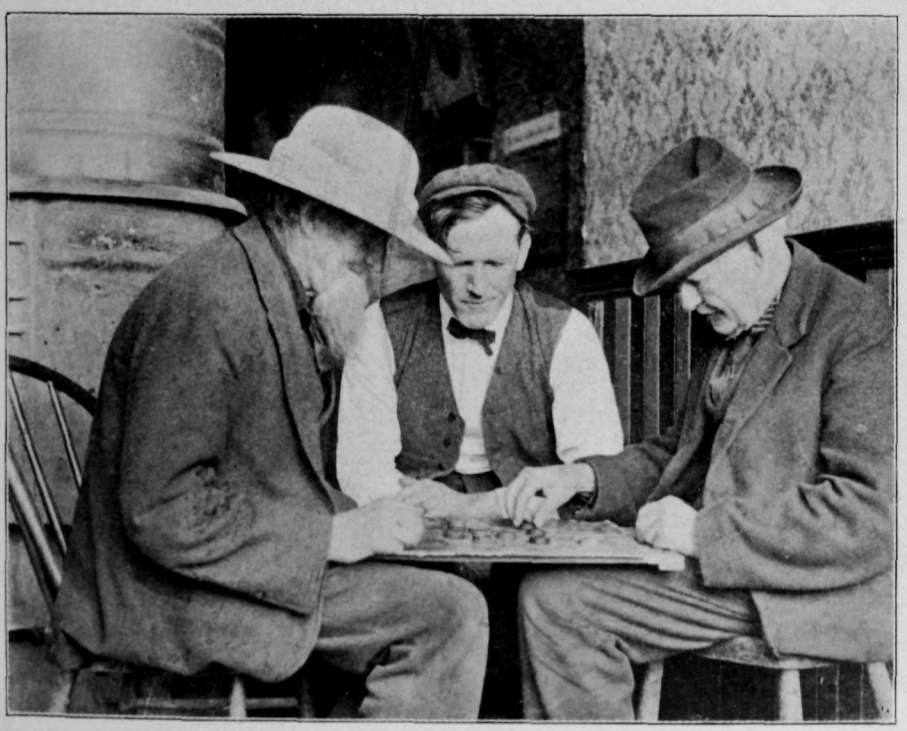


"FOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CORNERS"

Photo by F. E. Foster.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. HUMBORG—THE BROTHER'S SOLO

THE AUTUMN TREES.

When the Autumn comes, the kings of earth
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As you are, clothing the broad mountain side
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, you fling
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to the hollow oak.

—Bryant.

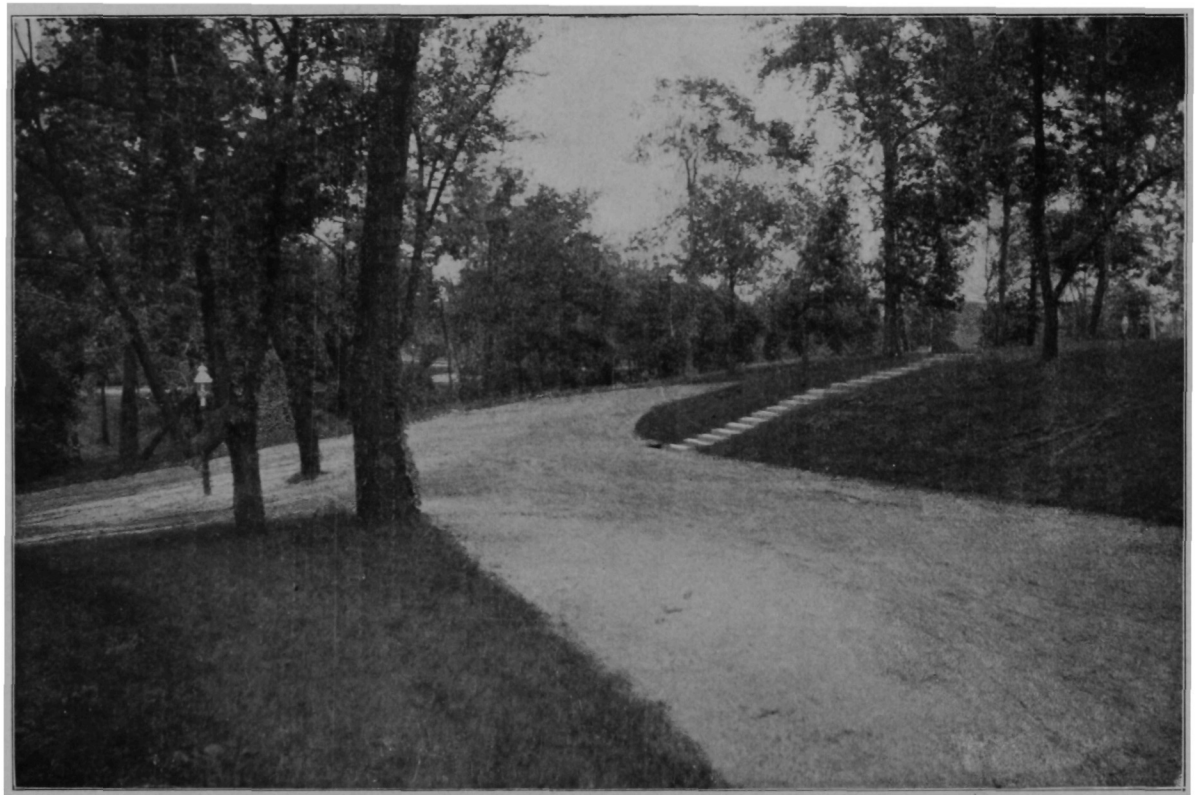
LUCIUS C. WILSON

Secretary of the Greater Des Moines Committee.

LUCIUS E. WILSON ON DES MOINES.

Lucius E. Wilson, Secretary of the Greater Des Moines Committee, recently made the following statement in an address before the East Des Moines Commercial League:

"The keynote in the development of Des Moines lies in its relation to Iowa.. Unlike the great cities of any other of the central states it is the geographical center of its state and is served by almost every railroad within the state. The trade of Michigan is divided between Detroit, Chicago and Grand Rapids. The commerce of Ohio supports Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus and Cincinnati. Indiana splits its business among Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and Chicago. Even Illinois makes a division between Chicago and St. Louis. The railroad systems of each of these states center in two or three different places, and naturally create divisions in the commerce of the states. The railroads of Iowa, with the exception of the Iowa Central, practically radiate from Des Moines as a common point. The future of Des Moines, therefore, is guaranteed by the production and wealth of Iowa. Few people appreciate the remarkable progress which Iowa has made. A half century ago it was an open prairie, inhabited by Indians. Today the per capita value of real estate and improvements in Iowa is $919.57. Illinois, with the city of Chicago included, can show but $884.68. Ohio has a per capita value of $702.09; Indiana, $596.19. The average for the entire United States is only $691.32. The per capita of all wealth shows a still more striking comparison. For each man, woman and child in the state of Iowa there is accumulated wealth amounting to $1,838. The per capita wealth for the United States is only $1,318. Ohio, which, as noted above, supports within its boundaries four cities of considerable size, can show a per capita wealth of only $1,367. The relation between Des Moines and Iowa is more than theoretical. The jobbing trade of Des Moines, taken as a whole, has doubled in the last six years. No other western city can show a better rate of growth."



SCENE IN ONE OF THE DES MOINES PARKS

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II OCTOBER, 1907 NUMBER 2

THE IOWA STATE FAIR, '07

BY ORA WILLIAMS

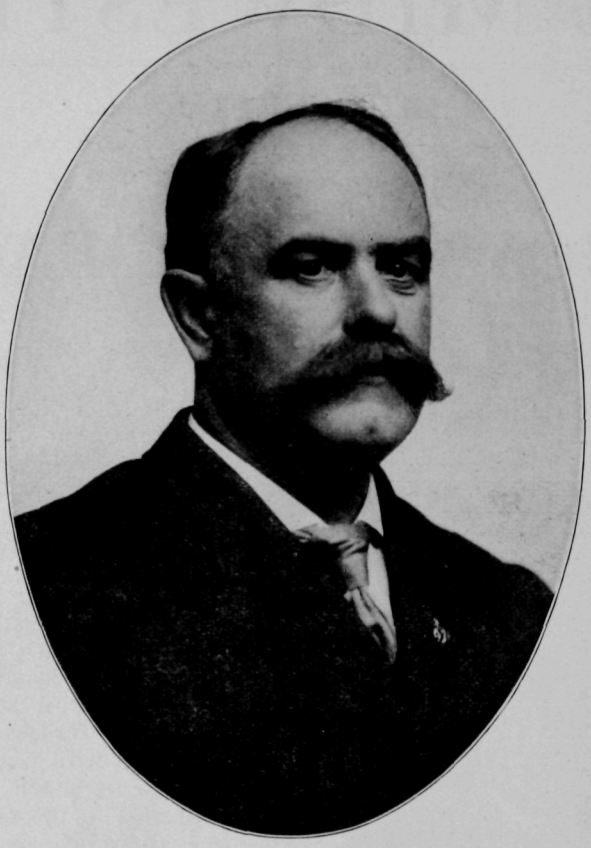
ORA WILLIAMS
Manager Press Bureau Iowa State Fair.

THE modern state fair typifies progress. It stands for advancement all along the line. It is an expose of the best of the present time; a promise of better things for the future.

The advancement of the Iowa fair from the humble beginnings of fifty years ago suggests that with corresponding progress it will be hard for the historians of its centennial year to find words for its description. The Iowa fair is the biggest summer school of agriculture and industry maintained by the state, and the people of the state as a whole get more out of it than from any other one thing. Its benefits are scattered and they fall not upon all alike, but upon very many, according to opportunities.

Happily the Iowa fair is not conducted as a business enterprise or a money making affair, and those who have been entrusted with its management have thus far resisted the temptation to commercialize its wonderful opportunities. To do so would be to largely abandon the work for which the fair has been built up with years of patient toil and to give up much of that which is most valuable in the fair. But the fair is directed by officials operating under strict state laws and acountable to the people, a majority of them practical farmers, others business men of wide experience, and then horticulturists, college men and others—but one and all devoted to the welfare of the state fair because of sincere conviction that in and through this institution great good has come, and greater good is yet to come, to their beloved state.

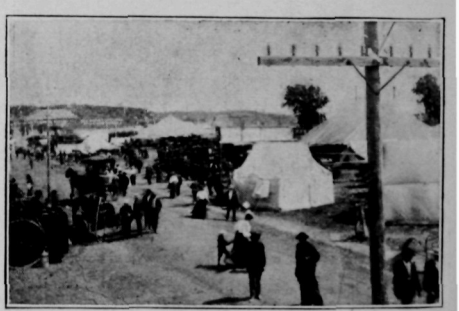
These men could not alone make a great state fair. Interested with them is an army of loyal Iowa people, who year by year take deep interest in this fair, either as exhibitors or as visitors or both, who have the view of the fair that it is their fair, their school, their exposition. These gain the primary



W. C. BROWN

Vice-President Iowa Board of Agriculture.

benefits from the fair and then disseminate these benefits in their little communities all over the state. This state fair legion has its representatives in every corner of the state and among all classes. First, there are the exhibitors: men who devote their time to breeding the finest animals that grace our splendid farms, men who devise and construct the greatest labor saving machines, women who show skill of hand in the things which go to make homes delightful, boys and girls who are giving promise of carrying the Hawkeye banner on through other generations. Are these people mercenary and selfish? Look about you and seeing who they are find the answer. Then there are the visitors; and a crowd of state fair visitors is more cosmopolitan than any other possible collection of people in the world. Here are the old and young, those in all callings and professions, of all nationalities and yet all thoroughly American. Here can be seen that intermingling of the races which is making the American race. And not one of these is calling back to the old days or

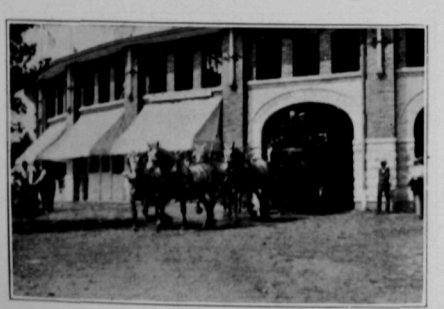


CHAS. E. CAMERON

President Iowa State Board of Agriculture.

bewailing the tendencies of our times or insisting that all things are awry. In the beaming countenances of the thousands who attend an Iowa state fair may be read a story of hope and confidence and good cheer. It is no place for croaking or complaining.

The fair of 1907, the 53rd in consecutive number, was a decided success, despite some handicaps and a decided disadvantage as to weather. Probably 180,000 or 190,000 persons visited the fair. The receipts were near to $103,000. There will be a small surplus left for improvements. But with such weather as favored the state a year ago the net surplus for the state would probably have been from $50,000 to $75,000. One thing which it was feared would operate to reduce attendance, and which did have an adverse influence, was the absence of any special railroad rates. There is a certain charm about getting a railroad rate that is a little better than usual or that seems to be a concession. It is not that the people have not the money to pay railroad fare, but they have been educated to expect special favors at certain times, and in the absence of any such favors a good many did not attend. Then there was on the part of a very small number of the newspapers of the state a disposition to decry and to misrepresent the fair, to circulate the most unreasonable and outrageous falsehoods concerning the fair, and generally to do what they could to prevent its success. This might have had some effect in lessening the success of the fair but for the fact that



JOHN C. SIMPSON

Secretary Iowa State Board of Agriculture.

at least ten times as many other newspapers were giving their readers the news concerning the fair and telling the truth about this worthy state institution. But the fair of 1907 amply demonstrated that the Iowa State fair is an institution so big that it cannot very well be hurt by any ordinary adverse movement.

There were about 1,300 exhibitors at the fair of 1907 and they will get about $40,000 for their exhibits. This is a handsome premium payment and it is highly creditable to Iowa that such payments can be made; but as a matter of fact these same exhibitors probably spent many times this sum in preparing their exhibits and showing them.

What was the feature of the fair of 1907? Unquestionably it was the live stock show. First in greatness was the show of shorthorn cattle, and competent judges declared that never before had there been got together anywhere in the world such a fine exhibit representing the very best herds. Then going right down the catalogue list it would be found that the show of other cattle breeds was on a par. In horses and hogs and sheep and poultry, no man could point to an empty pen or a stall which held one deficient animal. Along with this was a machinery exhibit that was fairly staggering in its immensity, for the implement business is growing wonderfully, and the Iowa fair gets the best. Then the departments where farm and orchard crops were shown and the departments of household goods and art, were all filled. Amusement features

were not neglected and a splendid race program was given even if the track was heavy at times. In music, also, the visitors found great delight.

A feature not to be overlooked in the fair of 1907 was the participation of the Iowa State college as never before. In all departments the college and the fair are working hand in hand. They supplement each other. They are both doing a great work for Iowa. And this year the college in addition to its part in directing the live stock, dairy and agricultural interests, added a department of domestic science, with a cooking contest among girls for college scholarships and lectures on domestic science topics and demonstrations. Then there were meetings of those interested in the college work and opportunity made for much helpful suggestion.

When the first Iowa fair was held there were more oxen under the yoke in Iowa every day than the total number of horses reported in the state. The ox team was the common traction power. Today there are more automobiles owned by Iowa farmers than there were horses in the state when the fairs were started. In the early fairs a pure bred animal was a rarity and an imported animal wholly unknown. There are single exhibitors who come to the fairs of the Twentieth century with herds more valuable than all the live stock shown at the earlier fairs. This means that Iowa has been making progress. It means that Iowa is up at the front of the procession. And it means that Iowa farmers are doing their share. There is one place where this progress can be best shown, and that is the state fair. It is the meeting place for all those who have a part in making Iowa a great state.

Iowa may fairly be judged by her state fair of 1907, and so judged, is a state of which we all may be proud.

MRS. LOU WILSON

Of the Stevan School in Chicago.

SCENE IN UNION PARK, DES MOINES

Miss Plympton's Best Customer

MAUD RITTENHOUSE

"YOU ain't never been reasonable about the change in the business," said Miss Plympton, and she looked severely at Miss Alice, her younger sister, who stood prodding the earth about her pet geranium in the window-box.

Miss Alice was silent.

"You can't mistrust the new business ain't respectable?" pursued the elder sister. She used the word "business" with a certain mild flourish, for she felt herself a factor of some importance in the great commercial world.

"I have never said it isn't respectable," said Miss Alice, at last, slowly, her eyes still intent upon the flourishing geranium. "I suppose corns have to be, as much as—as—well, bed-bugs, or any other horrid, unmentionable things. But I tell you, Agatha, I hate them. And as to making a business of them, talking of them day in and out—I'd as lief use profane language. It would seem more decent and womanly."

Miss Agatha looked up aghast. "Why, Alice Harlincourt Plympton!" she said, and then she got up and walked indignantly to the window. "You're only thirty-five, I know," she exclaimed, "and young things ought to be excused, but there's no sense in such talk. You always was foolish, Alice, and romantic-like, and your schoolin' only seemed to make it worse. Father used to laugh because you couldn't be dragged to say 'socks' or 'victuals,' but you're gettin' big enough to quit such childish notions. 'Corns' is a round, good, honest-spoken word, and havin' 'em ain't no crime. It's a misfortune, that's all, and a misfortune that strikes the high and mighty as well as the humble. Don't it seem like a mission to ease affliction and bring relief to the racked and weary, and hadn't we ought to be proud to engage in it?"

Fired by her own eloquence, Miss Agatha took a green placard from the table, and with much firmness walked out to the front of the little house and tacked it up beside the shabby door.

It read:

Smith's Corn Cure
The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
One Trial will Convince.
Hundreds of Testimonials Received Daily.
Price, 25 Cents.

Below this Miss Agatha had laboriously inked printed letters requesting the reader to "Inquire Within."

When she came back Miss Alice still stood by the window, but her gaze was fixed upon something far down the snowy street.

"I'd rather a-sold birds myself if there'd a-been anybody to buy 'em," said Miss Agatha, feeling that her firmness had made safe this slight concession, but Miss Alice did not seem to hear her, so intent were her eyes upon the distant street.

The sudden clatter of the canaries in their cages drowned out Miss Agatha's quiet footstep, and Alice started nervously as the voice sounded sharp in her ear, "Mercy sakes, Alice Plympton! Come away from the window, quick. It's a man!" Then she added with stronger emphasis, "It's a stranger!"

"Not a stranger," said Alice. "He's"——

She stopped, confused, the blood mounting slowly from her oval chin to the blue-veined forehead.

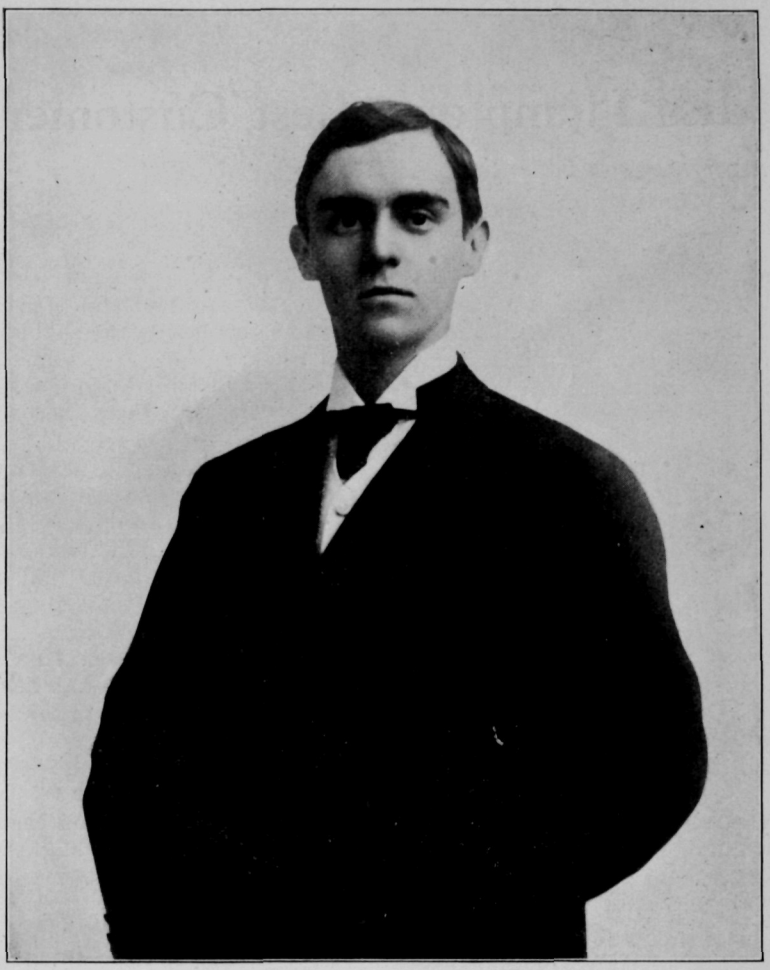
"He's what?" inquired Miss Agatha, seating Miss Alice so suddenly in the one rocking-chair that a rippling strand of her fair hair fluttered loose and curled across her cheek.

"He's passed this way before, that's all," said Miss Alice, with dignity, and she caught the flying lock and felt for a hairpin to hold it.

"I hope you ain't never stood in the window to watch him?"

"I could see him from 'way inside," protested Miss Alice, feebly.

The elder Miss Plympton shook her



LAWRENCE LESLIE PATTERSON

Son of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Weber.

head, sadly doubtful. She felt the responsibility of caring for a girl like Alice. She had guarded her so faithfully for years that now, though Alice was pretty as a wild-flower and perhaps just the least bit romantic, she could say with satisfaction that no man but the Irish butcher's boy had ever spoken alone with her, and that only upon the rarest and most unavoidable occasions.

"He looks like a married man," said Miss Agatha, finally. "He has that settled walk." She was peering up the street now, screening herself behind the muslin curtains.

"He has a very nice walk," said Miss Alice, with some spirit, "a nice, firm, solid walk, like a man who wouldn't be afraid of burglars or mice or a willow chair that creaked in the night"—this with a sidelong glance at the sister, whose fifty years had not yet hardened her to the grewsome noises that stillness and the night sometimes sounded through their little cottage.

"I should say married," continued the elder sister, more vehemently, ignoring the allusion to her own timidity. "Why, a man like that might a-been married three times, judgin' by his walk, though, of course, it don't follow that they're all livin'."

"Look again," said Miss Alice, her faint sense of humor roused. "Perhaps you can tell whether only one of them is dead, or all three."

Miss Agatha scorned to look. "Miss Hudgens is comin' to-day for three boxes of Corn Cure for the Williamses, over to Belmont," she said, and the conversation ended.

But Miss Alice, sewing by the window,

continued to think of the stranger with the steady step, and to wish most unaccountably that, if he had been thrice married, the three partners of his joy were testing the deeper joys of a world beyond. Down in her heart there burned at times a fierce longing for something she had never defined until now, when somehow the passing of the handsome stranger had given tangible shape to her unrest and her dreams.

She thought at this minute of Celia Lederlee, who had married round-faced Tom Collins years ago, and who passed on Sundays, on her way to church, with her arm in Tom's, her smile cheery, and a brood of smaller round-faced Collinses toddling soberly on before her.

"Tom has no such eyes as the Man's," thought Miss Alice, for the Man had glanced in more than once at the geraniums and hyacinths in the window. Alice could tell at just what hours he passed, for oddly enough her plants or her sewing kept her beside the window at those very times.

It was nearly dusk one evening when a hurried voice called from the kitchen: "Alice, the milk ain't come, and the muffins is waitin'. Can't you throw on your shawl and go for it?"

Alice rose reluctantly, loath to leave the window. It was nearly time for the Man to pass. But she wrapped herself in the worn, gray shawl and hurried out into the chill twilight. The wind blew icily and she bent her head against it; but her cheeks grew suddenly pinker than the north wind had power to dye them, for just ahead, and coming toward her with his long, firm strides, was the Man!

She had nearly passed him, breathless and trembling, when a gust of wind loosened her shawl and fluttered it brazenly into the very face of the Man. Then, as its fringe caught and twisted upon one of the strong buttons of the Man's great-coat, the younger Miss Plympton was called to a halt with a suddenness that made the coin in her tin pail rattle.

"Excuse me," two voices gasped, one of them somewhat faint and startled. Then the Man began deftly and yet somewhat slowly to loosen the fringe. "I hope I haven't torn your muffler," he said, apologetically, smiling into her face.

"No, no, thank you," said Miss Alice, quaveringly, her delicate face shining, star-like, in the wintry grayness. Then gathering her shawl she turned and fled.

"Arrah," cried the milkwoman, "it's late I am, but I been workin' the wee pat o' butter for a treat for yez!"

And Alice, rushing off with her treasures of butter and milk, burst into the cottage, tumbled the "wee pat" into the muffin tray, and before her astonished sister could interpose had poured a stream of milk into the defenseless butter-dish.

For days thereafter Miss Alice proceeded to develop symptoms new and alarming under the watchful eyes of Miss Agatha. And then Miss Agatha quietly left the house and went down to consult old Dr. Green. "We can ill afford medicine," she said, "but Alice shall have pills if I go without tea."

Miss Alice, at home, stitched an old gown of Agatha's and smiled now and then, her heart beating happily. If Agatha only knew! Yet she dared not tell her. What an adventure it had been!—for adventure she called it. How awful, yet how fascinating the thought of it! The crisp air, the good firm walk, the big button, the beautiful, beautiful smile! "And he *can't* be married," she said, with a deep-drawn breath, "for he called it a muffler. A married man would have known a shawl from a muffler. And his voice"——

There was a vigorous knock at the outer door.

Miss Alice dropped her sewing and hurried through the tiny hall.

In the doorway stood the Man!

"Good-morning," she stammered.

"Good-morning," said the Man, briskly. "I came to inquire"——

"Will you walk in out of the cold?" asked Miss Alice, daringly, and the Man came in.

"To inquire for Corn Cure," he resumed. "I noticed the sign outside."

Miss Alice's frail figure seemed to stiffen. Her face, always fair, grew actually pale. He to inquire for Corn Cure! "We keep it," she said, at length, slowly.

"And it really is efficacious?" the Man inquired, with deep interest.

"I believe so," replied Miss Alice, frigidly, and she followed his eyes round the bare room with its patched and faded carpet, its well-darned curtains and its birds and flowers. "We used to sell birds," she said, almost fiercely. "They are dainty and sweet

and—and elevating, but there isn't any demand, and this—this other seems to sell."

"Ye-es?" queried the Man, a sparkle, half amusement, half sympathy, lighting up his brown eyes as they rested on her flushed face. "And it is twenty-five cents a—a cure?"

"Twenty-five cents a box," replied Miss Alice.

"I'd like a dozen," said the Man.

"A dozen!" gasped Miss Alice. "One is supposed to cure."

"But this is an obstinate case," asserted the Man, unflinchingly; and Miss Alice took forth a box of smaller boxes and handed it to him entire.

When Miss Agatha returned she found her sister weeping over three silver dollars that lay in her lap.

Next morning when the Man passed Miss Agatha stopped him at the gate. "Here's a half-dollar," she said. "They're cheaper wholesale. We never sold any wholesale before, and so my sister didn't know."

The Man demurred. "I'm sure they are worth twenty-five cents a box," he insisted, but Mis Agatha was firm.

When she went in she said: "I don't care how many wives he's had, he's a gentleman!"

"With corns!" added Miss Alice, scornfully.

"'Tain't no disgrace," said Miss Agatha, but the sister's face did not soften.

Day by day, and four times a day, the Man passed by, and always he lifted his hat and smiled cordially at which ever face, if any face, looked out above the hyacinths and geraniums. One morning a beautiful new geranium stood in the little entry, and the paper that covered it bore the brief message, "For the Misses Plympton, with the compliments of John Watson."

"After all," said the younger Miss Plympton, in her secret heart, "the poor man can't help having corns. He's to be pitied."

And perhaps it was the pity in her eyes—for certainly it was not pain—that caused Mr. John Watson to pass along the quiet street one morning with a quite perceptible limp.

"I wonder if he's sprained his ankle," said Miss Agatha, sympathetically; and Miss Alice's face was drawn with pity when, at 5 o'clock that very evening, a step with a decided drag was heard in the narrow door-yard.

the Man; and Miss Agatha came in hurriedly from the dining room.

"Mr. Watson wants some more corn salve," explained the younger sister, and Miss Agatha hurried to the drawer devoted to the rows of boxes. "A dozen?" she asked, with the commercial air.

"Only one to-night, I think," replied Mr. Watson, and anybody could see that the great man in the great-coat was blushing a great warm blush.

Then Miss Agatha expressed her sympathy for his poor foot, and her surprise that the dozen boxes of "Cure" had not been able to accomplish what one was positively guaranteed to do. She really felt that she ought to refund the money, but she compromised with her conscience by doing the most unbusinesslike thing she had ever done—she asked him to tea. "For," she reasoned to the voice within, "if I give back the money it'll look like I ain't no faith in the Cure, and I'd never have the face to sell another box to anyone. Strange how fast it cured the Williamses and Pettises."

The Man settled very naturally into a seat by the little open fire where he cut the leaves of the new magazine he had drawn from the depths of his great-coat pocket, while Miss Alice, looking on, was all a warm pink in the firelight, her eyes aglow.

It was a dainty tea where genuine hospitality made up for the scant meal which the Man thought barely sufficient for a tea party of Miss Agatha's own canary birds. Many times that evening he felt tears of surprise and pity dim his eyes when he realized the self-sacrifice of the two lone women, the meagreness of their comforts, the hardness of their lives.

He came regularly on Friday nights after that for Corn Cure. Miss Agatha said there never had been such an obstinate case in all her experience. Sometimes he seemed to grow better, but by Friday nights he was either actually limping or in imminent danger of limping.

And always when he came he felt more and more the hard saving and narrow means of the two sisters, their little generosities to each other, their cheery content, the sturdy sense of the elder, the delicate prettiness of the younger.

Miss Agatha had long since confided to him her fears for Alice, who was "only thirty-five and sort o' bent on sentiment." And Miss Alice had many

a night dropped a silent tear upon her pillow, remembering that at thirty-five Celia Lederlee had Tom and love and happiness, and three blessed children. Then she would wipe the next tear away shamefacedly, sigh "I have Agatha to love," and go to sleep dreaming of the Man, whose eyes and smile were so kind, and whose walk was so firm and strong when the corns did not make him limp.

It was a balmy spring morning when Miss Alice stood in the little side yard transplanting her geraniums. Agatha had gone to market, and they were to have a better dinner than usual because of unusual sales. A better dinner meant fruit or meat as well as bread and tea.

And as Miss Alice dug the fresh mould and whiffed the sweet spring odors, suddenly the Man came around the corner of the house and stood beside her.

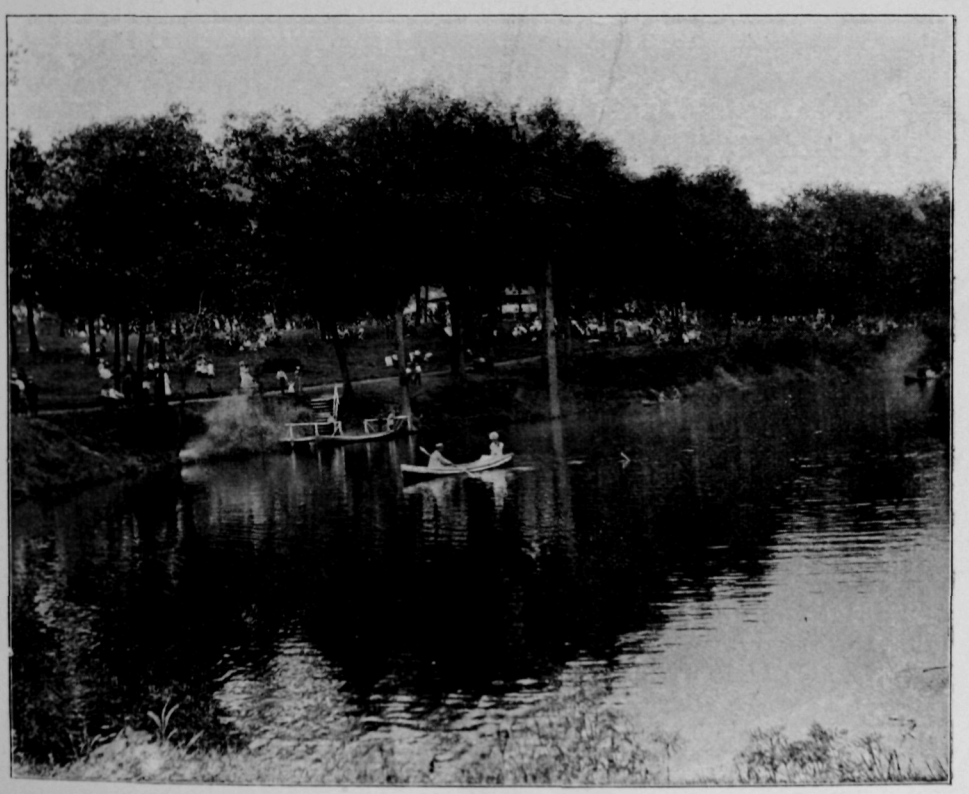
"Did you come for Corn Cure?" she asked, dropping her trowel and looking at him with startled eyes.

"No, Alice, I came for—you," he said. And while Alice stood with eyes fixed upon the earth-stained fingers clasped before her, he told her the story Tom had perhaps told Celia in those years long ago.

When Miss Agatha's step was heard returning Alice was crying softly for very joy, and the Man had drawn her head to a resting place against his shaggy coat.

"I have one confession to make, dear," he said, with a laugh not wholly penitent. "Will you forgive me? I never had a corn in my life."

Give me that grand old volume, the gift of a mother's love,
Tho' the spirit that first taught me has winged its flight above.
Yet, with no legacy but this she has left me wealth untold –
Yea, mightier than earth's riches or the wealth of Ophir's gold.



ON THE DES MOINES RIVER NEAR UNION PARK,

THE LAND OF DREAMS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

A RESIDENT OF GRAND VIEW PARK, DES MOINES

AMONG THE BIG TREES, GRAND VIEW PARK, DES MOINES.

THE WINNING OF JOHN

ERNESTINE NOA

"BUT I tell you, my dear girl, that John is distinctly a person who must be won. He is too sure of his eminent desirability to take any part in a game of hearts except a defensive one."

"No, he isn't, Frank. Why the very fact that the aunts and poor Elsie don't want a Mrs. John is enough to set his face resolutely toward matrimony."

"Bet you," said Frank profanely, "that Letty Howard never gets him. The Howards are too dead anxious. Been after him for years. Letty's as fine a girl as ever won a golf championship, but it's no go."

"Well, now you wait," said Mrs. Browne. "We'll have them both, and being together may bring their affair to a focus."

"Fatuous 'sis, I call him. Don't see what you want to throw a rosy, healthy girl like Letty away on him for—why not get her a live man," grumbled Frank Browne, Mill Owner. "Nice house-party you'll have if that's the sort of duffer you ask. You think his money is going to make things hum?"

"Dear sir, as a frequent remark of yours may in this connection be pertinently used, permit me to call your distinguished attention to the fact that your language isn't fit to eat'. Your logging camp will be enlivened by the presence of your cronies the Ferriss boys, and I think Flora Hyde will stir the girls up with her brisk little Westernisms. It's going to be nice, Frank, and you think so too, only you want to be provoking." She paused beside his chair on her way from the room, and gave his ear a little tweak. "John is slow, but he has some saving graces, a sense of humor for instance."

"That's right, hon," said Frank, "Come here and let me tell you what some of yours are."

"Can't," she replied. "I must go and order things to eat. The first, second and last rules of a house-party are to eat. You furnish lumber-men and logs, and I'll do the rest."

"You can't bag John for Letty, though," he called after her, but she was gone.

It was a gay party that assembled on the Browne's invitation; a group of intimates, except Flora Hyde who was a stranger to all of them but her hosts. She was a winsome little creature, in her own home the most popular girl in society.

"Tell me which ones I'll like the best?" she asked Mrs. Browne, as she laid aside her traveling impedimenta. "What are their names and what do they do?"

"You'll like Jack Ferriss best, I think, he is quick and clever, so are Kate Conley and Tom Lee bright; Dick Ferriss is a great kid and Letty Howard is a lovely girl—simply lovely. She and John, John Harkness, are supposed to be engaged. It's an old affair. Letty's people say she could have him if she would, but she'll have to do the asking—he'll never ask her."

"I'm going to have the time of my life," said Flora. "This place is just delicious, so romantic and wild, and—Virginia—I believe I'll flirt with John!"

"You could as easily flirt with a steam roller," declared Mrs. Browne with decision.

Flora came in to dinner dressed in a vivid scarlet frock that admirably set off her impish dark eyes and mobile face. She quickly made herself the center round which the table-talk revolved. Her gayety and light-heartedness were infectious. She never looked at John nor addressed him, but he eyed her gravely.

"Come down on the bank," suggested Browne, as they rose from the table. "Moon's shinng, river's flowing, zephyrs are blowing and some of you folks would like to be twosin'—Stop pinching me, Virginia—didn't we ever twose?"

They wandered down to the river, and it was John who walked with Flora.

Feminine dialogue is said to be rare at a house-party, and the days passed before Mrs. Browne managed to see Flora

alone. Then she pounced upon her and bore her off.

"Tell me all about it this instant," she commanded. "I never saw anything in my life like the violence of John's devotion. And Letty is about as flexible as a stone image. I know she heard him ask you to walk over to the post office, and we all saw him grubbing up those ridiculous little ferns you said you wanted. And when he asked me to put him next you at table I nearly fainted. I asked him whether he was free to act like the other men, and he said he certainly was.—Why don't you talk?"

"Why don't you let me?" was the flippant counter-query. "And what shall I say?"

"Flora Hyde, what are you doing to John?"

"Virginia Browne, I don't want to do anything horrid, but if John takes pleasure in telling me about his house standing empty across the street from his aunts', and about how his father died, and about his horse that's got a lame knee, do you think I ought to deny myself the excitement of listening?"

"You are too absurd! But I believe he'll have you, if you ask him nicely."

"I don't believe I'll do that, and Virginia, I'll tell you something. I believe he'll marry Letty."

"I don't. He wont unless she makes him, and she is too fine—and too indifferent to do it. Why her unconcern over this is simply stolid."

"Please don't tell this, Virginia, but this morning he showed me part of a letter from his sister—she must be a snippish old maid."

"Oh, Elsie!" said Mrs. Browne.

"She wrote that Letty's aunt, a Mrs. Graham had met her and congratulated her on John's engagement to Letty. And she wrote that the Howards were not too good to start such a rumor themselves—on purpose. And he gave the oddest little laugh, and said, 'You saved the day for me, Miss Flora.' I don't think that was a pretty speech, do you?"

"I don't, indeed; but then, he has been so spoiled by those three women—and there isn't a girl in Clayville who wouldn't have him."

"There'll be a girl in Clayville next November who wont, unless you renege and do not let me come," said Flora, as she left the room.

* * *

November came, and with it Flora to visit the Brownes.

John tried to be with her continually, though she treated him capriciously, being, as well she might, quite independent of solemn John.

"Will you be very angry with me for breaking my engagement with you for this evening?" she asked one afternoon late, as they returned from a walk.

"It's a good play—come on and go," said John.

"I am so sorry, but I can't really. You must forgive me."

"It will be boresome, going alone," said John. You'd hardly expect John to lose his temper or the value of his tickets.

"Don't go alone—ask somebody to go with you."

"All right. Letty'll go. She's always good-natured."

John spoke as one who knew; and indeed Letty was always cheerfully imperturbable. She witnessed the play as gaily as though she were not second choice, and in the few weeks that followed she often played the same role, for Flora broke several engagements, and everybody in amused Clayville knew the reason except John.

How could John comprehend a Reason measuring six-two, and stalwart in proportion; a Reason whose engineering vocations permitted the rarest visits to his lady-love, visits for whose sake any engagement would be broken?

"Come for a drive?" asked John.

"Where to?" asked Flora.

"River road?" suggested John.

"If you'll have me back in an hour."

"It seems to me you've been a busy young woman lately," said John, as Dixie settled into her long trot.

"Everyone here is so kind to me."

"Oh, yes, and it is right that they should be. I appreciate that—but you are so often prevented from doing things."

"Oh, but that is unavoidable—you see—I—"

"Not that I blame you," said John. "Of course I know that you'd rather keep your engagements—steady Dixie—steady girl—nothing but a whistle—whoa—"

He drew the mare up. Across the road stretched the glistening rails. Toward them came a puffing engine. Dixie trembled and stirred and required all of John's attention. Flora looked idly at the engine.

"Oh," she said suddenly, "I must go home. Will you take me home please?"

UNION PARK, DES MOINES, IN WINTER TIME

"Why? Let's finish our drive. It's such a fine bright day."

"No, no. Please take me home. I must go—there is——"

"All right, but why in the world—Hello, there's a swell looking fellow in that engine! What's he waving at me for? Now isn't that a crazy notion—riding in an engine? Some newspaper chap, I dare say, trying to get somewhere. Why, you don't know the fellow, do you? What are you waving about?"

"Oh, do turn around," begged Flora, instead of arguing about it. He'll get there before me as it is. He wasn't to have come till the 9:20, and he's ridden all those ninety miles on the engine to get three hours longer—and I won't be there when he gets there—"she broke off disconsolately.

John turned the horse and drove steadily toward town.

After a while he spoke: "Are you going to marry that fellow?"

"Yes" said Flora.

"And not me?"

"Even if I could have, you never asked me."

"I beg your pardon, I thought of course you—cared for me."

"Now why on earth should you think that?" inquired Flora with some exasperation.

"Well, I do for you."

"Your Lordship honors the meanest of his slaves."

"I thought next Spring—"

"Your condescension is overpowering."

"It occurred to me that you and I could be awfully 'comf' in my house, though of course, Elsie and the aunts would hate to give me up. It's mighty 'comf' there too."

"You might advertise for a housekeeper," said Flora tartly.

"That isn't very kind, do you think?"

"You can hardly expect people to be as kind to you as you are to yourself, you know."

"Letty is always kind," said John thoughtfully, as he drew up at the Browne's gate.

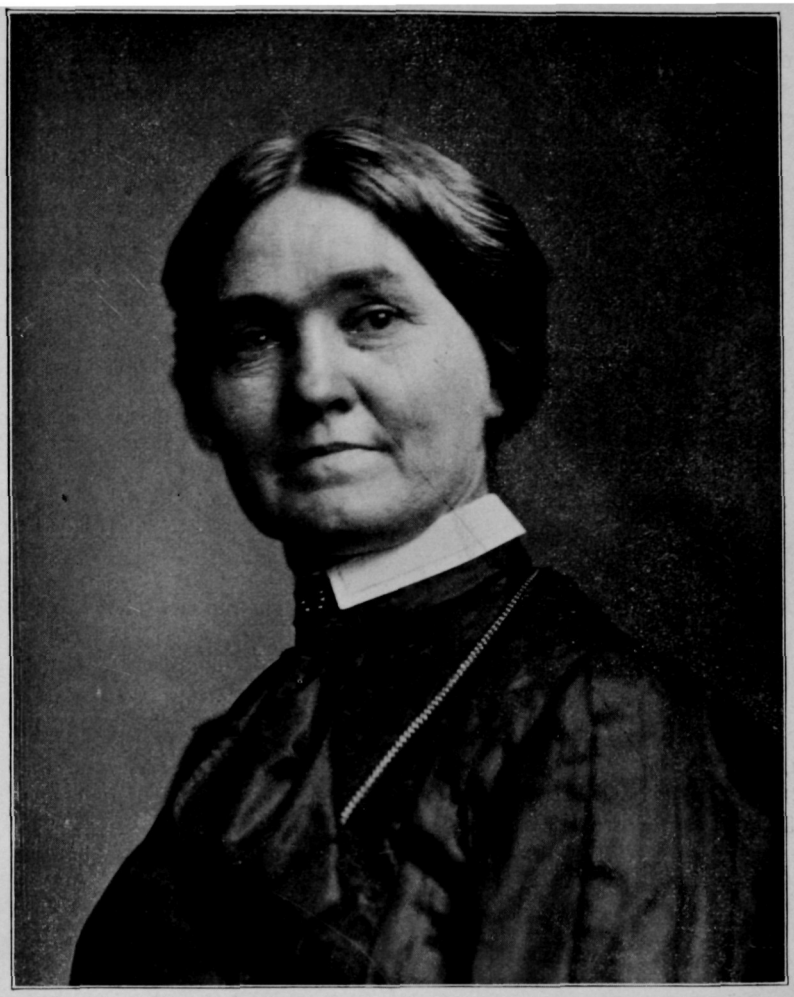
"Letty is lovely—and one million times too good for you," said Flora crisply, as she jumped out unhelped, and ran up the walk.

He was sitting on the porch and hurried down the walk to meet her.

The next spring, Flora, Mrs. Flora by this time, one day read to her husband the last paragraph of a letter from Mrs. Browne.

"My dear, Clayville is satisfied at last—Letty Howard has "landed" John. I don't know how it was arranged, but they fixed it up at Easter."

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, IOWA STATE FAIR GROUNDS, DES MOINES



MRS. ALBERT W. SWALM

UPON THE SAND

All love that has not Friendship for its base
Is like a mansion built upon the sand;
Tho' brave its walls as any in the land,
And its tall turrets lift their heads in grace;
Tho' skillful and accomplished artists trace
Most beautiful designs in every hood;
And gleaming statues in dim niches stood,
And fountains play in some flower hidden place

Yet, when from the frowning East a sudden gust
Of adverse fate is blown, or sod rains fall,
Day in, day out, against its yielding wall,
Lo, the fair structure crumbles to the dust,
Love, to endow life's sorrows and earth's woe,
Needs friendship's solid mason work below.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Iowa Authors

No. 10. Emilie Blackmore Stapp

MRS. JOHN R. DRAKE

EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP

TRULY the spirit of prophecy christened her Emilie Blackmore Stapp, unless they wished to make up in length of name what was denied her in length of stature. Or, possibly, the power of divination was given them to foresee the measure of her achievement and the need of a name worthy to honor it. Certainly the dainty, fairy-like bit of femininity who bears it has earned her right to it even though the gods may have denied her the proportions of a Minerva or a Juno.

One would need to take two journeys to the home of the little author of "Bread and 'Lasses" in order to complete her duality, for he will find one-half of her life spent up a flight of stairs in a dingy, down-town newspaper office,

and the other in a little den up and out among the trees and birds and away from the sights and sounds of men. Both of these spots are so stamped with her personality that you would know she had placed her hand upon them and breathed her spirit into them—that is, if you knew Emilie Blackmore Stapp. The one typifies the busy woman of affairs, the newspaper woman around whom the activities of the office revolve, with her hand on the lever alert and keen to its broadest service—the other reflects the half where the emotions are given rein and set to the cantering gait of a heart tender with love for both old and young. Especially, if they are very old or very young, but both places reflecting the ever hopeful, cheery and sunny optimism of a nature that is always seeing the best ahead and earnestly striving to make it good.

From a lisping child she decided the pen should be her weapon and the first blood she drew from it was a rhythmic measure, a childish dream to immortalize herself in verse at the tender age of ten. The evolutionary process finally leading her into short stories and sketches, riddle-jingles and one serial which ran through eleven numbers of the National Magazine and was called "Judas, a Woman." But the desire to interpret child-life had persisted from the beginning, for she had always claimed fellowship with them, loved them and understood them, and wished to open other hearts to a fuller knowledge and sympathy with them. So, "Bread and 'Lasses" was the natural outgrowth of this desire to bring young and old together on the ground of a deeper understanding, and, no one who has read it will deny her the right of opening a door too little used in renewing acquaintance with the things that have been, and reviving a long forgotten interest in the racial experience of mankind. For grown-ups do forget how it feels to be a child if not reminded now and then, and this little book helps to carry the mind and heart back to some of the elementary emotions so long crowded out by the hurry-skurry fight for existence. It has had the favorable reviews of the best critics from the Atlantic to the Pacific and has passed through several editions, preparing a hospitable way for a new book which will soon be ready for the press, dealing with other phases of child-life and which has been handled with a deply sympathetic touch. This, however, only records the playside of Emilie Blackmore Stapp, the overflow, which finds vent in the little den among the trees where she sits at a daintily ordered desk with books and magazines temptingly scattered about to lure the eye and touch; with a many cushioned divan at one side to invite comfort and relaxation for body and spirit; and, looking down from almost every spot on the wall, are pictures of children, except where room has been made here and there for somebody's mother, grandmother, or greatgrandfather. And there has been no race prejudice shown in the selections, for pickaninny, pappoose and Chinese hang side by side with their fairer skinned brothers and sisters, smiling or crying back at her as her mood may choose. There are some windows, too, where she may look out into bird's nests and see young life in another form, or, if it is night, there are candles, set in artistic candlesticks, in all the dark corners to give a mellow light so suggestive for the dreams that finally find their way to the only object in the little den that breaks repose, but, without which they could not come true—a severe business-like and clicking typewriter. It would probably not be quite fair to say this was where the best half of her life is spent, but it is very good and it is the most intimate touch to be had of her. The other half is spent behind a gigantic desk—for the law of contrasts persists in making big places and big tools for this little woman—in a noisy newspaper office. Behind this effective screen, her refined and distinctively feminine personality has found expression in a group of newspaper cuts of some dearly loved women friends whom she affectionately calls her chaperones; together with a number of prints of some famous favorite authors which she has carefully pinned to the wall that she may keep her ideals ever visually before her of those who have achieved the best in her chosen field of work. Here in this bright corner where her individuality has asserted itself to shut out the cut and dried business of her profession, she writes book reviews, club notes, dramatic criticism, "Polly Pinkerton" market stories, fashion dicta, occasional editorials and miscellany, beside having charge of all special numbers of the paper. In fact, an all around newspaper woman who never misses a day in sickness or in health, in rain or shine, and accepting

MISS ELIZABETH WRIGHT

Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

the better or worse of its conditions with courage and cheer. A wide range of reading is necessary to fit her for the varied field of her work bringing her in touch with many interests and, in recognition of her broad preparation for its demands, she was last year placed on the literature committee of the General Federation of Women's clubs, a direct compliment to her literary standing in the state. And, further, as a deserved tribute to her newspaper work, came her re-election last spring to the position of journalist of the Iowa Federation, for her fidelity to the spirit of the club movement has made her a most reliable exponent of its important transactions. She was, also, last spring re-elected for the third time the Iowa representative of the League of American Pen-Women of Washington, D. C. The League numbers in its ranks many well known eastern writers, such as Mary Wilkins Freeman, Grace Seton Thompson, Grace MacGowan Cooke and others. So she has rapidly developing opportunities of a national acquaintance which her genius for utility will convert into valuable fuel for keeping the fire of her nature glowing and ready to give off sparks as there seems need. Despite these many interests and complexities of her busy life, there is yet time and a responsive warmth for the claims of an intensely loyal and tender family tie; for friendship, and in this most unselfish of human relations her generous nature gives lavishly and never counts the cost; as well as a temperate recognition of her place and duty toward the social life on her horizon, thereby keeping the poise so hard to maintain between business and society and carefully balancing her forces on the needle-point of their separation, she had added immeasurably to both through the experience each may give to a broadening and deepening understanding of life at its best.

This is what has been achieved in the brief space of existence so far covered by Emilie Blackmore Stapp, and has not the premise been convincingly proven that she has fairly won her right to the weighty name she bears?

WAYFARERS

WINIFRED WALDEN

O, life is like a flower, love,
Sweet with folded mystery,
Which opes its petals shyly, sweet,
As they tremble to be free.

O, life is like a river, love,
Wide and full and free;
For we go from whence we came, sweet,
As the river seeks the sea.

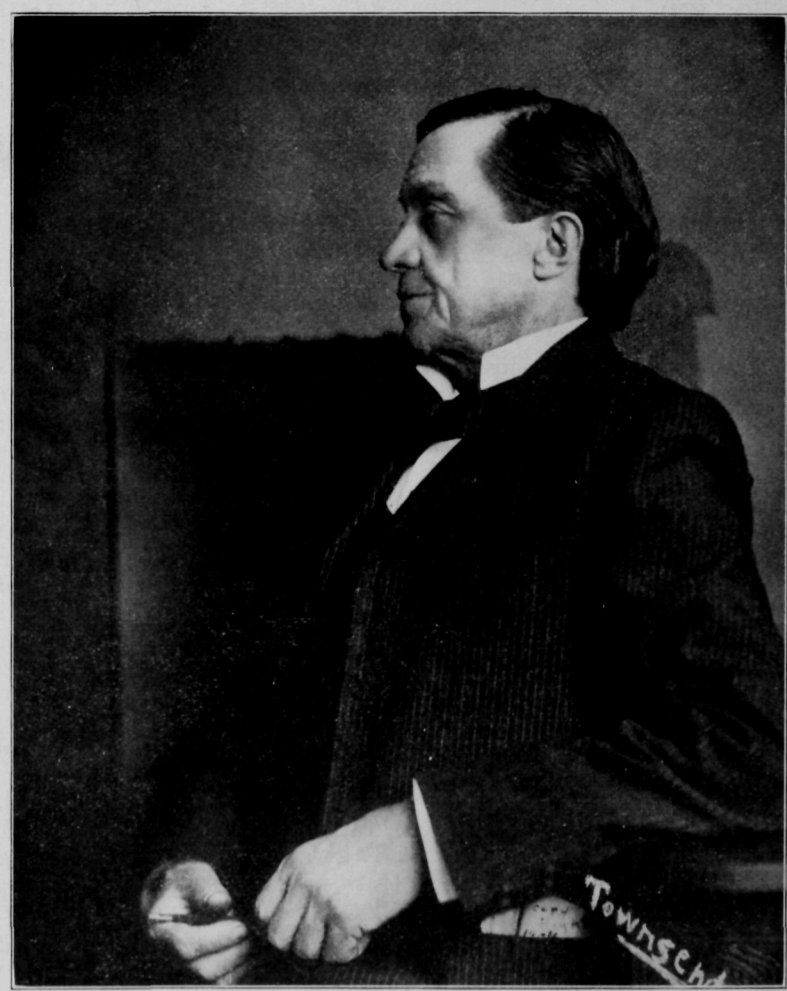
Sometimes it gently flows, love,
Past quiet feeding flocks;
Sometimes it froths in anguish, sweet,
Over cruel jagged rocks.

O, life is like a battle, love,
And oft we're smitten sore;
But oft we meet with victory, sweet,
And slay the conqueror.

O, life is like a highway, love,
And some in chariots ride,
While some with bruised feet, sweet,
Walk wearily by their side.

Tho' it stretches long before us, love,
Away to the darkening west,
The sun is rising there, sweet,
Beyond the mountain's crest.

O, life is all before us, love,
Whate'er its like may be;
So hand in hand we meet it, sweet,
No other prayer have we.



CONSUL ALBERT W. SWALM

Formerly of Oskaloosa, Iowa, now American Consul to England. Mr. and Mrs. Swalm are spending a few months in Iowa.

W. E. ANDERSON

A GIFTED IOWA WRITER

In the literary circle of Des Moines, a high place is held by W. E. Anderson, dramatic critic and story writer. Mr. Anderson ranks among the finest dramatic critics of the day, and his work is read and copied all over America. He was first attracted to this line of writing when fifteen years ago, he wrote for the "Spirit of the Times" in New York City. Stephen Fiske saw his articles and encouraged the young man to develop a rare gift. Under such a stimulus, Mr. Anderson began making a study of dramatic works, both theoretical and practical. When the Saturday Review was organized in Des Moines, he became dramatic editor. When Mr. Strauss took charge of the Leader he engaged Mr. Anderson to conduct the department devoted to the play. So successful was the department that it was soon known widely and attracted many new readers and subscribers. His page was a feature in the Leader, and afterward in the Register and Leader, until this present month of September, when the Daily Capital secured Mr. Anderson's services. For a number of years he wrote under the pseudonym of Matelot, but now over his own name.

Mr. Anderson is the author of a number of short stories which show the touch of an artist in temperament and of a cultivated mind as well. It is temperament united to cultivation and the most exquisite good taste that make Mr. Anderson's work as a critic so much out

of the ordinary. It is not the stage alone that he studies. All dramatic literature, the German, French, Italian and English is an open book to Mr. Anderson's keenly appreciative mind. His studies here led him to the most philosophic investigation and his conclusions are his own.

As a writer, he has a delightful touch—a bit of irony, a bit of fun, a fine appreciation of the good and a spirit of forgiveness for faults, not too much adulation, and an uplift all through, which comes only with a fine imagination—these are some of the things that make of this gifted Des Moines writer what he is, one of the leading dramatic critics of the day.

MRS. WALTER CAMPBELL OF OSKALOOSA

Mrs. Campbell belongs to an old Oskaloosa family—the Morelands—and is the sister of Mrs. A. L. McCarty of Des Moines. She is a leader in the club and social life of Oskaloosa and has many admiring friends all over the state of Iowa.

TO MY LOVE

Ah, there's naught compares in the sunset sky,
In the perfume-laden, whisp'ring breeze,
In the dancing shadows, the bending trees,
With the beauty that lies in my own love's eyes
And the sweet-scented breath of her heart's deep sighs.

The softened beauty of midnight skies,
The floating moon, once my deity,
Calms not the heart's captivity,
Like the love that shines in my own love's eyes,
Beneath whose light the heartache dies.

DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. GEO. F. RINEHART

THE RIVALS

G. F. RINEHART

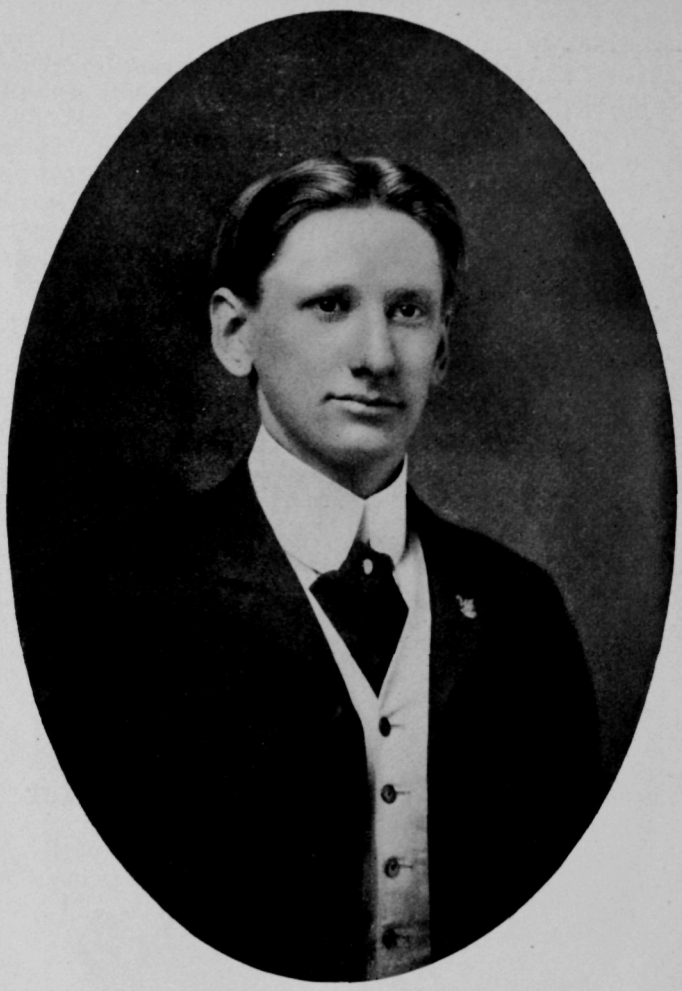
I confess, my love, that today I met
A charming blonde and a sweet brunette
Who promised their love to me;
And the eyes of black and the eyes of blue
Revealed a love that I know is true
As ever true love can be.

And somehow, love, by some magic art,
These maids have wooed and have won my heart,
Have wooed and won my love;
The one with the black eyes beaming true,
The other with eyes like the azure blue
Serene in the skies above.

While I love the eyes that are black as jet,
And the beautiful, blue-eyed, sweet coquette,
My love is no less for you,
Than in years agone when we lived alone
And the only black eyes were your own
And there were no eyes of blue.

Though pledged to me, yet the greatest debt
Of the charming blonde and the sweet brunette
Is owing, my love, to you,
Who will best console in the coming years
When the eyes of black will be filled with tears
And tears in the eyes of blue.

And sometime, love, though the thought is sad,
Some lad will come, then another lad
Will come as I came for you,
And rob us both of our loves, alack!
The one with the beautiful eyes of black,
The other with eyes of blue.



JOHN C. KNUTSON

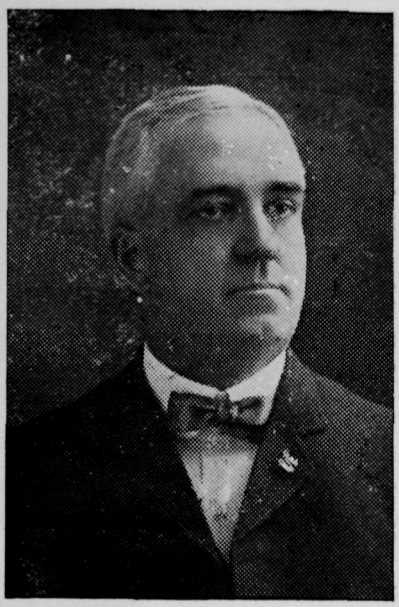
I. O. O. F. ENCAMPMENT

The Grand Lodge, Grand Encampment, and the State Rebekah Assembly, I. O. O. F., will convene in Des Moines October 15-16-17-18, and it will be the privilege of Des Moines citizens to entertain this grand body for the first time in seventeen years, although Des Moines is the headquarters of this organization, and the home of the Grand Secretary. Sentiment is being created in favor of the establishment of a permanent meeting place for the Grand Lodge in Des Moines, and there are many good reasons why this should be done, both from a standpoint of economy and convenience.

The Grand Lodge comes to Des Moines this year of its own accord; no invitation having been officially extended at the meeting in Dubuque last year. Nevertheless, every one of the local lodges and their members are lending their best efforts to make this meeting a grand success, and great preparations are being made for the entertainment of delegates and visitors.

A very representative committee has been placed in charge, and every lodge, Encampment and Rebekah Lodge, as well as the Uniform Rank, "Canton Pioneer No. 3, P. M.," is represented on the committee. Hon. John McKay, Sr., is the efficient chairman, and J. H. Uetz is secretary.

GEN. M. A. RANEY
Marengo, Iowa.
General Commanding Patriarchs Militant, Army of the World.

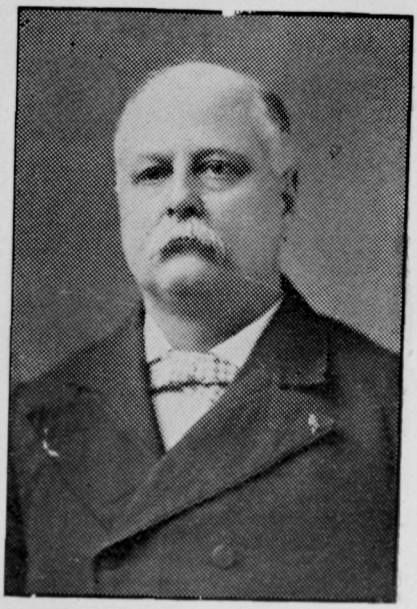


M. W. WHITE
Sioux City, Iowa.
General Representative Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

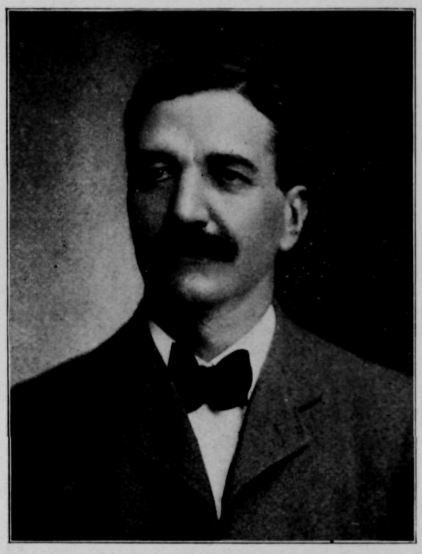
Des Moines harbors eleven subordinate lodges, with a membership of over twenty-five hundred Odd Fellows. There are ten Rebekah lodges, with over fifteen hundred "Rebekahs," and two encampments with about 450 "Patriarchs." Canton Pioneer Patriarchs Militant has over one hundred uniformed officers and "Chevaliers."

While the annual Department Council of the Patriarchs Militant (Uniform

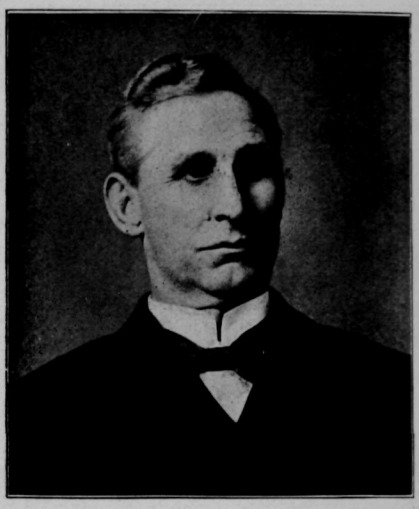
MRS. ALTA STRIKER
Boone, Iowa.
Vice-President State Rebekah Assembly.



HON. Z. A. CHURCH
Jefferson, Iowa.
Grand Representative Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.



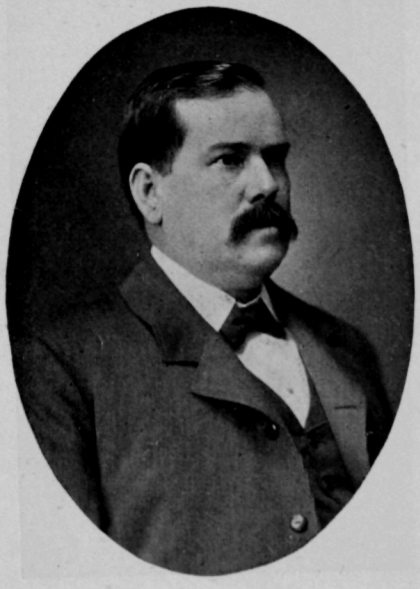
E. S. CONWAY
Chicago, Ill.
Grand Sire, I. O. O. F.



JOHN N. McKAY
Des Moines, Iowa.
Chairman Entertainment Committee
I. O. O. F.

Rank) is not held at this time of the year, nevertheless it is expected that a large number will be present in uniform and they will be conspicuous in the grand parade on Wednesday of that week. The three grand bodies, the Grand Lodge, Grand Encampment, and Rebekah Assembly, are distinct and separate conventions, meeting all during the same week merely on account of convenience.

There will in all probability be at least three thousand Odd Fellows in the city from points throughout the state, and possibly two thousand Rebekahs.



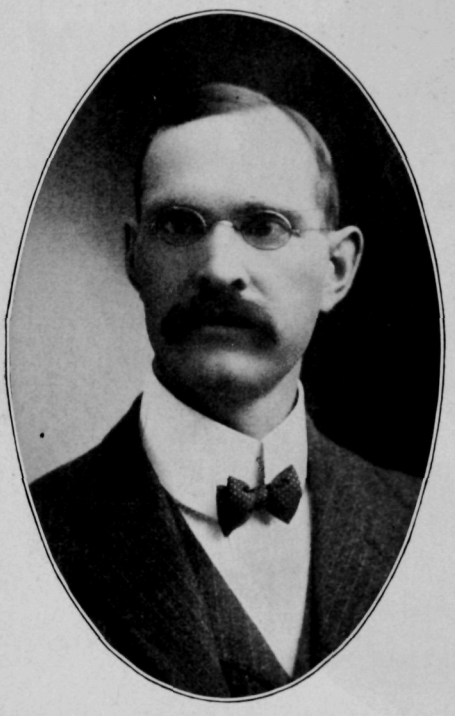
JOHN B. GOODWIN
Baltimore, Md.
Grand Secretary Sovereign Grand Lodge
I. O. O. F.

A. E. HINDORFF
Newton, Iowa.
Grand Treasurer Sovereign Grand Lodge
I. O. O. F.

GEO. M. KELLOGG
Sioux City, Iowa.
Grand Patriarch, Grand Encampment; I. O. O. F.

MRS. ELIZABETH MATHENEY
Keokuk, Iowa.
Grand Secretary Rebekah State Assembly.

MRS. HATTIE BARQUIST
Des Moines, Iowa.
Grand Warden-Elect State Rebekah Assembly.



GEO. R. AHRENS
Belle Plaine, Iowa.

D. B. GUNN
Red Oak, Iowa.

Preparations are being made for at least five thousand visitors all told and it is not at all improbable that even a greater number will attend. A handsome Souvenir Book and Program is now in the be distributed without cost among the hands of the printers, and these are to visitors who register. Registration headquarters will be at the court house, where a committee will be in charge to give information and assign quarters. A handsome Souvenir Badge has been prepared, and will sell at 25 cents to those who desire same. The ordinary official badges will be distributed without cost.

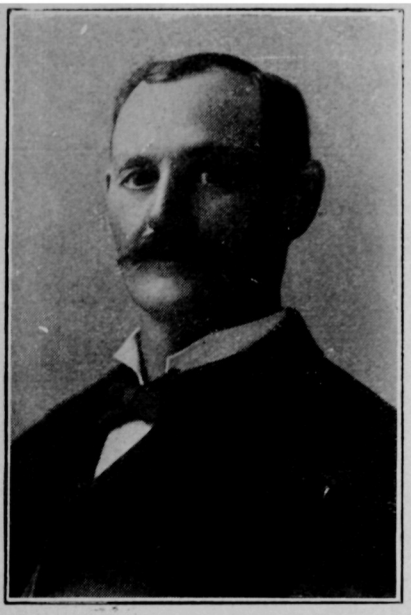
The city will be in gala attire during the whole week, and elaborate decorations, emblems, etc., will be everywhere in evidence. The Commercial Club will co-operate with the general committee, and will greatly assist in entertaining the visitors.

Grand Sire E. S. Conway, of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the World, will be present on Wednesday, and will address the Grand Lodge bodies. The entire program of the week will be highly profitable and entertaining, and the committee in charge is determined to demonstrate at least to the Odd Fellows of this state, that "Des Moines Does Things."

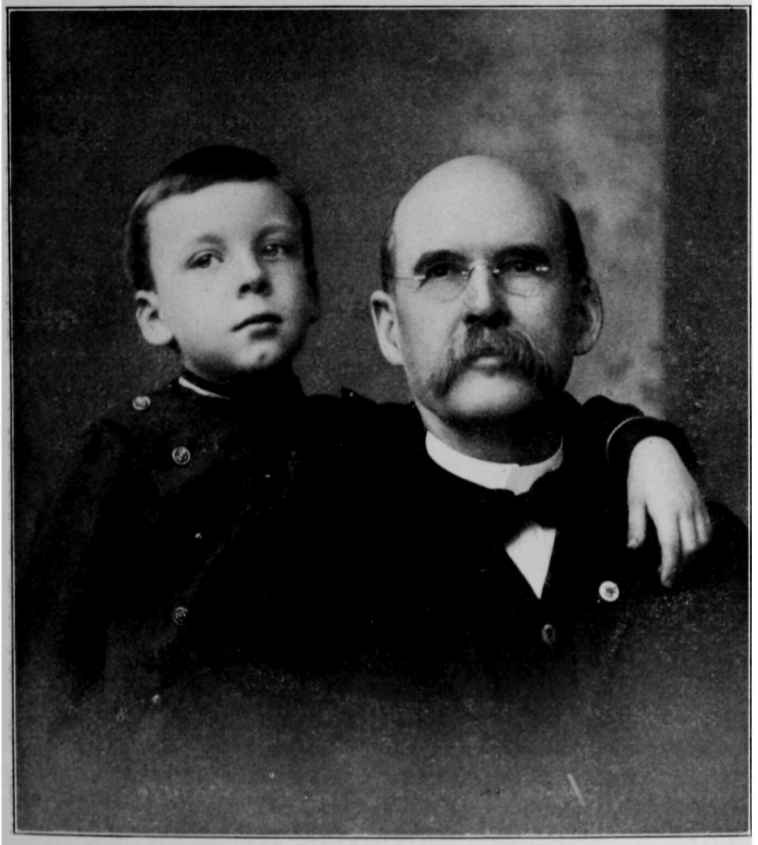
The Grand Lodge of Iowa is an imposing body. It was organized May 1, 1848, and has convened regularly each year since that date. Official delegates from over seven hundred lodges in the state are now seated, and these lodges represent a total membership of over 53,000 Odd Fellows. The Grand Encampment consists of the delegates from over 200 Encampments, having a total membership in this state of over 8,000. The Rebekah Assembly having delegates from 550 Rebekah lodges, represent a membership in this state of over 40,000.

The total amount spent for relief of members and families in Iowa alone, by the various Odd Fellows' Lodges, Encampments and Rebekah Lodges of the state last year reached the grand total of over $100,000, aside from the benefits of the Odd Fellows' Orphans' Home at Mason City. These figures alone readily commend Odd Fellowship as a fraternity in this state, not to mention the numerous other incidental benefits.

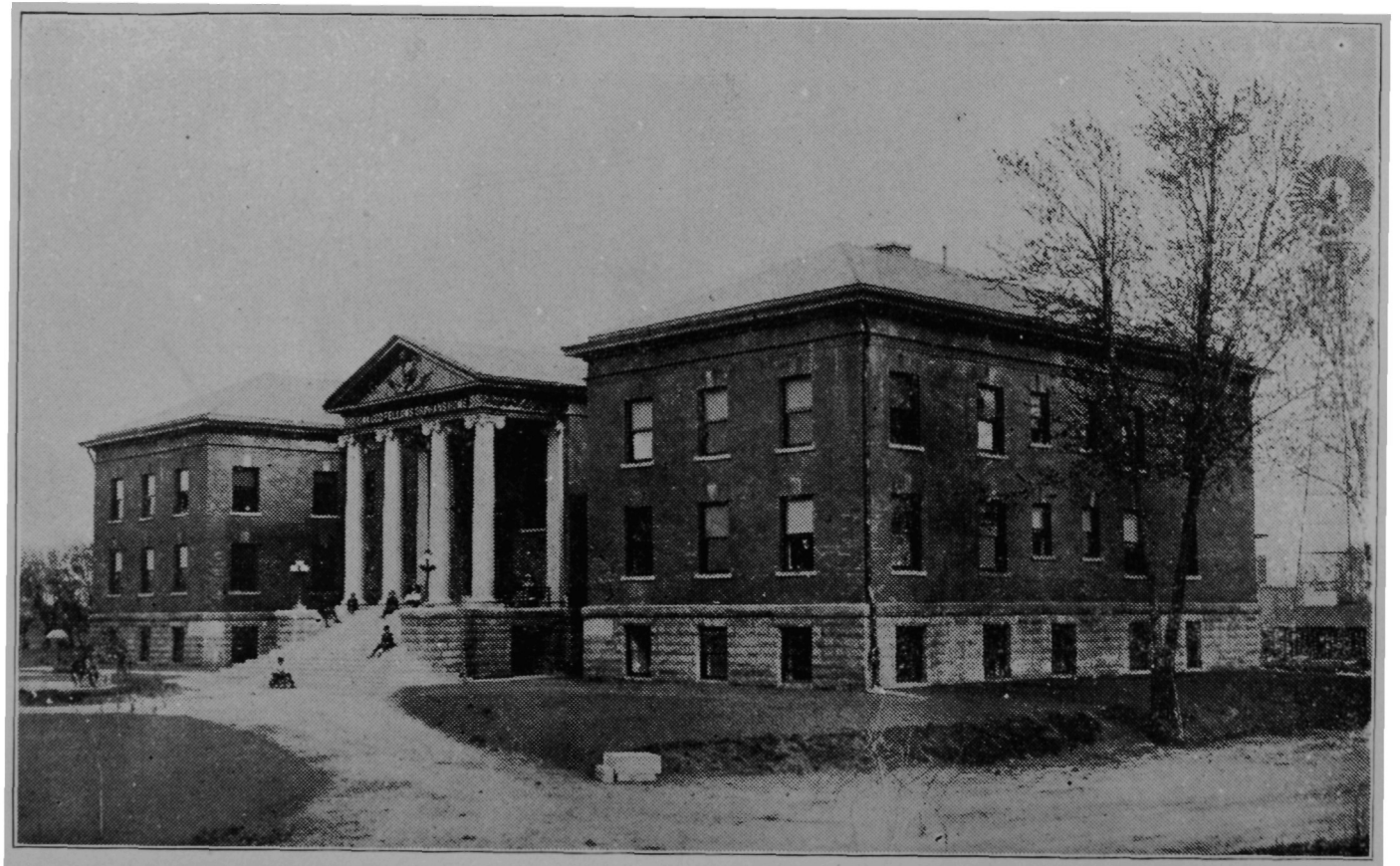
The grand total of membership in this. the greatest of all fraternal orders, reaches the enormous figure of one and three-quarters millions, with a total relief during 1906 of over five million dollars. The total investment in property alone amounts to over fifty millions.



L. W. SMITH, DES MOINES
Grand Master-Elect, I. O. O. F.



R. L. TILTON, DES MOINES
Grand Secretary, I. O. O. F.



NEW ODD FELLOWS ORPHAN'S HOME, MASON CITY. DEDICATED MAY 15, 1907.

Photographed from Life by the Author.

THE COUNTY FAIR

ONEY FRED SWEET

When the grapes begin to purple
And the shade is tinged with cool;
When the sun has lost its fierceness
And us kids are back in school;
When the leaves just start turning
And there's tingle in the air,
Then I know that it's a-gettin'
Toward the time of County Fair.

There where the village meets the country;
There enclosed by high board fence,
Daunting nothing to wild boyhood
Who crawled through to save expense,
Shout the voices of the venders,
Grind the tunes and squawk the toys;
Gala week for all the county,
Week of wonder for the boys.

Pooh! Who cares for blooded live stock,
When the heart is filled with lust
For a hunk of long cream candy
That is full of race-track dust?
Let's throw balls and hit the babies
Grinning at us from the rack;
Let's go play the wheel of fortune
So's to get our money back.

Hear the old folks greet their neighbors,
See the young folks smirk and flirt;
Hear the wail of crying babies,
Feel the grime of sweat and dirt.
Watch the races from the grandstand;
Mercy, there is someone killed!
Someone tried to cross the race-track
Or a jockey has been spilled.

Ring a cane and see the side-show,
Wend your way through Floral Hall;
See the pumpkins and the jellies,
And the quilts upon the wall.
Buy a sandwich from the lunch-stand
Watch the big balloon ascend;
Like the common ones at plowing,
Even Fair days have an end.

Time of purpling grape and Autumn,
With a yaller in the corn;
Season when the Summer's waning
And it's cool-like of a morn.
Time when harvest moons are shining,
And there's tingle in the air;
When the farm work's well nigh over—
Dear old time of County Fair.

Photographed from Life by the Author

OUT IN THE FIELDS

ONEY FRED SWEET

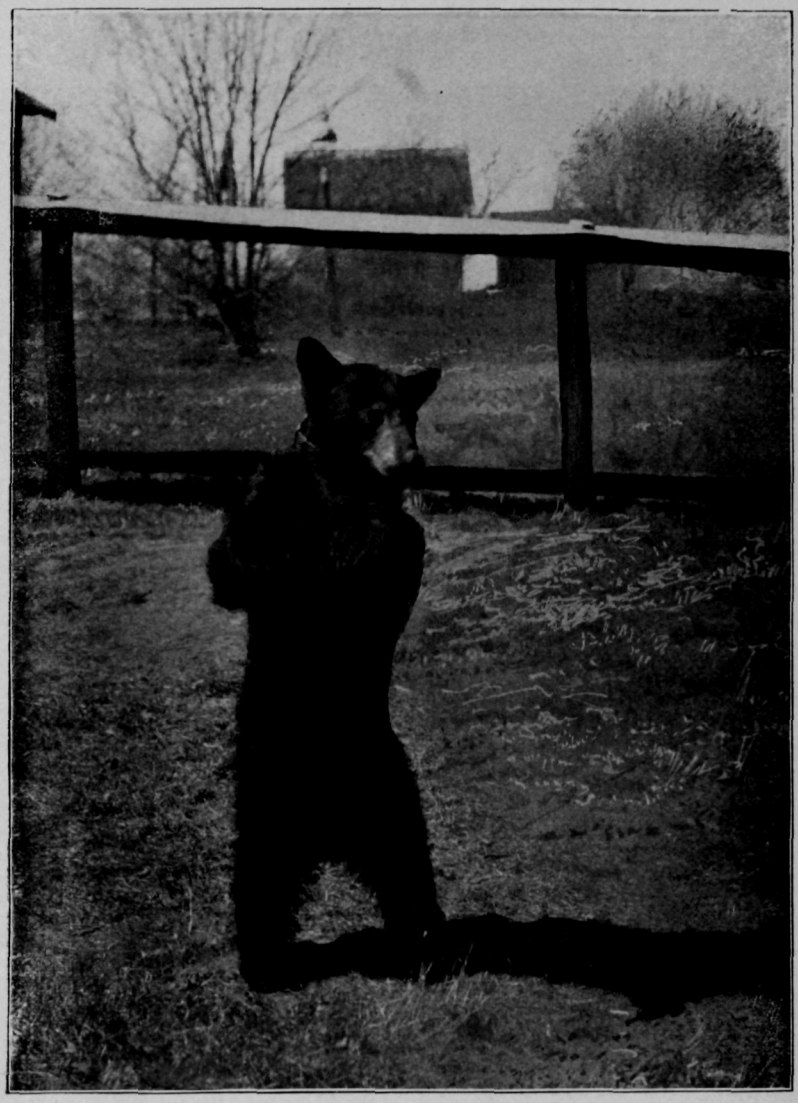
When the corn's "knee high," I just love to stand
And gaze away on the rolling sea;
To watch the waves that the breezes make
And drink the breath that they blow to me;
To watch it stretch to the purpling mist
Where it dims away in the summer sky,
With the year at noon and the warm day hushed—
Out in the fields when the corn's "knee high."

When the corn's "knee high" and you're way out there
With the skylark's song and the insects' drone;
With the shadows chasing across the field
And God and nature and you alone,
The weary failures and missteps, sad,
Are paled to naught and renewed am I,
For my life takes promise with nature's hopes—
Out in the fields when the corn's "knee high."

MISS MARION McFARLAND

Daughter of Consul and Mrs. S. C. McFarland of St. Gall, Switzerland, granddaughter of Col. Eiboeck of Des Moines.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



"PUNCH", ONE OF THE GRAND VIEW BEARS

A BEAR AT THE DEATH WATCH

W. T. HORNADAY

ONE of the strangest occurrences ever witnessed by the writer, and which made a deep impression upon all who saw it, concerned a bear now living in the New York Zoological Park, as party of the first part, and a dead Japanese black bear as party of the second part. I shall not attempt to decide upon mental processes and impulses in the case, but shall relate the facts, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

In Den Number 9 were five or six bears of various sizes, representing three species. The most picturesque and interesting inhabitant was a fine adult Himalayan black bear, which we call Kobe, because he came from Japan. He

is to-day alive and well. One night a Japanese black bear (a much smaller species) laid down upon the top of the sloping den and died. In the early morning the keepers saw his dead body and undertook to remove it; but the moment they unlocked the upper door of the cage and attempted to enter, Kobe furiously rushed at them, and drove them out. Having done this, he posted himself close beside the little black body, and formally took charge of the remains.

The keepers, who were experienced bear men, then inserted a long pole, with a hook on the end, and assayed to catch the dead body and draw it toward them. Immediately Kobe sprang forward, seized the pole in his teeth, and bit it savagely. It was not permitted even to touch the body. Presently the same maneuver was tried from the top of the bars, with the same result as before. A dozen times the keeper repeated the effort; but each time the guardian bear savagely seized the pole, bit it to the utmost, and thrust it aside. The Himalayan bear stood directly over the body of his dead friend and compatriot, growling at intervals, and ready to fight all comers. The keepers were completely baffled.

All this time I watched matters with keen interest; and presently remembered the grizzly's habit of covering up its prey. There was no indication that Kobe intended to devour his dead friend; but for all that I decided to try an experiment. We gathered up a pailful of dead oak leaves and threw them into the den within two yards of the guardian bear. Forthwith Kobe raked the whole collection down to his dead friend, and clawed them upon and round the body. We threw in a large flat pasteboard box; which he tore to pieces and bestowed in fragments upon the little corpse. Then I sent for an armful of straw, and when it also had been dropped in from above Kobe took it and disposed it so judiciously that the body was completely hidden from view. And still he stood squarely across the remains; and still he growled, and snapped his white teeth, and glared defiance upon us all. He stood there from seven o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon; but at nine we abandoned our efforts to remove the body and left him undisturbed. I felt sure that at the feeding hour we could accomplish by strategy what we had failed to do by force.

We posted two men in concealment high up on the rocks, ready to rush in quickly by the rear door and remove the body. The food was served at the usual hour, but near the front bars only, and as far as possible from the guardian bear. Then Kobe's hunger and thirst impelled him to leave his post for a moment and go down to secure his share of the food; and by the opportunity thus afforded the dead bear was swiftly removed.

Now what was the dominant idea in that bear's mind during those nine hours of savage vigil? I leave the question with the reader; for it is open to debate, and one opinion is as good as another. I think Kobe felt sure that the small bear was helpless and in need of a champion. But did he recognize death? There is one fact that I add with some reluctance, because it can easily be misused. The dead bear, be it remembered, was from Japan, the native land of Kobe. That was only an accidental coincidence. Previous to the death of the small one, the two had not been specially companionable. But the keeper stated as a curious circumstance that when a small American black bear had died about four months previously Kobe paid no attention whatever to its remains.

RESURRECTION OF THE BIRDS

JEANETTE ROBINSON MURPHY

Sweet singers, we have slaughtered,
Where have your spirits flown?
Your plumage gay has passed away,
But *you* are singing on.

Poor, wronged winged creatures.
To Lehmann you have sped,
Her throat—your resurrection,
No longer lie you dead.

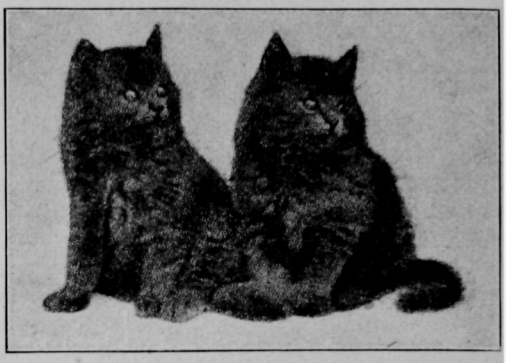
We listen as you call us,
Through her sweet voice divine,
To spare your feathered brothers,
We worship at your shrine.

Sing on! From heights above us,
Your gospel call is heard,
Each woman craves forgiveness,
Of every spirit bird.

A GROTON, CONN., CAT

A Groton (Connecticut) family objecting to having the cat in the house and around the stove at all hours of the day, thought to put her out where she could get fresh air and have a proper amount of exercise.

So one day she was put out the back door and told to stay out until she was wanted, but pussy knew a trick worth two of that, and running around to the front door stretched up to her full height and pulled the door bell.



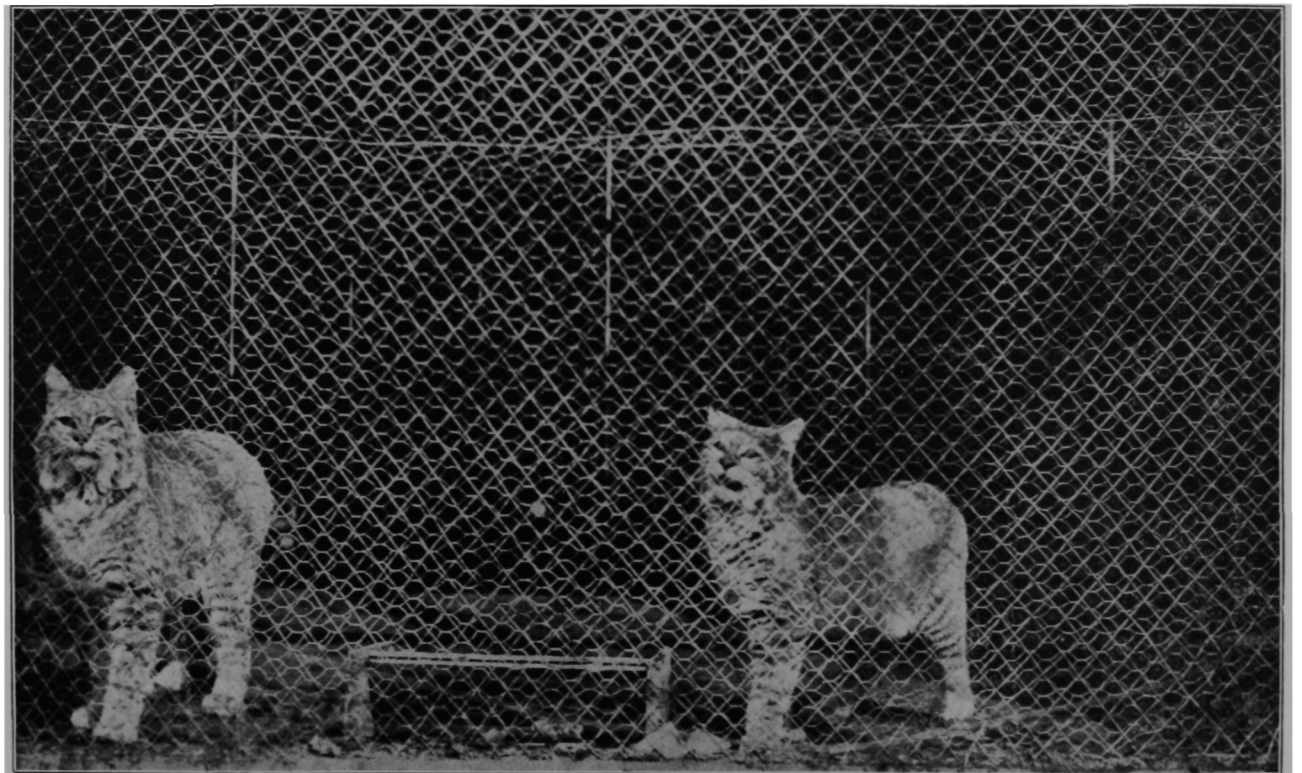
When the ring was answered it is putting it mildly to say that there was astonishment, for instead of an unexpected caller there stood the cat. Without more ado she passed into the house and into the family living room where, taking a cushioned chair, she curled herself up for a snooze.

THE LARK'S SURPRISING SONG

Rev. J. G. Wood, in an article on "The Wonders of the Spring," says that the volume of sound produced by the skylark is most wonderful. "The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings."

Photo by F. E. Foster.

FEEDING GRANDMA'S CHICKENS



TOM AND JERRY, GRAND VIEW PARK, DES MOINES

GOOD ROADS DEPARTMENT

IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

BY H. S. GRIMES

Read before the convention of the National Brick Manufacturer's Association at St. Louis.

A discussion on the question of permanent improvement of public highways should be one of general interest to this entire membership, especially those who are interested in the manufacturing of paving brick, but it should not confine itself to those by any means, as it is a subject that should interest every citizen who has the welfare of his country at heart.

There is no question that the improvement today of roads with vitrified brick has been paramount over all other material. This is being conceded more and more as time develops the excellent quality of the material mentioned, and also as time demonstrates the inferior quality of almost every other material that is used, with the exception, perhaps, of granite block; and while granite block makes a good roadway for heavy traffic, it would not do under any circumstances for the ordinary business street, nor residence street. Therefore, it can not help but be conceded that for the general improvement of roadways vitrified paving block is the material now and will be the material in the future.

The organization of the National Paving Brick Association has brought about a wonderful improvement in the demand for street paving brick, and has filled a long-felt necessity that the paving brick manufacturers needed. While it is an offspring of this organization and in no way conflicts with it, but adds to its usefulness, it devotes its time and attention to the promotion of paving brick exclusively. Since its organization, two years ago, it has accomplished wonders through its efforts, but no more than the originators of the organization anticipated. I speak of this for the reason it only goes to show where concerted action is used things can be accomplished by organizations that individuals can not possibly accomplish.

The organization of the National Paving Brick Association has also eliminated a feeling that formerly existed among paving brick manufacturers that was a detriment to their business, and through its united efforts has increased the demand for municipal paving and made vitrified paving brick the material to be used.

Referring back to the improvement of roadways with vitrified paving brick, it is only a question of time, in my opinion, when every other material, with the exception of granite and vitrified paving brick, will be eliminated, as each day demonstrates the fact that there is yet undiscovered a material that is equal to the above mentioned. No place can be shown where any other material used has been down for a longer period than six years without being renewed, but we can point with pride to several hundred cities where paving brick has been down all the way from five to twenty-one years without being renewed, and that which has been down for twenty-one years looks as if it was good for that many more years, as I had the pleasure of seeing it just a short time ago.

When you consider that this material was manufactured when paving brick was something that was almost unheard of for street purposes, you can fully realize with the improved advantages that have taken place since that time it is almost perfect now, if not entirely so.

I predict within the next five years that the increased demand for vitrified paving brick will exceed very largely the supply, and for the permanent improvement of roadways it will take precedence over all other material.

I could cite you now to several inlets to different cities, called county roads, that are being improved by paving with vitrified block. In our immediate neighborhood we have a road paved with vitri-

fied paving brick a distance of five miles, and it is one of the prettiest driveways that could be made. It leads from a small village into the city of Ironton, and diverts the trade from another city direct to Ironton on account of the excellent condition of the roadway. Such situations will eventually exist all over the country, and before many years I would not be surprised to see large improvements in the way of paving county roads, especially those that connect small villages with larger cities, where traffic is very heavy and the ordinary macadam road is unfit for use in bad weather.

The wonderful demand that has sprung up in the past two years for paving brick has put a new life into the business, and while as yet the demand does not exceed the supply, if the demand increases in the future as it has in the past, it will require many more manufacturers in order to supply the demand.

Municipalities all over the United States are beginning to realize that improved roadways add to the sanitary condition of the different towns, reducing disease and lightening the burden of all who have occasion to use highways. In prosperous times improvements were imperative, in dull times cities improved largely in order to supply labor to the unemployed, and it is one among the very few industries that is not affected by what we would term hard times. This may be a singular assertion, but nevertheless, if you will think a moment you will realize it is a fact. It becomes necessary for cities to employ their unemployed labor rather than put them on the poor fund list, and in doing so they usually look round for public improvements, and the first thing is the improvement of streets. That is why the improvement goes on, no matter whether times are good or times are hard, and we can all take a very optimistic view of the improvement of public roadways at any and all times, regardless of the financial condition of the country.

MODERN PAVED STREETS

In this day of progress taxpayers probably appreciate more than ever the value of a well paved and well lighted street. There are many kinds of pavements in use, each of which has its advocates and friends.

Chattanooga, Tenn., is a prosperous city of 30,000 inhabitants. It has given special attention recently to the paving of its streets. McCallie avenue, one of the finest residence streets of the city, has lately been paved with Bermudez asphalt, by the Southern Paving & Construction Co. of Chattanooga, of which Theodore A. Lasley is president, and Stephen Craney, superintendent. The company is also laying asphalt pavements in other southern cities, including Savannah, Ga., and Knoxvile, Tenn.

One of the best examples in the United States of a modern asphalt pavement is said to be that of Main street, Memphis, Tenn., an illustration of which is given in this connection. This pavement is more than a mile long and covers the finest street in the city. It presents a very attractive appearance, a special feature of the construction being that it is laid solidly with asphalt from gutter to gutter, there being no unsightly headers or "tooth" blocks. The material used in paving this street is refined Bermudez asphalt.

The paving was recently completed by the Memphis Asphalt & Paving Co., of Memphis, Tenn., a company of which General S. T. Carnes is president, and W. W. Talbert, superintendent. This company is now executing some large asphalt paving contracts in Little Rock Ark., in Montgomery, and in Birmingham, Ala.

The Feminine Ward Superintendent of Chicago

SALENA S. MARTIN

T was one of the bleakest days of bleak spring, a day full of snow and drizzle, when I entered the office of Mrs. Paul, the only woman ward superintendent in the world, and asked for an interview. I found her busy at her desk, making out reports, yet quietly but very effectively directing the work in various parts of the ward, in response to inquiries from those in her employ.

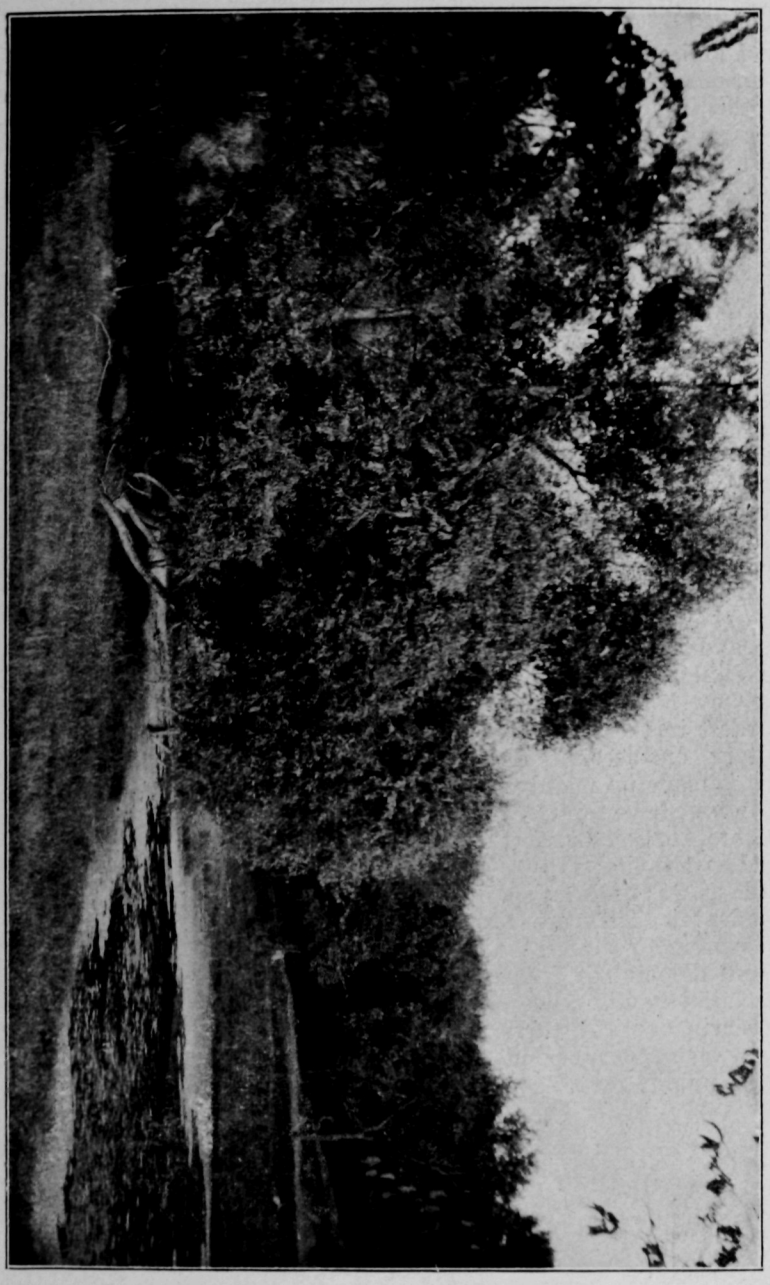
It was "Shall I do this or that tomorrow, Mrs. Paul?" "No, Tim, do it today, and have Mike do the other," and out the workers went, with no dissent or discussion about it.

While I shook the snow from my garments and looked about me for a moment, Mrs. Paul reached a place in her work where she could stop, and while she told me about herself and her work, I forgot that outdoors it was snowing and raining. I had asked her to just tell me all about it—how she came to be doing such an unusual work, and this is what she said.

A little more than fifteen years ago she had no other thought than the rearing of her one child, a boy, to be a man who should in every way embody her highest ideals, and realize her standard of true citizenship in the fullest sense of the word. But it was not to be, for her boy died and she was left with a mother's sweet memories and a broken heart! Next followed the husband and life was still darker.

Then came years of lost hope and invalidism, years in which life seemed to hold nothing worth while. Being well provided for, she did not even have the incentive of work, but chancing one day to pick up a paper, in which she read the obituary of a woman who had rendered valuable public service to the city in which she had lived, Mrs. Paul found her first incentive to work, to do something that would help the conditions about her, and so felt that life yet had a motive.

Friends protested, saying she was not able to do for herself, but she persisted in her purpose. This was just after the World's Fair at Chicago, and a mighty impetus had been given the city in the way of cleanliness, art, civic pride and general improvement. It was about this time that the Municipal Order League was formed with such women as Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Henrotin, Ada Sweet, and others at its head. Their intentions were splendid, but their ideas on what should be accomplished in this line were as yet vague, and after asking Mrs. Paul to take charge of the work, at a salary of fifty dollars per month, and achieving excellent results in the way of municipal housecleaning, they were soon compelled to give it up for lack of funds. However, the demand for the work had been established by Mrs. Paul, and the matter was carried to the mayor. Although there was no appropriation for such work, Mayor Hopkins created the position of Ward Inspector, to look after the contractor, with a salary of one thousand dollars a year, and gave the Twenty-first Ward to Mrs. Paul's inspection. She procured a horse and buggy, and at once made the rounds of the ward, acquainting herself with the duties and needs of the place, but not at first interfering in any way with the man who had the contract, although she found the work poorly done. Meeting the contractor, an Irishman, one morning, he began making his peace by saying, "Be you lookin' 'round after the work? Pretty good, eh?" Well, it underwent considerable change, and the ward began to show an improvement in its appearance. Garbage boxes that had been undisturbed all winter were emptied, and although people were compelled to close their doors and windows for awhile in consequence, they approved the good work. The daily papers began to take



DEER PADDOCK, GRAND VIEW PARK, DES MOINES

an interest, but just when there seemed to be the greatest need for such work, again funds ran short.

The Civic Federation had come into being by this time, with Lyman P. Gage as its president, and at one of its meetings Mrs. Paul was asked to read a paper, telling about the municipal housecleaning of Chicago. As a result, she was asked by the Civic Federation to take charge of the Sanitary Inspection Bureau. Appointing an assistant for each side of the city, she made tours and took pictures, mostly of garbage heaps and back-alley views. Again the press took up the matter, and could not print the pictures fast enough. People with swell fronts became suddenly interested in cleaning up their back premises, not knowing but what their property, number, name, and all, would go into the papers next. Letters of commendation and otherwise showered in by every mail, and in common parlance,

the public began to "sit up and take notice."

Mayor Harrison establishing a civil-service examination for this sort of work at this time, four hundred and twenty-five persons, including Mrs. Paul, took the examination. Mrs. Paul stood highest on the list, and because of this, she received the first appointment under civil service, and was promoted from Inpector to Ward Superintendent.

Meanwhile Mrs. Paul had been sent to New York City to study the municipal questions there, and among them the question of the Vacation Schools. On her return she founded a School Children's League to help keep the streets and alleys clean.

Her first position as ward superintendent was down in the heart of the city, where for two years her work was most satisfactory. Ward politics later led to the change of all ward superintendents, and Mrs. Paul was placed over the Nineteenth Ward, the place which she now holds, and which is one of the hardest in the city to keep clean and sanitary on account of its *personnel.* It is made up mainly of Greeks, Italians, Poles, Jews, and Lithuanians, having more nationalities than any other ward in the city.

A word as to the duties of ward superintendents: They are responsible for the cleaning of streets and alleys, removal and disposal of refuse, repairs of streets, alleys and walks, inspection of work, serving notices, correcting violations, answering correspondence, and meeting the public.

A ward superintendent must daily make out and turn into the Bureau of Public Works at the city hall, a record of all work done, the number of teams and laborers employed, material used, and the detailed expense of the same. Besides this, there are weekly, monthly, and yearly reports on the same, and many other duties too innumerable to mention. All of these are discharged by Mrs. Paul in the most business-like and efficient way.

Eighty men and thirty-two teams are employed in the work of her ward. They begin at 7:15 in the morning, with the roll-call at 7:30. Twelve men go out with hand carts, twenty wagons gather up ashes and refuse, while four gather up clear garbage, all of which is taken either by teams or, as in the river district, scows, to the crematory, where it is burned up daily. A foreman takes a gang for street-car-track cleaning, another set repairs sidewalks, and still another repairs streets. Wages are good: Teamsters receive five dollars a day, and day laborers two dollars.

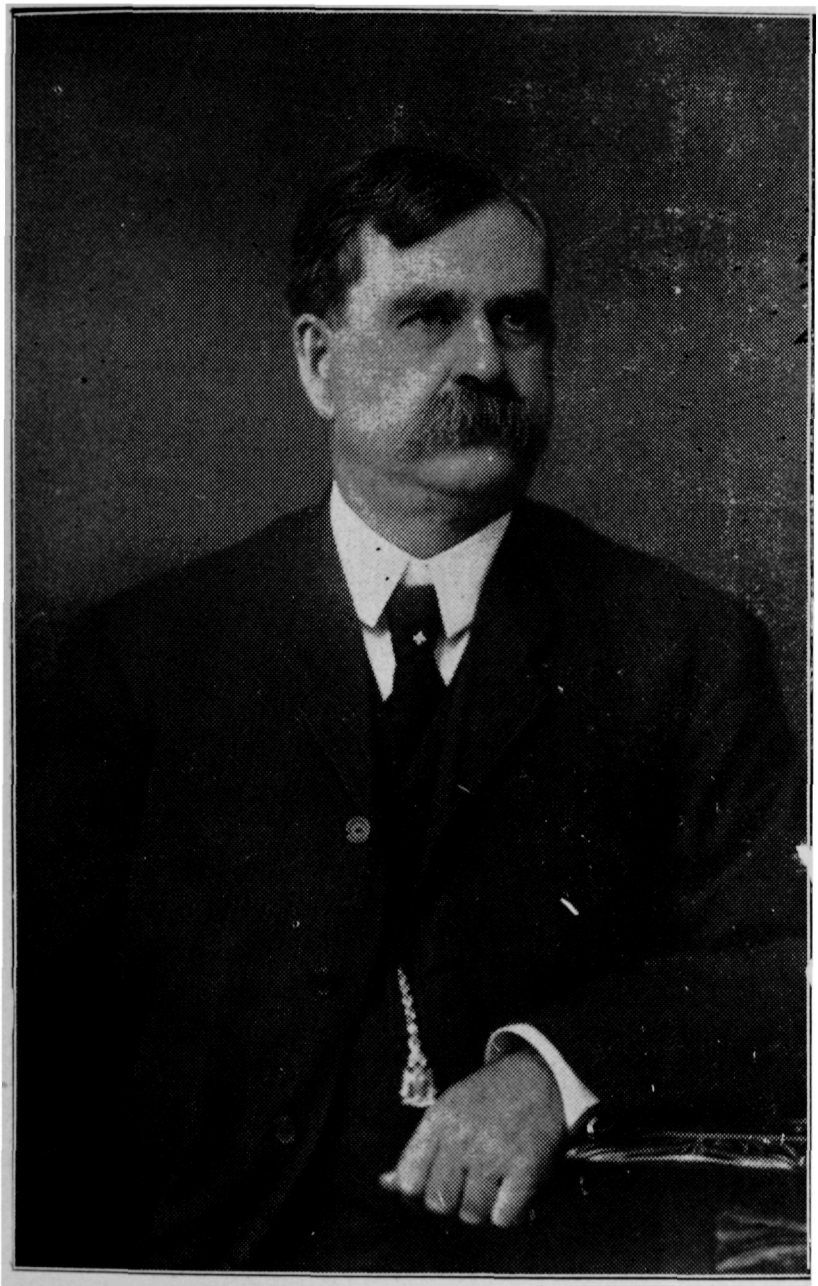
Mrs. Paul has served on a number of important committees in this work, bringing to her duties an enthusiasm which seems contagious. Her health is fully restored, and she drives about daily, inspecting, directing, and accomplishing the work in her ward regardless of the weather. Her salary is $2,200, and in exchange for this she gives to the city her best judgment, conscientious, faithful service, and as a result she stands very near to the citizen body.

SUNSET

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I saw the day lean o'er the world's sharp edge
And peer into night's chasm, dark and damp,
High in his hand he held a lamp,
Then dropped it, and plunged headlong down the ledge.

With lurid splendor that swiftly paled to gray
I saw the dim skies suddenly flush bright,
'Twas but the expiring glory of the light,
Flung from the hand of the adventurous day.



HON. LAFAYETTE YOUNG

Editor Des Moines Capital.

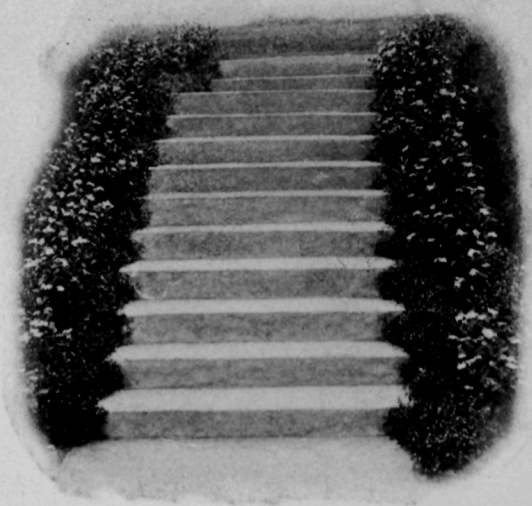
Hon. Lafayette Young Before the Convention of Associated Advertising Clubs

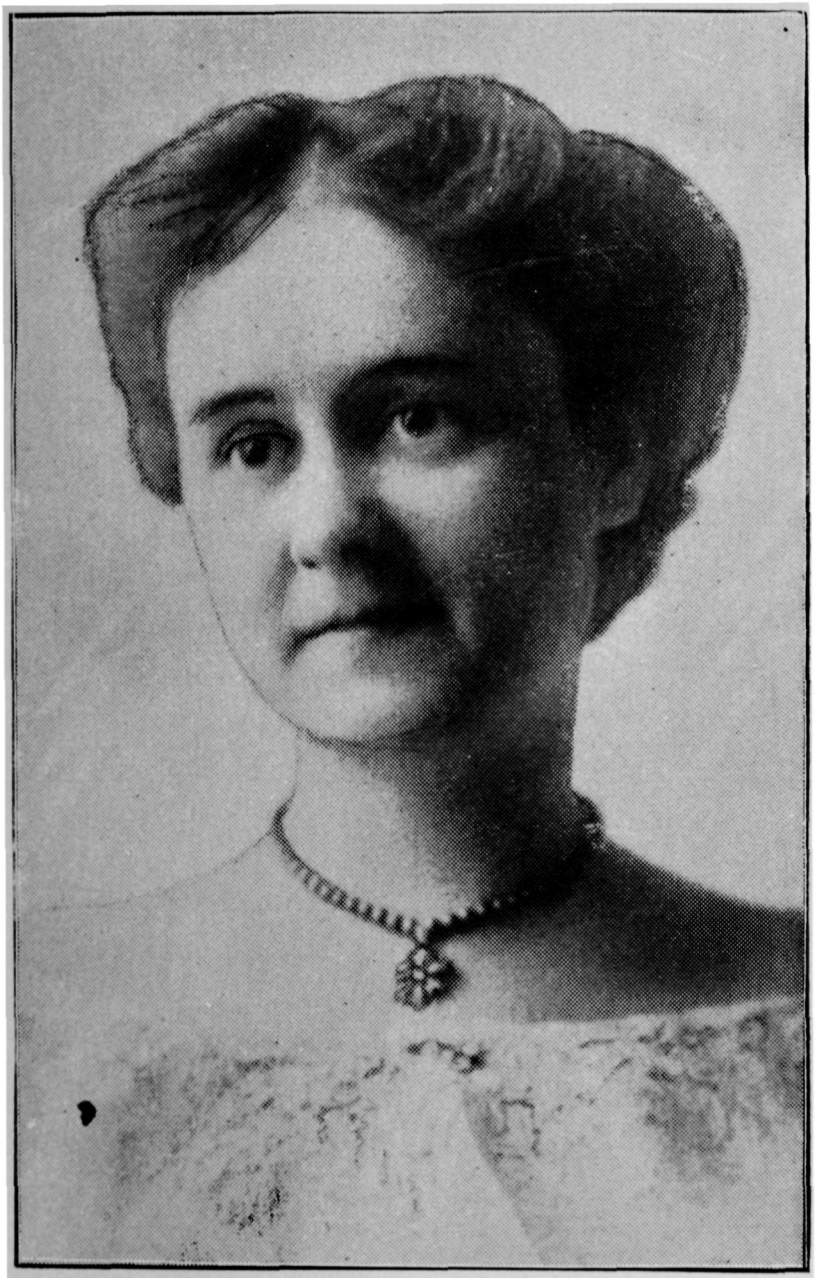
On August 28th, our "Eloquent Son of the West," as they called him, Hon. Lafayette Young, appeared in Cincinnati before the Convention of Associated Advertising Clubs, in an address that stormed the house. Medill McCormick of Chicago was to have made the speech of the occasion and at the last moment wired that he could not be present. Mr. Young was asked to substitute. He did so, and with almost no preparation made a great speech. The advertising question was handled without gloves. Mr. Young knows what he is talking about when he speaks on such a subject and thus he was doubly convincing in all he said. The audience appreciated his wit, his pathos, his eloquence, and the speaker himself from start to finish. It was a great occasion. We quote one paragraph from the speech:

"Now let me say a word from the publisher's standpoint in the cause—our great cause—of getting your money. Sometimes you will hear an advretiser say, 'I have spent thousands in advertising; I have built up a great business that encompasses the public. My customers are everywhere. Now I will sit down; I will withdraw my advertising; I will enjoy myself, and I will take my profit. I will quit advertising now that I have got this great business built up.' Those of us who observe humanity in all its phases know that there is not any such thing as building up a business; it is never 'built up.' In this enterprising age there is always something else building up besides you, and any lack of energy on your part is taken advantage of by your competitor. Nothing is completed in the advertising world, nor can it be completed. If it could be, the railroads which put up that phrase, 'Railroad Crossing! Look out for the cars!' would only have to put it up by the railroad track long enough for all the people of a neighborhood to see it once, and then they could take it down and put it up at another place.

COULDN'T KEEP THE FLIES OFF.

"There would be two bad things resulting from a completed course of advertising; we would become too inert to keep the flies off and too inactive to enjoy ourselves. Solon, the great wise man, was once asked, 'Who is the happiest man in the world?' He replied, 'A king whose crown is constantly in danger.' And that is true. That which puts our muscles to tension and our backs to the burden is one of God's blessings; it makes men of us instead of drones in society. Therefore, an established business would be a misfortune; we would be probably building $200,000 dog houses at Newport, wasting our lives as some of our American citizens do."





MISS ALICE WINGATE

Whose engagement to Mr. Rufus Chase was announced last month.

LONELINESS

ONEY FRED SWEET

MAN is a social being. We crave companionship, and yet it is best that we know periods of absolute loneliness. In solitude we are apt to have the better sober thoughts that are crowded out by the chatter of friends and the frivolity of society.

The country is the place for a man in the period of development. It has been while out following a plow over the field, with only Nature as a companion, that men have pondered over life's problems and made the resolves which they have later made materialize. It has been about the wine table that men have committed the foolish and wicked acts of history.

Sometimes men have deemed isolation from their friends a hardship, but time has shown that it has been their salvation. With nothing to disturb but the moaning wind, one is more apt to take an inventory of just where they stand. With nothing about but the far-off sky and the green of the foliage, one is more apt to feel their association with their Maker.

Too often the boy in the isolated farm house is envying the opportunities offered his neighbor friends at colleges, when he is every day developing with his own thoughts, his own books and simple environments, while they are degenerating under the wrong influences.

A good book, a good sermon, a word spoken, sinks into the mind of the man who has it free for such things, but the mind of the man who is hurried and busied with everyday commonplaces can give it but passing consideration.

The great characters of our country's history stand out as men who lived and thought alone in the developing period of their lives. Because they aped no one, because they were not shaped nor fashioned after the passing throng, they were distinguished by their individuality.

Loneliness has its recompense.

A Letter We Appreciate

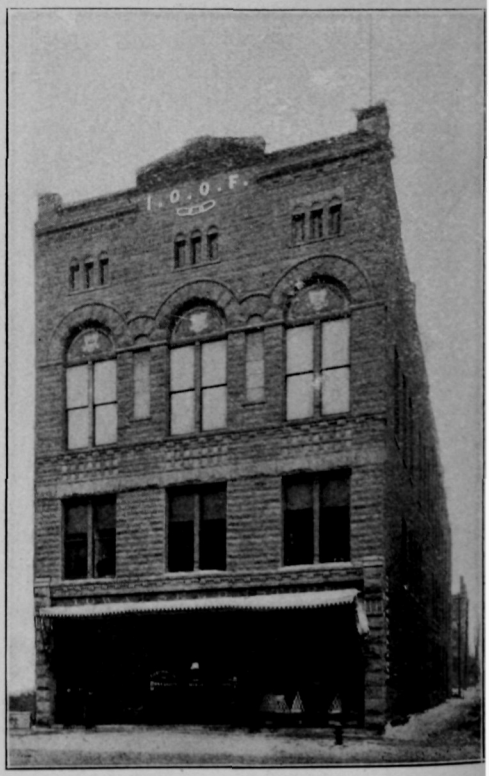
Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 4, 1907.

Editor The Midwestern: I desire to extend to you my thanks and congratulations for giving us so interesting, wholesome and readable a magazine as The Midwestern.

I was particularly well pleased with the article in the last number entitled: "The Good Citizen," by G. F. Rinehart. If we could all of us live up to such ideals as therein expressed, what an interesting and delightful place this would be in which to live. It would go a long way towards making life worth the living. The concluding paragraph of that article ought to be printed and framed, and set up in every schoolhouse in the land. I have never seen a clearer or more meaty exposition of pure democracy than is contained in that article. This is but one of the many good things you set before us. I wish that we could all of us come to a better understanding of what makes life purer and better with the view of the right application of it.

Yours sincerely,

M. L. Bartlett.



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, DES MOINES.

MISS GRACE KENDALL

Whose engagement to Mr, Assher Bush was announced last month.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

EDITED BY MIRANDA

TO BE ISSUED THIS FALL

Writing soon after the appearance of Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth," a reviewer in the Atlantic said of the expectation of her future work: "The mere thought of another novel sets the appetite on edge and recalls the eagerness with which readers awaited the next Thackeray or Dickens." "The Fruit of the Tree" is not only worthy of this expectation but meets it with a surprise. The powers that marked the earlier book Mrs. Wharton now uses in a story of broader humanity, concerned with one of the elemental questions that are sometimes held to defy solution. The remarkable situation which develops in the middle of the novel is not only new to fiction, but its psychological effect upon the characters and its subtle illustrations of the danger of meddling with the greater laws of life are followed with such a mastery by Mrs. Wharton that she passes beyond the mark of even her former work. Apart from its critical success the book is intensely absorbing. The tense attitude of the characters brought about by the central incident is caught by the reader. It is probable that the discussion of Justine will surpass that aroused by Lily Bart.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50.

* * *

Edna Kenton, in her new novel. "Clem," has scored a great victory and is being reviewed most delightfully in all the things that know how to review. One page causes side-splitting laughter, the next page is wet with tears and thus Miss Kenton sustains the sympathies of her readers in an enduring manner. The heroine is Clem Merrill, a rather spectacular girl with primitive heart and soul, that take fire at slight provocation. Her mother had been an actress. Her father is a monied man of leisure. This girl discovers after a period that she has no social standing just as she falls in love with Love as personified by Reggie Wines, a lovable boy, six years her junior, who is deeply, boyishly in love with her. Reggie's mother, her naturally warm heart buried under years of conventional correctness, saves both her son and Clem—though she has small thought of the latter—by the cruel experiment of inviting the girl to make one of the intimate and exclusive house party where her lack of early training is rendered glaringly conspicuous. Lorrimer and Lowe, two men so well depicted that the reader knows them for old acquaintances on the instant, do what they can to help matters, but it takes foolish, impulsive, youthful, manly Reggie and his dangerous accident to prove Clem's deep and splendid worth.

The Century Company brings the book out handsomely. $1.50.

* * *

"Tinman," by Tom Gallon, is a book that makes a strong appeal to the heart of warm and tender human sympathies. The literary faults of the book are so far outclassed by the fervor and simplicity of the story that they are overlooked or forgotten by even a critical reader. The story of a man who spends twenty years in prison through an act of chivalry is unusual, to say the least.

Avaline, the hero, is a young man, just out of school, when the peculiar plot opens. Going to the country with his vicious guardian, Jervis Fanshawe, he meets Barbara Patton, and they love on the instant. Gavin Hockley, Fanshawe's former confederate and villain of another order, traduces the innocent girl, and Avaline kills him. This for some time has been the hope and intention of Fanshawe, who has wasted the lad's fortune, and because of the proved facts of money quarrels between the dead man and his slayer judgment goes hard against him. His youth gains the commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment, and good conduct sets him free at the end of two decades. Jervis Fanshawe, himself worn and broken, meets his victim at the door of

the prison, and Avaline, now to be called Tinman, after his prison-learned trade, becomes the humiliated slave of his early enemy. The second Barbara is in almost the same perilous situation as her mother had once been. For the sake of both Barbaras Tinman fights his employers, his long-vanished sweetheart coming mysteriously to life to help him. Again the rascal who would work harm to an innocent girl pays the penalty of his life.

Lovall, Mayard & Co., $1.50.

* * *

"The New Religion" is the peculiar title of Maarten Maarten's latest novel. It is published by the Appletons. It is a story of an elderly Englishman and his girl wife. The latter becomes ill, she is sent to a great specialist in Switzerland. To pay the expenses of her treatment, the husband is compelled to sell home and business. The husband then falls ill. The great specialist falls in love with the girl wife. His son also falls in love with her, and it is through his manly action, and his great love, that all tragedy is averted and both husband and wife are cared for, until the husband's death and the wife's cure.

A lot of fun is poked at the modern sanitarium methods of treating patients.

* * *

A new novel by Phillips Oppenheim is always hailed with joy, and in his latest creation, "A Lost Leader," this gifted story teller has done his best work.

Fascinating is surely the word that describes this book and it will have the largest reading, among those who know a good book, of anything published so far this fall.

In this present tale of a brilliant political leader Mr. Oppenheim manifests mild leanings toward credible characterization. Mannering, the hero, is not particularly convincing, though he suggests a combination of incidents taken from the careers of several English statesmen; nor does his course of action at all times justify itself to the discriminating reader. But the Duchess of Lanchester, sent down into the peaceful country to lure Mannering back to the toils, failing in this task, but falling in love with her intended victim and inducing him to fall in love with her, is a real woman, proud, passionate, yet humble enough at love's bidding. And Blanche Phillimore, whose husband Mannering unintentionally has slain, who through long years hopes to marry him, only to have the long deferred joy turn to ashes when realized, also rings truer than most of the Oppenheim creations. The motives of Borrowdean, who pulls the evil working strings of the piece, are comprehensible if unworthy, and the other people do not matter.

The plot of "A Lost Leader" finishes as it should, with the downfall of vice, the exaltation of virtue and the promise of future happiness.

Little, Brown & Co., $1.50.

* * *

The memoirs of Adelaide Ristori, just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., are full of interest, especially for those who remember this artist when she was in her glory.

The translation is poor, but the sincerity of the relating gives a charm to the book that makes up for other defects.

* * *

Edith Dunham deserves hearty commendation for her charming presentation of "Fifty Flower Friends With Familiar Faces," the beloved blossoms being just as charmingly reproduced in line and color by W. I. Beecroft. The book is specially intended for field use by children, the fifty flowering plants selected for exploitation being those cherished wildlings best known and most widely distributed in America, with a pleasing description, in story form, to accompany each one. For each, moreover, there is a page of terse and accurate botanical description. The pretty book should prove equally useful for home and school.

"Fifty Flower Friends With Familiar Faces," by Edith Dunham. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, $1.50.

* * *

"Priscilla of the Doll Shop" is a nice little book of tales by Nina Rhoades, the blind writer, whom so many children have grown to love through her stories. The present volume adds yet another in the already long list of "Brick House Stories"—so called from the cover design—and proves a worthy member of the popular group. It is appropriately illustrated.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, $1.00.

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Highland Park College
Des Moines, Iowa.

Terms Open Sept. 3, Oct. 14, Nov. 26, 1907, and Jan. 6, 1908.

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THE FOLLOWING REGULAR COURSES MAINTAINED

1 Classical	11 Pharmacy
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8 Mechanical Engineering	18 Railway Mail Service
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Instructions given in all branches by correspondence.

Board $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per week. Tuition in College Normal, and Commercial Courses, $15.00 a quarter. All expenses three months $48.40; six months $91.11, nine months $132.40. School all year. Enter anytime. 2000 students annually. Catalog free. Mention course you are interested in and state whether you wish resident or correspondence work.

Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

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For Fifteen Years the Leading National Medium for Classified Advertising

Want advertisements cost seven cents a word

We have a circular giving specimen advertisements and full information. If you are interested we will gladly send a copy.

THE OUTLOOK
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

CHAS. NAMUR

Druggist

617 Walnut Street

One of the most beautiful fountains in the United States. Prescriptions a Specialty

MRS. W. F. MITCHELL

President of Des Moines Woman's Club.

DES MOINES WOMAN'S CLUB

Opens this Month in Their New Home, Hoyt Sherman Place

The first meeting of the Woman's Club for the year will be held this month in the new club house at Sherman Place. The dream of the club is at last being realized. This handsome and historic place was secured largely through the efforts of the Club's president, Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, who was successful in interesting the members of the park board to give a lease of forty-nine years, of the house, without taxation of any kind. The privileges include the use of the house as it will stand after the new wing has been added, the stipulation being that an art gallery is to be equipped and maintained with free days for the general public. A fine collection of pictures and statuary is already owned by the Club. The main gallery will be the general ball or reception room, which will have a seating capacity of 500. The rest of the collection will be distributed in various quarters.

The house is to be fitted up in elegant shape, and the art collection, which is now in the Capitol building, will be in place by the middle of November. The Club is fortunate in having for a leader and for a constant inspiration such a woman as Mrs. W. F. Mitchell. Her influence upon the various progressive movements of the life of Des Moines has been both great and good. She is a born leader and organizer and has the executive ability which in a man would lead to fame and fortune. Her ideals are of splendid type and she works toward their realization in a practical and effective way. Having lived in Des Moines all her life, she is an enthusiastic promoter of all the city's highest and best interests. As a member of the library board, under two administrations, as president of the City Federation of Clubs and president, re-elected, of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Mitchell is proving her right to the title of representative citizen of the capital city of Iowa. The Club in their new home will look forward to even greater things than they have yet achieved.

THE "RED CROSS" IN THE FIELD

Des Moines as a Shopping Center

LOUISE EVERETT RALSTON

I was going to New York for a week of Grand opera last spring when a friend said to me, "You will wait to get your spring gowns and hats in New York will you not?" I told her I certainly should not do so, as I liked to buy in Des Moines very much and fancied I could do so to good advantage. "But how will you look in New York?" she asked. The question was very satisfactorily answered by my mirror after I had been in New York several days. My skirts hung just as beautifully, my coat had as much style and my hats were just as swell as anything I saw in the metropolis, and my pretty waists and dinner dresses had an individuality about them that no New York modiste could have surpassed. So much for the style. Materials also were just as much in vogue as if I had bought them in New York. My Des Moines wardrobe was a success—even in our national center of fashion. I was well satisfied.

* * *

COME FROM PARIS.

Surely the great houses of Des Moines are doing all they can to please us. They hire constantly European buyers who search out for us the best there is to be had in foreign markets. And just now, their dress makers are coming home from Paris where they have been to look up styles for the coming season.

What house in New York or Chicago offers anything better than that? And are we not fortunate in having Paris brought to our doors in this way?

* * *

ADVANCE SHOWING.

The advance showing of goods on the counters of the dry goods houses in Des Moines is certainly magnificent. I saw a little bride of next month looking for material for a dinner gown the other day. Such a bewildering display quite disturbed her, and looking around at her mother she said, "How can I choose one out of so many beautiful things?" It was hard indeed. The blues and browns and grays and greens in soft, silky stuffs, with the most exquisite laces and velvets for trimmings surely present a variety from which it is hard to select the loveliest.

* * *

READY-MADE.

In the ready-made departments are shown the dearest things for those who can be fitted; the coats of all kinds are stunning; the dresses at prices that seem impossible; waists of all kinds for everybody, and such a display of petticoats as I never imagined in my life before. It doesn't pay to make your own petticoats, they are so beautiful and so cheap.

* * *

LINGERIE.

In the underwear departments, a most remarkable change has occurred in ten years. Any figure can now be fitted. Any purse can be suited from the woman who buys plain and untrimmed garments to her who has a fancy for hand-made and embroidered garments, and fluffy ruffles made of lace.

* * *

THE CLERKS.

I do think the Des Moines stores have the nicest clerks in the world. The best firms have clerks who have been with them for years and who know well how to please their customers. I never have met with the slightest discourtesy in Des Moines from a clerk in any department of the great stores. Not only that, but I have had many favors shown me.

The most fastidious woman cannot fail to find shopping in Des Moines to be a great pleasure, and a profit too.

* * *

MADE IN DES MOINES.

And then, outside of the dry goods stores, there are numberless places where all sorts of housekeeping articles

MILLINERY

Ready for Autumn Business—
We are showing an Exceptional Collection of Imported Styles, besides Exclusive Ones of Our Own.

SUSIE BRADLEY

705 Locust St.
Des Moines, Iowa

WILL T. MINGLE — ROY W. BROKAW

Sixth Avenue Dress Club

541 SIXTH AVE.

MUT. PHONE 7785 L — IOWA PHONE 3719

Des Moines Dress Club

719 Locust Street

Cleaning, Pressing and Dyeing

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Give us a trial — Mutual Phone 1019

Best Clothes For You

IF you want to look your best this fall and winter here's the place for the clothes. For the business man, for college and high school fellows, for the school boys, the styles, the qualities and the prices are right at this store.

The home of Yorkshire & Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes John B. Stetson hats, Manhattan shirts.

FRANKEL'S

THE GOOD CLOTHES STORE

are to be found. The Interurban shoppers can find anything they want or need in the down town shopping district. Already the new Des Moines spirit prompts the shopper to ask for articles "made in Des Moines." Cloth for tailored suits, hosiery, paper boxes, soap, flour, carriages, wagons, harness typewriters, and many other things—"made in Des Moines" and to be had at all places where such articles are kept.

* * *

In the millinery stores, just as lovely things can be found as in a New York shop, with prices not so great.

This applies to both East and West Des Moines. For this season the extreme styles of the early showing, will be modified later on, so that something becoming may be found for all. But the gorgeous flowers, the rich velvets and ribbons and the feathers and laces all go to make up a combination sufficiently beautiful to cause even the men to stop and stare in at the display window.

* * *

Des Moines is certainly fortunate in boot and shoe houses. The stunning things shown already should satisfy the most fastidious purchaser, even the brides of the season, that they can purchase their boots with tops to match costumes, right here in Des Moines. The shoe merchants all tell of a season of unprecedented success and the coming season opens with promise. Several of the department stores also carry a line of shoes.

A big part of the custom is interurban, as is quite natural. The country dwellers come to Des Moines and have a metropolitan market from which to choose.

* * *

And thus it happens that all things are working together to produce a Greater Des Moines. The splendid stores, the well equipped shops of all sorts, the modern method of conducting business, these attract not alone transient buyers but they have their part in making the city look good to the prospective dweller and every successful business enterprise aids in attracting other firms to our city as a good place for them, too. If the friends of THE MIDWESTERN are going to do their fall shopping soon, let them do it in Des Moines. They will meet with satisfaction here.

The best place in Des Moines to buy Men's Clothes is at

The Glasgow

E. F. BAILEY, Proprietor

319 Sixth Avenue

NO MORE $15 NO LESS

You do yourself an injustice if you buy elsewhere before seeing our

THOUSAND STYLES

Store-Office 314 W. Fifth Street

Factory Above 311 W Fifth Street

HERMANN KIRCH

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

DIAMONDS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

IOWA PHONE 1698 M

DES MOINES, IOWA

9-10-11 '07

DON'T ever let yourself look like that other woman did at the reception. *It's a Disgrace* when you can be made Beautiful and Clean by calling at

Anna Meyers' Hair Dressing Parlors

338-350 GOOD BLK. DES MOINES, IOWA

Younkers

A Magnificent Suit Display

WHEN a store maintains an immense New York buying organization; sends representatives annually to Europe to study fashions; and superintends the making of every garment it sells, it necessarily follows that such a store is the most likely to please you in the purchase of your fall suit, coat, skirt or waist. Such a store is Younkers, displaying now the most exclusive, most reliable and most consistently priced fall ready-to-wear apparel for fashionable women to be found anywhere in the middle west. Immediate selections greatly advantageous.

Suit Room Second Floor

Seventh and Walnut Des Moines

Suit Room Second Floor

Seventh and Walnut Des Moines

Millinery Salon Third Floor

Millinery Salon Third Floor

Exquisite French Millinery

Mme. Georgette of Paris, has long been recognized as the peer of millinery artists. Many of her most renowned models for fall are being shown now in the Millinery Salon, brought to Des Moines direct by our own buyer. And in addition magnificent creations are here from the hands of Mme. Virot, Marie Crozet, Esther Mayer, Camille Roger, Maison Lewis and other famous designers. In all, a display of millinery finery, so elegant in its appointment, and so extensive in its variety and style as to charm even the most fastidious taste.

Younkers

MRS. MAYBELLE WAGNER SHANK

Des Moines singer who goes abroad to study voice the coming year

Our New Lace Curtains, Silk Over Drapery, Cretons, Chintz and Cotton

Material for Windows,

also

Our Heavy Drapery Materials for Arches and Doors is now on Exhibition

CHASE & WEST 712 & 714 WALNUT ST.

Furnishers of Des Moines Most Beautiful Homes

Which does not necessarily mean expensive homes for its principally our ability to furnish homes according to the means of the individual but furnish it cozily, attractive and solidly that accounts for having furnished so many.

May we not look after the needs of your house this fall?

S. DAVIDSON & BROS.
PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE
412-414 WALNUT ST.
Iowa's Largest Furniture Store

WRIGHT
Men's Fixings

E. T. LEAVENWORTH, Mgr.
402 Walnut St.

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

Pure Food Department

The Wholesome Entire Wheat Flour

After a round up of preservatives and foods, toward which the finger of suspicion ofttimes points, it is a pleasure to revert to one product, and that a constituent of the "staff of life," to which no breath of suspicion has ever attached. Bread made from the entire wheat was the kind of bread eaten by the ancient Romans, Greeks, Gauls and Britains in their days of conquest, and the kind that the fighting Turks and Bulgarians use to-day. In this flour the gluten, which lies next the bran and contains the nitrogen that feeds muscular tissues and the mineral products that nourish and sustain the nervous system, is preserved. Wheat, more than any other article of food, furnishes all the elements, and in the right proportion, required to nourish the body. In bolting the flour to make fine white flour, four-fifths of the gluten, the most nutritious part of the grain, is lost. While large particles of bran, as in graham flour, are to be avoided by most people, finely ground bran yields its constituents most readily to the digestive apparatus of man.

The Entire Wheat Flour of the Falcon Flour Company fulfills all the conditions essential in presenting the ideal flour to the public. In the milling, the grain is denuded of the outside layer of silica by the attrition process, which softens the woody fiber of the outer bran, but does not affect the hard gluten coats. The grains are next dried, then pulverized into various grades by means of a compressed cold-air blast which dashes the grain into atoms, pulverizing them instead of sifting like other flours. In this way all the elements of the grain are preserved, answering fully the demands of perfect nutrition. The degree of pulverization makes the varieties of crushed wheat, coarse granulated and fine granulated wheat. Only the choicest grades of wheat are used in the preparation of this wholesome flour, and bread made from it is sweet and nutty to the taste, light and spongy in texture. Once accustomed to the whole or entire wheat bread, that made of white flour seems tasteless and insipid. Aside from bread, the entire wheat flour is preferable for pie-crust, plain cake and griddle cakes, toast, puddings and gems. This especially where there are growing children or anemic persons to be considered.

HEALTH-FOOD BREAD.

After breakfast, take a pint of thin oatmeal left from breakfast porridge, add to it one pint warm milk, two compressed yeast cakes, dissolved in some of the milk, two rounded teaspoonfuls sugar, six level teaspoonfuls shortening, and one rounded teaspoonful salt. Add entire wheat, stirring in with the back of a knife until you can stir no longer. Cover lightly and set to rise out of a draft. When twice its bulk, divide into loaves, put into greased pans and again set to rise. When light—and this will be before noon, if breakfast was reasonably early—bake in a steady, moderate oven.

Chemical Preservatives Harmful

Sebestion Mueller in "What to Eat"

As long as there was not sufficient evidence of the injuriousness of preservatives upon the human system, the manufacturer naturally concluded that he was perfectly justified in using them, but solely for the prevention of putrefaction or fermentation of an article of food which was sound and healthful at the time of its manufacture. The manufacturer was never justified in using a preservative for the purpose of enabling him to preserve partly spoiled vegetables or fruits, nor was he ever justified in using an artificial preservative for canned goods where sterilization was sufficient to preserve the contents of the package.

Good Things to Eat

Best Quality

Greatest Variety

Boston Market Co.

Both Phones

320 Sixth Avenue

Butter and Egg Market

We make a Specialty of

Fresh Eggs

Try our CLOVER DALE BUTTER
Country Butter Always Fresh

502 Sixth Ave. **Phone, Ia. 133 J. Mut. 1238**

SCHILLER KURTZ OPENS BAKERY

Former Des Moines Baker Opens in Avalon Building

Schiller Kurtz, the former Des Moines baker, and son of Peter Kurtz, the well known baker here for forty-five years, has returned from California and opened a bakery in the new Avalon building at 817 Locust St.

Mr. Kurtz has a clean, attractive, up-to-date establishment and gives personal attention to all baking. He is turning out new bread, known as buttermilk bread, which can be had, either at his bakery or at Chase Bros. grocery. Mr. Kurtz is carrying a full line of baked goods, and invites his old friends and patrons to call.

Lawrence Drug Co.

Expert Prescription Druggists and Chemists.
Prescriptions from out-of-town receive the same careful attention as city orders.

Sixth and Locust Sts.
Everything for the sick Des Moines, Ia.

Chas. Ebersole's Market
419 Sixth Ave.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Oysters, etc.

Mut. Phone 7966 L **Ia. Phone 3828**

When in Colfax stop at the

Centropolis Hotel

The Handy Place—where you get good Beds, Home Cooking and Reasonable Rates.

CENTROPOLIS HOTEL. Colfax, Iowa

Lozier's

Flowers

"Best That Grow"

318 Sixth Ave., and
408 East Sixth St.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Fresh Every Day

McArthur Drug Co.

Are now in their new home in the Fleming Building, first door east of their former location, Sixth and Walnut.

It is a most superior store both in Looks and Quality. A beautiful new fountain is at your service.

Careful Attention given to Prescriptions

We invite you to call and see how beautifully we are located.

McArthur Drug Co.

DUTY OF MANUFACTURERS.

I believe it was the duty of every manufacturer, just as soon as serious doubts were raised as to the harmfulness of artificial preservatives, to investigate this matter carefully and to discover if there was a way to get along without them. The manufacture of many articles of food, especially condiments, in the way in which they are prepared for the market at present, probably would never have been undertaken without the aid of these preservatives. Variety upon variety of new food articles were placed on the market long after doubt as to the wholesomeness of chemical preservatives was raised. I doubt if the average manufacturer seriously considered whether it was right or wrong to manufacture those new articles with artificial preservatives. In many cases large industries have been built up, the existence of which, their owners now declare, is threatened if the use of preservatives is prohibited. It is hard to believe sometimes that there are manufacturers who take such a narrow view of this important matter and expect that the law should, first of all, consider them and their existence, never realizing that the law was not made for the protection of the manufacturer, but for the protection of the consumer. The great majority of food consumers are not informed at all on the subject of preservatives. They cannot decide for themselves whether the small quantities which they may take daily, knowingly or unknowingly, in the foods they eat, are harmful or not. In many instances the consumer does not even know what an artificial preservative is.

THEY DIDN'T KNOW.

At a small gathering of ladies some time ago I asked the question if any of them knew what benzoate of soda was. Some of them replied that they thought it was some new soda used for cooking purposes; one or two said they thought it was something that was used in jellies, ketchups and other articles of food to prevent spoilage. They had read that on some of the labels. Others did not know anything about it. When I informed them what had been written and said by scientific men for and against artificial preservatives, there was not a single woman in the gathering who was willing to take the chances of using any food put up with them, and I believe that if every consumer of food products was squarely informed as to what has been said for and against preservatives, none of them would purchase any article of food which was artificially preserved. Even if there was only a doubt about the injuriousness of preservatives, I believe the consumer should have the benefit of that doubt, and that artificial preservatives should be eliminated without exception from all foods for human consumption.

Vegetable Gelatine

It will be good news to many housekeepers that the same sanitarium company have recently put upon the market a vegetable gelatine practically identical in physical properties with animal gelatine, but without its disagreeable possibilities. As it hardens more quickly than the ordinary gelatine it is specially convenient to have on hand in the summer for quickly made desserts.

Odorless and flavorless, it lends itself admirably to the composition of the various fruit jellies and ices, with the assurance that it is absolutely free from unwholesome and diseased properties.

Beef Trust's Poison Squad

This poison squad scheme, by the way, has stimulated the Beef Trust to take up food testing along similar lines. Declaring themelves not entirely satisfied with the fairness and impartiality of the Government's Bureau of Chemistry under the management of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley as chief chemist, the syndicate packers have provided the University of Illinois with an endowment of $250,000, with which food problems are to be studied, along the same lines as

MOUNTAIN VALLEY WATER

From Hot Springs, Arkansas

THERE are **Cheaper** waters than **Mountain Valley Water.** Not only cheaper in price **but Cheaper in Every Other Way.** If you have **Kidney or Bladder Trouble** don't let the price stand in the way of your health, for **Health** is **Priceless.** Let us impress you with **One Very Pertinent Fact,** the **Reputation** of Hot Springs, Arkansas, is not founded on newspaper advertisements, but on the **Efficacy of Its Waters.**

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those conducted by Dr. Wiley. In order to command the respect and confidence of the country, they have asked President E. J. James of the university, to organize a corps of scientists and a scheme of co-operation among those connected with a number of the greatest universities in the country, such as Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Michigan and Stanford. These men, the packers believe, will act entirely without prejudice so that the work may be relied upon as absolutely fair and scientific. It is also believed that at a big college like the University of Illinois there will be found plenty of students glad to volunteer their services in the interests of science. Free board for patriotic young men will doubtless attract many to the university who would feel that they could not otherwise enjoy the opportunities there afforded.

Now that the Hepburn bill has become a law and labels must tell the truth, an educated body of customers can drive the manufacturer of adulterated foods out of business. With labeled goods and intelligent consumers there should be no demand for dishonest foods.

Mention has been made in this department before of the purity of the Heinz Company products. This company is one of the few producers of condimental products which has consistently stood for strict purity from its very inception; long before the popular agitation for pure foods. While many of the pickling and preserving establishments claim that catsups and Chilis cannot be kept without the aid of artificial preservatives, the Heinz Company have lately submitted to the National Food Commission a full line of the fifty-seven varieties of foods put up by them, all entirely free from adulteration of any sort. The principal secret of the keeping qualities of their foods, according to the vice-president of the company, lies in the selection of the best raw materials, and the absolute cleanliness and sanitation of the plant in which they are packed.

The stand taken by this largest and best-known of the pickling and preserving concerns has encouraged the health officials to believe that the others will fall in line and voluntarily accept a ruling prohibiting the sale of catsup, etc., containing benzoate of soda after October 1st of this year, by which time the pack of the current year will begin to come on the market. Meanwhile canners or packers employing benzoate of soda or other chemicals in putting up their foods are required to use a "sticker" giving the character and quantity of the preservative used. These stickers calling attention to the use of "benzoate of soda," are usually placed as inconspicuously as possible, while the sticker "Guaranteed under pure food and drugs act of June 30, 1906," is in the boldest kind of type and prominently displayed.

Chafing Dish for Gas Stove

Breakfast dishes that may be easily prepared in a chafing dish have the call just now. Recipes for many such dishes are equally appropriate for the gas fires. Here are some good ones:

Scrambled Eggs with Tomato.—Five eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one-quarter cup of cream, cupful of tomatoes, salt and pepper. Into the food pan or blazer over boiling water put the butter; turn in the eggs, which have been beaten up with the cream; add a cupful of chopped tomatoes that have been drained. Serve directly from the pan into hot plates. Chopped ham or bacon in place of oysters or tomatoes make an appetizing dish.

Scrambled Eggs.—Five eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and white pepper. Beat the eggs in a bowl sufficiently to blend the whites and yolks. Melt the butter and turn in the eggs; stir until thick and smooth. Season with the salt and white pepper.

Brown Eggs.—Three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of sauce, one-half tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of stock or gravy, salt and pepper. Place the butter in the food pan over boiling water and stir in the stock or gravy, eggs, salt and pepper, Worcestershire or mushroom sauce; stir continually, and serve on strips of toast, spread with anchovy paste.

Cheese Omelet.—Make the same as plain omelet, and as soon as it begins to thicken sprinkle in three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.

Calves Liver and Bacon.—Bacon, liver, flour and pepper. The bacon and liver should be cut in thin slices. Put the bacon into the chafing dish. When the fat is cooked out, draw the bacon to one side. After rolling in flour and peppering, put in the liver and cook until brown and tender, turning often. Serve a slice of bacon with each piece of liver.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—One tablespoonful of butter, one onion chopped fine, twelve cold potatoes cut into dice; parsley, salt and pepper. To the butter and onions add the potatoes and stir quickly over the open flame for five minutes, taking care that they do not stick to the pan. Season with salt and pepper, add chopped parsley. Serve while hot.

THE TRYSTING PLACE

Photo by F. E. Foster

A RECEIPT FOR KISSES

Take a bit of dark piazza;
  Add some moonlight—not too much—
Press, in two strong hands a small one;
  Add of coy reserve a touch;
Sift in just a pinch of folly,
  Mixed with softly whispered sighs;
Of romance add two small tea cups,
  And the starlight of her eyes;
Then dissolve some pure emotion
  In a longing and a laugh;
Mix a grain of deep affection
  With a bit of merry chaff;
Add an ounce of mild resistance,
  Two of yielding,—then, in mute,
Inexpressible enjoyment,
  Serve in quantities to suit.

—Nixon Waterman.

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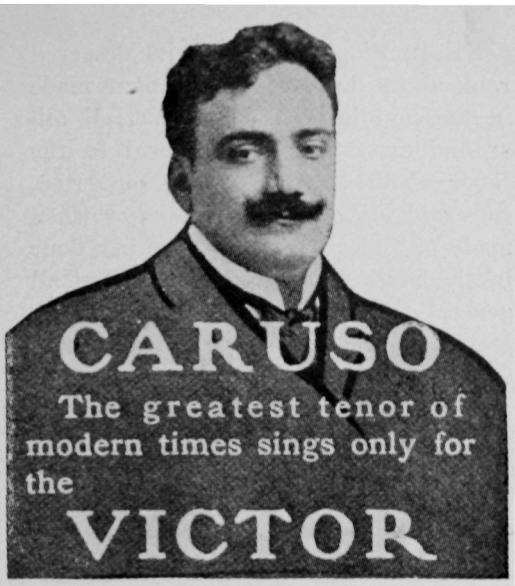

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Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa, opens its new school year with an increase of fifteen per cent over that of any previous year.

Students are in attendance from more than half of the states of the Union and from Canada, Germany and Mexico.

Highland Park College has grown to be one of the largest and most complete educational institutions in the West. It was established some seventeen years ago and no money has been spared in making it one of the leading institutions of learning in the country.

Besides containing the regular College Courses there are special departments for preparing teachers for the public schools, a large College of Pharmacy and one of the most completely equipped Engineering Schools in the country, including Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Steam, Gas and Telephone Engineering, and in addition to this there is a thorough Machinists' Course, where a young man may fit himself for the trade of a Machinist. Besides these special courses there is a thoroughly equipped Business College, a College of Shorthand and Typewriting, Special Penmanship, Telegraphy, and one of the largest and best Colleges of Music in the country.

The expenses have always been reasonable and the work in the school is of the highest grade. Every member of the faculty is a specialist in his department.

Students are admitted at Highland Park College any time they wish to enter. Special terms, however, open October 14th, November 26th, and January 6th. If any of the readers of this paper are interested in sending their children away to school this year it will be well for them to write President Longwell for catalogues giving full and complete information relative to the school. We can endorse this school as one of the leading institutions of the West.

Falcon Flour has taken its deserved rank at the head of all the flour made in the middle west. Its practical all-aroundness is its chief appeal to the favor of the public. Cake, pie crust, rolls and bread are very superior when made of Falcon Flour. No other flour in the market can approach it for all general uses. All the grocers in Des Moines handle it, and every loyal woman who has at heart the interest of Des Moines should give it a trial.

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LITERARY DIGEST

This Week at the News Stands

The Western Musical Herald

WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

THE Western Musical Herald is a monthly review of music in the West. It covers the musical news of the leading western cities and in addition, that of the smaller communities, colleges, conservatories, music clubs, etc. A file of the Western Musical Herald will be a musical history of the West. Subscription is $1.00 per year and every music teacher, musician and music student should be a subscriber. Send for sample copy.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL HERALD

220 K. P. BLOCK DES MOINES, IOWA

BARRACKS AT THE ARMY POST, FORT DES MOINES

Preventive of Tuberculosis

Since the finest experts in the country have agreed that the prevalence of both typhoid and tuberculosis in certain localities is largely due to impure milk supply, more attention than ever before is being paid to the quality of milk sold to consumers in cities and towns. Des Moines has had a goodly share of typhoid cases during the past season and there is no doubt that much of it is attributable to impure milk. Illness among babies is nearly always due to a lack of care in regard to milk, and when the milk supply is guaranteed pure, sickness and death among children, as well as tuberculosis and typhoid are almost unknown.

Des Moines is fortunate in having one source of milk supply that can be depended upon absolutely, THE IOWA DAIRY CO. They serve to patrons the pasteurized milk, becoming so famous and with the highest recommendations from chemical experts, as to its cleanliness and purity. The process of heating, filtering and instant cooling, kills all germs and cleanses all impurities. The only pasteurized milk in Des Moines is sold by THE IOWA DAIRY CO. Call them up by 'phone and order their wagon to leave you their pasteurized milk and cream.

A Volume of Poems

During the year we shall publish a series of poems by that talented young Iowan, Oney Fred Sweet. They are illustrated by pictures taken by the writer. At the close of the year, Mr. Sweet will gather these poems into a volume to be issued in 1908.

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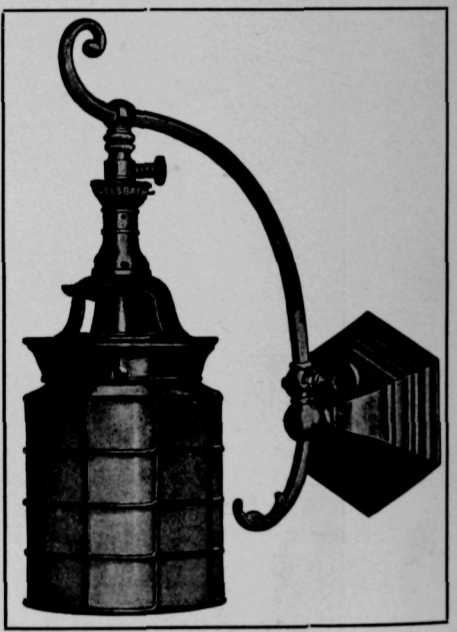


DES MOINES GAS COMPANY

MISS HARMIE PATTERSON

Graduate of 1907 from Stevan School in Chicago.

The Value of Adaptability

BY GEO. A. BOODY

In this special shopping number of THE MIDWESTERN it seems fitting that something should be said as to the adaptability of goods purchased. Everybody knows there is only one place to wear a bonnet made in the millinery store, if they have a place in the world, and that is on a woman's head. That is also true of a pair of shoes and wearing apparel of any kind. But one of the greatest values of economy to the prolonging of the life of a building, both interior and exterior is placing the right material in the right place. Here is where knowledge is not only power but of immeasurable value to the city at large and to the individual in particular. The difference between a city which does not make a favorable impression on the visitor and the one which does make a favorable impression is practically the difference between a shabby building and one that is well kept. We are visitors from abroad, we drive along the streets of Des Moines and see the exterior of a house that is shabbily painted; paint blistering and peeling, and we say Des Moines is a poor place to live in because the people have no pride.

How few people stop to realize that paint of its kind may be as pure as the drifted snow but it has not been used in the proper place. It has been the writer's experience in the business of decorating and preserving buildings in Des Moines for the last sixteen years to face an argument that is really humorous, that is, "I have used pure material in de orating and painting moy house." The speaker did not think for a minute that the adaptability of material is the "essential requisite" and not the purity. The Holland & New Co., who have built up the largest wall paper, decorating, paint and glass business west of Chicago on pure merit of workmanship and quality of goods with the key note of adaptability for the different materials are making a strong winning on what is known in the city as "Boody's Merit Labor System." Through a peculiar system of merit marking, each workman in the employ of the Holland & New Co. is held to absolute accountability as to his interest in each job and to the general satisfaction given the customer. This has been the secret of the growing business of the Holland & New Co. Then as a special inducement to their men during the dull season, such as the present time, they do jobs at ar absolute loss at times in order to keep every man going every day in the year. The shoppers of Des Moines and the ladies of the different organizations in the city should make a special point to visit the Holland & New Co.'s store at 608-10 Locust St., which is, as they justly claim the largest store of its kind west of Chicago anywhere.

When Success Spells Failure

Business success for the woman does not mean domestic or individual happiness, and, on the whole, business life makes for restlessness, selfishness and discontent. You can not measure the influence of business on the woman by figures or statistics. You can not count wrecked lives among women wage earners as you can tally off divorce cases on court calendars, and trace them to certain causes, such as incompatability, desertion, cruelty, etc. You can not say that a woman in business is a failure or success according to the salary she draws. You can not expect the trim, self-contained girl at your elbow to admit that her perfectly appointed little apartment, her perfectly trained maid, her perfectly ordered life of dinners, clubs, theatres and opera parties spells failure. She says she is a success. In her heart she knows that when the last guest has gone, and the trim little maid has been dismissed, the exquisitely appointed little apartment becomes a whited sepulcher in which the starved soul of the woman sits alone weeping.—Anna Steese Richardson in the September Woman's Home Companion.

SIDNEY J. SILBER

Director Piano Department Des Moines Musical College.

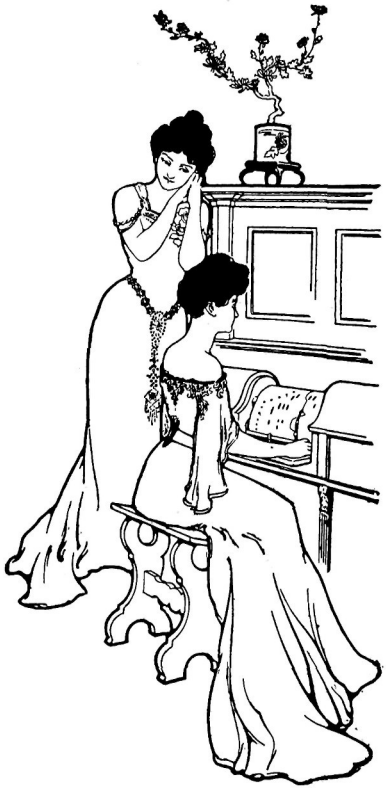
How Leschetizky Teaches

BY SIDNEY J. SILBER

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Silber returned to the United States three years ago, after having spent four years abroad with a number of European celebrities. He devoted three years to pianoforte study in Vienna under Professor Theodore Leschetizky and was recently engaged to fill the Directorship of the Piano Department of The Des Moines Musical College. Mr. Silber will contribute a series of articles for THE MIDWESTERN, on musical study abroad.

How does Leschetizky teach? In truth, a very broad question, whose adequate answer might fill volumes with intensely interesting matter, an article, limited as this, in point of space, can at best, lay claim to setting forth only vital features of the great master's "modus operandi."

Psychological suggestion may be said to be the keynote of Leschetizky's teach-



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ings. Unlike the majority of pianoforte pedagogues, he does not follow one cast-iron "method." He is aware of the fact that pupils have various requirements, various faults and deficiencies and therefore require different treatment. Leschetizky is a born psychologist and it is attributable to this gift mainly that he has so successfully developed the talents of so many excellent pianists.

As to the "Leschetizky Method" which has been so widely discussed and has given rise to numerous erroneous impressions. Leschetizky himself most energetically resents having a "method" in the sense of applying one cast iron system of training to all pupils. Whatever he has resembling a "method" may be called a sane and logically classified system of applied piano technique. He is the only living pianist who has lived to witness the evolution of public piano playing from its very inception to its present status. He has thus been able to arrange the various steps with which to attain technical proficiency as he has incorporated in this system the best that the greatest pianists have attained.

I believe that the secret of Leschetizky's success lies in his ability to make his pupils intimately acquainted with all the dynamic resources of the piano. In this respect he is diametrically opposed to the methods pursued by most German instructors who believe that to become a piano virtuoso, one must first become an all round musician. Although he concedes the superiority of the Germans as composers, he does not think very highly of their pianoforte virtuosi. As a matter of history, the Slavs and Jews have brought forth the greatest pianists, thus far.

Leschetizky's "forte" lies undoubtedly in his interpretation of Schumann's and Chopin's works, although he is perfectly at home with the Classicists and modern works. He interprets Chopin's music far better than any other living pianist, and in his day was one of the first artists to introduce Chopin's works to the public at-large. His playing today reveals remarkable poesy fantasy and an almost youthful verve.

Leschetizky gives but three or four lessons daily, covering the afternoon hours and he reserves the right to lengthen or shorten these "hours" (Stunden), not by the clock, but commensurate with the pupil's talent and receptivesness and his interest in the pupil and the work in hand. Pupils are rarely accepted for lessons given at regular intervals, all lessons being had by appointment. When I studied in Vienna, there were about 125 students who called themselves "pupils of Leschetizky." As a matter of fact, there were about 25 of these who actually had instructions from the master himself and they only received their lessons at irregular intervals, dependent upon their readiness to play new compositions at each hearing and the master's willingness to listen to them. The rest of the self-styled "Leschetizkyites" were in the care of about six assistants, known as "Vorbe reiterinnen" who take all pupils through a technical course based upon the master's ideas.

Mme. Malwina Bree has been Leschetizky's first assistant for the past twenty-five years and has prepared a number of pianists who have achieved fame—among others, Mark Hambourg, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Artur Schnabel, and Paula Szalit. She is also the authoress of "The Groundwork of the Leschetizky Method"—the only authentic work setting forth Leschetizky's method of developing technique. Other assistants of merit are Fraulein Wally Hansen and Fraulein Prentner.

After the pupil has been taken through the "groundwork" he is considered ready for a hearing with the master and is expected to play a number of exercises and pieces which have been prepared under the supervision of some assistant. Sometimes the pupil is deemed far enough advanced to receive lessons exclusively from the master. In other instances he is again sent back to take further instruction from the assistant, while a third class continues with both the assistant and the master.

Leschetizky busies himself with interpretation and conception exclusively. He is too old to devote more than a few hours daily to instructing and he has not the patience to teach technique.

His memory is most marvelous and he is able to play the entire pianoforte literature without the use of a single note. Seated at his favorite Bechstein, which is placed alongside of another concert grand Boesendorfer, he watches every movement and expression of his pupil. Rarely, if ever, is an entire composition played from beginning to end. Leschetizky devotes his main energies to demon-

strating the vital features and proper upbuilding of climaxes, etc., etc.

Every two weeks all of his pupils including those taking the preliminary technical course with assistants assemble in his spacious Villa and a number of his best pupils are called upon to play to their colleagues. These "classes" are indeed very instructive and inspiring, pupils hearing the most important pianoforte works performed in exemplary manner.

Leschetizky has three qualities which are rarely combined in any other instructor. First of all, he has the ability to discover the exact reason for any deficiency, secondly, he has the ability to demonstrate all faults and mannerisms, and lastly, he has the ability to suggest the proper remedies. And all this is effected in a manner that is as unique as it isfascinating—not with the dry pedagogic tone of an academician, but by investing all his remarks with a spontaneity and vitality that have long been the wonder of his colleagues. His stock of similes is well-nigh inexhaustible, his powers of imitation, marvelous, and his sympathy with and knowledge of all subjects of universal interest, stupendous. In short, Leschetizky is what the Germans call "eine Erscheinung"—an epoch-making genius. He is the legitimate successor of Liszt in the matter of having brought forth so many fine pianists, although his methods of teaching are entirely different. Who will succeed "the grand old man of the piano?" That is a question whose answer lies as yet with the Fates!

The long expected event of the fall season is to occur this month—the opening of the new Des Moines Department Store, at the corner of Eighth and Walnut. The whole state of Iowa will be interested in this announcement, and Des Moines will have another great attraction added to the business life of the city. Well managed and splendidly financed, the new establishment opens up with every chance for great success in its favor. The stock of goods will be the finest and most complete ever shown in Iowa.

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Splendid Display of
Perfectly New Goods

Every Department Complete and Up-to-date

Corner Eighth and Walnut

Makers of White Ribbon Shoes

The Green-Wheeler Shoe Co. of Fort Dodge are manufacturers and patentees of a shoe which is making many friends among those who appreciate a good shoe. This is the "White Ribbon" shoe for women. No. 54 is especially attractive, of fine soft kid, medium tip, low military heel, welt sole, pure oak belting sole, very flexible, stitched belting top piece on heel, antiseptic covered soft cushion innersole, White Ribbon process. Made over last with medium toe, especially designed and ground for the White Ribbon line.

Mr. R. O. Green, secretary of the company, with Mrs. Green, are well-known in Des Moines, one time residents of this city, where Mr. Green was in the banking business.

Mrs. Green was prominent in social and club circles and both she and her husband have a host of friends in Des Moines.

The Green-Wheeler company in Fort Dodge have been immensely successful. Their White Ribbon shoe is handled in Des Moines by the Carl Kahler Shoe Co.

An Invitation to Shoppers

The women of Des Moines and of the Interurban towns are busy doing the fall shopping, preliminary to the winter season. The store windows being brilliant with their display of fall goods find in their admirers not women alone, but men as well, for the windows show as many tempting things for them as for their wives and sweethearts.

A day of downtown shopping is tiresome and perhaps at no time does a luncheon taste so good as on a shopping day.

A cup of hot coffee, a roll, a piece of pumpkin pie, or a sandwich and a glass of milk, and a dish of baked beans, or any other combination to suit one's taste—appetizing and delicious, this is offered to the tired shopper at the Boston Lunch, right in the shopping district of both East and West Des Moines. No long waits, no dirty tables after others have eaten, but a ready luncheon, in a cool, clean room, the best coffee in town, and bread and pastry made of pure food materials, as good as you get at home. The Boston Lunch is noted for its splendid service and for the unapproachable character of the eatables offered. Everything of the best, well cooked and seasoned deliciously. Down town business men have found it to be the best place in town for them. Visitors to the city all know the Boston Lunch. Travelers waiting for a train all go there. The fall shopper will make it a rendezvous and be grateful that Des Moines affords a place for luncheon, day and night and all hours, which cannot be surpassed in excellence anywhere in the world.

IN GREENWOOD PARK, DES MOINES

This charming little Turn-out will call for your garments and convey them to the Best Place in the city to be

Cleaned and Pressed

The New Wardrobe

814 Locust St.

Send us your Furs to be cleaned. You will be happily surprised to see your garments after we get through with them

ALL IN ALL

BEN. HAWORTH-BOOTH

If God is Life, and there is none but He
In the full-orbed temple of the skies,
Then what is death? A fear, a phantasy
Of cold white fingers and of glassy eyes;
A dream within the dream of mortal strife;
He dies who knows not God, for God is Life.

If God is Truth, and true is all that is
In God's domain, true things are all from God—
His light or His reflection. All are His
In earth, and all within the paths untrod
Of boundless heaven; and our eternal youth
Draws its true life from God, for God is Truth.

If God is Love, and God is All in all,
Then all is Love, and all beside is naught.
Blind mortals, gaze around! Your footsteps fall
On flowers beautiful as angel's thought;
And each reflects its beauty from above,
Where all is Love's and God's, for God.

Breathe but in accent ever soft and low
His name of Love, and humbly bend the head.
This side the veil mortals may dimly know
The Love that saves the sick, the sad, the dead,—
White-winged and holy, like the paschal dove;
But man with Love is one, and God is Love.

Thus in this Life we live, and in this Truth
Is all we have and all we truly hold.
In His all-wisdom we are wise forsooth:
Wisdom and Love are one; the cord three-fold.
Life, Truth, and Love contains the whole complete;
Then hush, my heart, and fall before His feet!

Des Moines Fourth Annual

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School of Domestic Science

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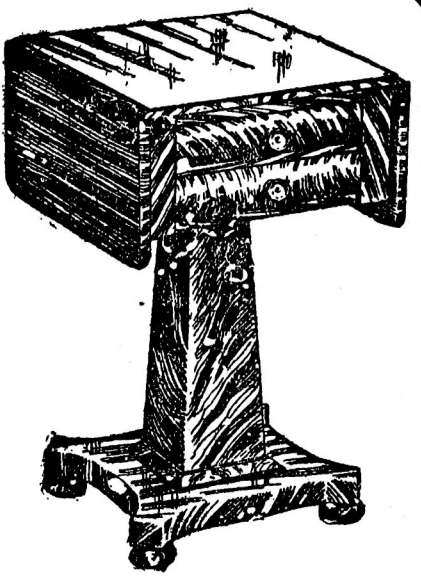

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DES MOINES, IOWA

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Our Motto for November: "Only the good in our own hearts can advise us of the goodness that hides by our side."

THE MIDWESTERN

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You do Yourself An Injustice if you Buy Clothes Before Seeing Our Line.

1000 STYLES A SINLGE PRICE.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

of the

People's Savings Bank

at the close of business August 22d, 1907—
Auditor's Call

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	$1,389,567.69	Capital	$ 100,000.00
Real Estate	3,075.00	Surplus	50,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	4,210.00	Other Profits	43,050.22
Overdrafts	10,733.97	Dividends Unpaid	9 00
Cash and Exchange	311,625.86	Deposits	1,526,153 30
	$1,719,212.52		$1,719,212.52

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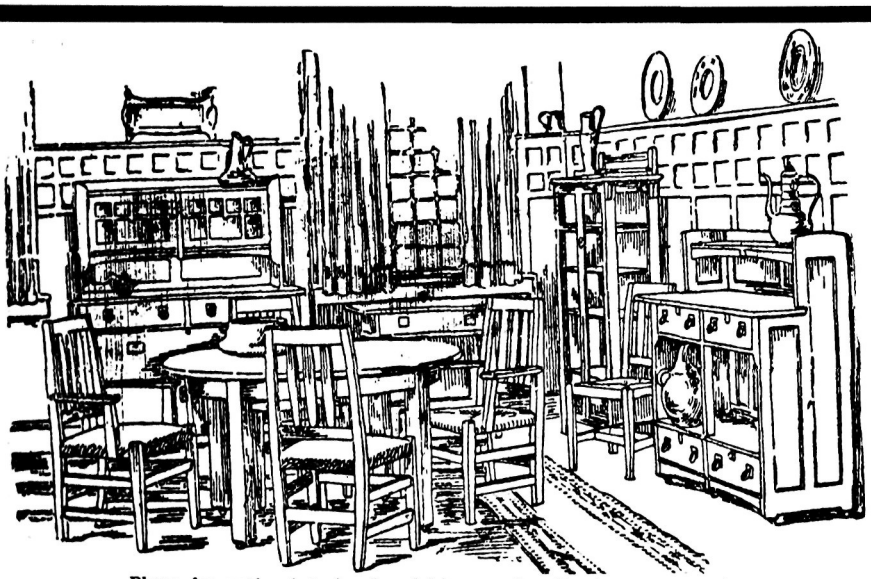

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Do you know that there is a larger percentage of the population in Des Moines who own their own homes than in any other city in this country? Do you know why? Because it is so attractive. It has more advantages; it is a cleaner city morally. It is a great educational center. It has a fine system of parks. It has never had a "boom." It is becoming a great manufacturing center.

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We can quote prices at present as low or lower than is asked for common lots 50 by 132 feet in size, in other parts of the city. Our building restrictions are not harsh, but sufficient to insure the right kind of improvement.

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	$1,086,289.12

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock, - - -	$50,000.00
Surplus, - - - - -	20,000.00
Reserve for Interest Accrued, -	25,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net, - -	13,769.82
Reserve for Taxes, - - -	2,000.00
Time Deposits, - - -	975,519.30
	$1,086,289.12

Combined	
Resources, - - -	$3,364,722.77
Deposits, - - -	2,628,958.55
Investments, - - -	2,762,587.40
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Capital and Surplus, -	438,964.19

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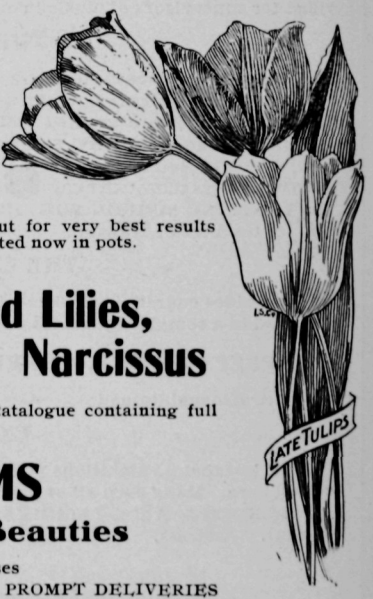

The most beautiful and satisfying and the most easily grown of all our flowers, are those raised in the house and garden during the winter and spring months from "Dutch Bulbs," at a time when their beauty can be best appreciated because of the absence of other flowers.

Bulbs may be planted out of doors until December 1st, but for very best results should be set out **At Once**, and for house culture should be started now in pots.

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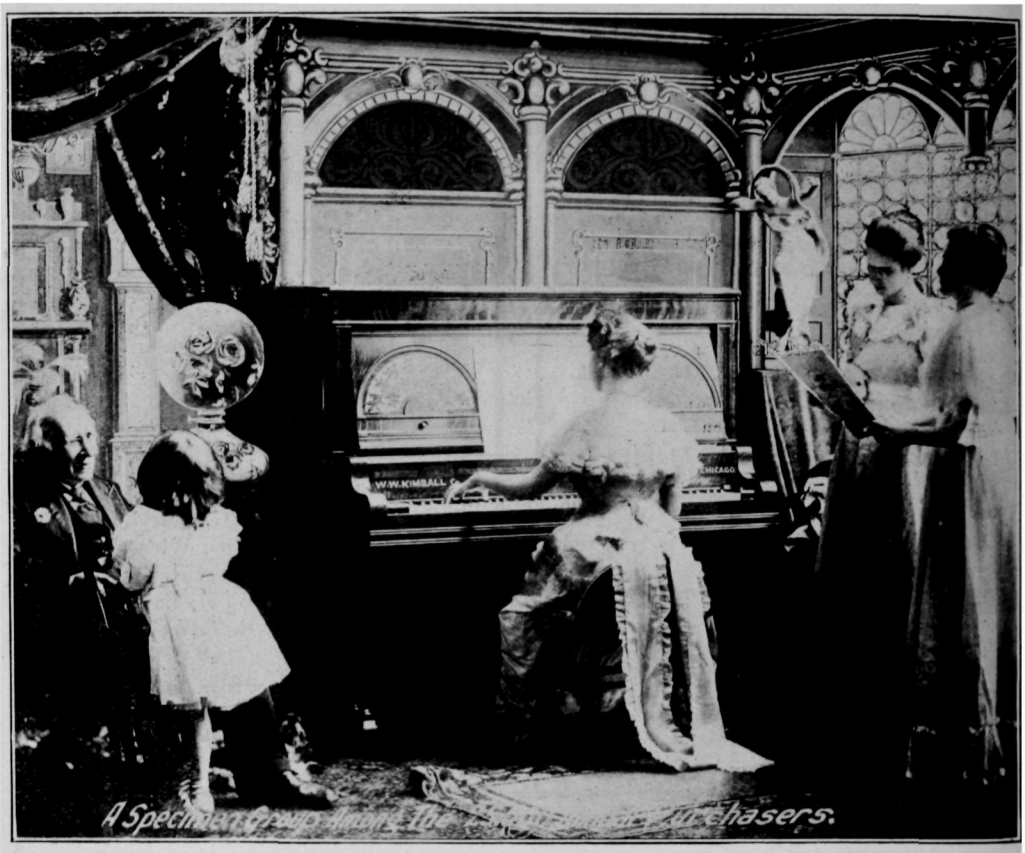

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Eighth and Walnut Streets **DES MOINES, IOWA**

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

THE MIDWESTERN was started with the idea of being a booster for Des Moines. We have made a specialty in each number thus far of sending forth the actual facts of our prosperity, our worth as a city, our claims to being a good place for good people to dwell and conduct their business and bring up their children in. We know our friends in Des Moines appreciate what we have done and are doing for the city. We are carrying the news of Des Moines all over America. This number, showing Des Moines as a home and educational center will go into every state in the union and into Mexico and Canada.

* * * * *

We have encountered difficulties in getting out this number, which were beyond our control, and hope the beauty of the book will compensate for the delay. The next number will be our Christmas and Art number, and will be issued about ten days before Christmas.

* * * * *

Our regular departments were necessarily set aside in this issue, to make room for the illustrations. Many pictures we had in view were impossible to get in time. We can give, of course, only a very few of the lovely homes in the city, just enough to give an idea to the general reader of how we look and live in Des Moines. The schools make a fine showing, and together with the splendid article of Howard Whitney, secretary of the school board, cause us to point with pride to our public schools, with their superior management. The colleges and music schools, added to the public schools, give assurance to the prospective dweller that his children can get a fine education in any line right here in Des Moines.

* * * * *

We much regret to leave out the churches, as our pictures, many of them, are ready. But we deemed it best to use the church pictures next month, as the church belongs especially to Christmas. Our readers will have a good opportunity in the next issue to see what Des Moines is as a church center.

* * * * *

The beautiful home life of Governor and Mrs. Cummins is well known to all Iowa people. It is therefore with especial pleasure that we present the handsome picture of Mrs. Cummins on the cover page, taken by Webster especially for us, as the first home-maker and home-keeper in the state. As the good man, home-lover and guardian is just as essential as the good woman, we take especial pleasure also in presenting a fine portrait of Governor Cummins on page 16. He is just that sort of a man. Iowa looks with pride upon Governor and Mrs. Cummins in their official positions. We look with more pride upon them as representatives of the highest type of home-keepers and home-makers.

* * * * *

The series of letters about, "Why I Like to Live in Des Moines," will be continued in several issues of the magaziue. Short dissertations on this topic will be welcomed from any of our readers.

* * * * *

Our modesty forbids the publication of the beautiful letters we constantly receive from our friends about the THE MIDWESTERN. Really our friends are too kind. We fall very far short of realizing our ideal. We do not think of competing with the eastern journals. We do not attempt to make a general magazine. We only try to show to the world in a beautiful way, something of the attractiveness of our city of Des Moines. We are very grateful for the kind appreciation of our efforts by our many friends here and elsewhere.

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& ENGRAVING
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IOWA 106
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Five Hundred Dollars Free to Hurlbut Customers

On the first day of January we will give to you who trade at this store between today and that date, five hundred dollars absolutely free.

Buy your drugs, medicines, toilet preparations, drug sundries, cigars and soda water here. Our stocks are the largest and freshest in Iowa. Our prices are the lowest, too. Now, on top of that you may win one or more of the prizes given January 1st. You'll get a numbered ticket with every 25c you spend here. Save these tickets. Get all of them you can.

There Will Be Thirty-Seven Prizes

The Grand prize will be	$100.00	There'll be 10 prizes of, each	$10.00
There'll be 2 prizes of, each	50.00	There'll be 20 prizes of, each	5.00
There'll be 4 prizes of, each	25.00		

The "Progressive Euchre" Feature

Customers who failed to draw prizes in the contest just recently closed may exchange each old ticket held by them for two tickets in the new $500.00 contest, with each 25c purchase. That is, if you failed to draw a prize in the contest recently closed, bring in your tickets every time you make a purchase hereafter and we will give you two chances in the January 1st contest for one of your chances in the last, with each 25c purchase you may make here.

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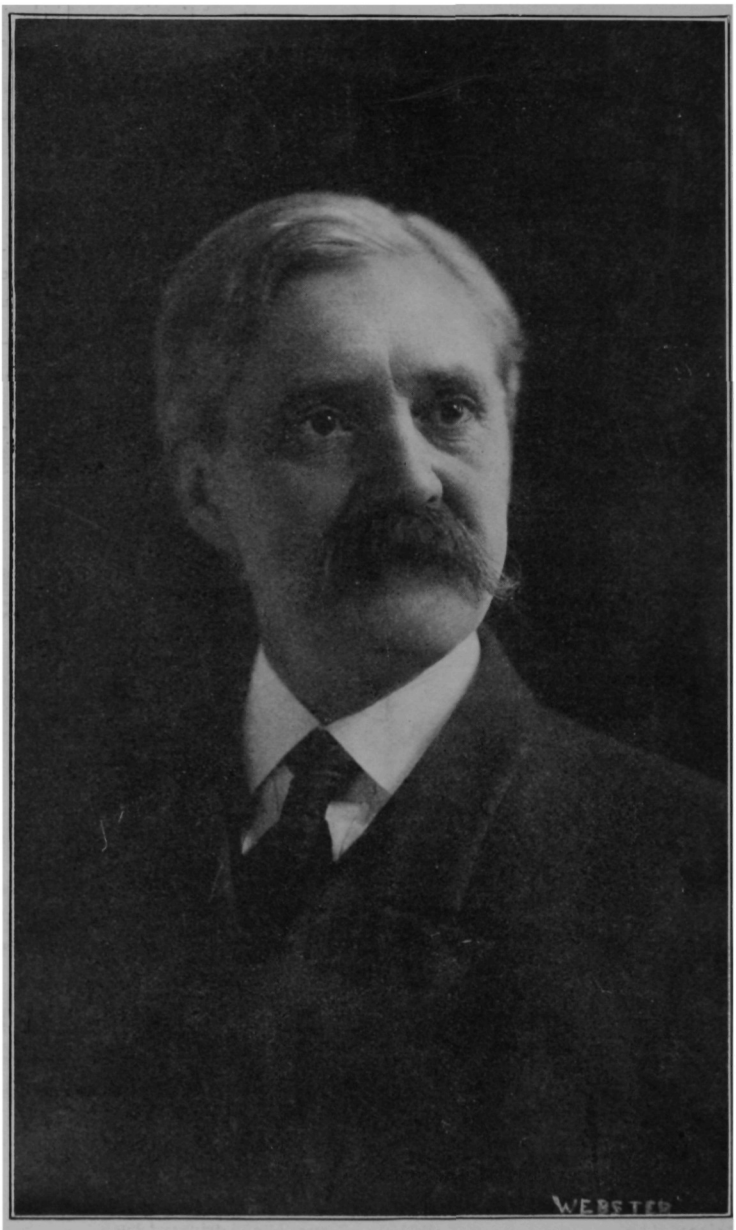
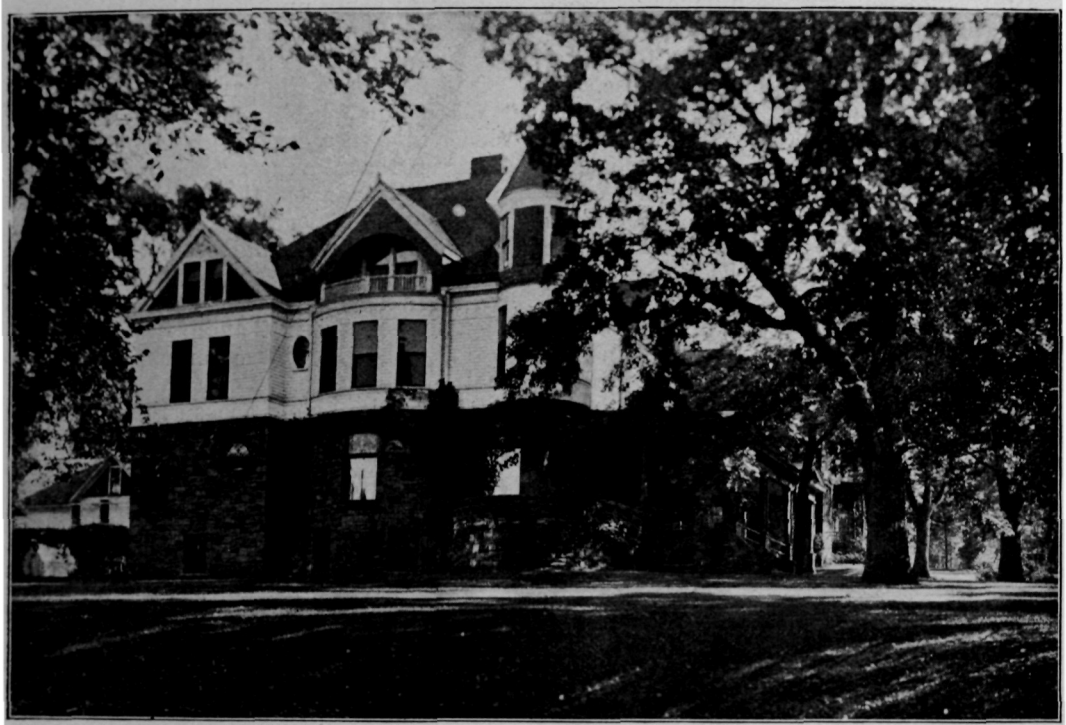
Store Never Closes, Day or Night.



GOVERNOR A. B. CUMMINS

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II NOVEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 3



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR A. B. CUMMINS

A Peep Into the Private Libraries of Des Moines

Sitting in the September twilight indulging in a reflective and speculative mood, my mind reverted to an account of the custom of the ancient Egyptians in naming their libraries after divinities. Would that I might summon a winged Mercury to my aid, thought I, for even then a closer acquaintance with the book lovers of Des Moines was my contemplated task.

Turning suddenly to avoid a streak of sunlight that lingered as if regretful to depart, there rose before my vision the semblance of a sprite, neither fairy-like nor angelic, yet almost too dainty in appearance to claim relationship with mortal kin. To my amazement the "wee wootsie" seemed to have read or interpreted my desires, for in language plainly audible the information came to me that this was "Booksie," a child of literary cult, able and willing to enlist in my service.

The pact between "Booksie" and myself involved a close confidence in each other, and likewise a delicate regard for the rights of others. We were to link our interests in pursuit of things pertaining to the private libraries of the city and to enter upon a rambling tour of inspection with faithful promise to compare results.

Somewhat curious as to the probable outcome of this weird partnership, which "Booksie" insisted could only be shared amid the evening shadows, and with a mental reservation that whatever of interest ensued therefrom should be placed at the disposal of Midwestern readers, I ventured into the field of inquiry. The gleanings from these incursions, and sentiments quoted upon themes incident

thereto are submitted without further comment than my grateful acknowledgment to "Booksie."

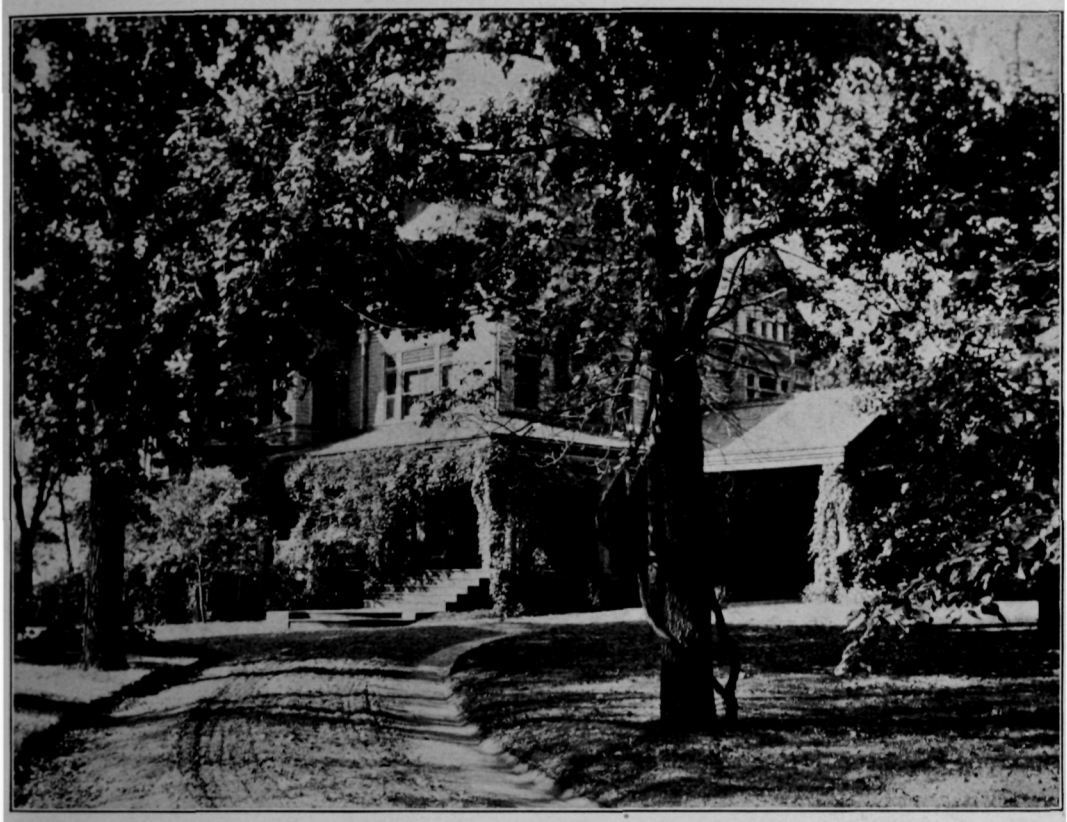
Books are one of the blessings of the present age, but the taste for books has gradually become general only within the last four hundred years. In the thirteenth century the number of books in the world was small, and through early ages books indicated love for ornament more than actual literary use. In the fifteenth century there was a notable increase, and about 1665 Pepys wished that his name should go down to posterity as a man fond of books. A high authority of our own age, Ralph Waldo Emerson, declared that in the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight.

From national and public libraries the taste for personal ownership began and people in general value their own collection of books to the extent of their interest in them, rather than in following the American habit of putting a dollar mark on everything. Henry Ward Beecher gave this estimate upon home libraries: "A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to pay for them."

Emerson gave the paradoxical advice, "When a new book comes out—read an old one." In a certain sense it is true, however, that "every new book is an experiment made on the human understanding." A good rule for the building of a library would be, nothing but books of permanent value to the owner should be bought. Ephemeral fiction, like the newspaper that dies the day it is born, has no place on the library shelf.

The mania for old books as exponents of former times and a trial mark for the progress made in the "Art Preservative" is commendable, providing it does not become too expensive a luxury. Eugene Field, who had a leaning in this

VIEW OF GOVERNOR CUMMINS LIBRARY.



J. S. POLK'S RESIDENCE

direction, portrays the perils of the situation in "The Bibliomaniac's Prayer,"

"Keep me, I pray, in wisdom's way,
My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetite and hint
Of Satan's fascinating art,
Of first editions and of prints.
If kept within temptation's way
Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold and keep,
Whereon, when other men shall look
They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copperplates abounds
Large paper, clean, and fair to see,
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes."

A book-stall, or second-hand store is, according to Mr. Fike, an indication that a city has attained importance in size. The frequenters of a book-stall become familiar personages to the dealer, and Des Moines has a few who are regular visitors and often rival bidders. One of this number is known to his associates as "The Count." The Fike bookstore has on an average 7,000 volumes in stock and carries on a system of exchange after the fashion of a circulating library. Travelers who have looked in at book-stalls in various countries aver that after a short experience their search for antiques was abandoned on account of disgust awakened over the mercenary spirit of dealers.

Old books, cherished as priceless treasures because they are family relics have their own "excuse for being." And in this catalogue the family Bible stands pre-eminent. Ancient histories and theological works come second and poetry third. Next to these would rank books pertaining to one's profession, as in the case of W. E. Anderson, dramatic critic, who is the proud possessor of The Drama of all Countries and all Times, 22 volumes, edited by Alfred Bates, and published for the Burton Society of Boston. His other library riches are six volumes of Pliny the Elder, published in 1791, and a series of Philosophical Lectures, delivered before the Edinburgh University. Of modern plays he has a complete line. The old romantic school furnishes him with congenial reading, as also the realistic with Tol-

GOVERNOR CUMMINS' LIBRARY

stoi as leader. In poetry he prefers Chaucer among the old bards and Kipling of present day poets. But, most of all this critic and connoisseur delights to recognize genius and merit displayed by minor and obscure writers, instead of following after praise-fed authors who have been advertised into fame.

A bookish atmosphere pervades the Atkins-Weaver home, not in the sense of heavy learning, but in the real companionship of books. Over the fire-place is a carved motto: "Old wood to burn, old books to read," while the entrance to the library alcove bears this inscription from Shakespeare: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book." A family keepsake is a diary begun in 1818, chiefly weather chronicles, yet betraying even in these entries the cheerful disposition of the writer. A Primer Picture Gallery, published in Charlestown in 1813, gives the homes of the Presidents, natural Bridge in Virginia, King's Chapel, Westminster Abbey and other places of world interest with instructive reading underneath. The Caskets, or the Palace and the Church is a pleasing allegory, conveying a lesson on Sabbath observance, being the dream of a boy, recalled on Sabbath morning. The Tatler, 1711, and a small book called The Beauties of Sterne, are valued remind-

ers of "Ye Olden Time." The array of books—here, there, everywhere—shows a decided preference for history, biography, art and good fiction. Scott and Dickens are prime favorites, while Mr. Weaver is known to be partial to Shakespeare and Kipling, and the owner of author's copies of Cable's works. The children's library—separate and distinct, as it should be—has the Seton-Thompson series, Louisa Alcott's works and other wellknown juveniles, besides that really fine volume, The Century Bible for Children, illustrated with copies from old masters.

An ideal library, showing broad learning and high culture on the part of its owner, is that of Mrs. L. F. Andrews. Histories, Cyclopedias, Biographies, Travels, the world's best literature in poetry and prose, are here found in English editions. In French the list is choice and lengthy. About 1,500 volumes in all, including elegant art folios. In a case by itself is a $300 Warner's library, and there are several editions of Shakespeare, one Cassell's edition by Chas. and Mary Cowden Clark. From a fac-simile edition of Shakespeare first edition, published in London, 1623, facing the title-page containing a portrait of Shakespeare, this verse is quoted:

To the Reader.

"This Figure, that thou seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O,could he but haue drawn his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then Surpasse
All that was euer writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke,
Not on his Picture, but his Book."

Mrs. Andrews eschews all but the best fiction, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is her favorite poet.

The Ankeny family library, in the keeping of Mrs. Florence Russell, affords a few interesting titles: Biblia, Das Ulte Testament, 1765; The Sermons of Isaac Barrow, *out of print*; Works of Flavius Josephus, 1828-1835, also the whole genuine and complete works of Flavius Josephus translated from the Greek language, 1765. Of early American books there are: The Pittsburg Town and County Magazine Almanac for Rogues and Honest Folks, 1816-1820; Murray's Grammar, 1803; American Housewife of Cookery and the whole Art of Carving, 16 engravings, 1846.

Mrs. A. C. Baker dotes on dainty volumes in elegant bindings, and has se-

LIBRARY IN THE J. S. POLK RESIDENCE

L. F. ANDREWS' LIBRARY

lections from Ruskin, Arnold, Sheridan, Curtis in handsome form; also The Golden Year by Riley, printed on hand-made paper, bound in crushed levant, hand-tooled, a present from John Graubau of Roycroft fame. From the same donor there is The Shrine of Death and the Shrine of Love, by Lady Dilke, printed at the Cornhill press, limited. This copy numbered 272. Aside from works of reference the library of 1,500 volumes is classic literature, Emerson and Browning favorites for home reading.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baily have a large general historical and scientific library and all the standard reference books. Several editions of Shakespeare, sets of Scott, Byron and others of the lyric romantic school proclaim the taste for poetry. A quaint and rare historical book is The Records of a Journey from Prince of Wales Fort on Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean, undertaken by order of the Hudson Bay Company for the discovery of copper mines in the Northwest passage, in the years 1769-72, by Samuel Hearne, maps and illustrations, Dublin, 1796. In early American publications there are A General History, Concord, N. H., 1828; Wonders of Nature and Providence, Albany, 1825.

One of the finest equipped homes in reading material in the city is that of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Berryhill. Here books are prized for their contents, and the cyclopedias and other reference books are followed by handsome sets of the world's best writers, history, biography, poetry and fiction.

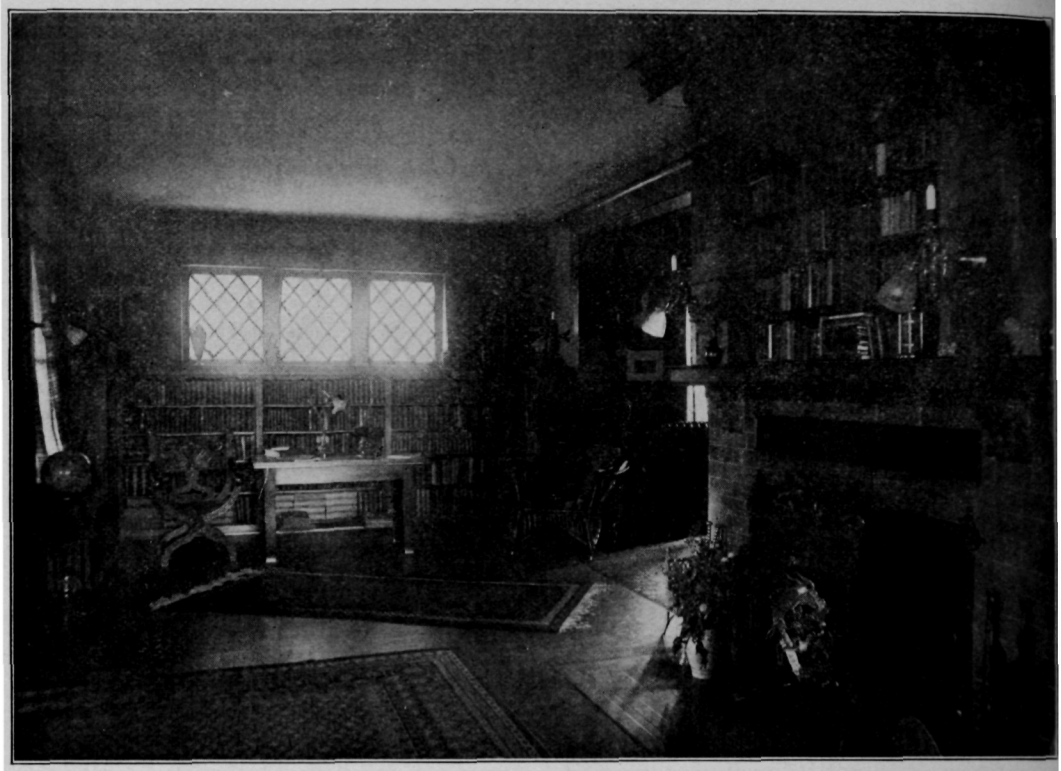
For reliable local history one turns to the library of Hon. Isaac Brandt—supplemented often by his personal reminiscences. A rare scrap-book contains all the Polk county electoral tickets from 1858-1907. Here, too, is a complete record of conventions held by the Republican party from 1856-1907, both state and national, fifty-six in all, in several of which Mr. Brandt was a delegate. Much valuable state history is found in a book published in Davenport in 1860. Another line that has been carefully followed is the preservation of the city directories of Des Moines, 1866-1907. The annals of John Brown, in Iowa, Kansas and through his eventful career, together with correspondence with his children are other unique possessions. This local historian is likewise an au-

thority on the date of blooming of fruit trees, his collected data runs from 1849-1858, since which time he has himself recorded a "Blooming Sunday." For a literary foundation he refers to his home training, where the Bible was in constant daily use, and this family relic, published in Germantown, Pa., 1774, is now his property. In reading he prefers history, biography and travels, and he has wandered with Cook and all later voyagers. With his great fondness for nature it is easy to understand his preference for Burns in poetry.

Mr. Amos Brandt has a volume containing 150 sermons by the Reverend and Learned Ralph Erkskine, Glasgow, 1778; and The Ruin and Recovery of Man, by Alexander Proudfit, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Salem, N. J., 1812. As pleasant reminders and souvenirs of his sojourn in the Philippines he has histories of voyages, in Spanish, 1778, 1783, presented by a Presidente. From a priest he received a bound volume of illustrated publications, in Spanish, that correspond to Harper's Weekly, date 1873.

Those who have access to large public libraries are not always enthusiastic over a private accumulation of books. State Librarian Johnson Brigham estimates that wealth lies not in the number of volumes, but in the ownership of rare editions, and in choice selections. Unlike the Bibliotaphe, who buries his books by keeping them under lock and key framing them in glass cases, he wants his books on open shelves with not even a silken curtain to interfere with easy access to them. His books are his close friends and their pages are frequently filled with marginal writings. In his library there are copies with flyleaf inscriptions "from the author," as R. W. Gilder, Albert Shaw and others have written themselves. The Dutch Republic, Harper, 1868, three volumes, bears this dedication on the first page: "Johnson Brigham, distinguished in the study of English history in Cornell University with the best wishes of Goldwin Smith, Profesor of English History, in the university, 1870." The most ancient volume here is Congreve's works, London, 1774. Then there are Gil Blas, translated from French, four volumes, London, 1812; Human Life, a poem by Samuel Rogers, London, 1819; also the poems of William Cullen Bryant, an

THE ATKINS-WEAVER HOME



LIBRARY IN THE ATKINS-WEAVER HOME.

American, edited by Washington Irving, dedicatory preface to Samuel Rogers, Esq., London, 1832, elegant binding, first edition.

Major S. H. M. Byers, a maker of books, does not indulge in a wide range of authors. At their hospitable home, "St. Helen's," he and Mrs. Byers read aloud biography, poetry and choice fiction. Mrs. Byers has a comprehensive French library.

Occasionally it is possible to name the first cause in the development of a reading habit. Mr. John Chase ascribed his start in historical reading to the time when his father gave him Napoleon and His Marshals and Washington and His Generals. An admiration arose for both heroes, but for some reason Napoleon's genius inspired him most. And this proved more than a passing fancy, since he has now twenty-five authorities on Napoleon and some very expensive editions, 200 volumes, on Napoleon exclusively.

Mr. Lowell Chamberlain is fond of rich bindings and artistic illustrations and in pursuit of these tastes as well as enjoyment in finding the variety in which different authors express the same thought he has gathered the Rubiayat in many exquisite editions. He has Irving's Knickerbocker History of New York, limited edition, illustrated by Kemble; and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, with etchings by Darley, 1849; The Princess, elegant binding, bought in London; folios of Dutch pictures purchased in Amsterdam. His pet treasure is a little book containing the fac-simile of Lincoln's written statement concerning his speeches in the Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858, while facing these are reproductions of quotations from certain speeches, thus giving the forceful utterances of that most remarkable campaign. The original book was prepared by Lincoln for Congressman J. N. Brown, who had been a whig but became a "Lincoln Republican." Mrs. Chamberlain has an extensive French library, notably The Cuisine Royal, with recipes and maps, Amsterdam, 1734. She loves Dickens and enjoys all of Hugo's works.

At the home of Miss Rachael C. Clarke the whole house is a library, that is there are books, books everywhere. She has many French novels, some old Italian

books, French Hymn books, Gregorian Chants, etc. Of the Rubaiyat she has several editions and very elegant art books in handsome bindings. Her educational library has some things valued for age, as Webster's Elementary Spelling Book and old School Readers. She depends upon the public library for such books as are in the world's eye, but which she would not care to own. She believes in the novel as an exponent of modern thought and index of the customs and conversations in current vogue.

Mr. Walter Coffin has about 1,200 volumes. He declares he has no mania save that of a genuine love for books. His accumulation grows because when he sees a book he deems worth reading and owning he buys it. Like many others his cherished relique is the family Bible. He has Cotton Mather's Magnalia Christi Americana, a history of the early settlement of the colonies, especially Massachusetts.

Governor and Mrs. A. B. Cummins receive their friends in a home where art and books give color and atmosphere. A library of 4,500 volumes, well chosen, well read, and disposition to share his literary jewels with others are characteristic of the Iowa executive. He admits that there are lines of strife among his books. His library is strong in reference works, strong in Americana, particularly the history of America from a legislative standpoint. In connection with this he has biographies of many leading statesmen. The library is strong again in Napoleona, having everything that could be gathered on this subject. In periodical literature the library is especially strong, having complete volumes of the North American Review (got together after ten years' effort); Littell's Living Age from 1815; in addition to Harper, The Century, Littell's Living Age and the Forum. Governor Cummins preserves these as containing a complete contemporaneous view of incidents and events. He has a few fine bindings, but better still some specially illustrated books that are almost priceless. He has a collection of the first edition of Charles Lever ilustrated by Cruikshank. Fiction has a subordinate place here, although there are sets of Hugo, Balzac, Dickens, Dumas, and Scott, the last purchased in Scotland. Governor Cummins is fond of Shakespeare, admires Emerson as a poet, and

W. H. BAILY'S LIBRARY

likes Riley very much. He looks upon his books as old friends and particularly enjoys The Three Musketeers. The library owes its foundation to visits to book-stalls, at home and abroad, and its owner is now the recipient of lists and catalogues from all over the world, and has facilities given for the purchase on approval of elaborate sets, editions de luxe, ets. Like Gladstone, Governor Cummins always reads before retiring.

Mr. G. C. Davis has a library of 1,500 volumes, the result of twenty-five years of ingathering. It is purely literary in style, although prominence is given to the histories of all countries. Of the poets Mr. Davis chooses Shakespeare "first, last and always." He has a choice Westminster edition, limited to 1,000 copies, of which his number is 175. Next to the Immortal Bard he likes to read Dickens. Mr. Davis has the works of Edgar A. Poe, eighteen volumes, limited edition. Referring to the building up of a library, he remarked that "he would rather buy books than automobiles!"

As a rule the physicians of Des Moines cultivate reading habits. Dr. E. E. Dorr prizes some old medical books that are on his shelves; Wood's Practice of Medicine, two volumes, third edition, 1852; the original having been published in 1847; Druitt's Modern Surgery, 1847, Philadelphia, bears the interesting note "Captured from a rebel on the battlefield of Tiptonville, near Is. No. 10, April, 1862. Liston's Elements of Surgery, second edition, London, 1840, is another old-timer. The first edition was published in Edinburgh, 1831. Dr. Dorr stated that the value of a medical library, today, lies along the line of compiled statistics; the old-fashioned medical book has been greatly supplemented by medical journals. The medical work of the present is practically a condensation of results, the tendency being to write a whole book, or series, upon a single subject. Specialization has become the rule. Aside from his preference for works on surgery, Dr. Dorr has a first liking for American literature. On his shelf was found A History and Topog-

GASTON C. DAVIS' RESIDENCE

CORNER IN THE GASTON C. DAVIS LIBRARY

raphy of Northumberland and seven other counties in Pennsylvania, compiled from authentic sources by J. D. Rupp, published at Lancaster City, Penn., 1846, which contains a sketch of Dr. Joseph Priestley, the distinguished philosopher and theologian, who spent the latter years of his life in Northumberland. "As a man of science, he stands high in the walk of invention and discovery; he discovered the existence of oxygen gas and other aeriform fluids. As a theologian he passed from Calvanism to a Unitarian or Socinian system, in some measure his own; but to the last he remained a zealous opposer of infidelity. His works amount to about seventy volumes. He died February, 1804, in his seventy-first year." This paragraph is of local significance, since all the descendants of this famous man of the name of Priestley, are now residents of Des Moines. Dr. Dorr has a fine home library of general literature and standard fiction but avows a decided preference for Lincoln, and the Rooseveltian literature. Newman Dorr, aged eleven, has already a library of one hundred volumes, classified and numbered with his own book label, a plan of much merit as it involves a sense of ownership and responsibility in the care of books. The patron saint of chilren's libraries is Saint Gregorie, who:

"Lookes to little boys, to teach their
a, b, c,
And makes them for to love their
bookes and schollars good to be."

In this progressive age of International Sunday School Lessons and free textbooks the fostering of home reading and personal ownership seems doubly essential.

An enthusiastic student of French is Mr. John Evans, who has a de luxe edition of Hugo, Barrie's Little Minister, printed in four colors; Boccacio; Shakespeare; and treasures in ancient history.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Foster is a treasure-house of good literature. On the bookshelves history and biography have first place, the essayists, Shakespeare and classic poets and the best fiction are found. When starting on a journey Mr. Foster often takes a volume of Carlyle for companionship.

LIBRARY IN THE R. A. CRAWFORD HOME

Dr. A. L. Frisbie, scholar and poet, has a miscellaneous library in which history predominates. He admires Dickens and enjoys Tennyson and the "Lake Poets." Like her husband Mrs. Frisbie is a devoted Bible student, and reads mainly along religious and historical lines, in poetry she selects Mrs. Browning.

Mr. Daniel Ford has an ancient volume, brought with him from Ireland, at the age of eleven, The Life of Cardinal Pole, Papal Legate to England in reign of Henry VIII., printed in 1760; also seven volumes, with maps, of Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece, During the Middle of the Fourth Century Before the Christian Era, by the Abbe Barthelemy Keeper of the Medals of the Cabinet of the King of France, etc., translated from the French, original print, Dublin, 1794.

Professor Frank E. Goodell is absorbed in scientific study but has a general reading stock of 1,500 volumes. Here was found manuscript sermon, March 27, 1763, 2 1-2 x 3 inches in size, forty pages closely written, requires a reading glass to decipher it.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Hazen are book lovers and students. Aside from a valuable professional library, a written record of 7,000 cases and files of the American Journal of Medical Science, there are several bookcases filled with "good, solid reading;" Spencer, Carlyle, Gizzicks are much in demand in connection with Dr. Hazen's projected book on "Humanism" in preparation of which he has a model clipping-case for printed and written slips.

Reading aloud is a family custom in the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Hillis, history, biography and the oldstyle essayists being foremost in use. In their library of 2,500 volumes there are a few of ancient date, one worthy of mention is Robertson's History of the Reign of Charles V., old English Type, morocco binding, 1769.

Rev. F. W. Hodgdon has no fad in books as regards age. Outside of theology he studies psychology and sociology; in vacation he revels in the old English literature, likes Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, in poetry he chooses Wordsworth and Browning.

LIBRARY IN THE JAMES G. BERRYHILL HOME

RESIDENCE OF R. A. CRAWFORD 2143 GRAND AVE.

Burton Horning, a young business man, can not recall the time when he did not "love books." He has the foundation laid for a choice library and has a few old books: "The Companion, Beauties of the most celebrated authors in the English language, with introductory couplet:

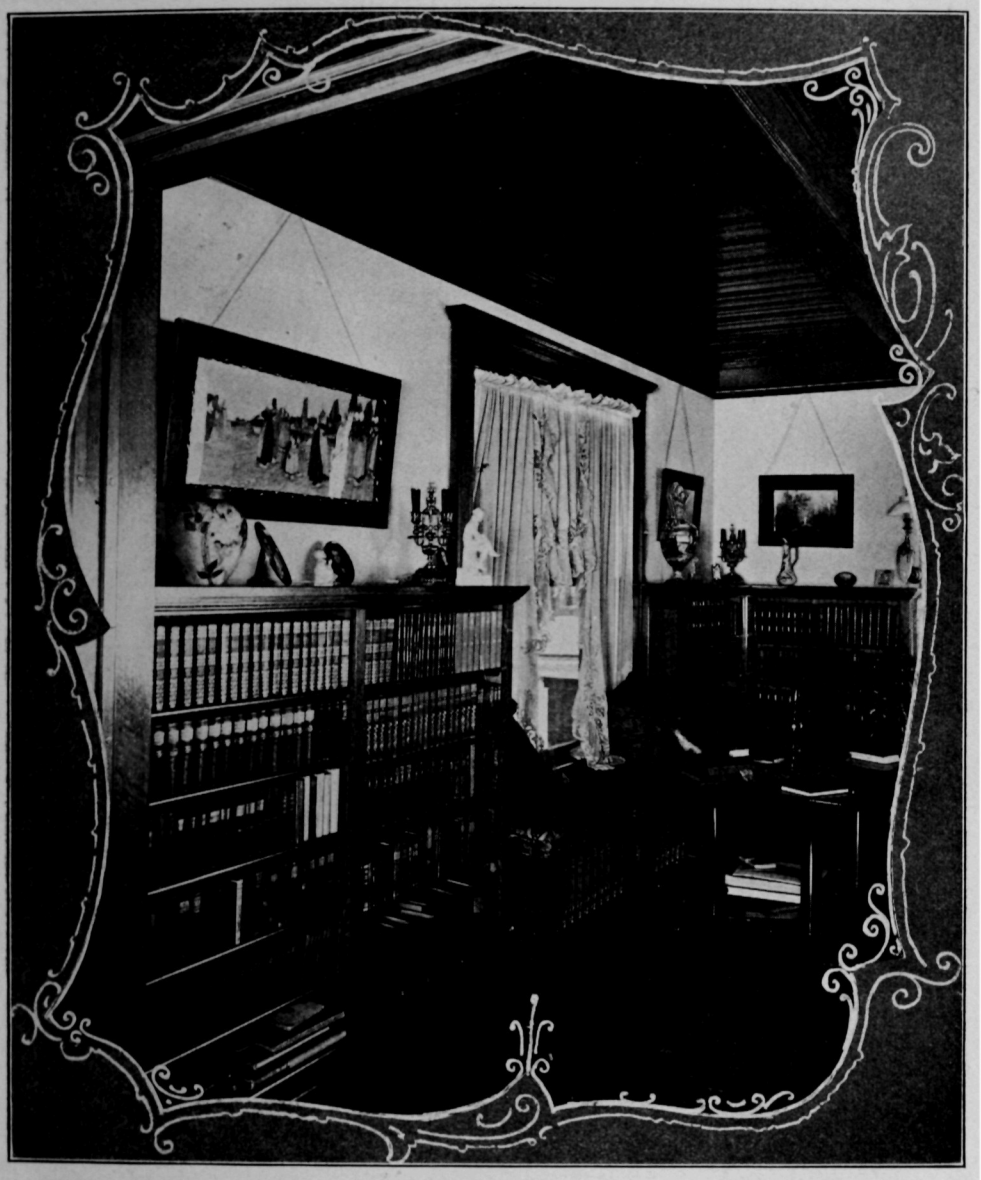
"Thou, cheerfulness, by Heaven designed,
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,"

Providence, 1799. Lessons on Virtue, or the Book of Happiness intended for Youth, London, 1801, has this paragraph: "In books," said our grandfather, "Europeans have it all their own way, and their authors accustomed to advanced society, have not been deficient in celebrating its excellence, and in loading less cultivated nations than their own with reproach." In The Gardener's Kalendar, no date, the chapters are named after the months and instruction is given in kitchen gardening and in "pleasure gardening." A new book, The Gardener's Dictionary is promised by the same author, Philip Miller, F. R. S. Another book, London and Hartford, 1826, by Rev. Isaac Taylor, contains sixty-eight copperplate engravings, it has this labored title: Scenes of Wealth or Views and Illustrations of Trades, Manufactures, Produce and Commerce, for Tarry-at-Home Travelers. Mr. Horning says he loves Riley.

Professor O. H. Longwell has a fine private library, of the newest and best books. He doats on history and in poetry selects Milton's Paradise Lost. He likes George Eliot's books and reads Dickens over and over, also appreciates and enjoys Hawthorne. Hamlet and Macbeth are his choice of Shakespeare's plays, these he reads over every year.

Book lore and book lovers, at the George H. Lewis home, and an embarrassment of riches for the hasty interviewer! Here is a book in white vellum, brass corners, a Treatise on Political Questions, different forms of Government, by Adams Coutzen, Jesuit, dedicated to Frederick III, King of Austria, 1617-1639; a Digest of Roman Law. Latin text (first published 529 A. D.), edition of 1664, new York; discourses by Rev. John Flavel, N. Y., Sinners' Hearts or Christ Knocking at the Door, 1689; Memoirs of Ann Judson, steel portrait, published in Boston, 1835. In war lit-

LIBRARY OF DR. E. E. DORR



LIBRARY IN COL. H. B. HEDGE'S RESIDENCE

erature there are four volumes elegantly bound, entitled Battles and Leaders of the Civil War; also personal memoirs of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan et al. Classic Literature of the East, twenty volumes, is perhaps the only complete set of books, the law of selection being followed in buying books by great authors. Japanese History, art cover; Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast, hand painted; Life and Art of Greece and Rome are rare and beautiful volumes. Among the author's copies found here is a Bible History by seventeen prominent writers, with portraits, and with an introduction by Gladstone, compiled by Dr. George C. Lorimer, uncle to Mrs. Lewis. By the same donor the Modern in Religion, by Lorimer, written simultaneously with another volume presented by the author, Modern Criticism of the Bible, by Howard Agnew Johnson (formerly of Des Moines). A doubly valuable book since the edition is exhausted is Mr. Lewis' own book published 1893, Dodd, Mead & Co., National Consolidation of Railways. Here, again, in happy coincidence is the book Out of Her Sphere, written in this house (built by Mr. Harbert), published by Mills & Co., the first

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE R. A. CRAWFORD HOME

LIBRARY IN THE C. B. VAN SLYKE HOME

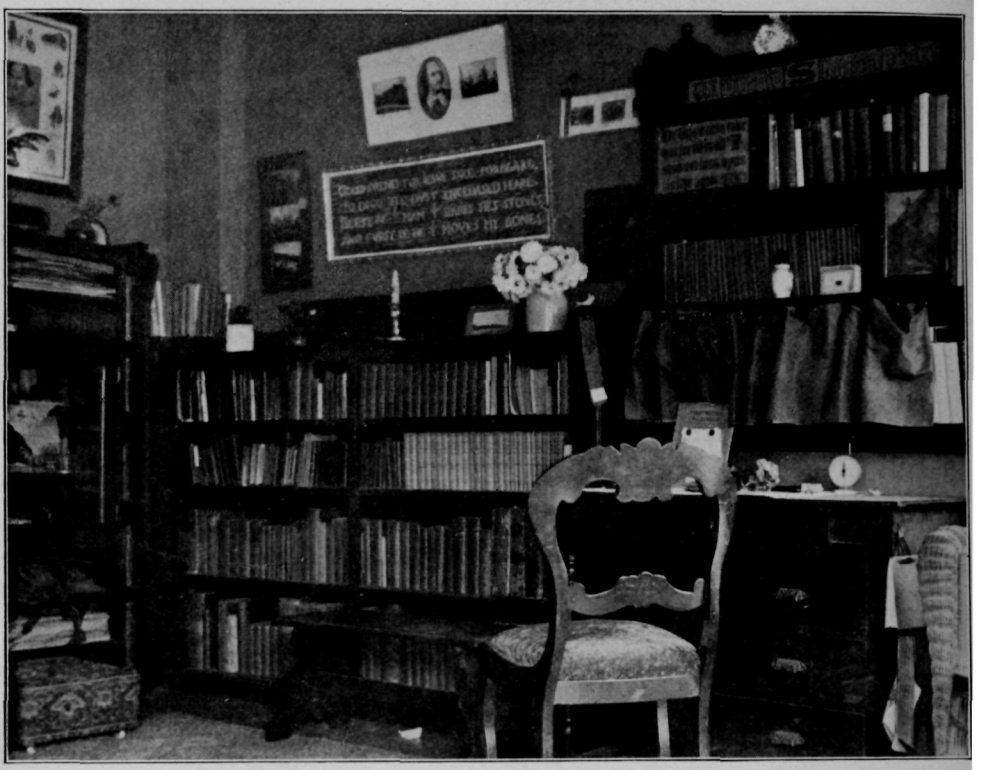
LIBRARY OF L. G. KINNE

literary effort of Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, later a resident of Evanston, Ill., and editor of "Woman's Kingdom" in the Inter Ocean.

It is said that color is much more to a woman than to a man, but there is a library on Pennsylvania avenue that is so brightened and lighted by paintings and bric-a-brac that it must fitly be termed a boudoir library. It is dainty, and it is dear, and a touch of added sweetness belongs to it because it is shared with "Mother." And the books! De Luxe editions, "Thumb Nail Series," limited editions, history, art, poetry and all the world's best authors. So much that might be written, had not the owner requested to be listed in the family of 'many others."

Fate is sometimes kind even amid cruel happenings, so it transpired that when the Nourse home on Twentieth street was burned last spring, the library was mainly saved. Judge C. C. Nourse and wife are fond of Dickens and Scott, and especially admire Ruskin for restful reading. In histories they have Hume, Macaulay, Hildreth and Motley; of reference books always the latest and the best. Ever since 1876, when Judge Nourse made special study for the Centennial address he was appointed to give at Philadelphia, he has made a collection of state historical data, some of which he has already donated to the Historical Department.

Unique and original are the terms to be applied to the library of Miss Genevieve Otis. She is fond of history, poetry and Bible studies, but her fondness for Shakespeare and continued attention to Shakespeariana in general have culminated in a collection that would do credit to even a Shakespeare society. She has several fine editions of Shakespeare, and the Variorum, fourteen volumes, as far as published. She has an additional 116 volumes, on and about Shakespeare. Of her own souvenirs of travel she has a marble bust of Shakespeare, purchased in Florence; and a picture made from a "Squeeze" of the inscription on Shakespeare's grave. She has a picture of the restored Harvard House, once the home of the family of Harvard College fame. The money for the restoration was given by Edward Morris of Chicago, and the work carried on under the direction of Marie Corelli is said to be the best of its kind ever done. Her Shakespeare cabinet has a top suited for placing busts underneath which has this inscription: "Wm. Shakespeare, His Books," one



LIBRARY IN THE GENEVIEVE OTIS HOME

THE FRANK BAYLIES RESIDENCE 3300 GRAND AVE.

door has this quotation from Hamlet: "He was a man take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like ag[illegible]" one door has the Shakespeare coat of arms, another door has Ann Hathaway's Cottage, and still another the Jansen portrait of Shakespeare. Then there is a copy of the Garrick bust, done in pyrography, and pictures of all the immediate Stratford localities where Shakespeare is the central figure of interest.

Mr. Daniel T. Patton relates his boyhood experiences as a collector of stamps, coins, etc., and cites these as stepping stones to the acquirement of a library. The book instinct grew out of mental development at college where in the study of Latin and Greek he caught glimpses of the rare beauties of ancient literature. From this point he began the study of nations and the desire for ownership of books grew stronger. He has given much attention to the old dramas and has a fine old edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, also Dodsley's old plays, one dated 1780, one 1810. For restful hours he selects Shakespeare and the earlier dramatists; his favorite play is Othello. He has over 100 books relating to the Bible, and the development of the Jewish people. He has Chaucer, Spencer, and other volumes printed by Pickering, bound by Zachnsdorf—including Pope, Byron, Lamb, Shelley, Keats and Rosette. He has the first printed copy of Poe's Raven, which appeared in the New York Mirror, 1845; also the second edition of Scott's Lady of the Lake, bound by Zachnsdorf, Riviere and Bedford. First editions of Longfellow, Whittier and Hawthorne. Browning is represented on his shelves by a sixteen volume set, Mr. Patton is deeply interested in Western Americana, has Lahantan's Travels ,England, 1703, two volumes, with maps, showing this explorer had reached the Minnesota river; Carver, Charlevoix, Hennepin La Salle are grouped under this head; an equal interest attaches to all books about Iowa of which he has a number. In very old MS. he has a copy that came from a library of one of the kings of France, 1440; of early printing one date goes back to 1484, St. Vincent on the End of the World, Nuremberg; some books by Aldus are also shown, a

THE JESSE O. WELLS RESIDENCE, ARLINGTON AVE.

THE M. P. TURNER RESIDENCE, 801 FOREST AVE.

book printed in 1502 where Aldus first uses italics; in a search after books depicting early illustrating he found one, 1501, Strasburg illustrated by woodcuts. In one old volume of Dryden's poems dated 1700, there is the book-plate of a Knight of the Garter, dated 1703. One book from the library of William Morris still contains his book-plate. Mr. Patton has adopted for his own books a personal design, and his chuldren have their book plates.

Book-plates are ornamental or significant designs inserted on the inside cover of a book, or upon one of the fly-leaves, to indicate possession. Specimens were found as early as 1516. In England, France and Germany they were very popular throughout the last century. Book-plate "Ex libris" means, literally, from the library of, some book-plates had a view of a library, or a book-pile, others had portraits of their owners. Landscape book-plates sprang up in 1770. William Penn in

his book-plate styled himself "Proprietor of Pennsylvania." The mission of the book-plate is to fix ownership, "lest we forget." In its revival today it gives unlimited scope to fancy.

Reverend Eleanor E. Gordon has a printed book-plate running thus: "The only true equalizers in the world are books. The only treasure house open to all comers is a library. The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge. The only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom."

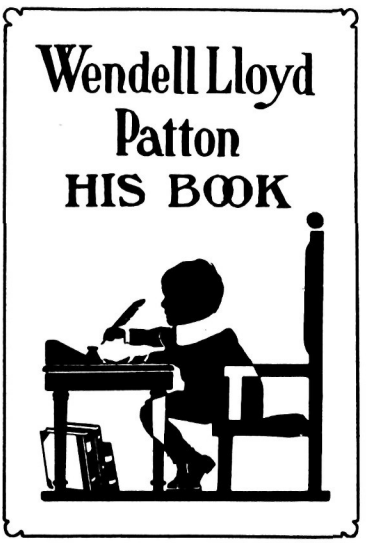
Miss Flora Dunlap has a book-plate with a conventional border into which is woven the motto, "My book and heart shall never part." At each end are poplar trees, reminders of old home associations, and the wording reads, Flora Dunlap, Her Book.

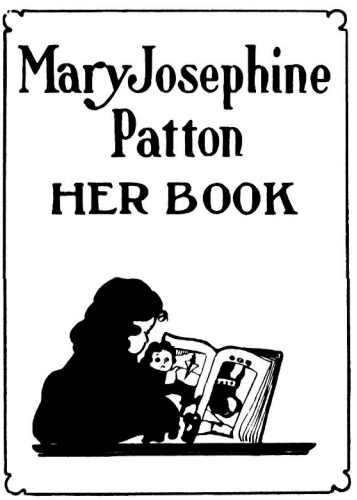
Mr. Henry Plumb has a leather-covered book with brass corners, handed down from his grandfather, having this title-page: Works of Flavius Josephus The Learned and Authentic Historian and Celebrated Warrior. Translated from the original in the Greek language by George Henry Maynard, LL. D., New York; printed and sold by William Durell, at his Book Store and Printing Office, No. 19, Queen street, near the Fly Market, M.DCC,XCII. The book has fine engravings.

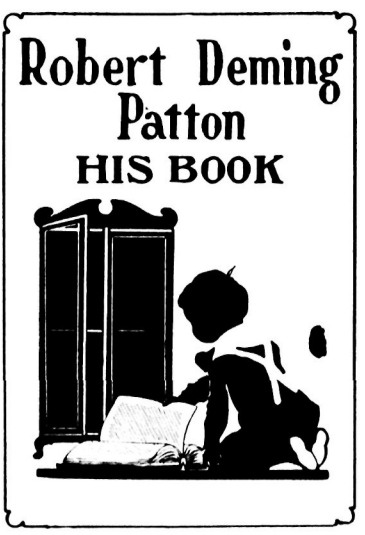
Mr. George Poorman has a valuable nucleus for his library in the books that belonged to his father, Daniel A. Poorman, who was educated at Wittenberg College, Ohio. He has poems by Wm. Cowper, three volumes, Philadelphia, 1821; A Token of Friendship, illustrated, Boston, 1854; A Greek Testament, Philadelphia, 1816; An English Grammar, Samuel Kirkham, Rochester, 1834; in Greek, 1840, The Family Expositor paraphrase and version of the New Testament; also a Dictionary of Pietical Quotations, John T. Watson, Philadelphia, 1847, dedicated to Amelia B. Welby, poetess, Louisville, Ky. But by far the choicest keepsake is a quaint and curious Holland Bible.

In their Center street home Superintendent and Mrs. W. O. Riddell read in three languages, yet they have not centered their books in library form. Books pervade the home, French, German and English, and an atmosphere of culture and refinement prevails.

To think of Dr. Henry Sabin's home without books, would be to rob it of its identity. Readers of books and builders





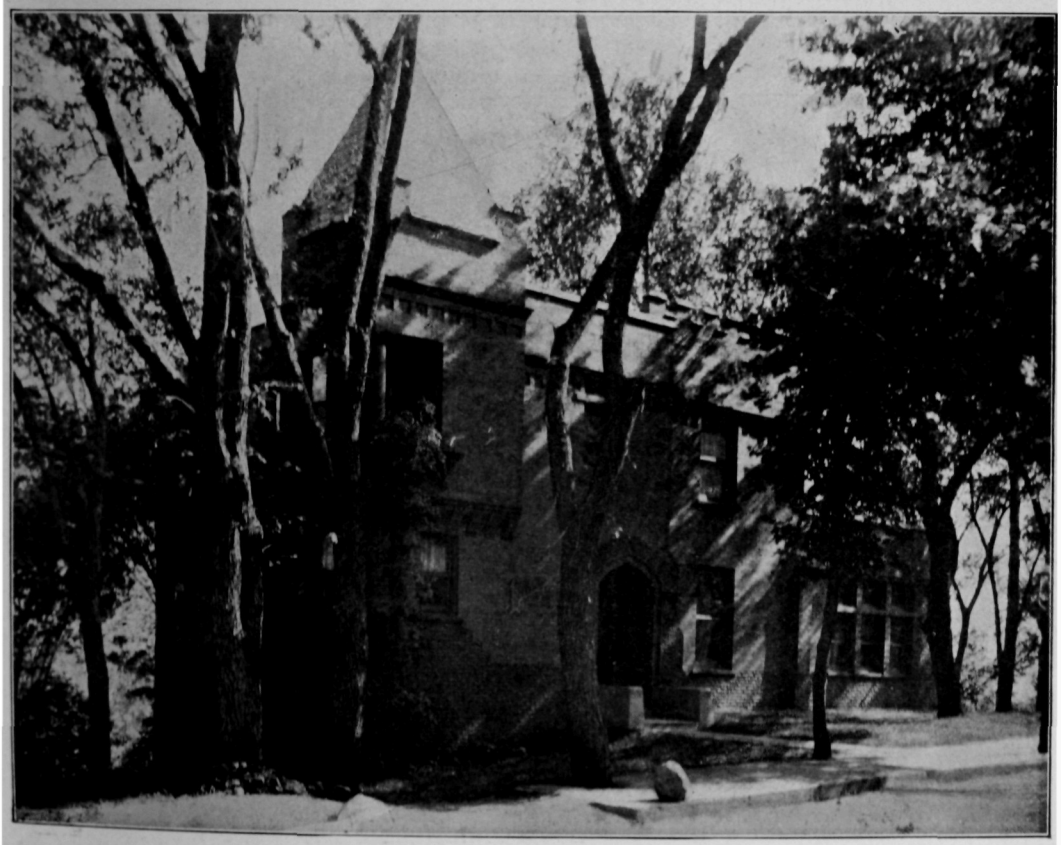


RESIDENCE OF HARRY ELLIOTT

of books their selections are varied, but standard. In deciding upon a choice of books, Dr. Sabin said: "I find history, poetry, philosophy and religion all combined in the Bible." He is fond of history; always goes back to Dickens with renewed pleasure; thinks Scott's Lady of the Lake is true poetry. Of his educational library he says:

My books were collected mainly with reference to my interest in teachers and their calling. I place first the five volumes of the works of Horace Mann, edited by his wife after his death. I rank next the twelve volumes of Barnard's Journal of Education. They have proved a mine of educational knowledge which I have not exhausted in the twenty-five years I have owned them. I consider of the next rank the International Education Series, published by Appleton and edited by W. T. Harris, they contain the choicest writings of the leading educators of the century. Not a rare book, by any means, is "Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching." It is estimated that a million copies have been sold since its first appearance in 1847, and it is ranked as a good seller by the trade today. Here also are the lives of Froebel, Comenius, Locke, Pestalozzi, Herbert Spencer, and Rousseau. The latter is in two volumes, and beside it stands a book seldom read, "The Confessions of Rousseau."

Here on a shelf by themselves are some books not often found. The first is a little book, "Hints on Early Education," published in 1827, in London. Its author is not known, but is supposed to be a sister of Elizabeth Fry, the noted philanthropist. It was reprinted in America in 1834. It is out of print now, but is known to have passed through eighteen editions. A Des Moines bookseller sold it to me for a dime. Next in order is the first book published in America for the exclusive use of teachers, 1829, by Samuel R. Hall, principal of a normal school in Vermont, 1823. Next is "A Description of Mount Vernon School," under the management of Jacob Abbott, 1832. Again, there is "The Records of a School Exemplifying



RESIDENCE OF MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS

RESIDENCE OF E. F. BAILEY

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE E. F. BAILEY HOME

RESIDENCE OF J. A. VAN EVERA

the General Principles of Spiritual Culture," the school was kept by A. Bronson Alcott, and the book is the work of Elizabeth P. Peabody, 1834.

I have also the "Schoolmaster," by Roger Ascham, London, 1743. I have, and esteem them highly, the works of R. H. Quick, Edward Thring, four volumes, and Dean Stanley's "Life of Thomas Arnold." These were each of them in the first rank of English schoolmasters.

But I have other books, new and fresh; one can not open them without catching the spirit of modern education in its best form. Just off the press comes "The Training of the Human Plant," by Luther Burbank, 1907; "The Making of a Teacher," by Martin Brumbaugh, of Philadelphia, designed primarily for Sunday School teachers, 1907; "Pedagogues and Parents," 1904; "The Point of View of Modern Education for Mothers' Clubs," by Harriet Mount, LL. B., of Detroit, 1905; "Among Country Schools," by O. J. Kern of Rockford, Ill., which I regard as one of the best of the later additions to my list of choice books. I am reminded of a gentleman who came hurriedly into the weekly prayer meeting. When the clergyman asked him to say something he replied: "Perhaps you all noticed that I came in, in a very miscellaneous manner." That is the way I have gathered my small library; but I enjoy it and use it. It is a good library with which to plow."

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Samson are well equipped in library furnishings, and have about 1,000 selected volumes. To preserve valuable magazine articles Mrs. Samson saves them in shape to be bound into books. Her collection of scrap-books is quite out of the ordinary, thirty book classified and indexed, mainly from magazines, The Youth's Companion and other live publications. One is filled with short stories, two or three are children's reading exclusively, several are picture galleries, one cyclopediae, four purely library, one has just fun, several are religious in character, some are cook books and helps on entertaining.

After placing in permanent keeping where they would still be of great service, the legal, agricultural and horti-

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE C. H. MARTIN HOME

cultural library of the late Col. John Scott, there was still left to Mrs. and Miss Scott a priceless treasure of war volumes and historical works which Col. Scott loved. The library is replete with good books old and new on all matters of general knowledge. And these books are for use rather than ornament. Delving into chronological data, here is a Spanish book, Madrid 1604, on The Passion of Christ and the Life of Our Lady, by Sandonal, in old parchment binding and fastened together with thongs; a second Spanish, Seville, 1685, Spiritual exercises and Lives of the Holy Fathers, parchment was once the property of Maxia Guadalupe. It was picked up in the market of Mexico, 1805; another venerable tome is Exposition of the Holy Scriptures, John Mayer, London, 1627; then here is a treatise on the Roman Missal, by Pacheco, an Inquisitor General, edition put into Spanish by Bustamante, Madrid, 1665. Coming to American prints we have The Salvation of All Men, Jonathan Edwards, New Haven, 1790; and a book now out of print, History of Louisana (like Gibbon's Rome to Louisana), by Charles Gayarre; from a commentary on the Old and New Testament, reprint of 1868, London, a quotation is given: "Here is shewed that adversity is the best university; God first humbles whom he means to illuminate, as Gideon took thorns of the wilderness and briars and with them he taught the men of Succoth. Mr. Ascham was a good schoolmaster to Queen Elizabeth, but affliction was a better as one well observeth." A rare treasure is The Royal Book of Pastry and Confectionery, illuminated title and magnificent colored plates, by Jules Gouffe, a famous Paris chef.

At last, an Antiquarian! A man whose tastes are for the antique, particularly primitive man, and this predilection is manifested in collections of ancient coins, arms, paper money, prints, pottery, etc., as well as books, Mr. T. M. Shallenberger, who has a library of 2,000 volumes. To begin, here is The Seven Sacraments, by William Bishop, of Paris; printed in Latin by Anthony Cayllant, Paris; valuable as an examination of early printing, hand illuminated in red; a fine exposition of the position of the French church regarding the Sac-

HOME OF GEORGE H. FRANCE ON OAKLAND AVENUE

THE D. S. CHAMBERLAIN RESIDENCE

rament in reign of Louis VII. Here is The Nurenburg Chronicle, showing the knowledge of the world before the time of Columbus, 2,000 wood cuts by Wolgamuth, preceptor of Albert Durer; The Creation of Adam portrays God in the 15th century costume and Adam is still unfinished; the lower half of his being yet a ball of mud; the book is remarkable in effects of light and shade, as first done in good engraving; it is a curiosity in having once been in the Bastile and bears the book plate of the owner, Count Paul de Malden de Bastile. The next curious book is believed to be the first history of the world, in English; it was written before Sam Johnson inflicted the world with an English dictionary, "The Three Bokes of Chronicles whyche John Carion (a man singularly well sene in the mathematycall sciences) gathered wythe great diligence of the beste authours that have written in Hebrue, Greke or Latine." Dated 1565, is Fitzherbert's Abridgment of the Laws of England, a digest of law in Elizabeth's reign; it is printed in Norman French. Dated 1618, is a rare and valuable Catholic work. The French Academie, London; Dated 1654, Dialogues on Roman Coins, Latin, Antwerp; 68 full page copper plates of Roman coins, 24 coins on each plate. Dated 1672, History of the Twelve Caesars, 12 fine copper plates and an addenda telling of the books published by the printer, which gives a fine insight into what was then current literature; a family relic of the Shallenbergers since 1731. Dated 1712, Martin Luther's translation of the Bible, in German, large folio, wood cuts older than the book, some of them having been made by Wolgamuth & Durer, showing that wood cuts were made to do duty in those times almost as long as a joke is now. Dated 1727, Ovid's Metamorphoses, translations by Pope, Dryden, Addison, Gay, Congreve and other eminent poets of Queen Anne's reign; fine copper plates by Wright. Dated 1738, Conquest of Mexico by Antonio de Solis, first English translation, with a copy on Steel, by George Vertue of Tibian's fine portrait of Cortes. Dated 1793, Encyclopedia Britannica, valu-

able for comparison as proving the development of the century; 20 volumes. As a sample of Confederate printing, here is a copy of "War Songs of the South," also newspapers that sold for $2 apiece. Of local interest, here is a History of Des Moines, 1856, with plates of buildings and advertisements that would be like old friends to early settlers.

Mr. John S. Stroud has an extraordinary collection of books. He delighted in the study of literature at college and in his own expression about books, "I love them," one finds the inspiration to his labors. His lines are general and comprise both plain and de luxe editions. There is a copy of Aristotle's Rhetoric, the true grounds and principles of Oratory, licensed November 25, 1685, London Stationer's Hall. Dated 1795, is the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Great Britain, letters and articles of agreement; Prescott's Miscellanies 1st edition, 1845, and The Rhetoric Reader, by Ebeneezer Porter, D. D., Andover, 1838, are two valued American publications. In anti-slavery doctrine there is Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1852; Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1853; and The Dred Scott Decision, 2 volumes; The Great Iron Wheel, Graves; The Great Iron Wheel Examined, Wm. G. Brownlow—"Parson Brownlow." Here too, are The Wealth of Nations, 3 volumes, Adam Smith, Philadelphia, 1789, and the works of Francis Osborn, Divine, Moral, Historical, Political,

HALL IN THE D. S. CHAMBERLAIN HOME

LIVING ROOM IN THE D. S. CHAMBERLAIN HOME

7th edition, 1673; again, Don Quixote, tome 1, Lisbon, 1794. Harper's Weekly, 1861-'71, covers the Civil War period and another bound volume gives the London Exposition of 1851, through handsome Illustrations. Mr. Stroud has the Statute Laws of the Territory of Iowa, enacted at the first session of the legislative assembly, Burlington, 1838-'39. Iowa authors are exhibited in books by Judge Fulton, Welker Given, and J. B. Grinnell. These are a few of the 1,500 volumes which include the best modern literature, as Balzac, Stevenson, Field, in full sets. Mr. Stroud aims to avoid a hobby, and indulges in little light reading. His library should be an inspiration to young men.

Books and friendly converse on topics literary is the influence most often observed in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. VanSlyke. In very old books they have the following array:

The Crook in the Lot, very old; Poems of John Dowie, 1650; Fables of Aesop, 1737; The Psalms of David, 1773; The Complaint, Edward Young, 1826; The Persecuted Family, Robert Pollock, 1828; Punchinello, 1852. Of rare interest are, Pompeiana, Sir William Gill, London, 1827, full morocco and profusely illustrated; Burn's Poems very old; also, a library in itself of books about Holland; many volumes on Astronomy; an art neucleus of 25 rich volumes; a De Luxe edition of Oriental Tales; French Memories, 10 volumes; quite a complete library of Roycroft books; several first editions and numerous signed author's editions. Mr. Paul VanSlyke has the History of the Literatures of the World, as far as published; a choice collection of posters and poster magazines. The Lowee of London, 40 plates, rare wood cuts; also full sets of Mulhbach's Historical novels, Irving, Balzac, Stevenson and all modern standard authors. He is especially fond of his first edition of Stephen Crane's Red Badge of Courage, recalling the fact that Crane was only 20 years old when he wrote the book, and that his most wonderful description of a battle was given by one who had never seen a battle.

THE I. M. EARLE RESIDENCE

Mr. Henry Wallace, "Uncle Henry," author of Uncle Henry's Letter to Boys, which ought to be in every library in the land, and of an Idyllic description of Iowa that surpasses anything yet written in verse or prose, has not cultivated a large library. He is fond of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin and Carlyle. In poetry he likes Burns and Shakespeare, but points to an older poet for the world's best poetry, viz., The Psalms of David, and declares his fondness for Thomas A'Kempis.

George W. Ogilvie is quite a connoisseur in the book line and owns some especially fine editions as rare as they are valuable. Among them are a set of Charles Dickens, 30 vol., Chapman and Hall, London, illutrated by Cruikshank, Brown, Stone, Cottermole and Walker. Set of Byron, 9 vol., published by John Murray, 1837. Scott, in 4 vols., copyright edition, published by Adam and Charles Black, Edinburg, 1829.

Sue's "Wandering Jew" in two volumes, London 1844.

Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, translated by Chapman, introduction and notes by Hooper, 1858, London. The Dore Gallery, Peter and Galpin, London.

Stricklands' Queens of England, 4 vols., London.

Bancrofts History of U. S.

Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen, 4 vols., Glasgow, 1827.

Handsome set of Goldsmith, 4 vols., London 1854.

Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting, 4 vols. Limited edition No. 192, Chas. Scribners Sons.

Fine Flavius Josephus, old edition, Mary Cowden Clarks Shakespeare.

Complete Thackeray, Irving, George Eliot, Hogarth in large folio, besides a complete reference library of many volumes.

Mahomet said: "If I had two loaves of bread I would sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul." What would not the genuine book lover give for a book?

DR. EDMUND F. BURTON
Los Angles

Why I Became A Christian Scientist

By Edmund F. Burton, M. D. C. S.

THE author of this article is an alumnus of Rush Medical College of Chicago. He served an internship of eight e e n months in Cook county Hospital, Chicago—one of the largest hospitals in the country—and at the termination of his internship was appointed a member of the surgical consulting staff of the same hospital. At the same time he received appointment as instructor of the faculty of Rush Medical College, and held these positions until forced by ill health to leave the north. In Arizona he was Acting Assistant Surgeon of the United States Marine Hospital Service for Arizona. He is licensed to practice in Illinois, Arizona and California and was a member of the American Medical Association until he left medicine for Christian Science work.

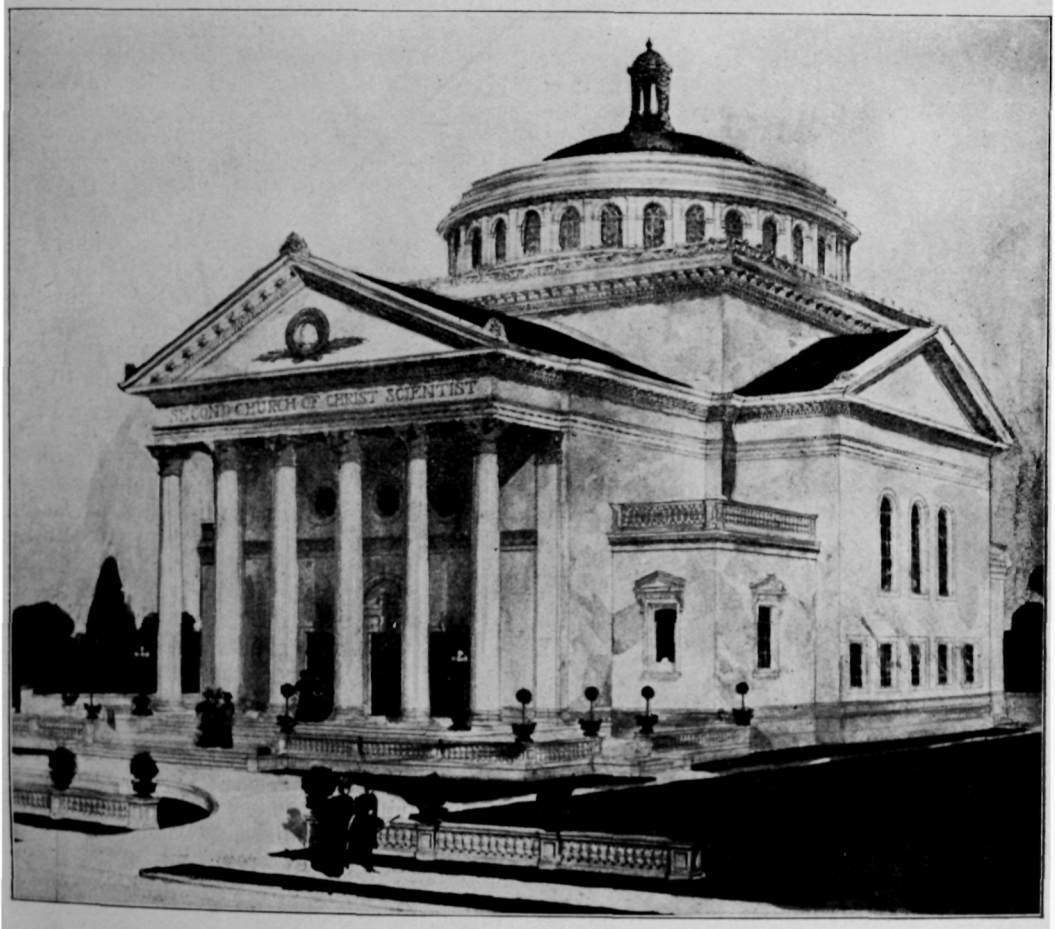
* * * * * * *

I want to tell why I gave up the practitce of medicine and surgery to devote myself to Christian Science work. I might commence at the point at which my thought was first turned to the subject, on the morning when I woke to find that I owed my life to it, but it will perhaps be better to go still further back in point of time and to tell of the occasion and necessity for the help which came to me through this system.

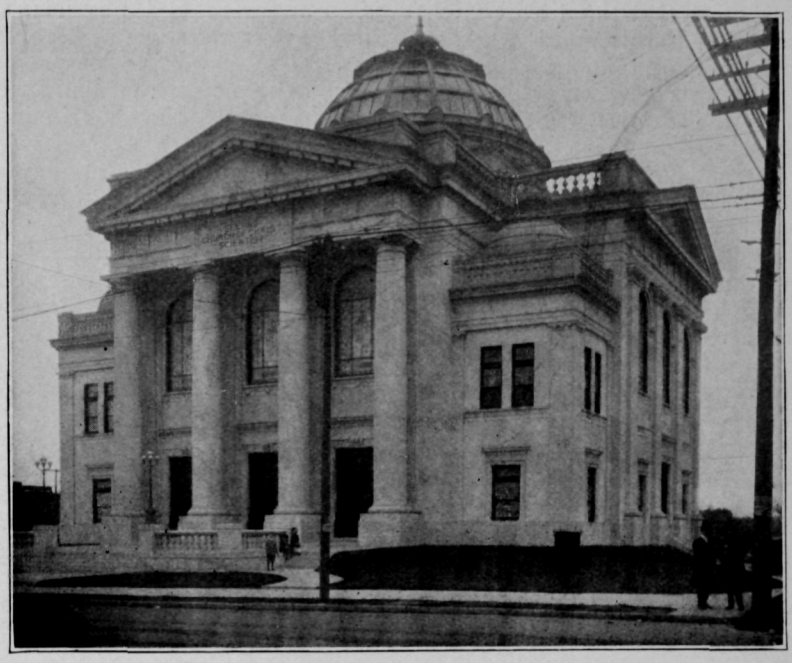
About six years ago I was obliged, on account of tuberculosis of the lungs, to abandon my medical practice in Chicago and to go to Arizona where it was hoped, against expectation, by those who

advised this move that the disease might be overcome, but the prognosis was that I would not live more than a few months. I myself had discovered accidently the presence of the disease more than a year before the time of my leaving Chicago, but had delayed following the advice which I would have given to anyone else, partly with the hope that I could overcome the trouble without the aid of a more favorable climate and partly through dread of the life at a consumption resort. However, during the last two months preceding my leaving for Arizona the hemorrhages became so frequent and profuse that it was no longer possible for me to go on with my work, and I accepted what seemed to be the inevitable. During the year previous to my leaving Chicago I had been depending upon alcohol and opium in different forms to control as far as possible the symptoms of the lung trouble. It was believed both by the manufacturers and physicians at that time that in the form of heroin, the diacetylate of morphine-opium could be taken without fear of the formation of a habit, and it was principally this preparation which I used. That this idea of immunity from the opium habit is a fallacy has been proven by thousands of cases, and today he who teaches that any form of opium can be taken with impunity and without danger that addiction to the drug may follow, is either inexcusably ignorant or criminally and wilfully negligent of the welfare of those to whom he gives this advice.

After reaching Arizona I made use of the bst dietarya and hygienic means possible, and although for about two months my condition grew worse, from that time on there was improvement and I was able to resume the practice of my profession. The use of opium was abandoned for brief periods sev-



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, LOS ANGELES

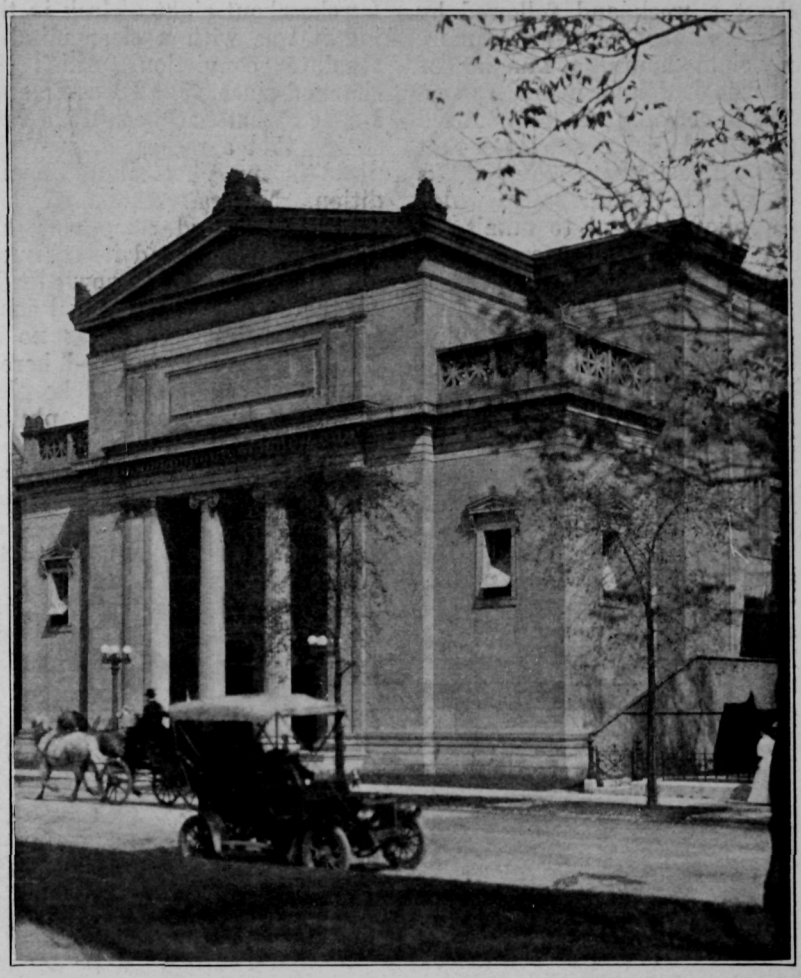


SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, KANSAS CITY, MO.

eral times during the next three years, but never for any great length of time, although the tortures incident to the giving up of its use would seem sufficient to prevent its resumption. It is the common story, however, that the memory of these struggles fades in the presence of the demand for the drug. To a physician who once allows himself to look to opium and alcohol for support the temptation to use them is particularly strong, since they are ever at his hand, in his case or on his shelves, and the demands upon his energies and vitality coming at all hours of the day and night, give him excuse to himself for the use of some unusual stimulant. Frequently this is the story, the whiskey is the first helper appealed to, and in most cases either whiskey or strychnine or both are the only ones ever used. But when there has been so much whiskey taken that its effects are apparent or it is feared that such will be the case, it is easy to believe that it will be best to correct this overdose of alcohol with a little opium in some form. As in my case, the opium is often taken for its sedative effect upon some irritating symptom. When the indulgence in opium has been carried so far that it is taken for a narcotic effect and there is dulness and disinclination to mental or physical exertion, or there is produced a drowsiness which is noticeable, then there is the suggestion that a little cocaine will wake one up, and from that time on the story hastens to its finish—absolute irresponsibility, insanity and death. And it is recognized that there is no more hopeless task than the attempt to break this triple chain. There may be some method or formula which I did not try, but if so I believe it has been devised within the past three years. I experimented with every means which offered any, even slight, promise of permanent relief, including hypnotism. As a last resort I put myself in the hands hands of the best known hypnotist in Southern California in the hope that a new suggestion might relieve me of the old one. I lived in his house, ate and slept in his company for some time. seemed a temporary relief, but the result was the direct opposite of that which I expected and for which I hoped for. I went to him to regain my self control, but, as a matter of fact, I lost what little restraint and self government I had possessed before this experiment. I had voluntarily attempted to yield myself temporarily to the control of another human mind, and that which I had yielded had gone from me entirely. After this my physical and mental condition frew rapidly worse, until within a few weeks there was no reason left.

After a period of entire irresponsibility lasting about a week and followed by unconsciousness for something more than forty-eight hours, a number of physicians who had known me for several months, in consultation, pronounced me incurable and told my friends that I had from a few days to a few weeks to live. A private sanitarium to which my wife applied refused to admit me on account of the hopelessness of the case, and the plan that I should be taken the following day to the state insane asylum. During the evening following this verdict a lady suggested with much trepidation the advisability of calling a Christian Science practitioner, and my wife consented that this be done, not with a feeling that anything could be accomplished, but in the same spirit of desperation in which any other harmless although probably useless thing would have been allowed. A practitioner came and remained with me three hours. At the end of the first hour I was sleeping quietly and when I woke about eight o'clock in the morning it was with a clear mind and the absolute conviction, which has not changed since, that I was free and well. I asked what had been done for me, insisting that a radical change had taken place in my physical and mental condition. Naturally the conviction that I had been healed came very slowly to those about me, and it was months before it was fully acknowledged, but to me there was such a mental change that from the first there was no room to doubt. There is no need here to give figures, although I shall be glad to do so privately to anyone, physician or layman, but I will say so far as I know there is no instance in medical literature of the recovery of anyone taking the amounts of these drugs which I was taking up to the time referred to. And to one who knows the state of the nervous system and of the digestive organs which exists in such cases it is stating it

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, LOS ANGELES



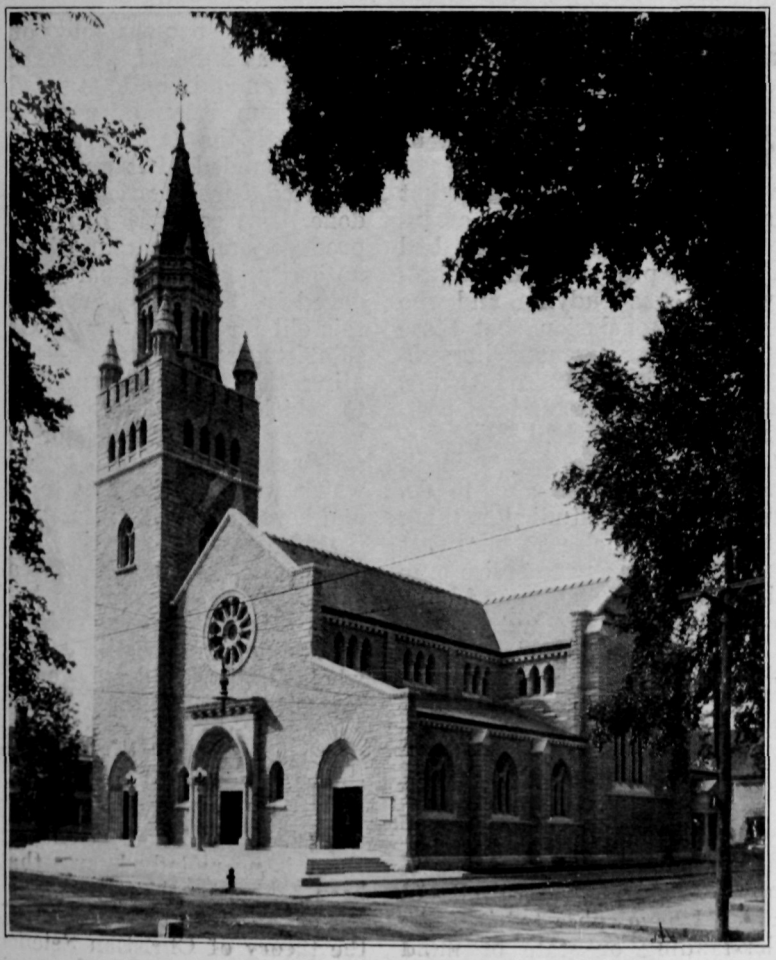
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CHICAGO

mildly to say that the most remarkable feature of the cure was that there was no period of convalescence. From the time of my waking on the morning following the treatment there was no nervousness or twitching, sleep was natural and quiet, appetite healthy, digestive functions all in good working order and mind clear and composed. The same afternoon I drove my automobile for two hours without weariness or excitement of any kind. During the following thirty days I gained thirty pounds in weight. Within ten days of the time that I was pronounced incurable I undertook a most arduous trip across the Nevada desert, where unusual endurance and physical strength were absolutely necessary and I found that I had an abundance of both. Moreover from the day of the treatment to the present time there has never been any desire for alcohol, opium in any form, cocaine or any other stimulant or drug.

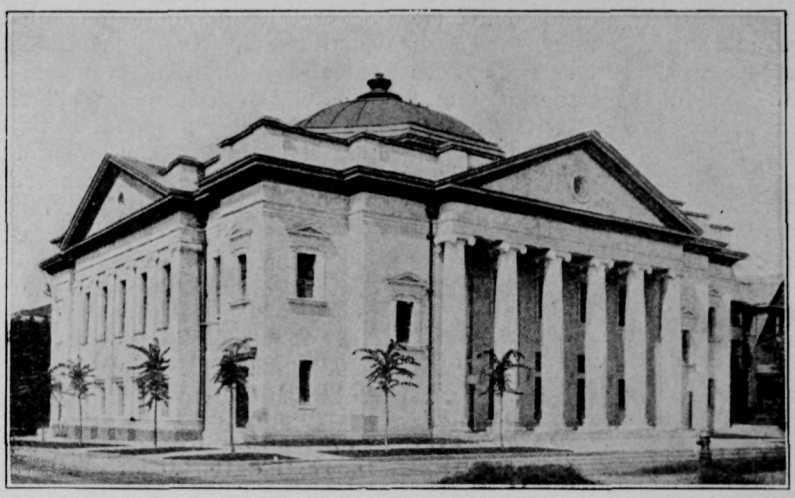
After learning that the condition in which I found myself on this red-letter morning followed treatment by a Christian Scientist I asked to see him again, talked with him and at once commenced the study of the text-book, Science and Health. I had not been able to read anything with any degree of understanding for weeks, but found that from that day my mental equipment was normal. Memory, which was practically gone, had come to a great extent, although improvement in that respect continued gradually for several months. In short, I was not only free from the bondage of the drugs, but was physically and mentally restored to normality, and there has been no other condition since that time. Two months later I was able to lay aside glasses which I had

been obliged to wear constantly for several years on account of compound astigmatism, and my vision since has been such that there has been no need to use them. About the same time and without any feeling of inconvenience I was able to abandon the habit of smoking which I acquired in early boyhood and with which I had had many a hard and unsuccessful struggle. At the time of the first treatment, although I considered myself practically free from the lung trouble for which I came to the Southwest, yet there was a quite large cavity involving the upper part of the left lung. Something over a year ago I learned that this cavity was no longer discoverable, but that so far as physical examination could determine there was healthy lung tissue filling the entire space normally so occupied.

I was forced by my own healing to the conclusion that there was a power in Christian Science of which I had never taken account. My own changed condition convinced me that there was something in the system, and I was determined to find out what it was, although I had no thought at that time that it could take me out of the profession. I believed it to be a variety of suggestion or hypnotism and that I would be able to incorporate it with my medical knowledge and experience and so bring to others who had come under the same bondage from which I had suffered the relief that I had experienced. Suffice it to say I did not find just what I expected and many times I put Science and Health away with a feeling of impatience that the grain of truth which I felt must be there was obscured and buried by what seemed to me a mass of nonsense, but each time there would come back to me the fact that I was alive and well—better mentally than



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CONCORD, N. H.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, DENVER, COLO.

ever in my life—whereas there was the certainty from a medical point of view that I would have been dead and buried except for something told in that book, and I was fairly compelled to go back and search for the secret of the power that had given me not only life instead of death, but a life which seemed of value in place of one which had not lost all worth It also came to me that there were thousands of people of intelligence and good judgment who had been through the process of investigating that which I was studying, and who had come to the conclusion that those things which I was pronouncing absurdities were really profound truths, and I therefore decided to at least postpone rewriting the book until I had disproved a few of the statements in it. This I have not yet been able to do. After months which I studied nothing else and thought little else I found that I had been trying largely to splice onto those things which I had considered essentials in this new thing, and to make the new cloth match the old. I then made the effort to come at it from a new point of view. I tried to put myself in an unprejudiced state of mind, to put aside so far as possible preconceived notions—to get the child-mind attitude —and to find whether this system would stand alone and stand the test regardligious or philosophical. This I am still doing, and so far it has stood all the tests to which I have subjected it. The true understanding or state of mind which is the power for the correction of evils is not a secret and mysterious thing which requires long search and severe mental application. The only requisite for its attainment is an absolutely open mind to Truth.

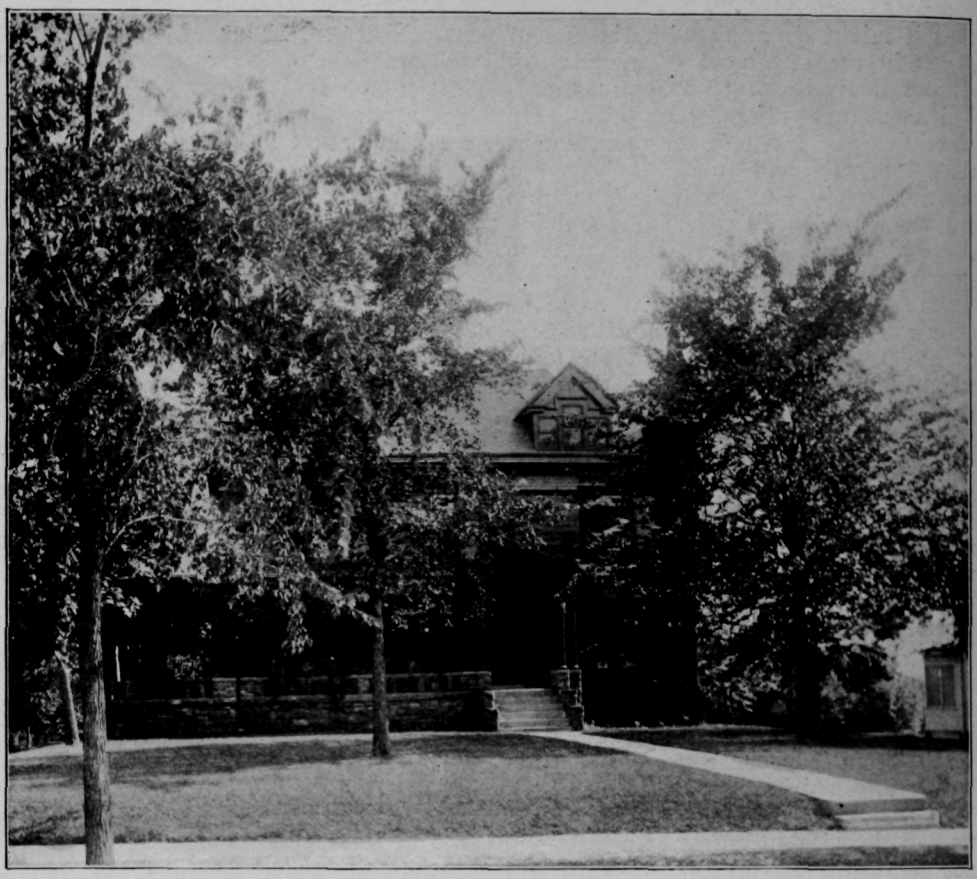
Entering upon the study of Christian Science as I did with the expectation of finding an addition to my medical armamentarium it soon became evident to me that if the claims of the system were well grounded, if it would do what the reported demonstrations indicated it had done, if it could be depended upon to produce similar results, there could be no hesitation on the part of anyone engaged in the healing art in exchanging this old for the new way. Of the cases submitted to a physician—after eliminating the not inconderable percentage to which unaided nature would bring recovery where the doctor renders no assistance—there are a certain number which will seem to him to be hopeless and beyond his aid. In fact, of the whole list of diseases covered by the standard text-books, between thirty and forty per cent are supposed to be incurable by the time that diagnosis is possible. According to Christian Science this whole list is wiped out, for if its principle is true there are no incurable diseases. Even today there is authority for the statement that with the possible exception of a few diseases so rare that no examples of them have ever been submitted to Christian Science treatment, there is no malady known that has not been healed by this treatment.

For about fifteen months I studied the theory of Christian Science and investigated its results from the above standpoint. As I read and investigated I found it not difficult to be convince

that it might do away with the use of drugs in the treatment of medical diseases; partly because I knew that medical men everywhere were coming to place less and less reliance upon drugs, that I myself had found their power most uncertain, and partly because from my own experience I welcomed the doing away with such dangerous tools. As to surgery I was much more slow in believing that mental treatment could be of any use, and it was not until I came to understand the real principle upon which Christian Science is based that I understood that it will eventually do away with operative surgery as well as the demand for it. I myself have seen a broken bone and dislocated joint restored to normal condition and function within a few hours, and that without manipulation, splint or bandage of any kind. I have seen a child of five years freed instantly from a congenital deformity without touch of hand or instrument. I have seen a woman, who, according to the verdict of the best medical talent, was within a few hours of death from cancer, restored to good health and spirits within a few days. Today, however, it is not claimed that we can do without surgeons altogether; not because pure Christian Science will not go so far as to remove cancers and set broken bones, for it is doing these things every day, but for the same reason that abdominal and intercranial surgery was not done with the same freedom and safety one hundred years ago as they are today; for the same reason that Adam did not have a telephone and Noah a steamboat; not because the laws of physics and physiology are not the same in one age as in another, but because the understanding of them is not the same. It seemed to be considered worthy of editorial note by one of our leading serious periodicals lately that in one of the best surgical hospitals in the country, out of 3,300 patients operated upon during a given period there were three Christian Scientists. Christian Scientists are still in the kindergarten all of them—so far as understanding the Christian Science principle is concerned. One of the strongest evidences that the principle is Truth, is, that with so little understanding of it, such far-reaching results are obtained. Christian Scientists have only commenced to work out the problem. They do many things every day which they recognize are not in accord with the pure principle which they believe; but because they are not able to "solve every life problem in a day" (Unity of Good) they are attempting first those which seem most important to harmonious living today, meantime trying to know the truth about those which they must leave to the future for actual demonstration. And so most of them go to the dentist still, sometimes to the surgeon, daily to the butcher and baker, to the tailor and the coal man. But because they are still busy learning the multiplication table does not indicate that the problems of Euclid will not be solved in due course; rather the contrary.

However, one does not go far in his investigation of Christian Science without learning that the healing of individual attacks of sickness is considered of minor importance and may almost be said to be incidental, but that its real purpose is the permanent healing of all disease, mental, moral and physical, in the individual; the immunizing, so to speak, of the individual to all forms of illness and evil. One learns early in the study that under the heading of disease Christian Science includes ills not mentioned in medical text-books, at least not in those published before Christian Science influence began to be felt in the world's thinking. Its list covers such disease as worry, selfishness, jealousy, fear, hatred, mis-called love, poverty, dishonesty, avarice, murder and in fact all the brood of happiness assassins that make it seem impossible to obey the command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And one learns that these diseases are amenable to Christian Science as well as measles and cancer, and by it are being eliminated from human consciousness. Also whereas the physician expects that his patients will come to him and will have occasion to come to him as long as they live and that the beloved "family doctor" will always be a welcome visitor in the home, at the fireside as well as at the bedside, the Christian Science practitioner seeks to bring it about that those who come to him for aid shall cease as soon as possible to be patients.

It is thought in all branches of learning that empiricism is being done away with and that conclusons are being based upon principle as a result of an advance in the understanding of physical science and the influence of this scientific thought upon philosophic speculation in all lines. And yet in theology, I believe,



THE LAFAYETTE YOUNG HOME

those who are regarded as the most advanced thinkers are basing their conclusions as to what is truth upon the reply to the question: "According to the sum of human experience, does it work?" Empiricism has been the rule in medicine for centuries, and although in that branch there is a thought that it is passing away, still all conclusion based upon material premise must be empirical, for that which is called premise is the result of fallable experiment and can not therefore be strictly principle. When a surgeon administers an opiate to a person with a broken arm, he stops the pain. His colleagues will say it is more scientific to set and properly dress the broken limb so it will heal, and so do away with the cause of the pain. But is the cause of the broken arm done away with? Is there any less possibility of the arm being broken again than there was before the surgeon came? When theologians agree upon the truth of a certain proposition because it accords with human experience, have they removed the possibility of human experience being fallacious, as it has been proven to be more often than otherwise? There is no recognition in either case of a fixed principle—a straight-edge by which all propositions can be tested as to truth or falsity. Christian Science promises to remove the possibility of a broken limb and the necessity for the reliance upon human experience in the search for truth, by implanting an understanding of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God (Good), an understanding which is not merely a belief in theory, but a knowledge which is actual power.

Christian Science takes away from us nothing but ignorance and dependence upon falsities. It shows us that we have been making ourselves the slaves of the things for which we have been spending our lives, that we have belonged to them and not they to us. It makes us possessors of real things, not possessed by unreal things. It is not a system of medicine, nor a drug; not a something

DE FOREST BOWMAN RESIDENCE, ON INGERSOLL AVE.

to be taken when we are sick or in trouble and to be kept on the shelf betwen times. It is the understanding of true values as distinguished from the false and of how man is governed by the former and not by the latter. It is a thing to be lived. It is the way to live, the scientific way to live, the only way to live right and the way in which all men sooner or later must come to live, for it is the Christ-way, and "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow * * * and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord." It is the Science of being, the Science of life. It is the Truth that makes men free.

WHAT SAY YOU?

Do you think that ever a sinner
  Was turned to the righteous path
By lash of whip or prison cell
  Or burning words of wrath?
Or would he be much more likely
  With the good to take his stand
If instead of branding and cursing
  You gave him a helping hand?
Do you think a lecture on morals
  To the unfortunates you meet
Will better them—the hungry
  Crying for shelter and meat?

Think You that every man was
  To ennobling thoughts awoke
By telling him things were for the best
When he's starving, thirsty and broke?
No doubt there is much good done by
  The virtuous ones who preach,
And who seem to think that sinners
  Can live and thrive on speech!
But he who died upon the Cross
  Dealt out no niggard's dole,
He saw that the body was nourished
  As the gateway to the soul!

ANSEL FRANKEL RESIDENCE, ON GRAND AVE.

DES MOINES HOME FOR THE AGED

A View of the Political Situation in Des Moines

W. W. Wise

The city of Des Moines is admirably situated as the political center in the midst of a great state, the per capita wealth of which exceeds that of her sister states; and being situated in a county that furnishes the greater number of delegates to state and congressional conventions, it is not to be wondered at that she is the nucleus around which the political lines are wound and unwound. Politics seems to be the same today as it was in the days when Cleopatra ingratiated herself into the good graces of Caesar for the purpose of invoking his aid to recover her throne. John Randolph of Roanoke said that politics was divided into seven integral parts, the five loaves and two fishes. Modern newspapers would lead one to believe that his definition was entirely right.

The city of Des Moines today is confronted by one of the greatest problems that she has ever been called upon to solve. She has departed from the lines laid down by the greatest statesmen this country ever produced, and adopted in lieu thereof a system which can only succeed by a united effort on the part of her citizens, which shall be free from petty ambitions, jealousies, and with an eye single to the choosing of such officials as will conduct her affairs honestly and justly. In the latter case, it is possible to realize all the friends of the new system have claimed for it.

THE B. A. LOCKWOOD RESIDENCE, 715 PROSPECT BOULEVARD

THE LEROY ROBINSON RESIDENCE, 1615 23RD STREET

One conversant with the conditions as they really exist must have discovered that the dissensions which have already arisen and those which will naturally arise will weaken the alignment of the advocates of the Des Moines plan to such an extent that it will be necessary for them to change their tactics and abandon the idea that they have sufficient force to succeed without the help of those originally opposed to the change of government. The loyalty of every citizen, whether for or against the new form of government, will be put to the test if the city is to retain even her present standing among the cities of her class in the United States.

It has been claimed by advocates of the new plan that only successful business men should be elected as mayor and commissioners, which would insure great benefits to all the people. Now what constitutes a successful business man? Is it one who has amassed a fortune, irrespective of the methods employed to obtain the same? How few men have become immensely wealthy who have not devoted their entire time and energy to one proposition, to the exclusion of everything else. Every thought has been given to the means to add more to that which they already have. A careful perusal of the petitions on file in the district court in litigation past and pending would lead one to believe that the methods often employed where not such methods as would be desirable in a public official. President McKinley was a failure in the business world, but he made a magnificent public official, and I believe this is true of many other statesmen. Are we to believe that a man who has lived an exemplary life, raised a family and educated them, and inculcated in them principles of integrity, industry and uprightness, although not possessed of any considerable amount of this world's goods, is not a success? John Lord, the historian, tells us regarding Moses that he made disproportionate fortunes difficult to obtain, and that the vast accumulation of such fortunes are one of the main causes of the decline of the Roman Empire, and is now one of the most threatening evils of modern civilization. The percentage of business men convicted of centage of business men convicted of crime is far greater than that of public officials, but the so-called successful

business man is immune from newspaper attacks until he has actually been indicted or tried by some tribunal. A careful reading of the statutes of the state of Iowa, and other states, will disclose the fact that it has been as necessary to make stringent laws affecting banks, insurance companies, tractions companies and almost every other line of business, as it has to enact legislation for the control of municipal officials. It would seem that the man who had attained middle age with only one thought in view, that of accumulating wealth, and whose standard by which he judged his fellow men was the amount of money they possessed, would be an undesirable official, whose duty it would be to see that exact justice was meted out to all.

At this time it seems that there is a general movement throughout the United States to ask at the hands of legislators a change in municipal government. The radical change adopted by the city of Des Moines has brought the city into the lime light. In some cases the change is sought with a sincere desire for the betterment of conditions, in others for purely political purposes. Take for instance the case of Memphis, Tenn., where a commission form of government was put in force by legislative enactment, and promptly declared unconstitutional by the supreme court, which said in the opinion rendered that it was political jobbery of the worst sort —a fate that is likely to overtake the Des Moines plan if properly presented to the courts. In the past it has been the aim of legislators to remove the great patronage of large municipalities from the direct control of the politician, who, by the organization of the same, was able to perpetuate himself and friends in office. The friends of the new form of government claim to have eliminated this evil, but in reality they are making it more probable. This was thoroughly demonstrated by the tactics employed by the promoters in securing its passage through the legislature and its adoption by the people. Arguments on the real merits of the new law were abandoned in the early stages of the campaign, and tactics almost identical with those employed by Mohammed in advancing his new religion were adopted, and error was mixed with truth on the theory that the end justified the means. I expect to live to see

THE PAUL B. SAWYER RESIDENCE, 1015 CLARK STREET

RESIDENCE OF G. D. ELLYSON, 419 EAST ELEVENTH ST.

the time when the true solution of the municipal problem will be solved, which will be along the line of the absolute divorcement of the legislative from the executive, and the executive so created that the control is beyond the grasp of the legislative. This principle applies to municipal government as much as to state and national.

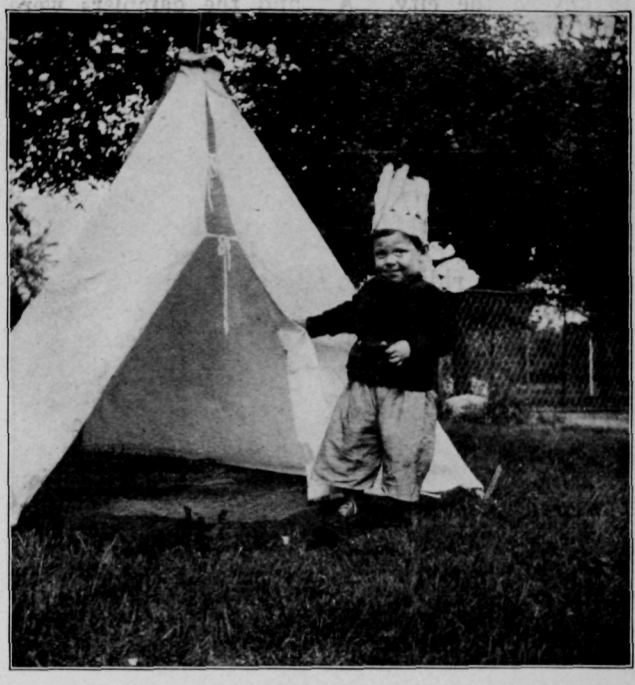
The press of the city of Des Moines

THE HERVEY M. PORTER RESIDENCE, 41ST AND INGERSOLL AVE.

has taken the burden of electing men as commissioners to govern the city. A failure on its part to create a healthy, wholesome public sentiment which will demand and support that class of candidates who will sacrifice self-interest for the public welfare, and who will have courage enough to withstand the importuning of designing persons, would be fatal to their cause. Defamation of character for political purposes, and constant and unending ridicule to fill space, is the usual lot of the office holder. As one reporter said, when asked why they devoted so much space to items derogatory to the official, without mentioning any of his creditable acts, answered one class of items was news, the other was not.

Ex-mayor Head of Nashville, Tenn., who read a paper before the League of American Municipalities at its annual convention at Norfolk, said that in the large municipalities the corporations and the gamblers were usually found to be allied, bringing about a very powerful influence in municipal politics. Suppose you were to add to this the local contractors, the ward politician, and the city patronage, would you not have a powerful organization, every member of which would have a personal, selfish interest to serve, all under the leadership of one head? What would be the chance of success of an opposing organization composed of patriotic citizens, each a leader within himself, giving very little thought to the subject, and scarcely any time? Father Nugent tells us that our patriotism is being displaced by an intense commercialism. These are the conditions which will be met with in the coming campaign. The outcome will be watched with much interest on the part of students of municipal affairs.

THE HENRY M. ROLLINS RESIDENCE, 1611 ARLINGTON AVE.



JOHN MERSHON WELCH
Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Welch

DES MOINES AS A HOME CENTER

MACK OLSEN

While I have not the statistics at hand, it is well understood that Des Moines has more home owners than any other city of its size. There are a good many reasons why this should be so. Probably the main factor is the ease with which a home can be bought on what is known as the easy payment plan. Under this plan one firm sold over 500 lots for 50 cents down and 50 cents a week, and they were good lots and over 200 homes have been built on the tract. Good houses can be bought at from $50 to $500 down and $10 to $35 per month, the monthly payments being but slightly more than rent. But however easy it might be to own a home, unless there were incentives, but few would be sold. Des Moines is ofrtunate in the high class of citizenship that she possesses. We have no slums, very few of the undesirable class of foreigners, and there is work at good wages for everyone. We have a very temperate town, our saloons being operated under a strict enforcement of the mulct law, and as a consequence nearly everyone has some surplus money. One of the natural instincts of the human race is to own a bit of ground, a home, and with steady work and a surplus, however small, that is the first thing that the normal man invests in. Des Moines is a natural home city, its beautiful location, fine trees, the river, its high and sightly site, prety scenery, natural drainage, etc., make it the ideal home place. Its splendid street car and interurban service is also a very important factor. But while these are all important features in making Des Moines the leading city in the United States in the number of home owners, probably the most important factor is the exceptional educational

THE O. H. ROBINSON RESIDENCE, 43RD AND GRAND AVE.

advantages offered to the citizens of Des Moines. Our grade and high schools are on the very highest plane of efficiency, our business and musical schools are noted the country over, while our university and colleges attract students from all parts of the United States. The educated citizen is a home lover and owner, and as our percentage of literacy is very high, so is our percentage of home owners. All these things make a city pleasant to live in, and that city that is the most pleasant, has the most home owners. So summing up it is only a natural fact that Des Moines has more home owners than any other city of its population in the United States.

THE G. C. NEWMAN HOME, 2845 BATTLEBORO AVE.

THE OAKS—RESIDENCE OF C. E RAWSON

A Few Letters in Response to the Question "Why do You Live in Des Moines?"

My answer is both direct and simple. I like to live in Des Moines because Des Moines is really a good place in which to live.

If deficient by comparison in some minor aesthetic direction there is abundant and ample compensation in other and more practical directions.

One is obliged to concede that it is a good place in which to invest; to do business; to raise a family; to educate. This is true or we would not build our homes here. Would we?

Milo Ward.

I consider Des Moines one of the best home towns in the United States. The natural beauty of its scenery, its magnificent forest trees and its many handsome homes combine to make it an ideal home town. I like its citizens socially and in a business way. Every time I go away for a trip I come back better satisfied with Des Moines as my home.

John L. Rendall.

I like Des Moines because of her good people and her splendid opportunities. Des Moines is a city of homes and a fine place in which to live and to do business.

L. Young.

Des Moines is an ideal home town, because of its mining, manufacturing, jobbing and mercantile interests, and I live here because of the up-to-date and social citizens, good colleges, good public schools, fraternal, social and literary

clubs, with the many public, social, business and political advantages on account of its being the capital.

J. W. Cokenower.

I like Des Moines as a home town because nature has made it one of the most beautiful places in the North; because it stretches over 54 square miles instead of cramping and crowding 90,000 people in a quarter of that area; because it has a good climate, good water, good light, good street car service, good schools and good colleges; because there are opportunities—things to do.

Lucius E. Wilson.

Des Moines is a great, big, overgrown country town, a sort of hobbledehoy, neither town nor city, but destined to grow into a beautiful city when it is through with its growing pains and gets business men free from the bias of partisan politics in actual charge of its government.

I live here because my business is here and my friends; because it is a city of churches and schools; because the good are in the majority and could make it an ideal city, if they would; which in time they will.

Henry Wallace.

Des Moines as a home town is far in advance of any other place I have ever lived in, and like to live here, because of the spirit of good fellowship and friendliness manifested by people with whom I come in contact. "With all her faults, I love her still."

Louise M. Shaw.

Des Moines is a home town because it has every element requisite for family life. The best of schools, the best of churches, perfect water supply, splendid location, ideal climate and is located in the center of the richest country on earth (the garden of Eden).

The city is made up of the best social, religious and God-fearing people that has ever communed together.

This is why I like Des Moines.

W. O. Coffee, M. D.

DRAWING ROOM OF C. E. RAWSON HOME

THE A. D. STRUTHERS HOME, 6TH AVE.

Barring smoke and dirt, Des Moines is a grand town to live in. The situation is most beautiful, the homes are home-like, the people intelligent, liberal and democratic, loyal to their institutions and to one another.

Extremes of poverty and wealth are fewer than in most places of its size; and the interest of the people in good works is constantly growing.

W. O. Riddell.

Des Moines is well nigh ideal as a home town. First, size is ideal. Cities ranging from 50,000 to 150,000 are large enough to yield every advantage of the great centers and not too large to grant neighborhood life. Second, citizenship type is ideal. Extremes are absent. The common people dominate. Character influence of country and village life is strong. Simple genuineness is admired and parade despised. Third, boys and girls have ideal surroundings. Evil is here if they want it but good things are calling. Schools, colleges and universities, well equipped, are at hand. Libraries are beckoning. Church life is strong and the tide of moral sentiment constantly rising. Fourth, we recognize our weaknesses and are trying to "do things" to overcome them. Fifth, we are in the very center of the most truly American section in all America.

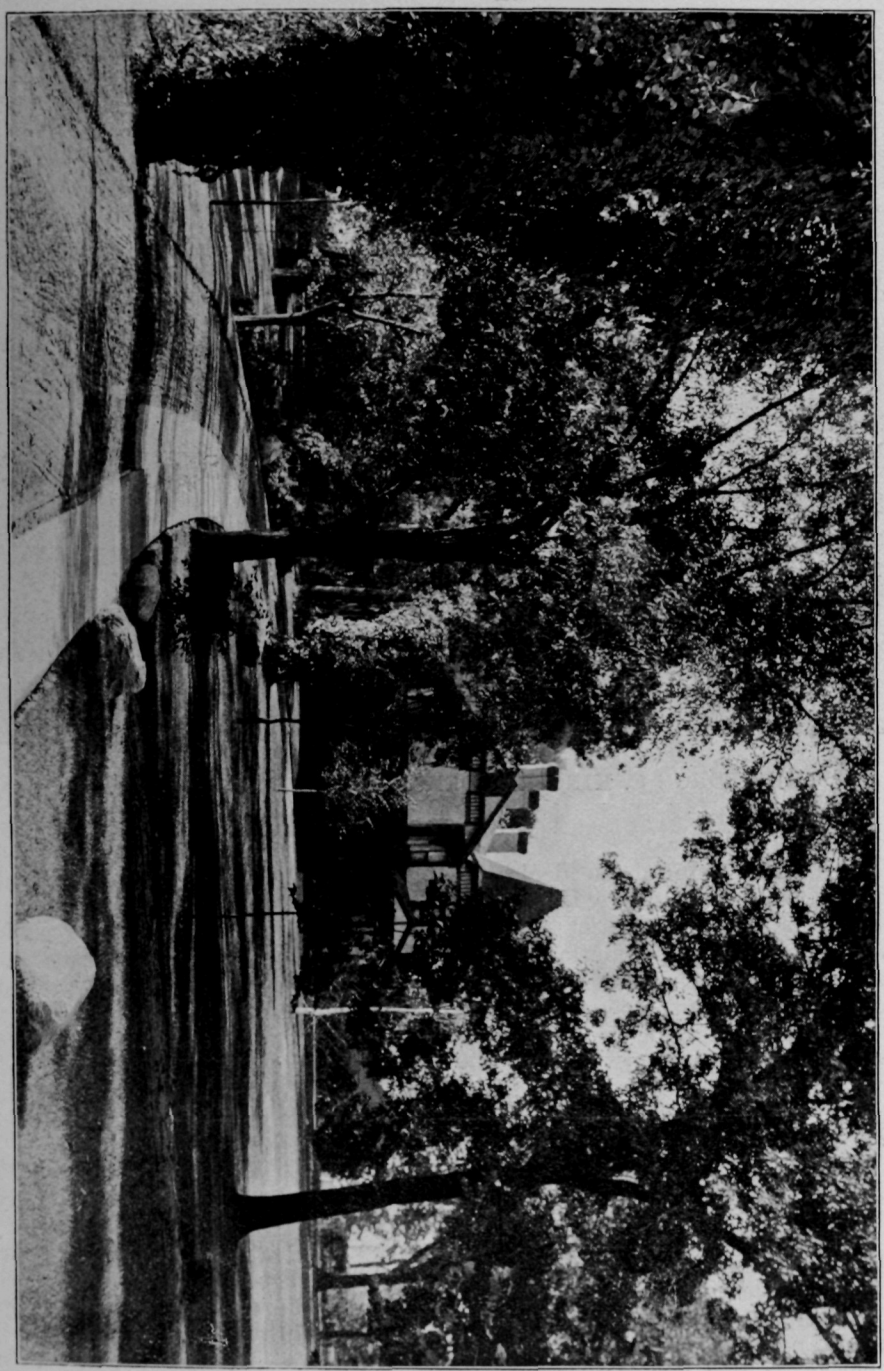
Chas. S. Medbury,
Pastor University Church of Christ.

Des Moines' glorious native trees, thousands of which remain to remind us of its extraordinary beauty of natural situation, appeal to me more than any other feature of this most beautiful city. I realize this more fully since I have occupied my new home on Forest Drive, with its enchanting panorama of woodland and river valley. But I love Des Moines thoroughly. It is good all over and through and through. It am sure no city on earth has a stronger hold upon the affections of its inhabitants.

James M. Pierce.

I like to live in Des Moines because it is a progressive city that does things and its citizens are kind Christian people.

M. Flavin.



THE E. L. BOWEN RESIDENCE ON GRAND AVE.

The greatest pleasure that I have is to meet congenial people, and my hobby is the well being in all ways of my fellow citizens. In no other city have I met so many congenial people, and in no other city have I met so many good men with the same hobby that I have, and who are glad to work with me along those lines, and who are working with me now. We are getting results, so I like to live in Des Moines, and hope to give as much good to the city as I get good from the city and its fine people.

MACK OLSEN.

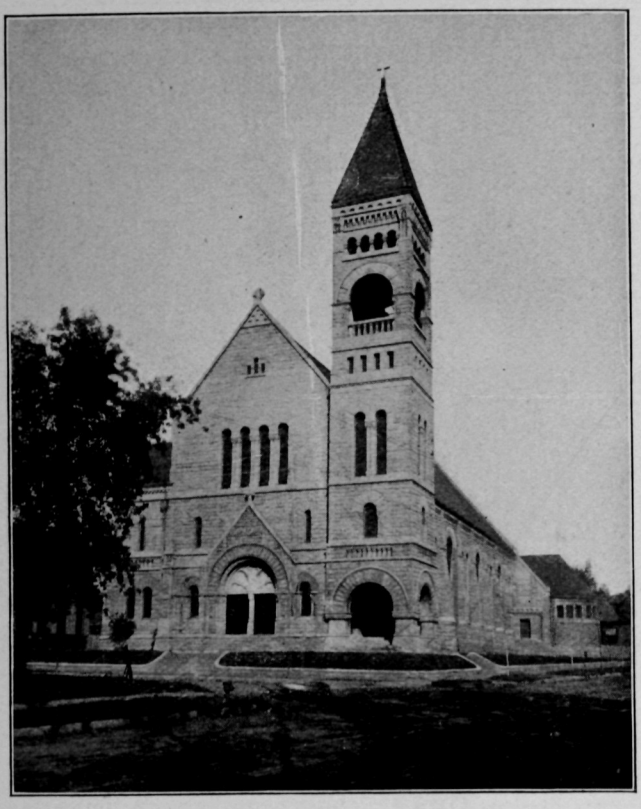
THE GEORGE E. KING RESIDENCE, 40TH AND INGERSOLL AVE.

We think Des Moines is an ideal home town. It has been our privilege to see it grow from a village of eight thousand people to its present population. Here friendships have been made which have enriched our life, and stood the test of time. Much as we value its evidence of growth in material matters, we love Des Moines most for its people, and because it is home in all the word implies.

Mrs. W. F. Mitchell.

I like Des Moines because of her physical beauty, her natural resources, and substantial business, her colleges and institutions of learning, her intelligent and congenial people, her beautiful trees and parks, fine homes and business blocks. I like Des Moines because her people recently voted for a better and more business-like city government. I would like her better still if her people would not vote for men that are constantly seeking office. I like Des Moines because she is centrally located in the great state of Iowa, with nineteen steam and four interurban railroads radiating in all directions bringing to this central mart the people's trade and the products of Iowa's fertile farms, returning distribute to this and other states the output of our mines, factories and jobbing houses. Iowa's capital city, with forty-four insurance companies ("the Hartford of the West"), the home of the largest state fair and the third largest distributing point of agricultural implements in the world. The political center and convention city of the state. Why shouldn't I like Des Moines with such a prospective future?

George H. France.



ST. AMBROSE CHURCH

AN INTERESTING EVENT

A ceremony in which every Des Moines resident was deeply interested was the investiture of Father Flavin with the title of protonotary prelate of the papal household, on October 20th, in St. Ambrose church. The ceremony was one of great solemnity and impressive beauty. Father Flavin during the years of his labors in Des Moines has won the loving regard of all classes of people, without respect to religious creed. It was thus with pleasure that his friends assembled to witness the honors given to one so widely known and well beloved in the community. Dignitaries from various parts of the country were assembled to assist in the ceremonies and their rich robes, together with the guard formed by the Knights of Columbus, the altar boys in white, with purple sashes, united to make a scene of great splendor. The procession was led by Rev. Father Leonard of Muscatine. At the rear came Father Flavin and Bishop Davis.

When all had taken their places, pontific high mass was begun by the bishop. The Very Rev. J. T. A. Flannagan of Davenport, presided as deacon, and the Rev. J. D. Flannery, also of Davenport, acted as sub-deacon. The Rev. P. C. Kenny of Grand Junction, Iowa, and the Rev. Winfried Schmidt of St. Mary's parish, Des Moines, were deacons of honor. The Rev. A. A. Lambert, apostolic missionary of the Davenport diocese, was chosen to deliver the sermon of investiture. This sermon was a beautiful tribute from the speaker to his superior in church office.

Following the Rev. Lambert's profound remarks the papal brief was read in both Latin and English by the Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane of Chicago, and he requested the bishop to invest Father Flavin as protonotary apostolic, the

MONSIGNOR FLAVIN

bishop ending that part of the ceremony with a profound "Thanks be to God."

The bishop then solemnly blessed each garment and token appertaining to Father Flavin's new office and placed them upon him. The last one, the mitre, was placed upon the head of Monsignor Flavin with the words, "I place upon your head as protonotary apostolic this miter as the helmet of strength, and the most distinctive mark of your exalted office in the church. May God ever guide you, that you may be worthy of all these honors for His greater honor and glory."

The ceremony of investiture was followed by the offertory, the music for this part of the ceremony having been rendered by Miss Marta Cunningham of London, who sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." "Praise Ye the Lord," by Forester, was sung by Mr. Martin Behrend. The music was beautifully in accord with the solemnity of the occasion. Mass was then continued until the close of the service.

The letter from the pope to Monsignor Flavin was as follows:

"To Our Beloved Son, Michael Flavin,

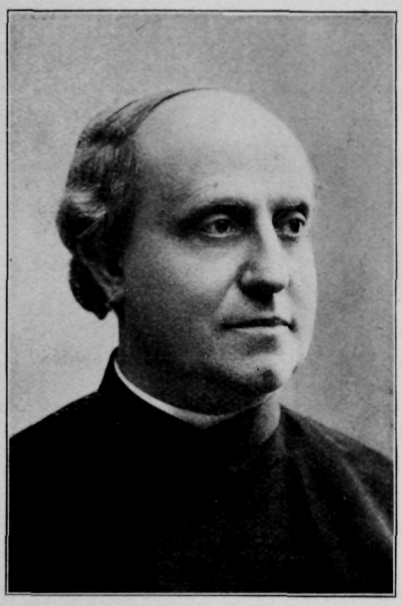
Priest of the Diocese of Davenport and Rural Dean:

"Beloved Son: Health and apostolic benediction. Whereas we have learned that you have proven yourself very solicitous in the performance of the duties of the sacred ministry and that you have deserved the highest admiration for your achievements in Catholic affairs, we deem you worthy of a special token of our good will. Therefore, we constitute you by this document a protonotary apostolic ad instar participantum with all the rights, privileges and prerogatives that accompany the title. It is provided that you fulfill the required obligations governing the conferring of this dignity.

"Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman, July 1, 1907.

"Pius X, Pope.

"R. Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State."



FATHER LAMBERT

PROCESSION ENTERING THE CHURCH

BISHOP DAVIS

A dinner was given by Monsignor Flavin to his visiting guests after the ceremony, in his own home. At 8 o'clock in the evening. The Chamberlain was the scene of an evening reception by M. Flavin and his guests. A great many friends offered congratulations. The Chamberlain was kindly offered by W. L. Browne for the occasion. At 9 o'clock the audience was called to order by Hon. Jerry B. Sullivan, who presented a brief program of talks by well known men. The speakers were M. N. Gannon, Judge Kavanaugh, Judge McHenry, Mr. P.

PROCESSION SHOWING KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

PROCESSION ENTERING THE CHURCH

Monahan, Hon. John J. Halloran and Judge Wade of Iowa City. Mr. Halloran's response to the toast, "The Man We Honor," was most touching and eloquent. He spoke from his heart, of the loving and wise guidance of one who was more than a father to him.

To be a father to his people, is certainly the ideal head of a church and Monsignor Flavin has been that in an eminent degree. Friend and father, these are great words, and they apply to the man, the priest and the citizen who was honored on this occasion.

Among the prominent churchmen in attendance at the ceremony from other cities were: Bishop Muldoon of Chicago, Bishop Lenihan of Great Falls, Mont.; Bishop Keane of Cheyenne, Wyo.; Monseigneur Ryan of Dubuque, Monseigneur Lenihan of Fort Dodge, Rev. J. J. Head of St. Louis, Rev. E. J. McLaughlin of Clinton, Rev. J. J. Mullen of Missouri Valley, Rev. Francis Ward and Rev. J. J. Schulte of Iowa City, Rev. D. M. Gorman of Dubuque, Rev. Joseph L. Kelley of Moline, Ill.; Rev. Bernard Mackin of Burlington, Rev. Brownrigg of Melrose and Rev. J. J. Noonan of Creston.

The new rank with which Father Flavin has been invested, is practically the same as a bishopric. He will, however, have no diocese to govern. He will be consulted as to church legislation, and on visits to Rome will be entitled to all privileges allowed to the prelates of the papal household. But five other men in the world enjoy the same rights as does Father Flavin.

Father Flavin was born in County Waterford, Ireland, in 1842, and his early education was obtained at Mount Mellaray seminary. He studied philosophy at Carlow college and came to the United States in 1868. He made his theological studies at St. Vincent's college, Cape Girardeau, Mo., conducted by the Lazarist Fathers. He was ordained July 20, 1870, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop

BISHOP MULDOON

O'Gorman of Omaha at St. Ambrose church in Des Moines. He was first assigned as first assistant of St. Raphael's cathedral, Dubuque, where he remained one year. He was then appointed pastor of the church at Cedar Falls and given five other small charges near there. In February, 1872, he was called to Davenport to succeed his brother, the Rev. Father Maurice Flavin, as pastor of St. Anthony's in Davenport, the latter's health compelling him to give up the parish work for a time. While pastor of St. Anthony's parish he assisted in building up St. Mary's parish in Davenport, and four years later was transferred to the new one. He remained there until 1885, when he was appointed to fill the vacancy at St. Ambrose parish in Des Moines, caused by the death of the Rev. Father Brazil.

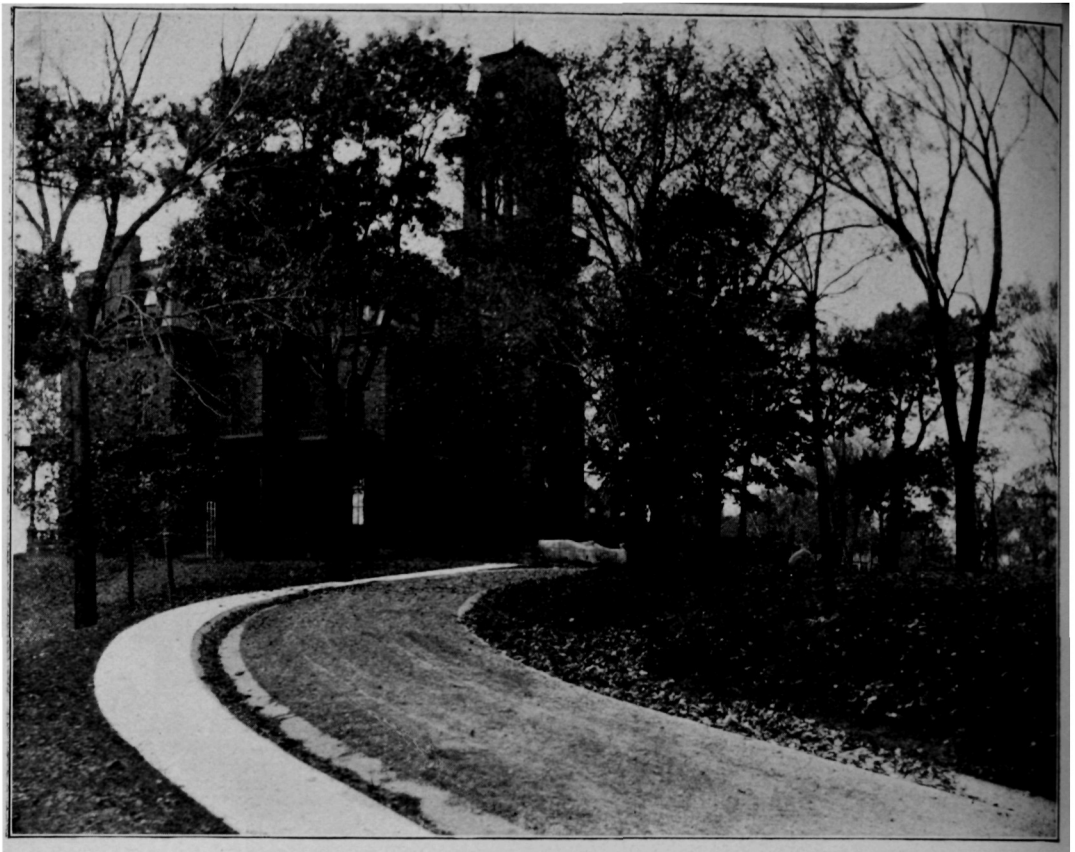
Father Flavin comes from a family that has long been prominent in the Catholic church. Two other brothers entered the priesthood, one having died at Davenport a number of years ago after serving as pastor there for many years. Another is pastor of a church in Ireland. Three nephews are also priests and two sisters Sisters of Charity. The Rev. Father Flavin of Ireland had expected to attend the ceremonies here, but owing to the construction of a large cathedral in his parish had to remain at home to supervise it.

The Knights of Columbus who had a part in the exercises were:

Hon. Jerry B. Sullivan, John J. Byron, J. E. McDermott, John B. Sullivan, N. P. Jones, B. J. Cavanaugh, John H. Hogan; John Carmody, Perry, Iowa; Robt. O. Brennan, Edw. J. Concannon, E. C. Powers; P. H. Ryan, Stuart, Ia.; Joseph Peck, Harlan, Ia.; Geo. H. Harritt, Robt. R. Barrowman; S. J. Enright, Chicago; Frank McCullough, Davenport; J. E. Fitzgerald.

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES H. TOWER, 610 FORTIETH ST.

RESIDENCE OF HARRY H. POLK, 36TH AND GRAND AVE.

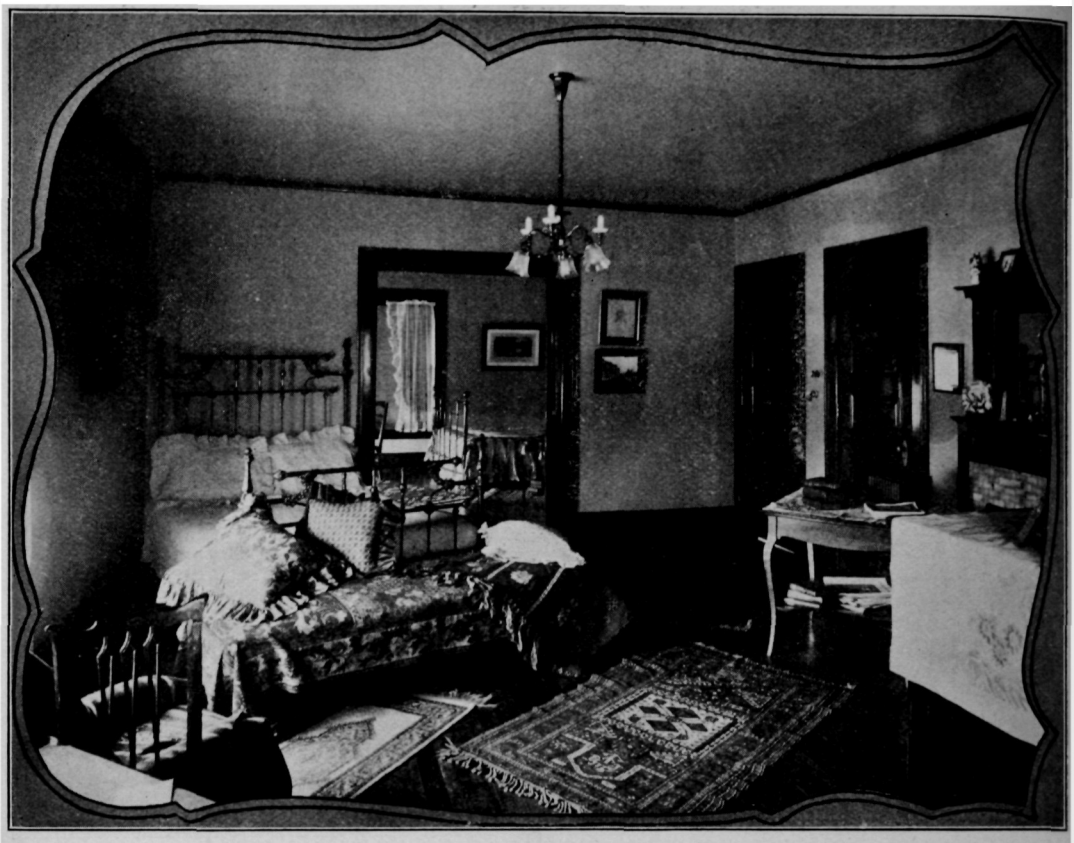


RESIDENCE OF F. M. HUBBELL

DRAWING ROOM IN F. M. HUBBELL HOME

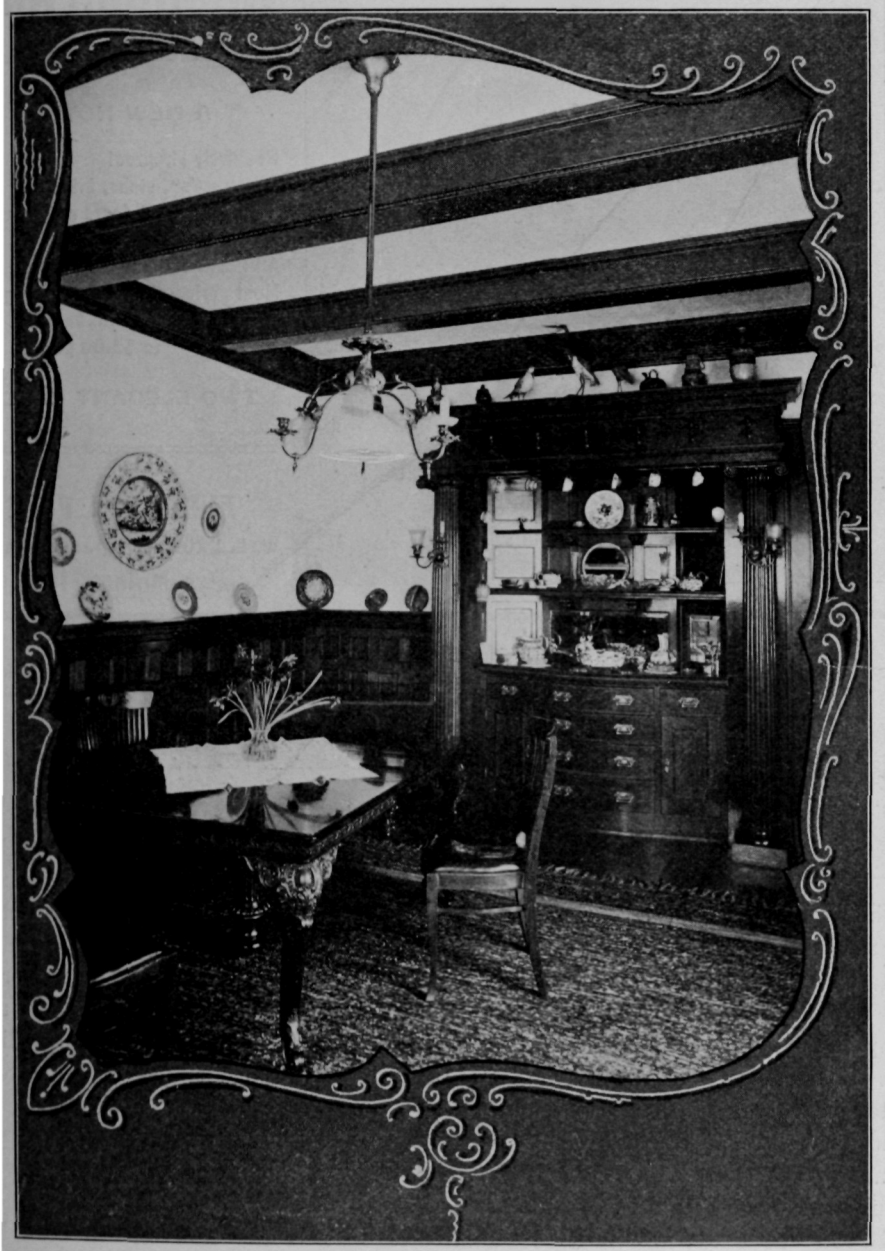
INTERIOR OF F. M. HUBBELL HOME

COL. H. B. HEDGE HOME, 2015 GRAND AVENUE



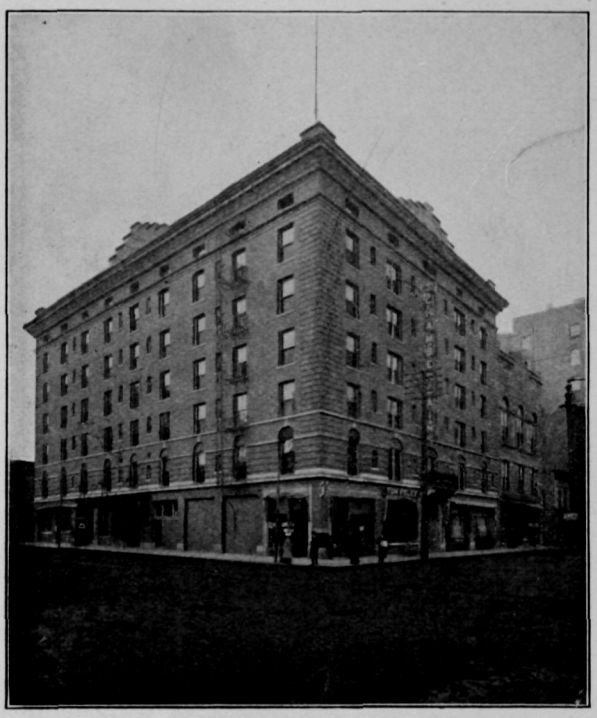
GUEST ROOM COL. H. B. HEDGE RESIDENCE

LIVING ROOM COL. H. B. HEDGE RESIDENCE



DINING ROOM COL. H. B. HEDGE RESIDENCE

THE NEWEST, THE BEST, THE ONLY FIREPROOF HOTEL IN DES MOINES



The Chamberlain

A NEW HOTEL

Positively Fireproof
Construction, stone, brick and steel
No wood except doors and frames
All Stairways Marble and Iron
All floors Tile and cement
Most perfect Sanitary Plumbing
150 Rooms, 75 with bath
Rates $1.50 to $5.00 per day

TWO ELEGANT CAFES

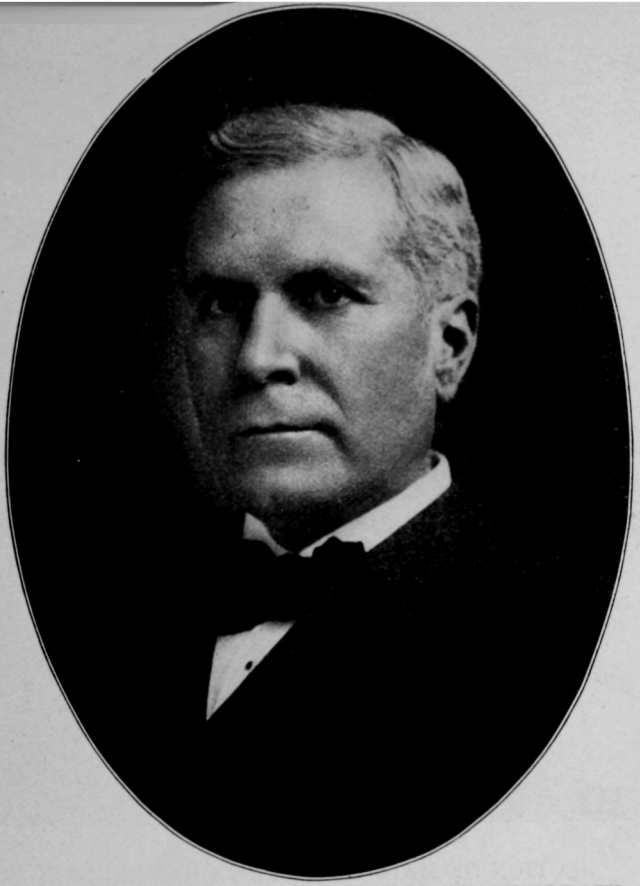
EUROPEAN PLAN
W. L. BROWN, Prop. and Manager
Des Moines, Iowa

THE CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. and Mrs W. L. Brown are artists in their line of business and it is doubtful if so high-class a hotel as the Chamberlain could have been an immediate success in other hands than theirs. Not alone in the West does it stand for completeness and elegance in its line, but it is talked of all over the country. The Dutch room, with its beautiful pictures, is not surpassed anywhere. The private rooms are so complete and tasteful in furnishings that they make the occupant feel really at home, and it is this home comfort that makes the Chamberlain so attractive. Just a little removed from the dust and noise of Walnut street causes it to appeal to all who spend much of their time in hotels. It is in the heart of the shopping district. The personal attention of Mr. and Mrs. Brown to the comfort of every patron has won for both the hotel and its proprietors a host of friends.

The Chamberlain is popular for parties of all kinds from the large reception to the small and elaborate dinner. It has 150 rooms and is on the European plan.

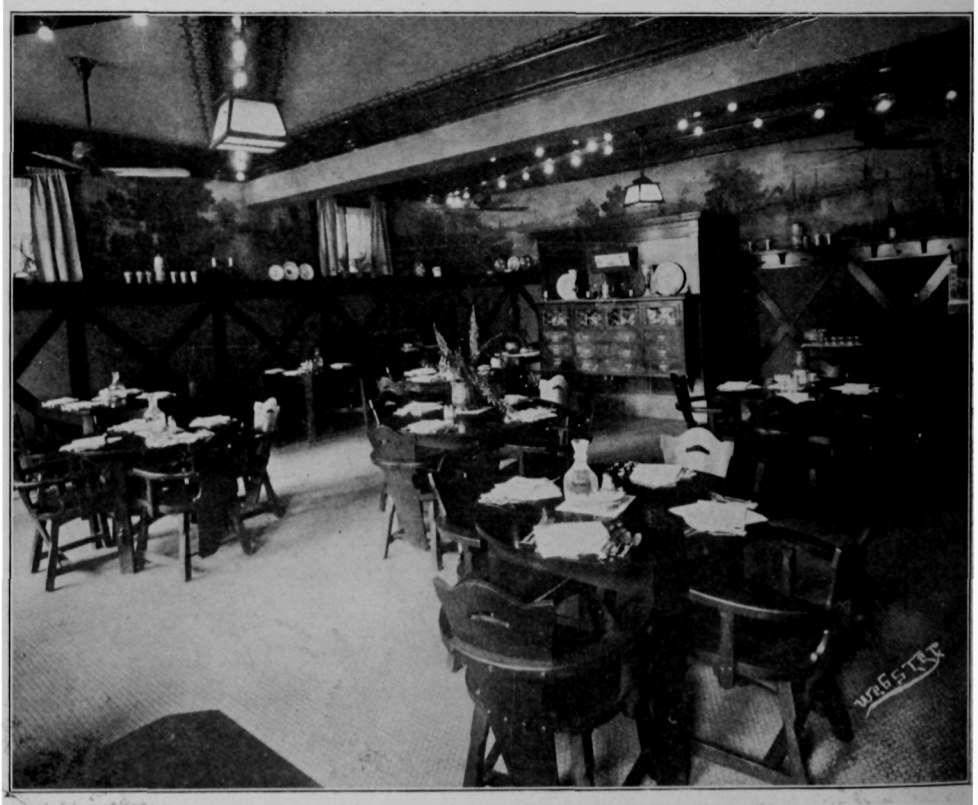
The main cafe is first class and popular with the transient public as well as our own people. The service is equal to that of the best metropolitan hotel; a trained corps of girl waitresses is in attendance. The noon-day luncheon, including a really elaborate course menu forms an attraction which fills the cafe to its utmost capacity during the noon-hour of each day.



W. L. BROWN PROPRIETOR, THE CHAMBERLAIN

OFFICE OF THE CHAMBERLAIN

SECTION OF MAIN CAFE, THE CHAMBERLAIN



FAMOUS DUTCH ROOM, THE CHAMBERLAIN

MRS. W. L. BROWN

VIEW ON THE FOYER, THE CHAMBERLAIN

W. O. RIDDELL

Superintendent of the Des Moines Schools

CHARLES H. MARTIN

President of the Des Moines School Board

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DES MOINES

Howard Whitney Secretary of the Des Moines School Board

WHAT makes good schools? Good citizens. What makes good citizens? Good schools.

Public schools reflect the community and the community reflects the public schools. The older generation in any community is providing the training for the younger generation. If the older generation is successful there is every reason to believe the younger generation will be. And the success of succeeding generations means continued growth and prosperity.

The public schools of Des Moines reflect Des Moines and Des Moines reflects its public schools. Des Moines is a successful city. It is financially successful, as evidenced by its increasing wealth; it is succesful in its citizenship,

D. F. GIVENS

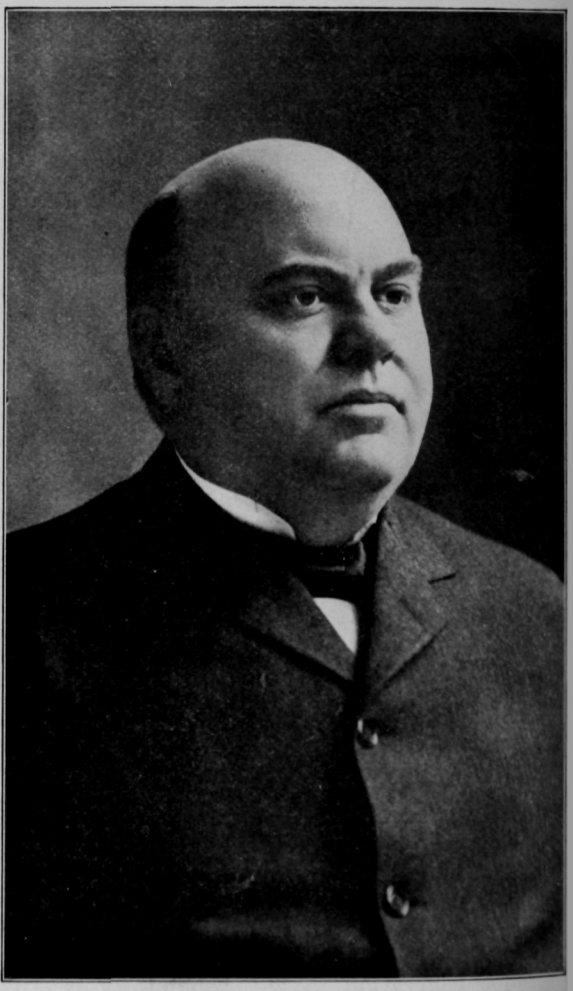
Member of the School Board

as measured by the part the citizens have played and are playing in national and world affairs; it has produced its share, at least when measured with other cities of the same age, of literature, of music and of art; it is everywhere considered typically American. These facts are all self-evident. And so if we have good schools in Des Moines it is because we have wise and successful citizens. And if we have successful citizens they furnish positive evidence that we have good schools.

It is the common boast of every city that its schools excel. Especially at this time of universal boasting. And are not the schools the first and nearest interest of any family outside of its home? There we have spent life's golden hours when all the world was young and every day brought its revelations, made happy by the imaginings and the romance of childhood. There we have lived day by day with fellow classmates, Tommy and Nelly and Mary and Charlie. And our fond parents have watched us grow up in the schools and have come to love the schools and to guard them jealously. Is it any wonder then that any community which is worth while is proud of its schools, is jealous of their reputation and is it any wonder that the common boast is that they do excel?

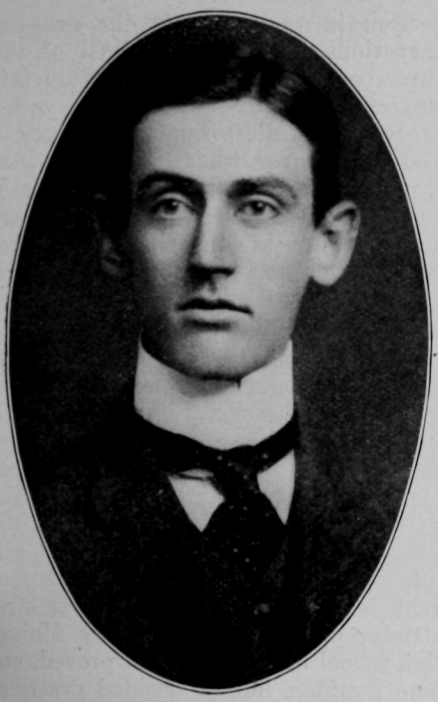
But just as there are certain good fortunes which contribute to the success of certain families ever and above that of their neighbors, just so are there certain good fortunes in some communities over others which contribute to the success of the community over and above other cities. And the schools are the first and direct heirs to the fortunes of the community.

The Des Moines schools are rich. And that means much for the schools That is, there is a great amount of valuable property in Des Moines and it is not necessary to assess this property



ROBERT J. FLEMING

Member of the School Board



HOWARD N. WHITNEY
Secretary of the board

so very high to obtain a good income for the schools. But how is it in a rural or suburban district. Before consolidation there was a suburban district which had one schoolhouse. The school tax was 57 mills, while in the old West Des Moines district it was 26.5 mills. The suburban district referred to had meager equipment, low salaried teachers and very little money to use to operate its schools, and yet the low priced property, which was in the district, was burdened with an unusually heavy school tax. While in the West Des Moines district the equipment was good and the salaries were good and yet the burden was not heavy on the tax payers, for there was so much valuable property to tax. And now under consolidation of all the territory within the city limits into one school district, thus throwing seventeen districts into one, the tax over the entire city is but 27 mills and a fraction. Thus is shown what it means to have ar ich school district.

In this town of politicians it is nothing short of marvelous that the public school system has been kept so free from political entaglements, but it is true. This absence of politics is accepted by those who have had long experience in school affairs to be one of the principal causes of the superiority of Des Moines schools. It has meant that fitness should rule in the employment of all teachers and school officials and not political preferment. Influential politicians, long used to getting things through pull, have gone away stunned, bewildered and perplexed, oftentimes when they have butted into this rule of the board to allow merit alone to decide who shall teach in the public schools. And the citizens have guarded this jealously. There have been brief regimes of aspirant politicians on the school board, but just so soon as their tendencies were discovered, the citizens ended their careers.

It seems there are few cities so determined in this as Des Moines. We see Chicago with its great wealth, permit its mayor to name the members of the school board. And while it may be true that Chicago has good schools in spite of this terrible handicap, yet the system cannot help but be honeycombed with incompetents if political preferment obtains in the employment of its

THEODORE F. GREFE
Member of the School Board

HOMER A. MILLER
Member of the School Board

army of workers. Then there is poor, stricken, graft-ridden San Francisco, almost plunging two great nations into war through its school politics.

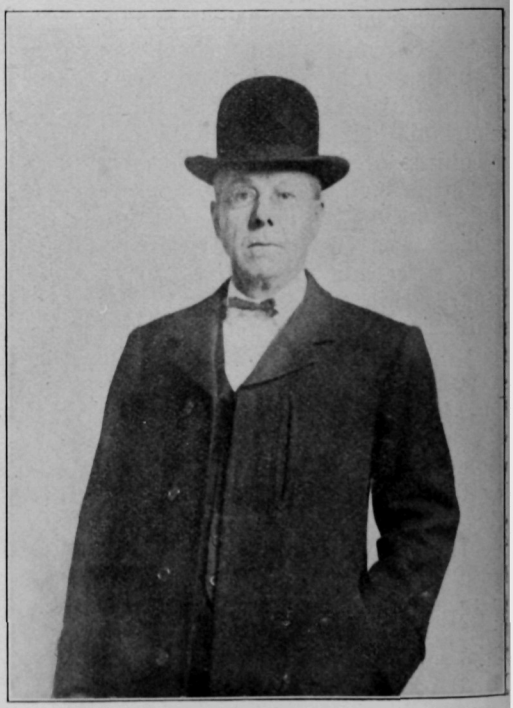
Then given—first, good citizens and last—good citizens, those who have the wisdom to grow wealthy, the common sense and the home pride to watch over the public schools and see to it that good school superintendents and teachers are chosen and able members of the board, you get good schools. And this is what Des Moines citizens have accomplished in these fifty or more years, during which they have been "building a city here."

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

In this highly advanced age of ours there are fads and foibles and fancies in school affairs as elsewhere. The common sense administration tries to keep abreast of the times and modern in its methods, its school curriculum, and in the text-books used without dipping into the impractical.

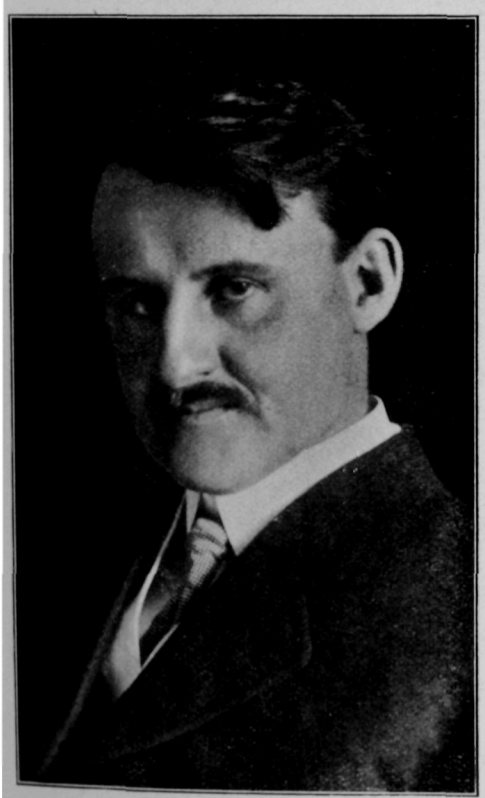
"What can you do" is the highly practical question put to the person seeking employment. The Des Moines public schools are anticipating this question in trying to fit the growing generations to do things. All of the courses of study are planned with this practical end in view. And in order to give the fullest opportunity for a child to discover what he can do best, for what line of work he is best fitted, where his talents lie, there is a variety and completeness in the curriculum seldom attempted in public school work except in the best communities where such advantages are alone possible.

Manual training, for instance, is proving to be the means of starting many a boy on his career as a skilled mechanic, a mechanical engineer or opening to him the vast field of engineering. Not that it teaches engineering, but it arouses the native talent for mechanics, and the talent once thoroughly aroused finds a wide field of operation, in this day of great building endeavor. It was first introduced into the West Des Moines High school in 1888 where it proved, not alone popular, but of decided practical worth to the young men. But so many of the youngsters who most need manual training for the reason that it affords them an early opportunity to secure



JOHN RAY
Member of the Board

WEST HIGH SCHOOL

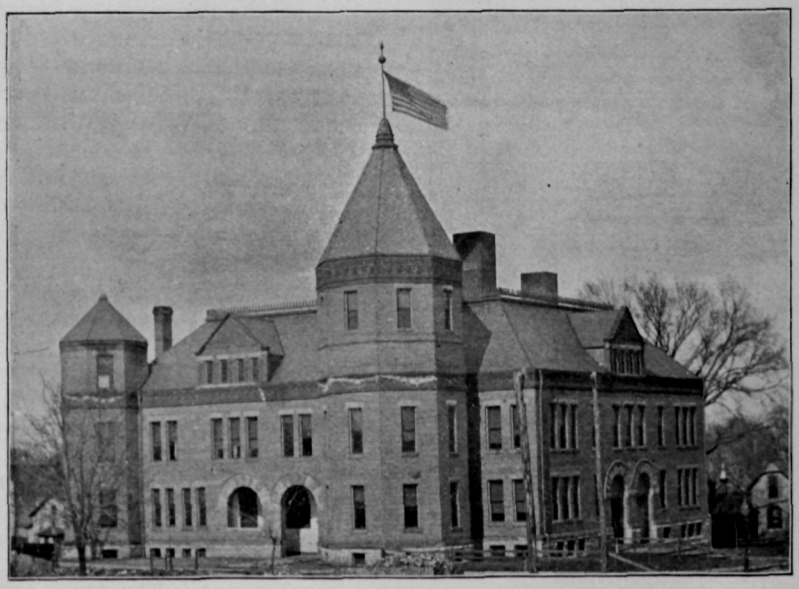


MAURICE RICKER
Principal of West High

profitable employment never reach the high school. So it is being taught in the grades and the boys seem to think it one of their most interesting studies. The work now even starts in the kindergarten, where the children are taught their first lessons in form and color and accuracy. In the lower grades much of the work is done in connection with the free-hand drawing under the direction of the drawing supervisor. When the youngsters reach the fifth grade, however, they begin knife work with thin wood. In the sixth grade they go to the manual training work shops, often a comfortable basement room well equipped with benches and good tools and well seasoned woods to work on, and there they commence bench work, being required to make working drawings for each article which they construct. In the seventh grade mechanical drawing comes in, and the work under the drawing supervisor in the earlier grades now serves them well. They learn to design buildings, patterns for machinery and working models. They work with thick woods and use all sorts of tools, such as a carpenter uses, planes, saws, squares, chisels and the like. In the eighth grade their work is turned to some account. The looms used by the pupils of the first and second grade for

NORTH HIGH

their weaving are made in the eighth grade manual training shops. Other useful articles are manufactured. They pass from the eighth grade into high school and here important work is attempted. House furniture is often made by the boys in the high school, including all kinds of cabinets, desks, chairs, tables and fancy articles. Down town in the offices of the board of education is a handsome mission style table, made by the manual training department of West High and presented to the board. The students also repair the broken and damaged machinery in their shops.

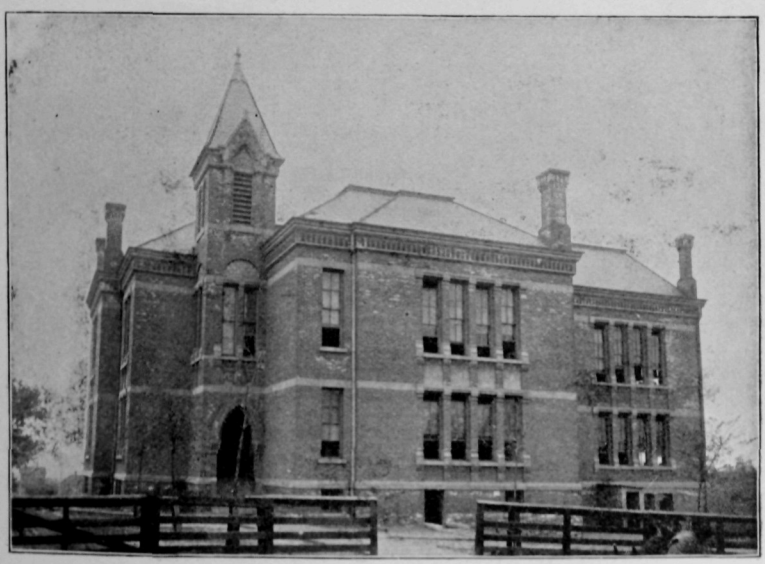


EAST HIGH

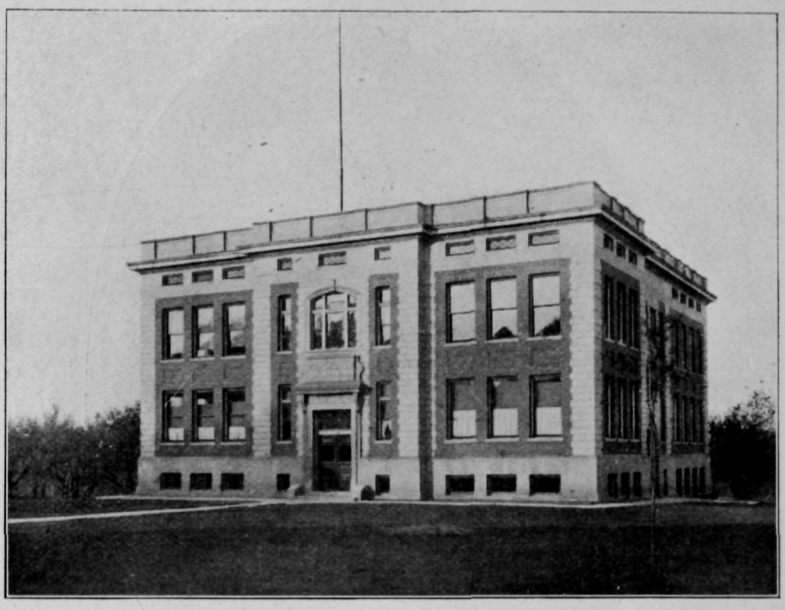
J. G. GRUNDY
Principal of North High

COMMON BRANCHES EMPHASIZED.

Of course the principal work of the schools is to provide a thorough training in the common branches. This always has been and will ever continue to be the all important work. But the common branches alone are not enough. The schools can do more and the pupils can do more with decided profit. Great care is taken not to overload the course and



LONGFELLOW SCHOOL



GREENWOOD SCHOOL

the psychological development of the child is studied from every standpoint. But at the same time the courses are crowded full. There is often criticism because not all of the holidays are observed by the schools. The reason for this is that the courses are so arranged that the losing of a day is a decided break in the educational machinery.

Drawing is taught in all of the grades. Whenever an exhibit of public school drawings is made, the talent and the artistic taste displayed by school children from the first primary on through to the eighth grade is the marvel of adults, the majority of whom had not the advantage of a drawing course during their public school days. This work, too, is

BIRD SCHOOL

MRS. ALICE E. WARTH
First Primary Teacher in Greenwood School

done with a view to securing practical results. The pupils are taught to observe objects about them and then to create their own drawings. The pupils do marvelous work in drawing landscapes, flowers, fruits, and natural objects, the designs all being original. Thus are developed their faculties for observation, harmony of colors, accuracy, taste and neatness. They are required to draw working patterns for rugs, wall paper, carpets and tapestries, the pattern made to an exact scale so that it can be forwarded to a factory and worked out accurately.

As is well set forth by the drawing supervisor, "We hope always to choose the subjects which appeal to the best phases of life—those that appeal not only to the childs' intellect, but to his spiritual nature as well, to his social instincts, to his affections, to his sympathies; in a word, to make the study altruistic."

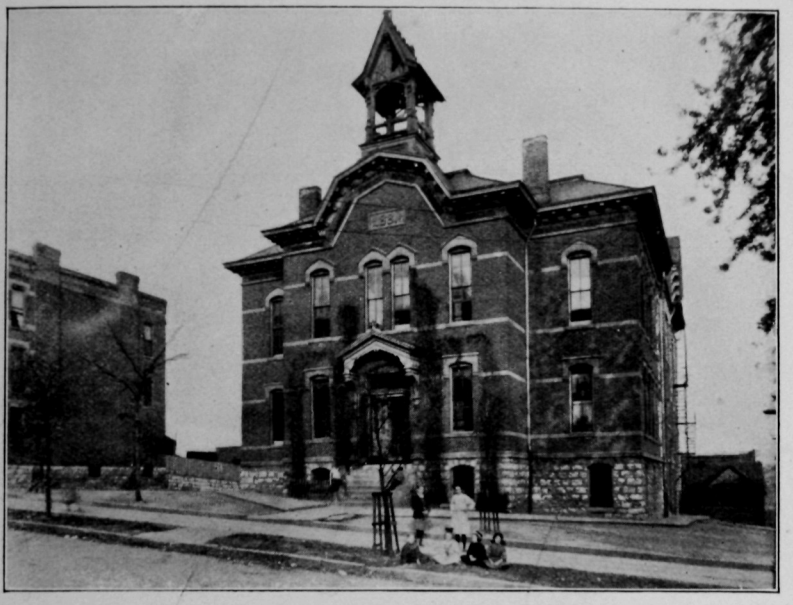
And then there is music. Not enough to burden the courses with extra work, but sufficient to add zest to the irksome grind of the ordinary school work. And the children are rare indeed who do not thoroughly enjoy it. One can hear them singing the songs of the school room about their homes after hours with infinite delight. It is the common experience that the songs learned in school linger longest in the hearts of every full grown man and woman and often clustering about them are the tenderest memories of life.

PARK AVENUE SCHOOL

A few years ago physical culture was introduced into the west side schools under the direction of an expert physical director and it is now being extended over the consolidated district as are all the other lines of work. In the opinion of those in closest touch with school affairs this has been a most valuable addition. The effect of the five and ten minute daily drill is frequently commented on by the teachers who see its results in renewed energy on the part of the pupils, more erect and dignified carriage, and a general physical development.

The kindergarten work is likewise growing and extending constantly and is meeting with every encouragement from the most sincere and appreciative patrons of the schools.

CARY SCHOOL

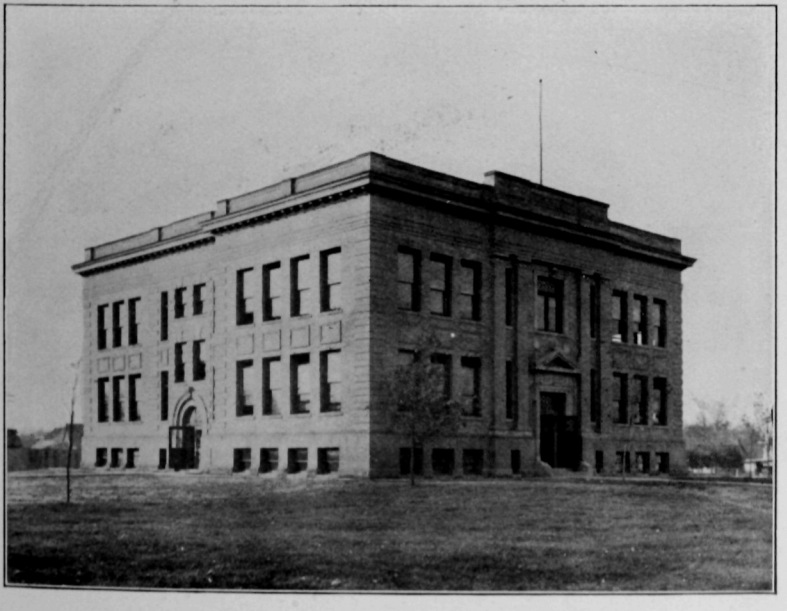


GARFIELD SCHOOL

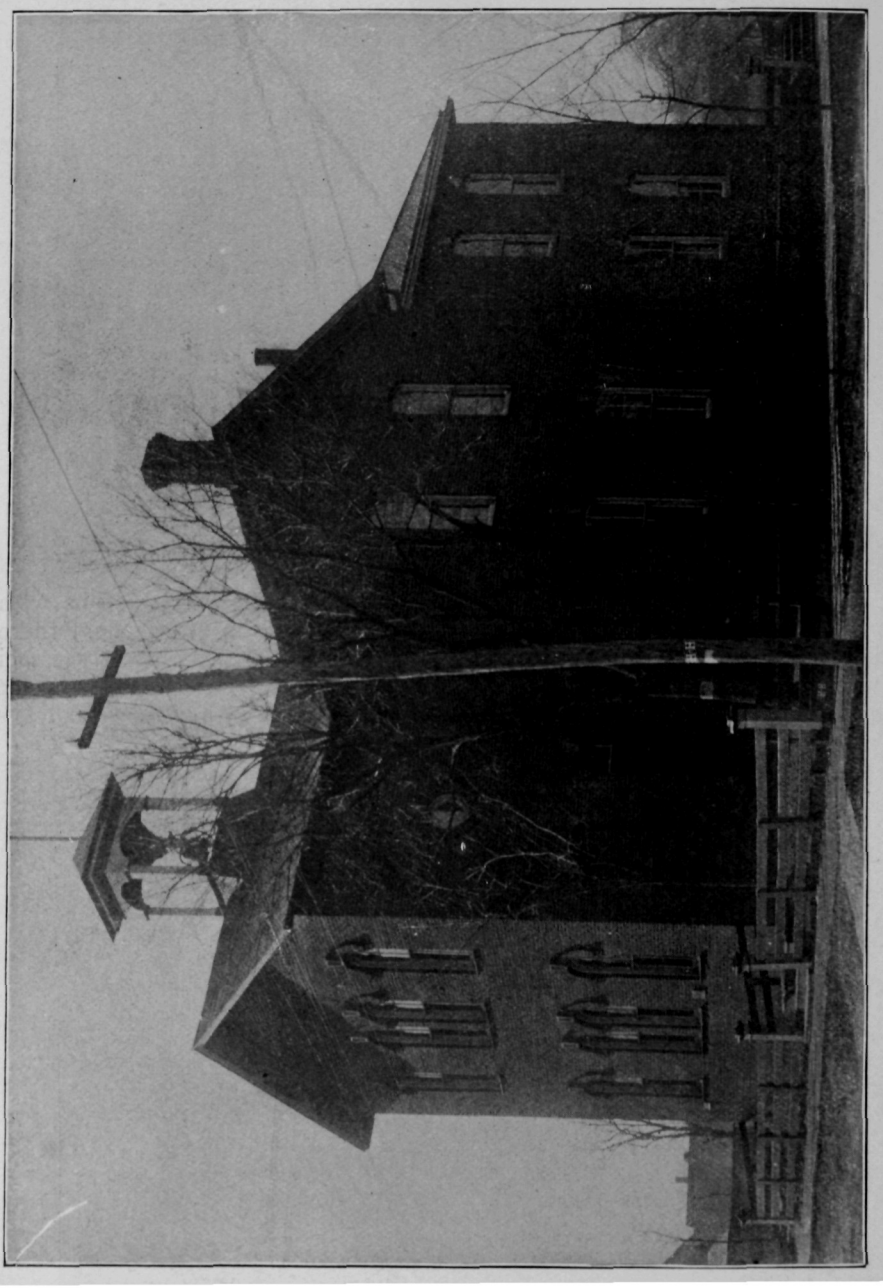
And thus one might go on enumerating the various lines of work, each vitally important in its place and all planned to develop the well trained, practical, efficient manly man and womanly woman, fitted to take their part in the increasing duties of the world.

MAGNITUDE OF SYSTEM.

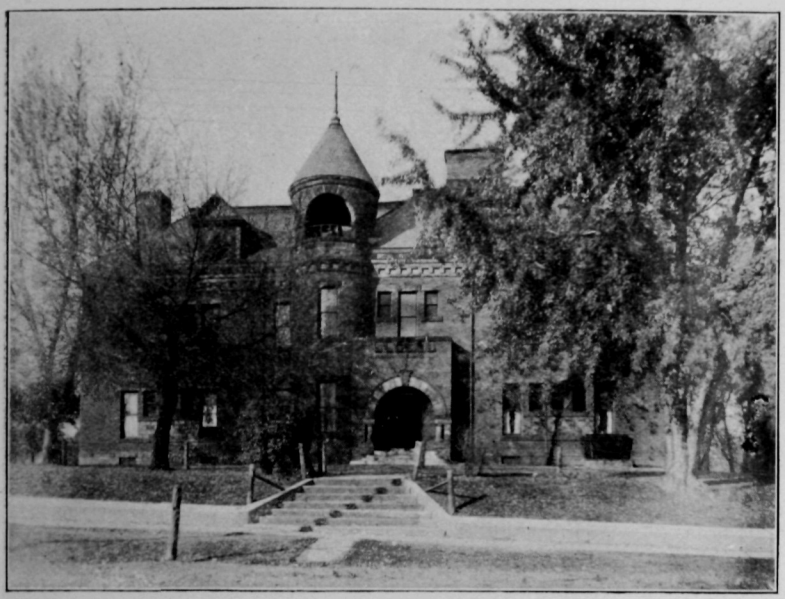
Occupied as are most of us with the important affairs of the day, there are few outside of those directly associated with the schools who realize the magnitude of the Des Moines school system,



McKINLEY SCHOOL



FRANKLYN SCHOOL



OAK PARK HIGH SCHOOL

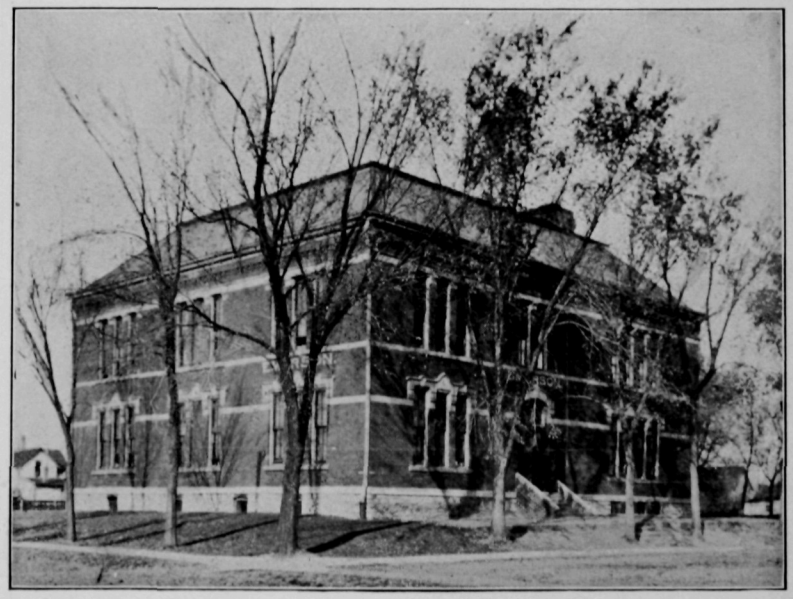
especially under consolidation. Whatever may have been the sentiment before consolidation was effected and however much may be the temporary embarassment in trying to perfect it under so many hampering obstacles, there is scarcely any one now but that recognizes its wisdom. Seventeen school districts within the corporate limits of one city is a condition absolutely absurd. One city should be one school district. The reasons are obvious. The most important reason is that practically all of the valuable taxable property was concentrated into one school district. Hence that school district had a great deal more money at a lower cost to the taxpayer, to spend on its district than any other. Under consolidation the school tax in Des Moines has been fixed at a

CAPITAL PARK HIGH SCHOOL

SUMMIT SCHOOL

fraction over 27 mills. This is a one mill advance in the old West Des Moines district but notice the decrease in the other districts. East Des Moines reduced from 33.5 mills; Capital Park from 36.5; Oak Park from 47.2; Grant Park from 36.2; Chesterfield from 57.2; Easton Place from 32.2.

The consolidated district has fifty-four square miles of territory, fifty-two schoolhouses, 475 teachers whose pay-roll amounts to $35,000 each month and over 15,000 pupils. It is estimated that the annual expenditure for the maintenance of the schools will be a half million dollars. The utmost care is used to keep the expenses down and to maintain a strictly business-like administration of the school affairs, at the same time allowing as liberal salaries to the teaching

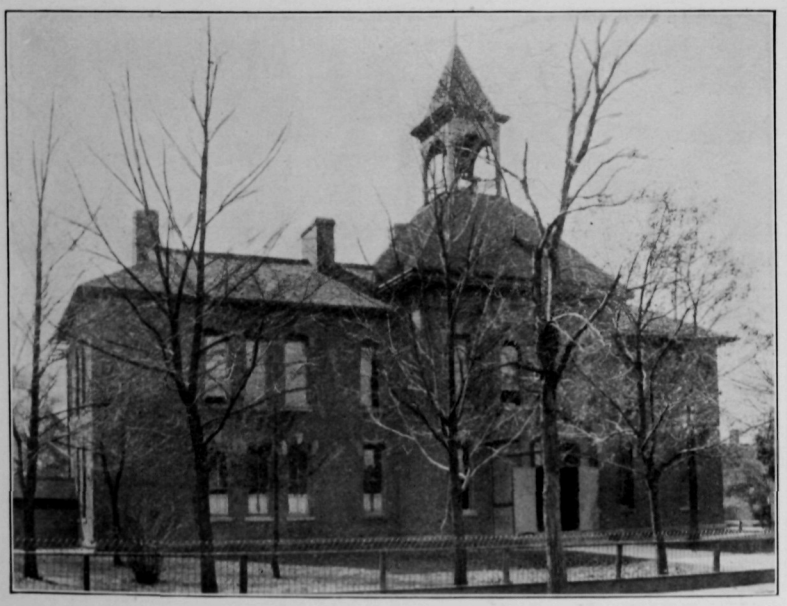


EMERSON SCHOOL

BRYANT SCHOOL

force as possible. It is a well known fact that the Des Moines district pays the best salaries to teachers of any district in Iowa, and as a consequence gets the most efficient teachers and insists on getting the best.

West High school alone is larger than most of the colleges of the state barring the universities. It has an annual enrollment of one thousand pupils, a teaching faculty of thirty-five, a curriculum which embraces six distinct and complete courses and a physical equipment which few colleges can equal. The commercial departments of our high schools annually graduate scores of young people into well-paying down-town positions. Many of the highest salaried office people in the down-town business concerns today had no other preliminary business



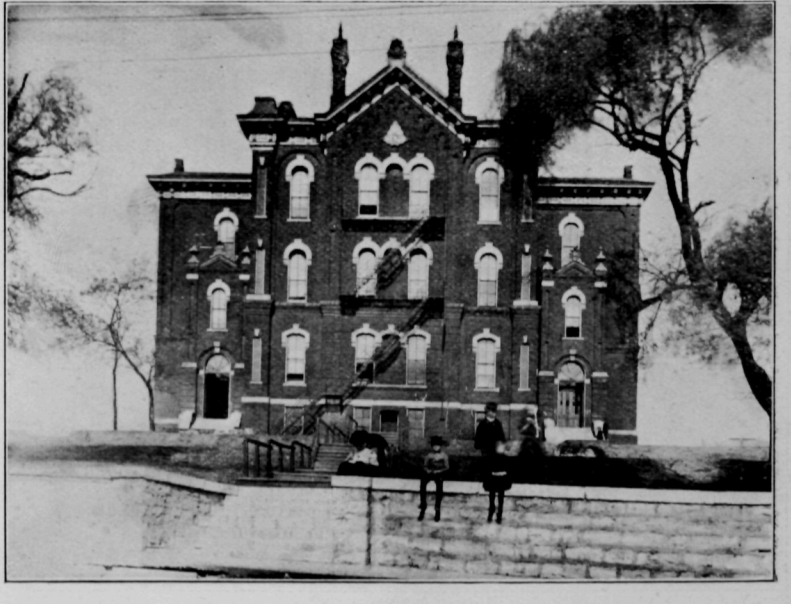
FOREST HOME SCHOOL

OLIVE McHENRY SCHOOL

training than that received in one of the four high schools of the city.

The East Des Moines high school has long been recognized as one of the most efficient high schools in Iowa. Her graduates have reflected eminent credit on the training which that institution afforded. The same is true of North High and Capital Park High.

The sanitary conditions of the schools is watched with jealous alertness by the board and the school officers. The modern methods of heating and ventilating which have proven most successful are being installed in all the new buildings. The greatest care is exerted in keeping the older buildings of the district pure and sanitary. Fumigation is frequent.



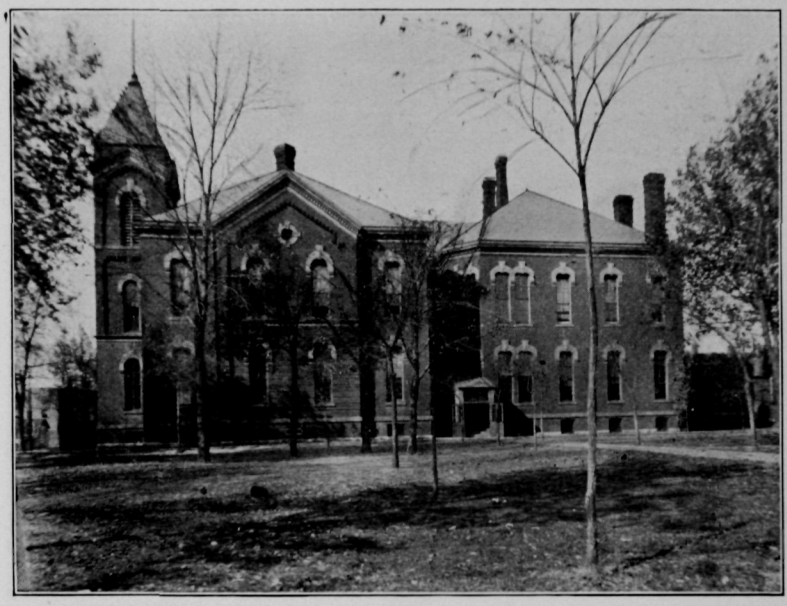
IRVING SCHOOL

HAWTHORNE SCHOOL

Disinfectants are used freely. The utmost cleanliness of the buildings is insisted upon. At times of prevalent sickness, trained nurses are kept in schools to give physical examinations and to send home the child with symptoms of disease.

The free text-book system and the handling of school supplies makes an infinite amount of work in the superintendent's and secretary's office, to the principals and teachers and everyone concerned but this method reduces the cost to the parents for schooling their children to the minimum and at the same time assures uniformity in all supplies and books. This is absolutely necessary to a well-managed system.

LAKE PARK SCHOOL



CROCKER SCHOOL

A striking example of the interest and co-operation of the best people of the city in the schools is the Penny Provident Association. This is under the supervision of the Congress of Mothers and was introduced into the schools in October, 1901. Its object is to encourage thriftiness and the habit of saving on the part of the children. The children bring their money to the principal or teacher and are given a stamp book with a stamp for every penny deposited. The money is then deposited in Citizens State Bank. The child can then go to the bank and secure a pass book and open an account, taking with him his stamp book which shows how much money he has paid in to the teacher. Interest at the rate of four per cent is paid on these deposits.

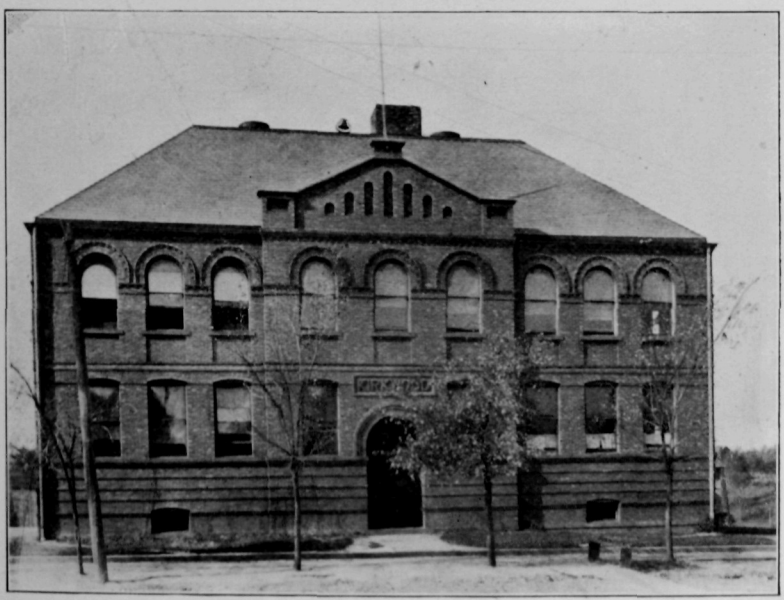
Although this has been carried on only in the old West Des Moines district and

GRANT SCHOOL

WEBSTER SCHOOL

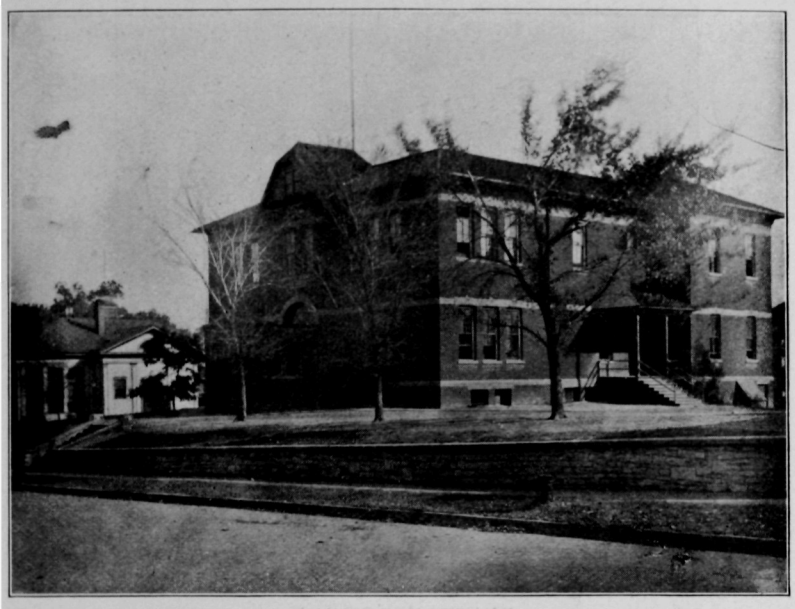
the Oak Park district, having been introduced into the latter district scarcely a year ago, the amount of money thus deposited since October, 1901, has been $45,280.06. There have been about 3,700 accounts opened. About $26,000 has been withdrawn by the children during this time and there are not a few instances where the money has been used to assist the parents in paying for a property, or used in time of especial need for ready cash. It is the plan to extend this over the consolidated district the coming year when satisfactory arrangements can be made.

Thus we find co-operation to be one of the great factors in the success of the schools — co-operation between parents and teachers augmented by the Mothers clubs—co-operation in the entire working force all over the district with one another for the best interests of the schools in general and a loyal pride in the chance which is being given the children to reach maturity fit and useful and happy.



KIRKWOOD SCHOOL

MISS FRANCES WRIGHT
Supervisor of Music in Des Moines Public Schools

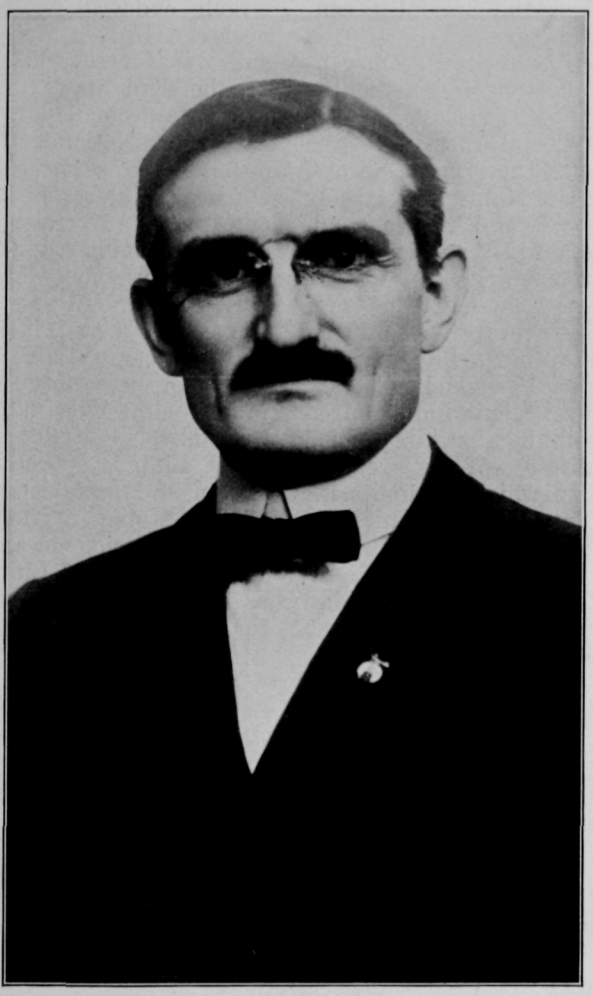


OAKLAND SCHOOL

ELMWOOD SCHOOL

LINCOLN SCHOOL

CASADY SCHOOL



DR. E. G. LINN

A New Factor in the Professional Life of the City

The subject of this sketch is a Pennsylvanian by birth and an Iowan by adoption. When "a todlin' wee thing" his parents moved to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he grew up on the farm together with his brothers, Dr. W. N. Linn, now studying in Europe, and Dr. A. M. Linn, of our State Board of Health.

Like his brothers he is largely a product of Iowa soil and climate, farmed in summer and taught school in winter, acquiring thereby means of attending Howe's Academy. He there laid the foundation for a liberal education and acquired the basis on which to build a thorough medical training. His every purpose was bent to the attainment of his medical degree. His studious habits and fixedness of purpose has characterized his professional and social life. For 15 years he was associated in a luctrative practice with Dr. G. E. Smith, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. During this period he frequently visited the clinical centers

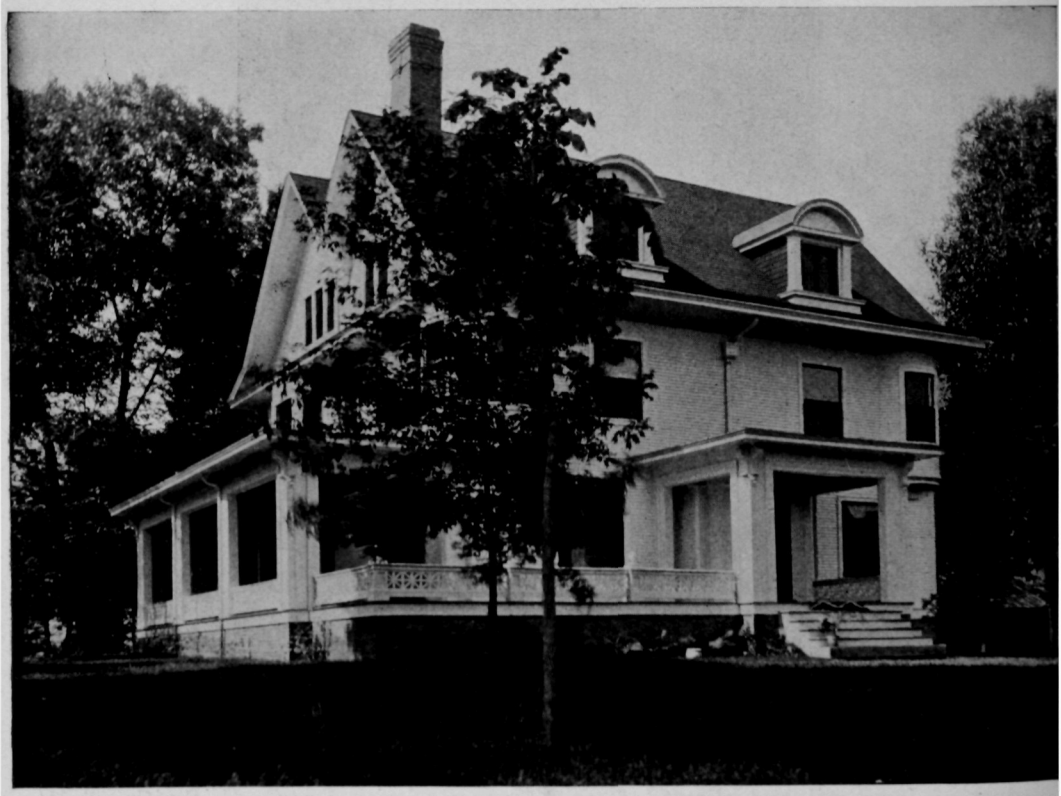
and post-graduate schools and shaped his studies toward the specialty constantly in his mind's eye.

Three years ago he retired from general practice, and after a few months preliminary work in the East he took up his studies in special work in Vienna and subsequently in the London clinics.

His location in Des Moines was largely because of its social and religious advantages. He is a firm believer in the theory that men acquire the measure of success in their chosen fields that they merit, and he proposes to merit and indeed is obtaining a fair share of patronage among Des Moines' best people. His natural talent and acquired skill is already winning for him a good practice in the diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat to which he limits his practice. Dr. Linn is a forceful man, positive in his convictions and possesses a limitless fund of energy.

In his Mt. Pleasant home Dr. Linn was influential in both social and civic affairs. He was the first president of the Y. M. C. A. at Mt. Pleasant, so largely endowed by his friend Senator Seeley. He is a Mason, a Past Master and was for several years Commander of the Knights Templar. He is interested in the Henry County Savings and First National Banks, and was a member of the latter's directory board. He is also interested in other important enterprises. By faith he is a Methodist and prior to his removal from Mt. Pleasant was for some years president of the Epworth League. Dr. Linn and his estimable wife and their two sons, Earl and Elbert, are a valuable addition to Des Moines society and to the First M. E. church with which they have united.

Dr. Linn is a brother of the well known and well loved Dr. A. M. Linn, of Des Moines. The city is fortunate in the accession of another one of this notable family of Linns, another one of as fine a manliness and who will stand for the same things as a citizen that Dr. A. M. Linn stands for.



RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR REYNOLDS

"THE RETREAT"

A Beautiful Home For Invalids

Dr. Gershom Hill was both wise and fortunate when he chose the lovely Callanan Plan for his Sanitarium, known as "The Retreat." An embowered home, in the midst of lovely grounds, for which everything has been done both by art and nature, no rest cure ever was offered more enchanting than this.

Three buildings are occupied by patients and one by employes. There is also a laundry, ice house, carriage house, chicken house and a barn. The brick mansion, which fronts to the east has a slate roof; with basement and a full height attic, there are four stories. It is located on an elevation fifty-five feet higher than Ingersoll Ave., two blocks south.

On the south side of the house the basement story is above grade so that it contains full-sized windows and doors, which, like the openings in the walls above, look out upon an extensive and most beautiful flower garden containing plants and shrubbery of various kinds.

The basement story contains two dining rooms, a large kithcen, a general bath room, the massage room, and the furnace room. The first floor contains halls, parlor, sitting room, one large bedroom, the office, the dispensary and the electrical room. The second floor contains rooms for female patients; the attic story is occupied exclusively by the female patients and the third by the domestic and other employes. All these buildings are well constructed and convenient of access.

The main building and the cottage attached to it are evenly and abundantly heated by means of forty hot water radiators. The cottage for men is provided with a hot air furnace. Gas light is used throughout. There is ample and safe connection with the city sewer. For bathing and therapeutic purposes there are four large tubs and four lavatories, besides an up-to-date shower. Seven water closets are conveniently located. An abundant supply of water from the city system is furnished constantly and hot water in abundance available at all times. There are four large cisterns containing rain water, and two wells, one at the house and one at the barn, each more than forty feet in depth and walled up with brick. These wells furnish an inexhaustible supply of excellent water for drinking and culinary purposes.

As a safeguard against fire, there is an iron stairway leading from the upper floor to the ground; numerous hand grenades and other fire extinguishers are conveniently located. Good fire protection is afforded by the city since opportunities for coupling hose pipe to hydrants are available at a distance of only two blocks.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE "RETREAT"

The Retreat has as many nurses as patients. Croquet, archery and quoits are played in summer month and music and informal parlor games in winter. The table is generous and wholesome. Fresh vegetables and milk are served in abundance.

The Retreat has been in operation two years. The special work in which it is engaged has had a natural healthy growth. Forty-six patients were admitted the first year and seventy-two the second. They came from fifty-five counties in Iowa. They remained under treatment on an average, two months. The first year the population averaged nine, the second year thirteen patients. Forty-three men and seventy-five women were treated.

The Retreat Co. is incorporated with a capital stock of $50,000. Gershom H. Hill is president, John C. Doolittle is secretary and treasurer, James L. Hill, of Salem, Mass., is vice president, and Judge F. B. Doolittle, of Delbi, president of the Hopkinton State Bank, is auditor.

READY FOR A DRIVE

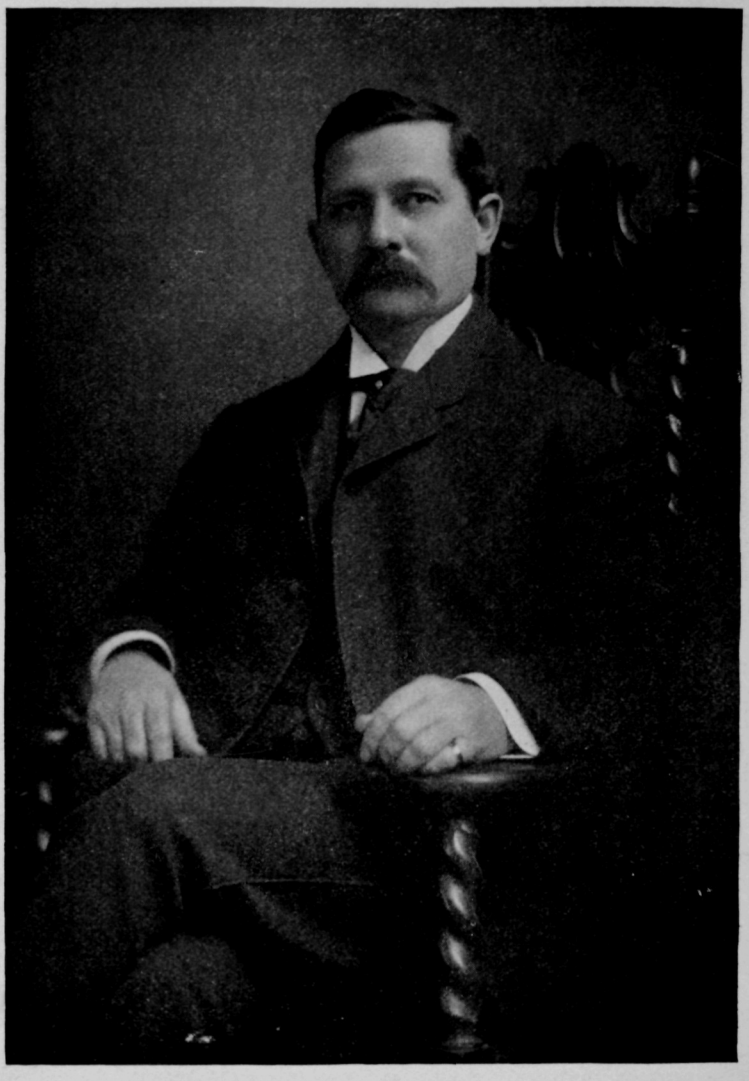
PARK SURROUNDING "THE RETREAT"

These four men own the property exclusively.

Dr. Hill is an alienist, and as such, lectured for sixteen consecutive years to medical students at the State University. Since his removal from Independence to Des Moines, he has been professor of mental diseases in the College of Medicine of Drake University. He has an office in the Equitable Building, and his home is on Pleasant Street opposite the Methodist Hospital. He restricts his practice to nervous and mental diseases, and does a consultation business. He visits The Retreat daily, examines the patients, becomes thoroughly acquainted with each case, assists in the treatment there afforded and conducts most of the correspondence.

Dr. Doolittle is the resident physician. He has had an extended experience in the care and treatment of patients having nervous and mental diseases. He is a physician of much ability and gives his whole attention to the medical and other work done at The Retreat.

RESIDENCE OF H. B. WYMAN, SIXTH AND ARLINGTON



HILL M. BELL
President Drake University

STORY OF A GREAT SCHOOL

Iowa has more just cause for pride in her educational institutions than any state in the Union. And among these educational institutions is one whose wonderful growth has placed it already in the front rank of the schools of the country. This is Drake University, only twenty-five years old.

The University was founded in 1881. It was organized by broad, far-seeing men, who had for their ideal a Christian university, modern and free in spirit, which would give a thorough training in the arts and sciences, at the same time giving exaltation and domination to the message and mission of the Teacher of teachers. It was determined from the beginning to offer all advantages in both departments to both sexes and all nationalities.

The institution was named for General Francis Marion Drake, its greatest benefactor. George Thomas Carpenter was its first president and chancellor, serving in the latter capacity until his death in 1893.

In 1882 Doctor B. J. Radford of Eureka, Ill., was elected president of the

CHANCELLOR GEORGE B. CARPENTER

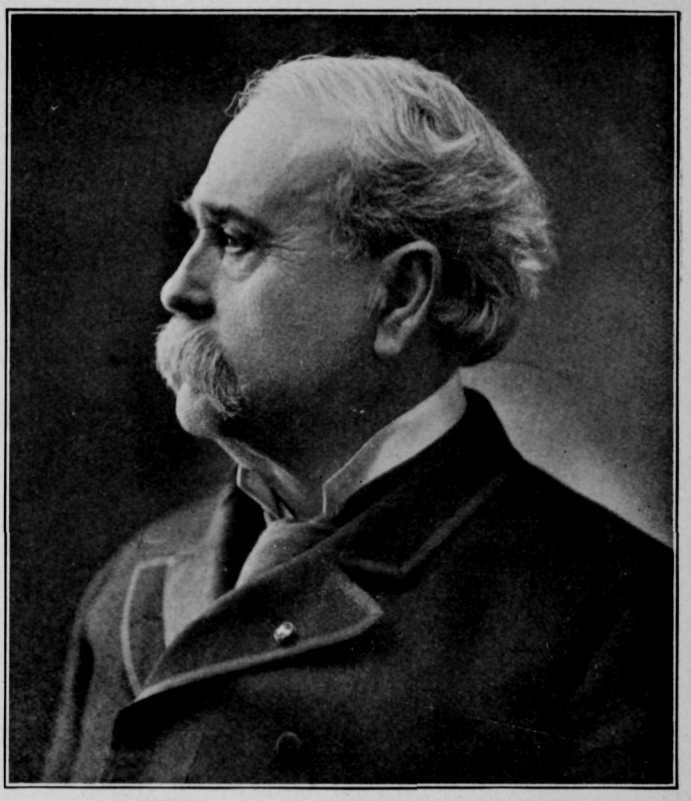
College of Liberal Arts, and served one year. In 1889 Barton O. Aylesworth was elected president of the College of Liberal Arts, and, upon the death of Chancellor Carpenter, he was made president of the University, an office which he filled until his retirement from the University, in 1897. William Bayard Craig was chosen chancellor of the University in 1897, and continued to serve the University in this capacity until 1902. During the year 1902-1903, Hill McClelland Bell was acting chancellor. In 1903 the office of chancellor was abolished and the acting chancellor was chosen president of the University.

Its schools are: College of Liberal Arts, College of Law, College of Medicine, College of the Bible, Conservatory of Music, and Normal School.

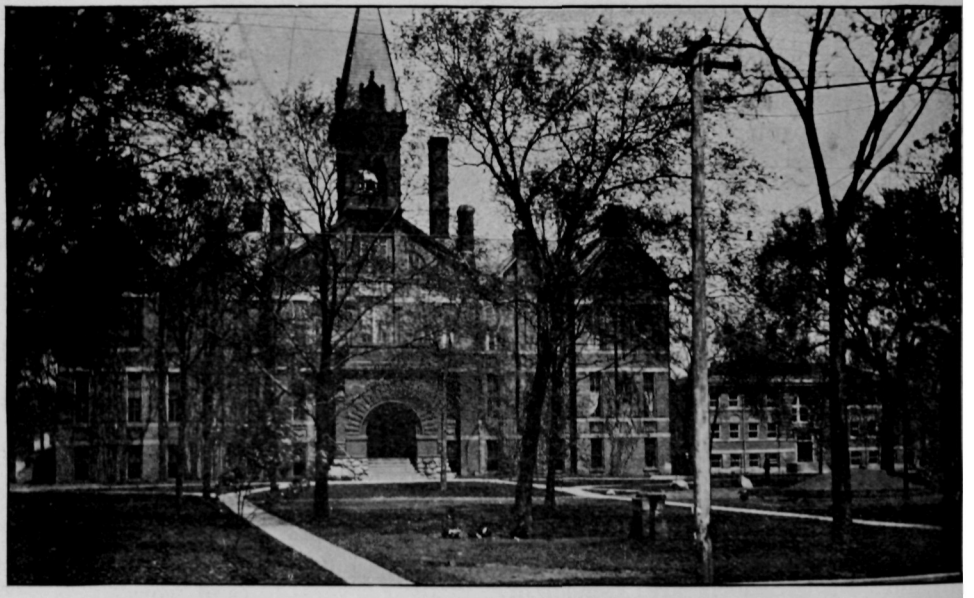
The special departments of the Normal and Music Schools are: School of Education, Preparatory School, Commercial and Shorthand School, Oratory and Physical Culture School, Primary Training School, Kindergarten Training School, Music supervisors Training School, Correspondence School, and Summer School.

With the beautiful grounds, splendid buildings, fine stadium, and all the inspiration attendant upon the mingling of almost two thousand students in one school, Drake University is certainly an ideal place to which the boys and girls of any family might be sent. The faculty is headed by a man of national reputation, President Hill M. Bell.

President Bell is an ideal man in his position. He stands for both goodness and greatness for the school. The faculty is composed of men and women well qualified for their places and specialists in their several lines of work.



GENERAL F. M. DRAKE, FOUNDER



DRAKE UNIVERSITY

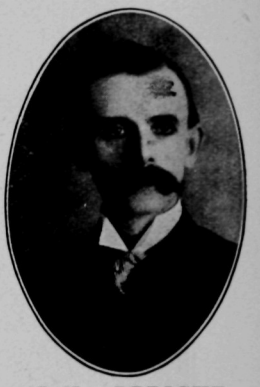
THEODORE P. SHONTZ, NEW YORK

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN BIG LOCAL FIRM

IOWA SEED COMPANY

M. KURTZWELL

CHARLES N. PAGE



J. N. ALBRIGHT

The Iowa Seed company, one of the biggest seed firms in the U. S., doing a large local business and with customers all over the American continent and thickly scattered through the foreign countries of the world, has developed a number of successful and promising young men whose knowledge of the business and fidelity to its interests have earned recognition.

Even among the residents of Des Moines, the real size and extent of the trade of this firm are not generally known; they publish annually over 300,000 catalogues of various kinds and during the busy season of early spring sometimes receive as many as 5,000 letters in a single day.

Besides their large seed trade, the bird and goldfish department, known as the Iowa Bird Co., handles an extensive local and mail order business and the department of cut flowers, supplied from the thirty-one greenhouses owned by the company, is worth a visit from all flower lovers.

GEO. L. KURTZWELL

GEORGE C. BAKER

For many years past the company has been owned exclusively by Messrs. M. Kurtzwell and Charles N. Page. Recently three of its employees were taken into the company and elected directors, namely: J. N. Albright, for sixteen years book-keeper and accountant for the company; Geo. L. Kurtzwell, for twelve years seed corn specialist for the establishment; and George C. Baker, for five years in charge of the advertising department.

Mr. Page continues as general manager, and, with these young men as lieutenants, will no doubt win new laurels for the great concern over which he presides.

HON. C. O. HOLLY

A NOTABLE NEW FIRM

A notable law firm has just been established, of which the members are two well known Des Moines men, Hon. John Nathan Smith and Hon. C. O. Holly. They have opened offices in the Crocker building, suite 211. Both members of this new firm are prominent Democrats, both favorites with the general public and stand high in the regard of all who know them. Mr. Holly, the senior member of the firm, is a graduate of Ann Arbor and was admitted to the bar in 1892. Previous to this he had been principal of the schools at Sutherland, Ia. Since 1892 Mr. Holly has practiced law in Des Moines. In 1898 he was nominated for Congress on the Democratic ticket. There is no Democrat in Iowa who stands higher with their party than does Mr. Holly. In the spring of 1905 he was nominated on the scratcher's ticket for mayor against Mattern. A splendid vote was polled in his favor on each occasion when he was presented

HON. JOHN NATHAN SMITH

for office, his friends and supporters being from all parties, won by the man himself and not the politician.

Mr. Smith, the junior member of the firm, is an Iowa boy, born and bred. His education was received from Iowa schools. His enthusiasm, his undaunted courage, his splendid physical and mental vitality all speak of the inspiration belonging by right to the sons of the greatest state in the Union. Mr. Smith is considered by his friends to be the future leader of his party in Iowa. He is an impressive and popular speaker, with fine presence and a voice that commands his audience, while his intense earnestness and straightforward logic hold the attention of every hearer. One may be sure of success for this young man in anything which he undertakes. The firm of Holly & Smith begins the partnership with every chance for splendid success in their favor. When men endowed with those qualifications that command respect and honor, who have hosts of friends among

all classes, and who are a credit to the commonwealth to which they belong, when such men enter a partnership for any business, they are bound to succeed, and such men form the new firm, Holly & Smith.

MRS. DEAN SCHOOLER OF MADRID, IOWA

MRS. HORTENSE REYNOLDS

A Successful Des Moines Woman

Des Moines is justly proud of the success won by Mrs. Hortense R. Reynolds.

For the past fifteen years she has been director of music in the city schools and has had more to do with the developement of musical taste and culture in this city than can be measured—possessing personal magnetism and charm of manner she is particularly remarkable for her tact in dealing with people and this quality shows most brilliantly in her management of children and her influence over them will be felt for generations.

Some years ago, Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, composer of the music of the fascinating operetta—"The House that Jack Built," was in Des Moines and saw Mrs. Reynolds at work. She was so pleased with the proficiency of the children, the ability and excellent management shown by Mrs. Reynolds, that she offered her most flattering terms if she would undertake the directorship of the opera. This offer was not accepted at the time but, in the spring of 1907, such pressure was brought to bear that Mrs. Reynolds resigned her possesion in the school to engage in this broader field.

From the first all who knew her and her work predicted unqualified success and this prediction has been more than fulfilled; in the short time she has been with The House that Jack Built her ability as a director has attracted attention from all sources.

This public work is not, in one sense, a new departure, for during her residence in Des Moines Mrs. Reynolds has given many entertainments and has been before the public repeatedly and always with credit to herself; she was

director of St. Pauls vested choir for seven years raising it to a high standard among the Episcopal choirs of the west.

At one time she conducted a May festival giving several very successful concerts in which hundreds of children sang. Perhaps the largest undertaking and the one which has given her the widest fame was the presentation of the Living Flag; this was given at Camp McKinley in 1898 as a compliment to the soldiers who were stationed there before going to Cuba. Fifteen hundred children were so placed as to form the flag—the singing of patriotic songs was wonderful, the fifteen hundred voices blending as one showing the marvelous training they had received. This "flag" made such a sensation that a full account of it was published in the Strand of Nov. 1898, and the thousands of people who witnessed it still remember it with a thrill of pride and delight.

Mrs. Reynolds gave her initial programme of The House that Jack Built in Keokuk in April 1907, during the National meeting of Music Supervisors; the members of this association were unstinted in their praise and many future engagements were the outcome.

MISS CATHERINE QUEAL

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Ellyson. who appeared as "Violet" in "The House That Jack Built"

MRS. JEFFERSON POLK

Who appeared as Mother Goose in "The House that Jack Built"

One of the leading supervisors in an interview published in the "Daily Gate City," April 14, 1907, says:

"I heartily agree with every expression of pleasure and every tribute of praise so freely falling from the lips of all who saw the performance Friday night. I talked with a good many supervisors about The House that Jack Built, and they were positively enthusiastic."

"I would like to say a few words, however, about the play and about Mrs. H. R. Reynolds, the lady who put it on the stage here. The play charms on account of the atsmosphere of childhood, innocent pleasantry and a skillful mingling of the sentiments of the long ago Mother Goose rhymes with the conditions of modern life. The whole thought and action of The House that Jack Built is wholesome and refreshing to both mind and spirit.

"As to Mrs. Reynolds herself, she won golden opinions from all with whom she has come in contact in Keokuk from the children in the shoe up through the whole line of performers and managers to the president of the Music club and the Board of Education. Mrs. Reynolds, in addition to being a charming woman personally, is a natural born diplomat, her tact is unfailing and her patience never wears thin. From a life long experience in managing children, she has added to her natural gifts an ample training.

"We can imagine no one going to a city and making more friends for an enterprise of that kind than Mrs. Reynolds. She pleases the children and their parents. Perhaps her strongest point is that she is able to use the children in the school without annoying the superintendent, principals or teachers. There has been no complaint

in Keokuk that the rehearsals for "The House That Jack Built" have interfered with school work. Having been a teacher herself for fifteen years, she is thoroughly in sympathy with the school situation and adjusts herself to its requirements and limitations. Mrs. Reynolds richly merits the warmest praise that can be given to her by the citizens of Keokuk who are interested in 'The House That Jack Built.' "

The above praise is heartily endorsed by the people of Des Moines. The entire city is enthusiastic over the performance of the opera, as given here; in the East, where children and adults whom Mrs. Reynolds has had under her training for years, and here—because among friends—she did her best work, from beginning to end the opera was a delight, it showed finish of execution which would have done credit to a company of professionals.

The children who take part in this entertainment forget themselves entirely and, for the time, are living in an enchanted atmosphere. They really are the characters they have learned to love so well from the pages of their own Mother Goose rhymes. The children not only thoroughly enjoy taking part in the play, but derive great benefit from the training they gain in confidence and poise; from the drills they learn grace and ease of manner and the musical taste which this composition develops is of great value.

In spite of all the necessary drill Mrs. Reynolds never allows the children to work to the point of weariness, and their school work suffers no interruption. The people of Des Moines regret that Mrs. Reynolds is leaving the city but she carries with her the sincere wishes of all for her future success.

MISS HORTENSE PORTER OF ELDORA
Mrs. Reynolds' Assistant

MISS LUCY B. CHAPMAN

Art and its teachers in the Des Moines Public Schools

A most important department of work in Des Moines schools is that of drawing. Among the schools of America those of Des Moines rank high in this line, and the great advancement made in the recent years is due to the splendid management of the department by Miss Lucy B. Chapman.

Drawing as taught in Des Moines has proved to be a wonderful developer of the mental powers and the imagination. Only a fine specialist and a first-class organizer could have accomplished what she has in so short a time in Des Moines. Miss Chapman unites to a thoroughly artistic temperament a complete mastery of and love for her profession. Her methods are so concise and helpful that drawing as she teaches it tends not alone to cultivate a love for the beautiful, but makes it an auxiliary and a help in cultivating all of the children's faculties. Personally, Miss Chapman is charming, a fine type of the cultivated, intelligent, refined American woman. She is alert and enthusiastic in all she undertakes and imparts her enthusiasm to those who are in any way associated with her. There is but one result always where Miss Chapman teaches, the most demonstrative appreciation for the work she accomplishes.

D. L. Kiehle of the University of California says of her: "In this, your introduction to the teachers of Minnesota as instructor in drawing in the University Summer school, you have met all demands of the position to the great

benefit of the State and city. Your services have been greatly appreciated and you will always be a welcome instructor whenever occasion allows you to come to us."

D. B. Waldo, principal of Northern State Normal school, Marquette, Mich.: "Miss Lucy B. Chapman of Des Moines was in charge of the department of drawing in the Northern State Normal school during the summer of 1901. Her work is thorough, inspirational and in every way a complete success. Miss Chapman is a woman of culture and I commend her unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly for any work of instruction or supervision that she is willing to undertake."

James Frederic Hopkins, director of drawing in the public schools of Boston, Mass.: "It is a pleasure to recommend Miss Lucy B. Chapman to all who may wish to know a successful teacher, a well trained organizer and lecturer. Her professional success speaks volumes for the thorough training offered by her fitting school, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. The estimate of her winning personality gained from observation of her relations to her associates has been justified by her great success as a lecturer and institute instructor."

W. J. Blade of the Sherwood school, Chicago; Sanger Steel, president of the Joliet, Ill., School Board; W. A. Anderson, superintendent of the Wheeling, W. Va., schools, and many other educators of note and prominence all over the country, speak in terms of unqualified praise of the fine work of Miss Chapman as an art instructor, and of her personality as a woman.

Des Moines certainly is both fortunate and justly proud in having Miss Chapman at the head of a department which means so much to the future of our children.

MRS. J. R. HUBBART

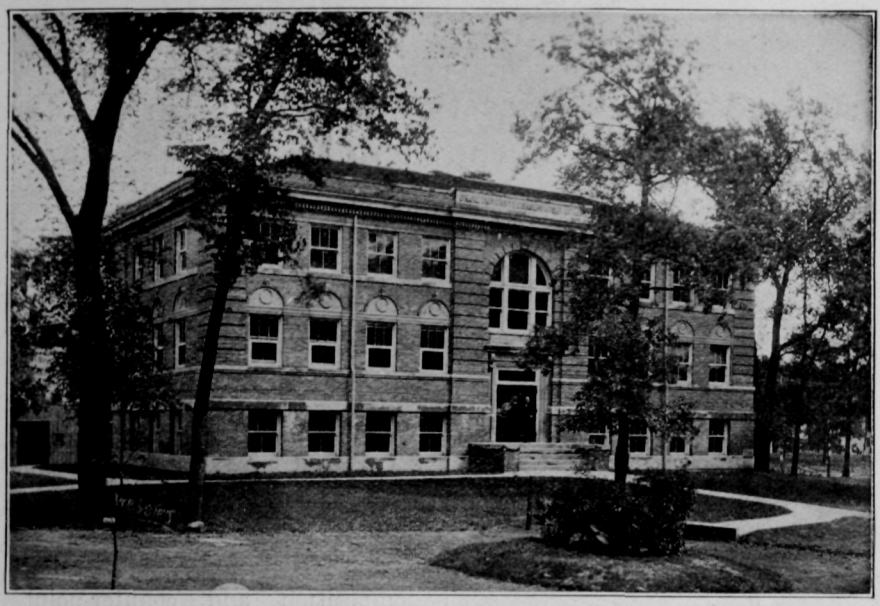
DEAN FREDERICK HOWARD

Drake Conservatory of Music

It has been but a few years since this Conservatory was more one in name than in reality and that its growth to its present capacity in so short a time is really a marvel to all those who have noted the growth of the University.

This growth could not have been accomplished without the inspiration and enthusiasm united to the persistent and untiring labors of one man and that man in this case is Dean Frederick Howard, a thorough musician, a glorious singer and an enthusiast. Dean Howard is also a master of business methods with a clear vision for the welfare and uplifting of his department in every direction.

Dean Howard is a product of the best American and European schools. His



HOWARD MUSIC HALL

voice is delicious in every tone, a baritone of wonderful power and sweetness and those who have heard him at his best, really feel that he owes it to himself and the public to do nothing but sing. His fine intellectuality and culture stamp all of his work as that of an artist, with an unusual quality, rare as it is delightful. But Dean Howard has another passion besides that for singing, a passion for making singers, for showing the way to others, for helping others to help themselves. As a teacher he imparts his own enthusiasm to his pupils. Nothing is common-place with him. He is fired with the joy and inspiration of the artist and the sense of beauty he feels is imparted to the student, who awakens to a vivid realization of his own possibilities.

Dean Howard is a great teacher. He is also a great organizer and conducts the Conservatory along the high lines that lead to true success.

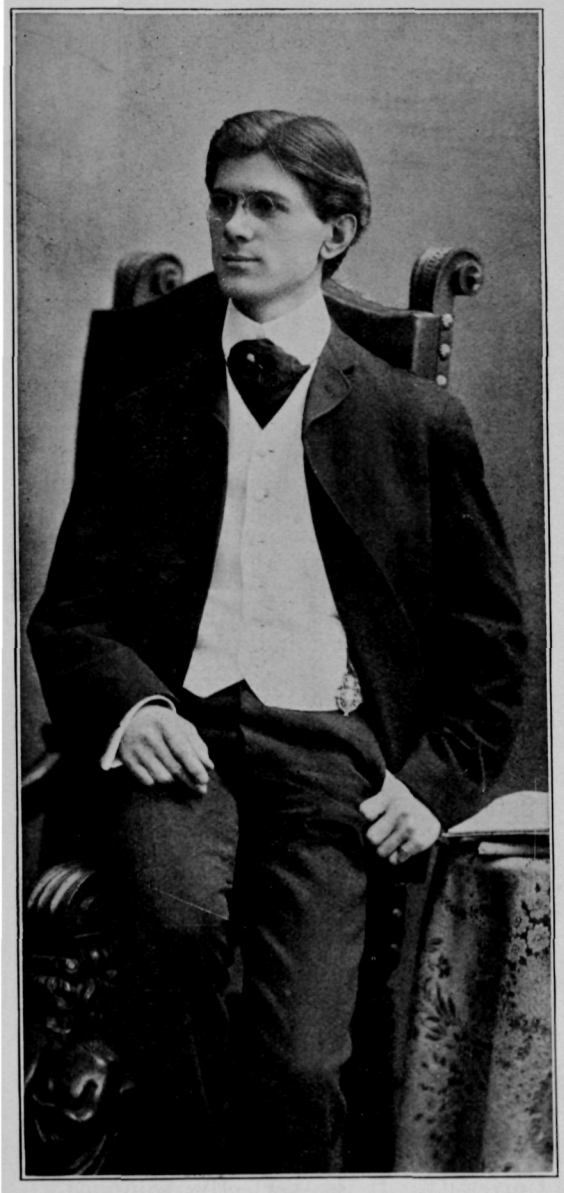
He is considered popular among the students, in every way he is helpful to them, as the cultured gentleman and as the earnest and true friend as well as teacher.

The Conservatory of Music has enrolled about 500 students during the fall term. Some of these take two lessons in voice or piano, some one in each, some two in one and one in the other. Altogether, the teachers are giving over 600 private lessons a week, besides conducting large classes in musical history, harmony, and the supervisor of music work. It is Dean Howard's aim and he predicts that within less than five years a thousand private lessons per week will be given. The Conservatory is today larger, by far, than any similar institution in the state, nor are the rates alluringly low. In fact, the tuition is the highest in the Middle West, but the students receive such superior, intimate and thorough training, that their work is the advertising medium and they bring, or send, the new students continually. The faculty is superior in every way,—men and women of large experience and adaptability to the needs of students. There are, this year, more than twenty students between the Atlantic and Pacific in regular concert or lyceum work for solid seasons. Some members of the faculty are always abroad in seats of high learning. Last year at one time three of the graduates were finishing under European masters.

Howard Hall was built by Governor Drake six years ago and named in honor of its Dean, as an appreciation of the great work he has accomplished for the University. It is perfectly equipped and admirably adapted to the needs of the Conservatory of Music.

Beside the department and class rooms it has a beautiful recital hall. It is a fitting home for a great music school. Plans are now well under way for annexes to the Conservatory which will be required in another year.

A Talented Des Moines Boy a Teacher in the Drake Conservatory of Music



MR. GEORGE FREDERICK OGDEN

Mr. George Frederick Ogden may be considered as essentially a Des Moines product, having received his education prior to his study in Europe, in Drake University, except for short periods of study in Chicago.

His first European study was with Moszkowski in Paris, where he spent several months. While in Paris, he also studied pipe organ with Butler, a pupil of Guilmant and Widor.

After this he went to Berlin and continued his piano study with Godowsky, and meanwhile took up the study of composition and counter-point with Hugo Kaun.

Mr. Ogden has a genius for hard work and his good fortune in becoming a pupil of these foremost men of the times, quickened his working ability and his ambition. Always a conscientious student, being with the masters spurred him to yet harder labor, and his progress was rapid and sure. He set aside a certain number of recreation hours listening to the best music which Berlin affords. Thus he received the broadening culture which comes from listening to Grand Opera, Chamber music and recital. This supplemental study, for such it was, he regards as one of the important factors in his musical education.

Since his return to America last spring, he has given two public piano recitals, both of which have demonstrated that he is a young artist of ability, and from whom we may expect much in the future.

While Mr. Ogden may be considered a concert pianist, he is also known as a teacher of ability, being at present on the Drake Conservatory staff of piano teachers. He is organist at the University church and has given one organ recital in a down town church since his return to Des Moines.

He is available for piano concerts, keeping up his repertoire by constant practice.

Local music lovers will watch his progress with interest.

MRS. CHARLES S. HARDY

Mrs. Hardy, Artist and Teacher

Twenty years ago, some derision greeted the statement made by optimistic dwellers in Iowa, that Des Moines would, some day, be the center of art in many lines. But nobody denies the assertion that Des Moines today is a center of musical art, for here are located musicians who have received the best training of the Old World masters, and from these musicians a wave of influence far spread and mighty in its power is permeating the middle west. Among these musical artists is one whose name is well known in musical centers from ocean to ocean, a woman, who, although young in years, has became a principal factor in the musical life of the country, Mrs. Charles S. Hardy, of Des Moines. Temperament has much to do with the making of a musician. And in Mrs. Hardy's piano playing her temperament makes itself felt and sways her hearers whether they will or no. Sweetness, tenderness and extreme poetic beauty are the first impressions. Then come the revelations of great depths of intense

feeling, of imaginative forces that carry one far from self and the present and the awakening of the hopes and assurances that live in every human soul, although they are dormant in many and awaiting the touch of the prince who comes after many years. And then above all, Mrs. Hardy's fine intellectuality makes itself felt from first to last. It is this that gives her so strong a hold upon her audience and which has won her endearing friends. Des Moines is certainly proud of Mrs. Hardy for herself in every way, both as a woman and an artist.

Mrs. Charles Hardy has studied with the world's greatest teachers, having spent several years abroad under Leschetizsky of Vienna and Oscar Raif of Berlin.

Mrs. Hardy has composed several exquisite songs and has received the highest praise for their rare musical quality and originality from such authorities as Adolph Weidig, Max Heinrich, Calvin B. Cady and others.

On the evening of December 5th, at Sherman Place, Mrs. Hardy will give a concert for the benefit of the Art Fund of the Des Moines Women's club. Her generosity in donating her services for this purpose will be deeply appreciated by the club and their friends. The following press notices give some idea of the enthusiasm with which Mrs. Hardy is heard as a concert pianist:

"The second concert was opened very auspiciously by Mrs. Charles S. Hardy, the gifted and successful pianist of Des Moines. Mrs. Hardy has fine technique, a charming touch, musicianship and intellectuality. All these qualities were noticeable in the interpretation of a group of pieces by Grieg, Schutt and MacDowell.

"Although technic and musicianship were well to the fore, yet the emotional side of piano playing was not wanting. Mrs. Hardy showed poetical feeling and delicacy in her performance. This artist is one of the most prominent in Iowa, and is a composer of no small note."—*New York Musical Courier.*

* * *

"Mrs. Hardy's playing was a surprise to some of her friends, who had not kept in touch with her great development during the past year. It was piano playing of the highest order—intellectual and temperamental."—*Western Musical Herald.*

"Mrs. Hardy, who has an immense class in piano played a group of three numbers. It is always with pleasure one hears her. She interprets with such marked intelligence that one not only hears her music, but feels and sees it. She played Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," a Schumann aria and MacDowell's "Polonaise." It was a broad selection and given in a broad manner. The Schumann aria was like a poem."—*Chicago Musical Reader.*

* * *

"Mrs. Hardy, who gave three piano numbers, is of that order of players who have the astonishing technique of a finished musician, and then go on beyond and are artists, putting meaning into the music and making the instrument sing. With deep and resonantly thrilling tones she played the Rachmaninoff Prelude, strong in its superb and simple harmony, touched with mystery and made very beautiful by its melody. Even more moving was the McDowell Polonaise. It was strong and touched with wildness, but its quietly controlled surging force gave an impression of the most perfect grace. It shook the passions to thorough arousal and then quieted them with the charm of beauty. Mrs. Hardy played with the broad comprehensiveness and the superb grasp of the finished artist she is."—*Des Moines Daily Capital.*

* * *

"In her playing Mrs. Hardy showed great strength and power and yet with it the greatest ease and delicacy. The splendid vitality of the big parts went hand in hand with the tender beauty of the lyric, showing the artist's fine musical feeling and interpretative power and her great command of different qualities of tone. Each composition was played with a distinct tone coloring that seemed most fitting to it."—*Des Moines Register and Leader.*

Buy A Copy of the

LITERARY DIGEST

This Week at the News Stands

HIGHLAND PARK COLLEGE

Highland Park college has opened its new school year with a largely increased attendance over the enrollment at the same time last year. The increased attendance has been almost uniform in all the various departments of the college which goes to show that every department is up to standard and in healthy condition. Living expenses have not been increased at Highland Park while in almost every other school in the country board has been increased from $0.50 to $1.00 and $1.50 a week. It has always been the aim of Highland Park college to furnish the very best accommodations, equipments, and advantages for obtaining a complete education at the very lowest expenses possible, and while other institutions have raised their prices for board and accommodations the living expenses at Highland Park college remain the same this year as they have been in the past.

BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENTS

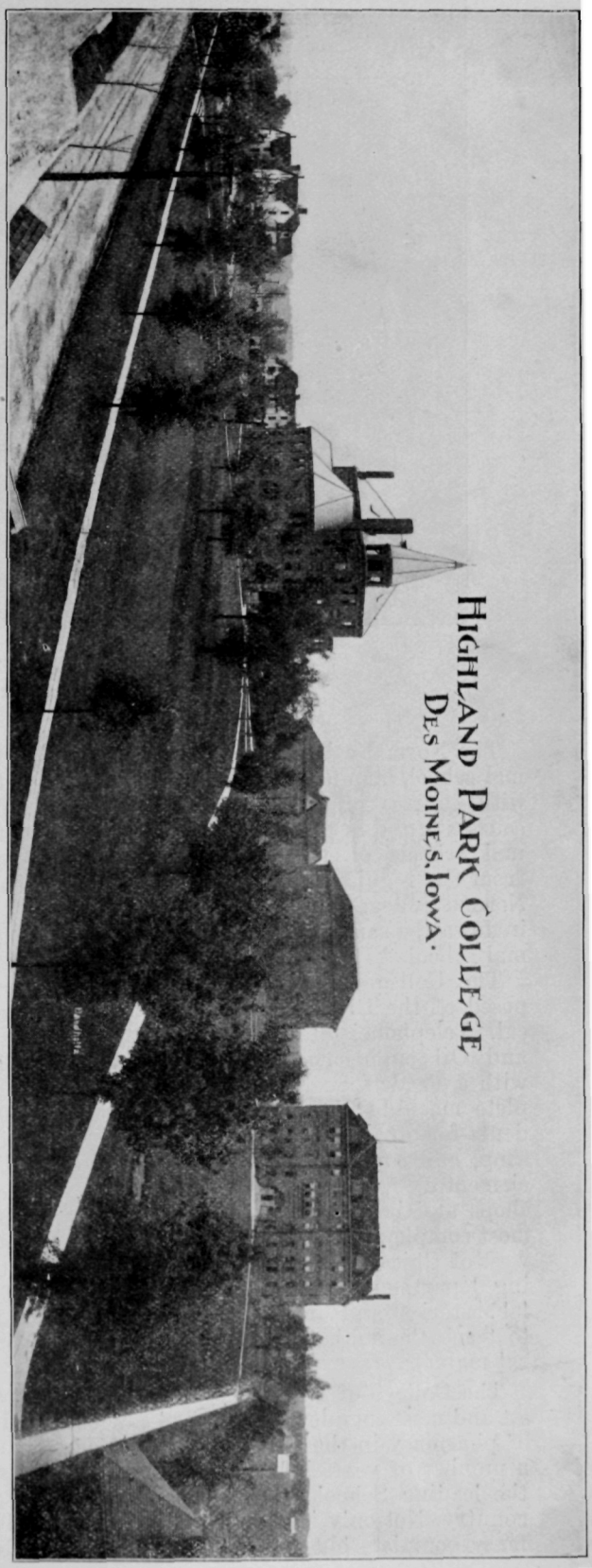
There are nine large buildings used for college purposes. These buildings are modern in every sense of the term, they have been built expressly for school purposes and patterned after the very best buildings of the kind in the country. They are heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and are provided with water upon all floors, and at the present writing the plumbers are at work installing toilet closets and baths practically upon all floors in which students are located.

The college has accommodations in its own buildings for almost 800 students. The laboratories and equipments and library are as complete as can be found in any institution of learning in the country. Thousands of dollars have been spent within the last few years in equipping electrical, physical, chemical, pharmaceutical and bacteriological laboratories.

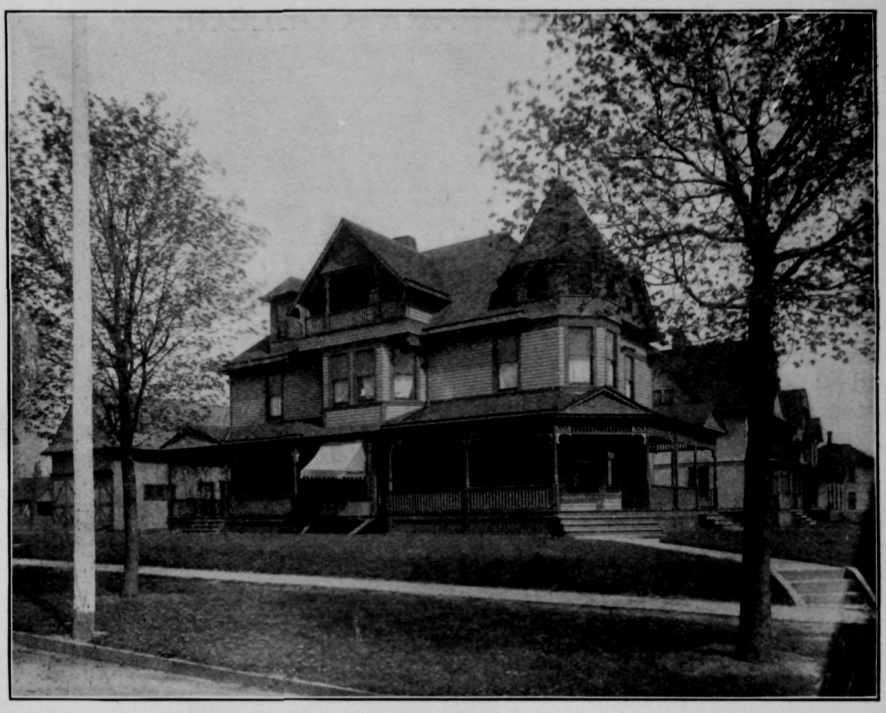
The college is beautifully located in the suburbs of Des Moines, and has the finest college campus probably in Iowa.

COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS

Highland Park college is composed of the regular College of Liberal Arts and a large number of technical schools and colleges. The College of Liberal Arts is a standard college in every particular composed of classical and scientific courses.



HIGHLAND PARK COLLEGE
DES MOINES, IOWA.



RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT LONGWELL
Highland Park

The Normal college is a complete normal school, standard in every particular with courses of study equal to the courses found in the standard State Normal schools of the West. Graduates from the regular didactic course of the Normal college receive state certificates in Iowa the same as from the State Normal school.

The College of Engineering is composed of the Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Telephone, Steam, Traction, Gas, and Oil engineering courses, together with a Trade school composed of a complete machinists' course which fits students for any kind of work in a machine shop, and courses in blacksmithing and elementary carpentry. The machine shops at Highland Park college are the most completely equipped machine shops west of Chicago, and all of the engineering departments are fully provided with laboratories and instruments in order to teach the subject in the most practical manner.

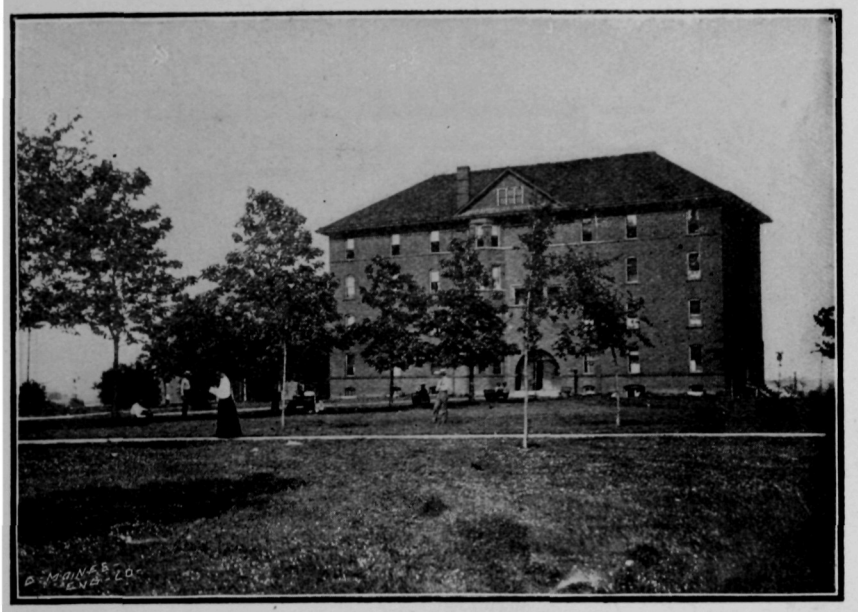
The College of Pharmacy is the largest and most completely equipped college of pharmacy in the United States. For a number of years it has been known as the leading School of Pharmacy in the country. Not only is the course in pharmacy complete but there is also a complete course in chemistry and allied subjects.

The College of Commerce is composed of the regular business college, the College of Shorthand and Typewriting, the School of Penmanship, and the College of Telegraphy. No expense has been spared in equipping these just as thoroughly as such schools can be equipped. Each school is presided over by a superintendent who has had long experience in teaching the subject and every teacher in every department has been thoroughly trained for his work.

The young men and women wishing training in these lines of work can find no more satisfactory work than is offered in these departments. In most of these departments the students are guaranteed positions when they complete the course.

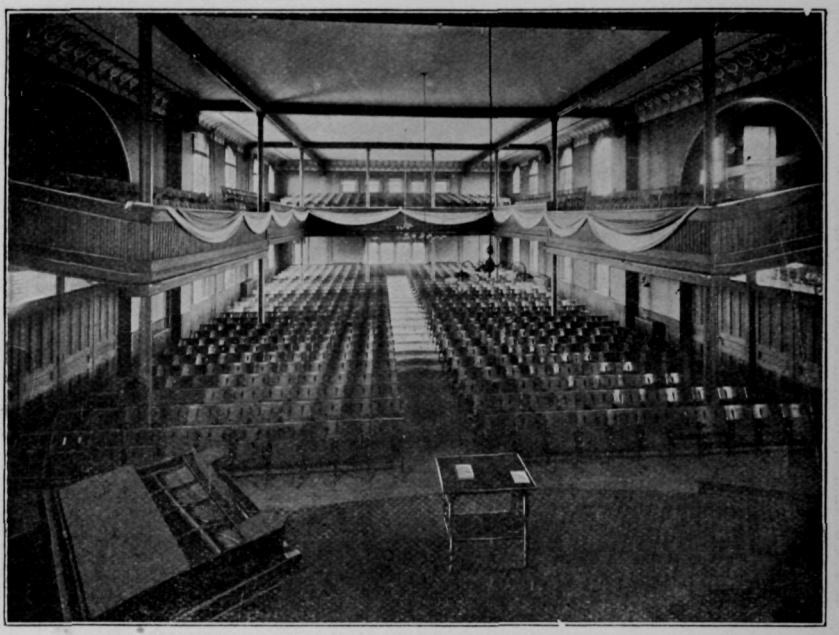
The College of Music and Oratory includes a complete conservatory of music. There are eleven teachers employed in the conservatory of music; over 30 pianos are used, 4 Grand pianos, and each subject in music including voice, piano, violin, band, orchestra, harmony, musical history receives the most careful attention.

The winter quarter at Highland Park college will open November 26th. Stu-



HUMBOLDT HALL
Highland Park College

CARY AND BROWN COTTAGES
Highland Park College

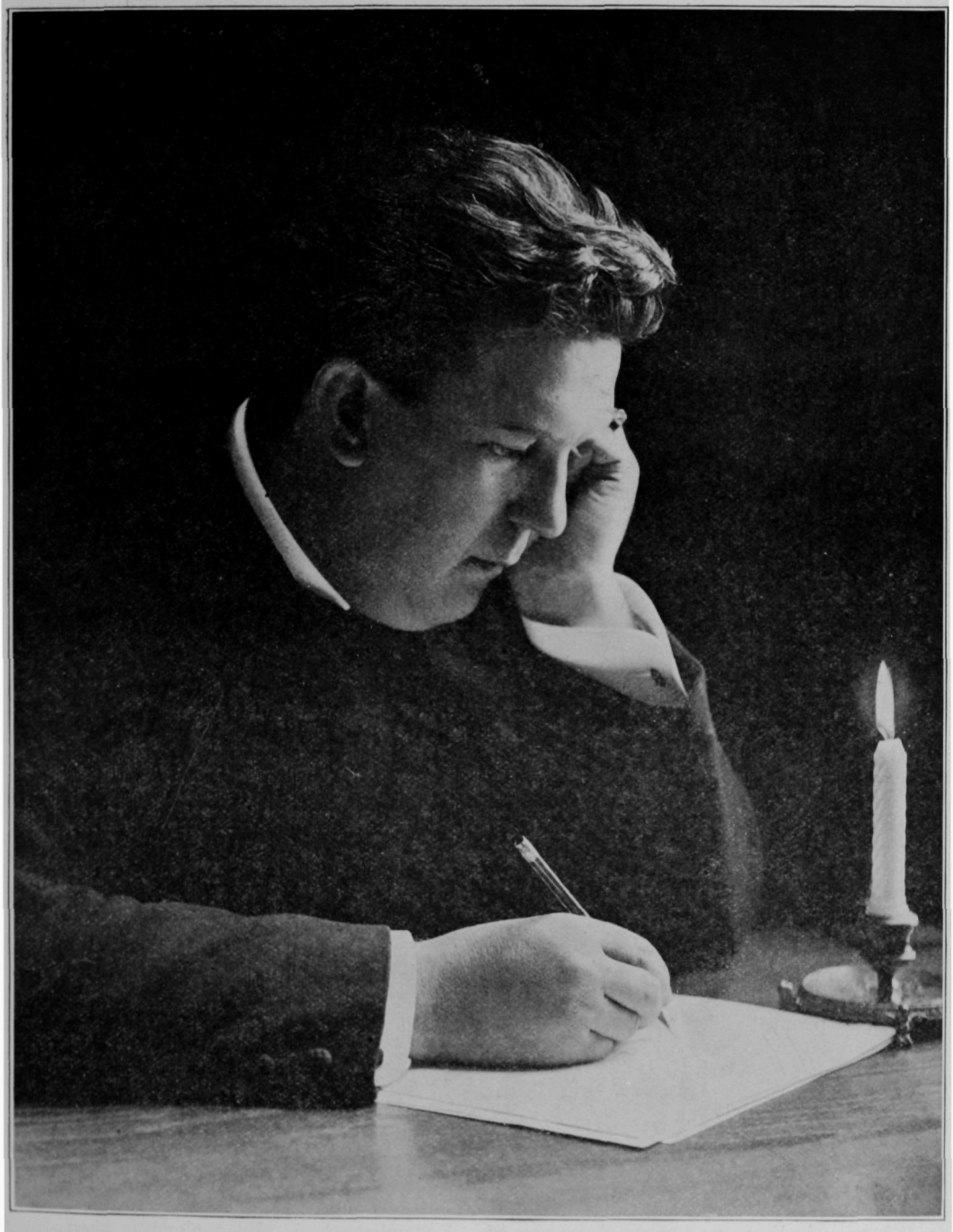


CHAPEL OF HIGHLAND PARK COLLEGE

dents may enter any department of the school at that time quite as well as at the beginning of the school year.

Those wishing further information with regard to the school should write to Pres. O. H. Longwell, Highland Park college, Des Moines, Iowa, for the work in which they are interested.

STREET CAR WAITING STATION
Highland Park College



DEAN FRANK NAGEL
Of the Highland Park Conservatory of Music

MRS. GRACE CLARK DE GRAFF
Highland Park Conservatory of Music

Grace Clark De Graff is a Des Moines singer, now being eagerly sought by eastern managers. She is a singer, free from all cheap sentimentality and whose work is prompted by a genuine artistic spirit.

She sings with a mental freshness, a tenderness of rare beauty and a brilliancy which enkindles her hearers.

THE TRANSFORMATION

Where winding ran through maze of briar
My path of Unfulfilled Desire,
By growth and tangle undistressed
Fair Hope her foot-steps onward pressed.

Lo! where had wild forlorness been
Upsprang the grass a living green;
Where brambled thorns had pierced the flesh
The roses bloomed dew-lipped and fresh.

Clarence M. Workman.

LOVE'S AVOWAL.

At night, within my glamoured dreams,
I clasp thy gleaming hand
And wander through the vistad ways
Of Love's enchanted land.

All day, in waking thought that seek
This realm of mystery,
I necklace thee, and press thee close
In silent ecstacy.

Dwelled thou not in my dreaming, sweet,
Intense would be the night;
If bore the day no thought of thee
'Twould pass bereft of light.

—Clarence M. Workman.

OUR COVER PICTURE.

Des Moines is fortunate in possessing a true artist among the photographers of the state. This artist whose work is so well and widely known is Mr. F. W. Webster In true poetic feeling, in conscientious dealings and in thorough acquaintance with the technical business of picture making Mr. Webster excels most of his contemporaries. The beautiful cover picture is taken from a photograph of Mrs. A. B. Cummins, by Webster, and shows off his skill to the best advantage.

MISS LULU HOUSTON
An Accomplished Musician and Student at Highland Park College of Music

Miss Elsie Lincoln. Iowa Artist

Iowa is the home of many men and women possessing rare gifts and among them is one whom her state especially delights to honor, Miss Elsie Lincoln, of Des Moines. Iowa was her girlhood home and it was here that her lovely voice won for her appreciation even before its years of training. After several years of study in America, Miss Lincoln studied two years abroad, with Mm. de la Grange, of Paris, and in London with Signor Randegger and Madame Burnup. Upon returning to America, Miss Lincoln maintained a studio for ten years in Boston as teacher and also appeared in concert and oratorio with greatest success. In Boston she sang as first soloist in the First Church of Christ, Scientist, later in the First Universalist church under Geo. W. Chadwick. Several years after, in order to be near her home, she came to Des Moines, where she has a music school at 613 Walnut street.

Miss Lincoln is an enthusiast in her studio and inspires her pupils to do their best. Her musical education is exceptionally fine. As a concert singer, Miss Lincoln has not a superior in this country. No music lover could escape the wonderful artistic charm of Miss Lincoln's singing. Her personality adds to this charm, unaffected, full of sweetness and sincerity.

The quality of her voice is delicious and sweet as the tones of a flute. There is no straining after effects, but the song comes as easily, as naturally and as gloriously as a bird's song, filling all the place with melody. A few press notices are given, which will give something of an idea of her acceptance by the public:

Miss Lincoln's voice is a high soprano of much natural sweetness and although highly cultivated, there is a delightful individuality about it, and she exercises admirable taste in grouping her songs. As a singer of children's songs, she has no rivals.—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

Whether in oratorio, aria, ballad or simple child song, Miss Lincoln is equally charming—an artist whom it is a rare pleasure to hear. — *Sioux City Daily Tribune.*

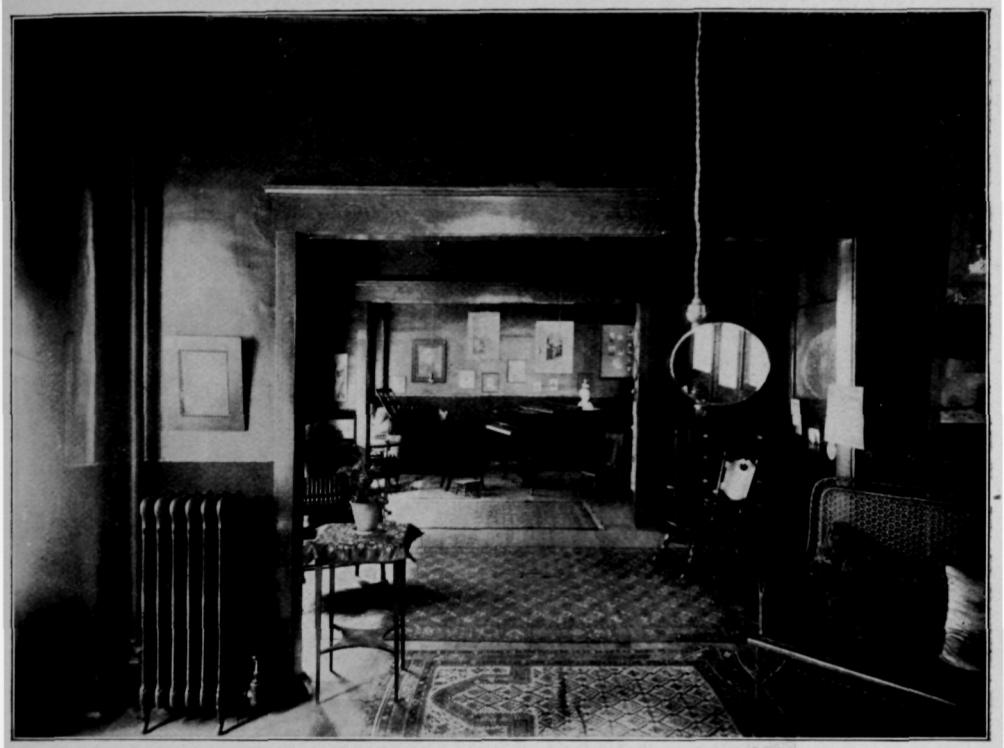
Miss Lincoln again gave admirable examples of the rare beauty of her voice and of her versatility, though her selections were scarcely as popular a nature as on the previous evening.—*Manitoba Evening Free Press,* Winnipeg.

Miss Lincoln closed the program with Schubert' beautiful but rarely heard "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen." She sang it with most brilliant finish and fine effect.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Her singing was a revelation to her audience and a finer voice has never been heard in Warren.—*Evening Democrat,* Warren, Pa.

Although Miss Lincoln is no stranger to a Sioux City audience, she always offers a new and varied programme of unusual attractiveness, so that with each appearance she adds to her list of admirers here. A remark commonly heard last evening was that Miss Lincoln's voice improves with each hearing, and the audience showed its appreciation most unmistakably. — *Tribune,* Sioux City, Ia.

Miss Lincoln is one of the greatest song interpreters in this country; the Ames Musical History club was fortunate in securing her.—*Ames Intelligencer.*



VIEW OF MISS LINCOLN'S STUDIOS

The song recital of Miss Elsie Lincoln at the Roadside Settlement Tuesday, February 19th, was a notable event in the musical annals of Des Moines.—*Des Moines Register and Leader.*

Miss Lincoln comes back to us each year with no trace of wear or change in her beautiful voice. Everything she sings seems especially suited to her ability.—*Utica Press.*

One of the shining lights at the State Music Teachers' Convention was Miss Elsie Lincoln of Des Moines. Miss Lincoln is an artist.—*Cedar Rapids Record.*

Miss Lincoln has a voice perfectly adapted to songs about children, birds and flowers.—*Boston Herald.*

The Elsie Lincoln recital in the Congregational church, marked an epoch in the musical history of Newton.—*Newton Iowa Daily News.*

One of the pleasant events in connection with the Mother Church was the organ concert under the management of the Farrand and Votey Organ Co., of Detroit, Mich., on Thursday evening, March 21st.

The chief purpose of the concert was to exhibit the organ to the musical people and organ lovers of Boston, as it is the first of the kind to be introduced into this city.

The organist engaged for the occasion was Mr. R. Huntington Woodman, organist of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, who was assisted by Miss Elsie Lincoln, soprano. A large audience, embracing many of Boston's most noted musicians graced the occasion and listened with delight to Mr. Woodman's masterful execution of his favorite instrument. He was frequently and enthusiastically applauded.

Miss Lincoln sustained her part admirably, and added greatly to her well known reputation as a soprano. To say that she is really a great artist is to do her but simple justice. Her voice evinced a degree of culture, volume and sweetness not heretofore shown for lack of opportunity in the way of selections and accompaniment. Her execution and enunciation were faultless, and the repeated, and enthusiastic applause and prolonged encores abundantly attested the audience's appreciation of her singing.—*Christian Science Journal.*

MISS ADAH HARRIS

A Popular Des Moines Musician

One of the most popular of the younger musicians of Des Moines is Miss Adah Harris, well and widely known for her rare ability as a pianist. Miss Harris was born to her profession, inheriting her talent from a long line of musical ancestors.

She received her musical education in Des Moines, Columbus, Ga., St. Paul and New York City.

Her teachers recommended her in terms of unstinted praise for her splendid work with them. She has fine letters of recommendation from Prof. McCormick of Columbus, Ga., and from Prof. Murdock of St. Paul.

Coming from the first teachers in America, her letters are certainly something of which to be proud. With this fine preparation for her life work, Miss Harris opened studios in Des Moines, and has met with success from the very first. She is a delightful player, of splendid style and technique. From the lightest and airiest bits to the most stupendous things, Miss Harris admires success, and scores high favor with her audiences. She is what might be called an inspirational player and fires her hearers with her own enthusiasm. She has appeared frequently in recitals and concert work, before delighted audiences.

She is a favorite in social and club circles, and many of the leading club programs include her for a recital.

In personality Miss Harris is most winsome and charming. She has that rarest of gifts, sympathy, and united with this an appreciation of the good in all with whom she comes in contact. These qualities make her an especially fine teacher for children, with whom she is eminently successful. They love her as friend and teacher and her patience and gentleness win them to the most difficult tasks.

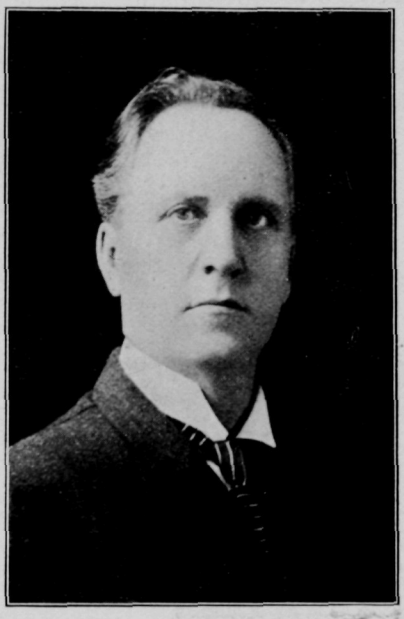
Her classes are good witnesses to the splendid success which follows her instruction. Her pupils go out from her classes with enthusiasm and joy in their work.

Miss Harris played at the World's Fair in St. Louis, also in the New Grand theatre on the great national music program in Salt Lake City on the program with Prof. Goddard a few years since and in notable recitals in St. Paul and Columbus, Georgia. Her press notices are most complimentary and enthusiastic. Des Moines is certainly proud of this notable musician.

DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. W. B. GRAY

Granddaughter of Samuel Gray, Pioneer-settler in Des Moines, Piano Pupil of Miss Adah Harris

The Alsbury School of Music



PROF. M. M. ALSBURY

It is not given to every musical artist to have a poet's instinct for art in every line and to have literary skill as well. But such a man is Professor M. M. Alsbury, well known in Des Moines and the middle west as an artist, a composer and a conductor. Prof. Alsbury is moreover a first class citizen, devoted to the highest interest of his city and state and as such commands the highest regard from the general public.

As a violinist, he is a delight to all who hear him play, and has no superiors in the middle west as a teacher of the violin. He has enjoyed a broad musical education and should he put himself in training for a soloist, would rank with the greatest in the world. He possesses the rare gift of uniting tone and technique with a sympathetic interpretation. Wherever he has played the musical centers have given him highest praise and he has charmed his audiences. His rare temperament is evidenced in his compositions, the principle ones of which are:

Oratorio, Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ, Solo, Chorus and Grand Orchestra.

Symphonic Poem for Grand Orchestra.

Poe's Raven.

Four tone Poems for Orchestra.

One Symphony for full orchestra.

One Overture, The Bright Easter Morning, Introduction to the Resurrection.

One String Quartette.

Several Marches.

One Trio for violins and a number of songs and Fugues.

Last spring Prof. Alsbury organized his school, The Alsbury Violin and Orchestra School, located at 817 Walnut street. His faculty are:

M. M. Alsbury—Violin;

Mrs. M. M. Alsbury—Violin and Mandolin;

Miss Alma Hueston—Viola;

T. Fred Henry—Cornet.

Chas. E. Shaw—Bass.

Max Kromer—Cello and Harp;

E. D. Swinney—Trombone;

Fred Hebbel—Clarinet;

Arthur F. Hays—Oboe;

William Lansbury—Bass Tuba;

Clifford H. Elwell—Drums, Bells and Xylophone;

Walter Johnson—Flute;

John A. Steele—French Horn.

C. A. Weaver—Bassoon;

Frank White—Piano;

Helen Donnell—Piano.

The school sprang into instant success. The fine reputation of the teachers, together with Prof. Alsbury's high standing, has made the school attractive wherever the news of it has been carried.

Especially attractive is the catalogue different from any catalogue that has come to our table, in which the literary talent of Prof. Alsbury finds play. It is a pleasure to read his interpretation of musical instruments. It is indeed, a poetic view of the orchestra.

Students coming to Des Moines for music study will find the Alsbury School one of the best places for study in the country. Also in Prof. Alsbury and his wife, who is also a fine musician, not alone splendid teachers, but the best and most conscientious of friends.

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Des Moines - - - Iowa

A College Play by A College Man

WILLIAM CLINTON HOFF
Author of the Play

Everbody loves a college play. During the past four years, America has gone wild over them, and now Des Moines is to have the great pleasure of hearing a college play written by a Des Moines college boy. The boy is William Clinton Hoff. Mr. Hoff has the most wonderful dramatic instinct and those who have seen rehearsals of the play are most enthusiastic about it and predict for it an instant success. "The Captain of the Team' 'is the title, and the whole play is filled with great situations and climaxes. Humor and pathos abound in the play. It is sure to be a sensation from the first night.

The cast of characters include a fine lot of amateurs of exceptional talent. The rivalries and excitements of college life are well depicted.

The cast of characters includes Misses Lillian Paulson and Irene Hirsch and it will be a great pleasure to hear them again, as they are always great favorites in Des Moines.

It is the intention of Mr. Hoff and his associates to put the play on the road and give it in the principal towns of Iowa at first.

MISS IRENE HIRSCH

The play will be given on the evening of November 19th at the Drake auditorium and no doubt standing room will be at a premium. The cast of characters is as follows:

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. Windsor .....Earl Sinclair
Joe Hartley .....Wayne E. Sawtell
Bob Hathaway....H. Arthur Gotthold
Chuck Storie .....Marion Morrison
Julius Antonius Francis Jones B.M'Cash
Ab Corson .....Earl Sinclair
Harry Comby .....Wm. Clinton Hoff
Pres. of Faculty.....
Joe Hartley's father....John Burnett
Chaperon .....Miss Mary Jones
Myrtle Howard....Miss Mabel Forster
Kate Thornton .....Miss Irene Hirsch
Alice Windsor, Bob's cousin....
.....Miss Lillian Paulson
Rooters, etc .....Et ceteri

Webster's children photos are decidedly natural in pose and expresion.

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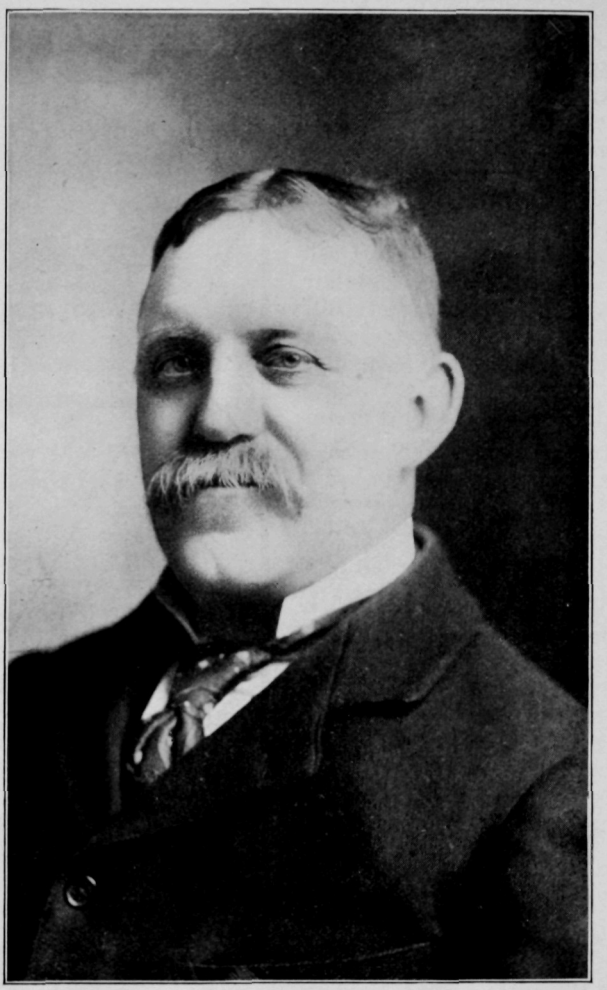


HARRY WEST

IN MEMORY

A Des Moines boy, grown to manhood in the city, the family name intertwined with all the city's history and growth, a familiar figure in civic affairs, in the church and in society, even upon the street and in the store, Harry West seemed especially to belong to us and to Iowa. Great, splendid man, with kindly, smiling eyes, face as fresh and unwrinkled as a young girl's, a manner and a presence that would have distinguished him anywhere—can it be possible we never shall see him again, never meet him in the street, the church, the home? Perhaps the first impulse of the community, when his sudden death was announced, was a great feeling of pity for his wife and children, away from him at the time. He worshiped his dear ones, and they know now, better than ever before, how well they loved him. Only those of us who have been called upon to suffer the agonies of the "sudden death" of a dear one, can truly sympathize. And to lose a father—where the father has been to us an ideal—a standard by which we measure the whole world—one who gave us the sheltering and protecting love that only a few men are capable of giving to their own—one who was a splendid strength for us to lean upon and to gain encouragement

AN OPEN LETTER TO YOU

The editor of *THE MIDWESTERN* is pleased to present to the readers of this issue the following letter, from the foremost landscape gardener in the middle west. It will do you good to read it.

Dear Sir:-

We take the liberty to write you regarding the subject of home improvement. You are probably aware that you could enhance the value of your home at least fifty per cent at a very small cost, by the judicious planting of shrubs and trees, but probably don't know just where to begin nor how to proceed. We have studied the beautifying of the home grounds, and made it a specialty for many years, and believe that a small amount of money expended on the grounds will add more to the home than the art within or the architecture without.

Located as we are here in Des Moines, we feel that we can be of much assistance to you. We want to see Des Moines made a beautiful city, and want to help you make it such. Our Mr. M. J. Wragg is an experienced Landscape Arcditect and has made a specialty for many years of the laying out and embellishing of home and public grounds. He has made a study of the best ornamental trees, shrubs, flowers and vines and we are confident that we can give you "value received" for money expended. With his assistance we are sure you will secure a high class of landscape work.

We have been nurserymen in Iowa for the last thirty years and have made a study as to what was hardy and best adapted to Iowa needs. We have at our command the best engineers and draftsmen of the city and can in very short order make drawings of your grounds showing the location of all trees, shrubs, walks, drives and other improvements. Fall is the time for doing much of the work. The planning and laying out is better done in the Fall, and such things as Peonies, Larkspur, Iris, Phlox and all kinds of Dutch Bulbs should be planted in the Fall.

We hope you will give this matter some attention, and if you desire we will call and talk the matter over with you. With our large and rare collection of trees, shrubs and plants we can please

from—to lose such a father—is it indeed, not a great loss?

Harry West was of a type among men that stands for all that is noblest, truest, best in manhood.

In the business world he had no peers—as a friend he was of most beautiful and noble spirit. People were drawn to him because he was just himself—the essence of manliness and nobility.

Not only will his family and friends miss him, but the entire community over the state as well mourn the loss of a man whose influence and whose whole life were on the right side—and were an ennobling and uplifting example. For his dear ones there are now the long days and the long nights filled with a memory—the missing of his smile—his tenderness—his loving hand—it is the beginning of a long separation. But it is only that, a separation. The reunion will come.

Mrs. J. S. Carter.

It seems only a little time ago that I first saw her, in the bloom of early womanhood, handsome, distinguished and elegant. There was about her, too, a certain sweet womanliness that always impressed me. Especially did her sweetness and graciousness appear in her own home. She was an ideal hostess and all of her friends enjoyed themselves to the full under her roof. Generosity was one of her dominant traits. To those near and dear, and in every direction when duty called her, she gave her best self without reserve. It was this bigness and unselfishness that made her friends love her and also caused her to take less care of her physical health than was due to herself. Of peculiarly artistic tastes, everything she touched was beautiful. Her garden was always full of flowers which she gave away with a lavish hand. Her home had all the little touches that make a home charming. In her great bereavement at the loss of son and husband she was brave and hopeful. She had for long years known what it was to look forward to seeing again the dear faces "kept in memory." May we not console ourselves for her loss, in the knowledge that she has found her dear ones?

Charles H. Morris.

To leave wife and babies in early life, to feel that one's work is only half done, to be stricken down by error in the middle of life's morning, this is indeed a sad and terrible thing. Knowing it is out of harmony with God's plan for his children makes it more terrible. The tribute to the worth of the man at Charles H. Morris' funeral, the many grief stricken faces with tearful eyes on that day were eloquent, indeed. To lose the influence of such a life as his is a great loss to all with whom he came in contact. His home life of love and happiness was ideal. To his family he was everything good that husband and father can be. To his friends, he was the ideal of friendship. The great sympathy of the entire cummunity is extended to his dear ones in this sudden sorrow.

J. S. Polk

A splendid figure in the upward growth of Des Moines was J. S. Polk. He was identified with every avenue of the city's life. In civic affairs, in business, in social and in the home life, his name was a prominent one. His independence of thought and action were known to all. His forceful energy won him success along lines that seemed impossible. His fearlessness was something to commend to all who are beginning in life. In a worldly sense he was a splendid success. The most beautiful thing about a man, however, is his home life—that spirit which he shows to his dear ones, that love in which he enfolds them. Mr. Polk idolized his own. His supreme happiness was enjoyed among his children. His great love sheltered and followed them, and it was this great love that won for him the adoration of his family and near friends. It is only the love that a man gives that counts in life, all the rest is nothing.

In reformatory measures, in charities, in greatness of spirit toward new and worthy ventures, Mr. Polk was a leader and a power. Men respected his opinions because they were sincere.

you in every detail in the planning, planting and developing of your grounds. In addition to drawing plans, and furnishing stock to develop same, we employ an experienced planter, who will plant the same, when desired, at a very nominal cost.

Trusting that you will give this matter your attention, and thanking you in advance for your patronage, we remain,

Yours very truly,

M. J. Wragg & Co

MJW-ML. Landscape Architect.

DON'T attempt to launder your Shirt Waists, your White Suits, Lingerie and Children's Clothes at home when we do it so nicely for you.

We wash with soft water.

We employ the best laundresses in the city. We are very careful with your delicate fabrics and believe we give them as close attention as you would yourself.

Try us this week with your summer wearables.

Best Gentlemen's Work in the City.

Drop us a postal or phone 579 for our wagon.

Munger's Laundry

1109-1111 Grand Ave.

Century Fire Insurance Company

Of Des Moines, Iowa, Writes Insurance in Iowa only. Does a GENERAL FIRE, LIGHTNING, WINDSTORMS, CYCLONES AND TORNADO BUSINESS

The Century is Iowa's Fire Insurance Company. It writes no business outside of Iowa.

The Century's Assets are $329,780.84. Its Surplus to Policyholders is $146,095.11.

The Century's loss paying record is unsurpassed, as evidenced by hundreds of testimonials from satisfied loss patrons.

The Century is the best Company for the Iowa home owner, because it confines its business to Iowa.

The following named men, whose names stand for all that is best in business, are the officers of the Century: Geo. J. Delmege, President; E. A. Nye, Vice-President; John J. Bynon, Secretary; Homer A. Miller, Treasurer; John M. Read, Counsellor; Chas. O. Goodwin, Adjuster; Jerry B. Sullivan, Director; J. R. Hurlbut, Director.

There was a greatness about all that he did and was. He had his disappointments and his sorrows and bore them magnificently. He planned stupendous enterprises and carried them to success. He loved a certain course and with his own hand established it. He hated half way measures. It was all or nothing with him. He inspired the respect of the public.

In his earlier years Mr. Polk was a superb man physically and it was sad to see him during the past year, leaning on a cane. His was a busy, eventful life, and now, all is ended here. The joy and the sorrow, the pleasure and the pain, the strife, the turmoil and the restless pursuit—and the great spirit—never separated from the love of God—is finding rest and the peace that passeth human understanding.

MRS. WARD CASE

ORIENTAL RUGS

At One-Half Price

Finest Showing of Highest Quality

Persian and Turkish Rugs and Carpets

Such that have never been seen in Des Moines before

These Are a Few Choice Specials:

Kirmanshah, 18x15 ft., price $2,000, reduced to.....$1,800
Bokhara carpet, very rare, 8x10 and 6x9, price $200, reduced to.....$175
Cashmere, 11x8 ft. 7 in., price $175, reduced to.....$150
Meshed, 10x7 ft. 9 in., price $200, reduced to.....$150
Serouk, 6x11 ft. and 4x7 ft., price $150, reduced to.....$125
Silk, 5x5 ft. 4 in., price $100, reduced to.....$80
Shervans, 15x4 ft., price $75, reduced to.....$55
Shervans, 5x4 ft. and 3x6 ft., price $65, reduced to.....$48

We also have another lot of rugs, which range in price from $25.00 to $65.00 which we are closing out at the same reduction. In calling your attention to our bargains in Lace and Oriental work, we want to impress upon your mind the fact that these goods are all hand-made and of the best possible texture.

Portieres, reduced from $100 to.....$75
Silk Portieres, reduced from $15 to.....$10
Lunch Cloths, reduced from $5 to.....$3
Lunch Cloths, reduced from $3 to.....$2
Table cloths, hemstitched, reduced from $8 to.....$5

Some smaller bargains in handkerchiefs which are the best money can buy, ranging from 60c to $3.00.

ALEX FARRIS & CO.

402½ Seventh Street. Opposite Chamberlain Hotel

Come in and inspect our stock and compare prices

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Complies with the Pure Food Laws of all States

The perfect baking powder is the one which will evolve the most gas and leave the smallest and most nearly neutral residue in the food. A chemical examination of the many brands of baking powder on the market will show an enormous majority of them to be not only weak in gas, but either strongly acid or alkaline in reaction. Sweet palatable food cannot be prepared with these powders. The bread will be bleached and bitter on the one hand or yellow and alkaline on the other. This condition results from manufacturers working with a fixed formula, year in and year out, regardless of the strength of their material.

The makers of Calumet Baking Powder employ competent chemists who submit all material to analysis and determine its strength. This material is then accurately portioned to produce a baking powder neither acid or alkaline, but perfectly neutral. It is the application of these methods that has gained for Calumet Baking Powder its reputation for strength, purity and uniformity.

CALUMET

Is a Perfect Baking Powder

Working of the Pure Food Law

By Lucuis Mahon

LUCUIS MAHON

The course of the food product business has been marked on every hand by a rapid series of changes during the last several years. Several features have become very distinctive and from their very nature have caught the public's attention for which purpose we may add, they were directly intended.

Notable among these is the sanitary condition of the food factories. One of the first marked results of the different states' pure food laws was the cleaning up of the factories.

The publicity which the magazines and newspapers gave to the necessity of the proper supervision of food products by the State and Federal authorities was alone responsible for this general house-cleaning that has been going on with zealous rapidity.

No credit can be given directly to the Pure Food Laws themselves, so far as their requirements are concerned, for the meeting of this urgent need, because, strange as it may seem, they have either underestimated or overlooked entirely the importance of the conditions under which food-stuffs are put together and have put their whole force of law upon the nature of the ingredients of the article manufactured and the name under which the package should be labeled.

This general statement will hold good —that no reputable manufacturer, especially no concern which is widely distributing its products under its own name and label has, to any serious extent, indulged in the compounding of unhealthy or injurious products.

Any man acquainted with food manufacturing knows this to be a statement of fact, despite the awful clamor which the small politicians and yellow journals have raised with their popularity hunting cry that ninety-millions of us were all being slowly poisoned to death.

While the manufacturers have not been guilty of violating nature's laws in the production of their goods, yet practically all of them have, to a greater or lesser extent, been guilty of the misdemeanor of deception in the labeling and naming of their brands.

It is one thing to market injurious goods because they can be produced at a lesser cost and sold at a greater margin of profit, but quite a different thing to blend or compound two or more ingredients all of recognized and unmistakable purity and health giving qualities and then represent them as being the simple production of something else of like nature or, as being entirely composed of some ingredient when, in reality, that ingredient only forms a very small percentage of its whole.

I am not seeking to defend this practice, formerly so common among food-manufacturers, but I desire to make prominent the fact that they have never been engaged, to any traceable extent whatsoever, in a health destroying business, and that while, in a measure, they deceived the public on some goods, yet such compounds or blends were for the most part, just as healthful as the straight product which the consumer thought he was buying, and which satisfied him just as well, besides costing him a great deal less money.

Furthermore, the manufacturer in the first instance, knew little about the adulteration of foods. His was, originally, the undefiled business of putting together simple raw materials, and he has become a transgressor just to the extent that retail dealers and the consuming public alike have demanded cheaper goods.

(Concluded next month)

Warning to House Wives

The average consumer of baking powder does not know that a reaction occurs, in the process of baking. Whenever a chemical reaction takes place, the nature of the original materials is entirely changed, so that the substances which remain in the food to be eaten are very different from those which composed the baking powder before baking. For this reason, the statement that a baking powder contains alum or cream of tartar is worthless so far as informing the consumer as to what he eats. What the consumer wants to know is what goes into his stomach, not what is in the can. Food prepared with a cream of tartar baking powder does not contain any cream of tartar, just as food prepared with alum baking powder is free from alum. In the case of the high priced trust baking powders, this bread residue consists of Rochelle Salts, the active ingredient of Seidlitz Powders. That is, when food prepared with these trust baking powders is eaten, the consumer is taking a dose of Seidlitz Powders. Rochelle Salts is a medicine and not a food, and this constant dosing will seriously derange the digestive organs. Prof. Wiley, chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has declared in substance that "A loaf of bread made from a quart of flour leavened with cream of tartar baking powder contains 45 grains more of Rochelle Salts than is contained in one Seidlitz Powder." At a hearing before the committee on public health of the Massachusetts Legislature, on a bill designed to prevent this wholesale dosing of the public, the following eminent Boston physicians testified against the healthfulness of Rochelle Salts, and strongly recommended the passage of a law which would prohibit the sale of powders which left this dangerous drug in food: Dr. Hartung, Dr. C. O. Kepler, Dr. F. B. Foster, Dr. G. M. Palmer.

Why should the consumer pay forty-five or fifty cents per pound for baking powder, when the best baking powder in the world can be made to retail at twenty-five cents per pound (the price asked for Calumet Baking Powder) and leave a fair manufacturer's profit? The manufacturers of Calumet Baking Powder have for years made a standing offer of $1,000.00 for any substance injurious to health found in food prepared from it. Bread made from Calumet is entirely free from Rochelle Salts, alum, lime or ammonia.

* * *

The Bell Coffee Co., of Chicago, who will again have an exhibit at the Pure Food Show this month, are making best of friends in the middle west and especially in Iowa. Their Coffees are of the finest quality in the different grades, from the 20-cent delicate and light in tone, to the rich 55-cent grade, not to be surpassed in flavor by any coffee in the world. The goods put out by this reliable house are always dependable. Their success has been won on the basis of the absolute merits of their goods. If your grocer does not keep the Bell Coffees, he is not up to date. Ask him for them.

* * *

New York has an "Anti-Substitution League," with headquarters at 15 East 24th street. This League is an organization for the mutual protection of the consumer, the honest dealer and the honest manufacturer. Their argument is, that advertisements in responsible publications are rightly looked upon as business news, not as the unsupported claims of manufacturers. With this idea in view, the purchaser of an advertised article wants "it" and not something "just as good." The getting of the advertised article is important to all of them, to the manufacturer, to the dealer and to the purchaser. An honest dealer will get it for the purchaser if it is to be had. He will not try to substitute. Every purchaser should suport the claims of the Anti-Substitution League. Every honest dealer will support them. Their principles are commended to all readers of THE MIDWESTERN.

AMERICA'S BEST

If a Coffee Pot could only talk, its words of praise for the delicious

BELL COFFEES

Would ring in the ears of every COFFEE LOVER

The Bell Coffee's are highly merited because you can always depend on having a uniform Blend. The **air tight packages** keep the coffee protected from **dust and dirt.** When ordering remember the following brands of **The Bell Coffees:**

The Bell Brand	20c
Santovar	25c
Banner	30c
Imperial	35c
Crown	40c
Old Government Plantation	45c

J. H. Bell & Co.

62-64 Micelgan Avenue **CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

MRS. E. T. MEREDITH

IOWA DAIRY COMPANY

There are many things with which the well regulated home may dispense if considered advisable. On the other hand there are somethings that are indispensable. One of these is milk. No household managed by wise housekeepers, ever things of doing without milk. The fact that it is such, has caused an awakening of interest among the protectors of the people's life and health and safety. The most rigid tests are frequently made of the milk of the various dairies in an endeavor to protect against disease. Through all of the tests the Iowa Dairy Co. has come out victorious. Every housekeeper in the county can safely use the Pasteurized milk and cream of the Iowa Dairy Co. on their tables. They are pure. They are clean. They are delicious.

Those who want a guaranteed article, meeting the requirement of the pure food law, and a health giving and health insuring article of consumption in their home, will not take an inferior brand of milk, but will insist on having the best. The best is from THE IOWA DAIRY CO.

YES! PONCELE

Mutual Phone 240

Iowa Phone 1630

Is the ONLY WATER you SHOULD EVER DRINK for your HEALTH'S SAKE, it being a PERFECTLY PURE and CLEAN, Distilled and Aerated Water. Order today.

Ponce De Leon Water Co.

Twenty-Ninth Street and Ingersoll Ave.

MRS. FREDERICK J. WILL

The January number of the MID WESTERN will contain a very interesting and instructive article from the pen of Alfred Farlow, C. S. D., Boston, Mass., entitled "Christian Science, What It Teaches, Its Relation to the Orthodox Church." This article is written in Mr. Farlow's usual clear manner and adequately explains the Christian Science view point. Those desiring extra copies of the January MID WESTERN should place their orders as soon as possible.

NOT "JUST AS GOOD" BUT BETTER

MAPLEINE

Is not a substitute or an imitation. It is an ORIGINAL product made from roots and herbs, producing a flavor similar to and BETTER THAN MAPLE.

1 oz. Mapleine - - - -	17½c
7 lbs. Pure White Sugar - -	42c
4 pts. Hot Water - - -	00c
Makes 1 Gallon Syrup, better than Maple for	59½c.

Ask your grocer or send 35c for a 2-oz. bottle which makes two gallons of syrup.

The best flavor for candies, cakes, deserts, ice cream, icings, etc.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SEATTLE, WASH.

DELIGHTFULLY rich and alluringly fragrant. Not over strong, though vitalizing. Smooth and appetizing, with an enticing golden brown color. That's

Tone's Russet Coffee

the kind that quickens the appetite for a second cup. A coffee so good that it must be sold in an air-tight, moisture proof, flavor retaining package

TRY IT

At All Dealers

TONE BROS.

We invite you to attend our demonstration at the Pure Food Show

Des Moines Iowa

MRS. R. O. GREENE
Fort Dodge

We Are Proud of Our Banks

A community in which no first class banks were established would not be considered a good place for the business man.

And a town or city boasting of fifteen banking houses of the highest integrity and standing, has certainly an attraction to the man about to establish himself in a new place of business. Des Moines has never had a disastrous bank failure in all her history. And even during the present money disturbance, the general public have had no uneasiness in regard to their savings. This is almost wholly due to the high regard in which the men who head these banking houses are held. They are men who deserve the public confidence, conservative and far-seeing and conscientious in their great trust. As citizens and as business men, the bankers of Des Moines are fully worthy of the confidence placed in them by the masses of the people, and thus the banks are safe, because of the co-operation on the part of the bankers and depositors. Every good citizen in Des Moines is proud of our banks and our bankers.

To Insure Sleep

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" sometimes needs a coaxer in this day of strenuous living and many people in Des Moines have been learning something worth repeating for the benefit of all. After an evening at the theatre or other entertainment, just take a light lunch. The concentration of the mind on the play, fills the brain with blood. So long as this condition lasts, sleep is impossible. To cause a quiet brain the blood must be called away.

Taking a lunch, something palatable but yet simple, calls the blood to the stomach. The tired brain relaxes and thus quiet sleep is insured.

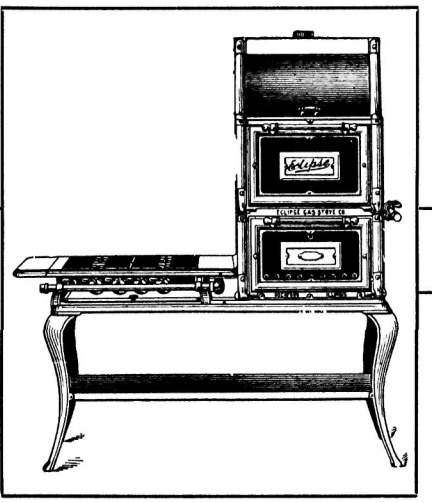
There is no place in Des Moines so good in which to get this bite as the Boston Lunch. A bottle of their Special Bottled Milk, and a sandwich or a cup of tea or cocoa with a roll,—these would just be the thing for you. The tired shopper also would find her day work made easy and pleasant if she would just run in and get a cup of something hot between meals. The Boston Lunch is so convenient—at 310 West Sixth avenue and at 415 East Locust street. Home cooking, quick service, cleanliness and delicious food have made of the Boston Lunch rooms the most popular places in the city.

WANTED—To trade for interurban acreage, three lots and 8-room house in good location. Apply at 532 Good Block.

Good Cooking

Requires the best of fires—a strong, constant heat, regulated with ease and precision. The only way to get it is to

Use a Gas Range



Call at our office and look at the latest models

Des Moines Gas Company

413 Locust Street.

MRS. RALPH BOLTON

Pure Food Meats

THE

Agar Packing Company's

MEATS

Can always be depended on because they are

CLEAN, SWEET AND PALATABLE

Insist on getting them at your Butcher's or Grocer's

MADE IN DES MOINES

Established 1896 **Incorporated 1906**

Incorporated Under the Laws of Iowa

McQuaid Co.

Cash Buyers Market

Groceries, Meats, Fish, Bakery, Drugs, Soda Fountain and Japanese Electrical Parlor. . . . .

Call any Department Over Long Distance Phone

Iowa 847-851
Mutual 847-553

Eleven Delivery Teams to all Parts of the City Daily

312-14-16-18-20 Seventh St.

DES MOINES, IOWA

GROCERIES

Coming from

CHAS. B. CLELAND'S

Southeast Corner Sixth and Grand Ave.

Always Satisfy

You can always depend upon what you get being fresh and of the best quality for the price

"Good Service, Good Goods and Reasonable Prices."
(Our Motto.)

Chas. B. Cleland
GROCERIES

Chas. Ebersole's Market

419 Sixth Ave.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Oysters, etc.

Mut. Phone 7966 L **Ia. Phone 3828**

Boxed Candy a Specialty. **Fruits and Nuts**

NEW YORK CANDY CO.

Manufacturers of

Fine Ice Cream and Candies

Fancy Chocolates, Bonbons

Wholesale and Retail

211 Sixth Ave. **DES MOINES, IOWA**

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

A New Method for the Cure of Chronic Disease

A method of curing diphtheria, pneumonia, rheumatism and tuberculosis will be joyously welcomed by the public. This method is a delightful and simple one and cures 95 per cent of all cases entrusted to it.

USING THE STATIC MACHINE

No medicines are at all needed. Mr. George C. Hunter and Dr. J. L. Williamson have opened elegant rooms in the Utica building, suite 326, and are receiving patients. The rooms are thoroughly equipped, with every convenience and every comfort for both practitioner and patient.

The Static machine, with spray attachment is used in many cases and is invaluable in diagnosing cases. No modern establishment can afford to do without one.

The perfect method of treating rheumatism and pneumonia and kindred ail-

THE X-RAY

ments is with the Hot Dry Air bath. The body is enveloped to the neck in a garment especially adopted for the use. The patient then lies down upon a long narrow table or platform with head on a small pillow. The platform is pushed into the machine in which bath is given. Then the gas is started from below, and the process of taking the bath begins. The heating is done lightly at first. Then increases. The normal patient does not ask for more than 10 minutes at first.

Accustomed to heat however, a larger and larger amount will be called for. After the sweating is over, a cold sponge bath is given and then the massage.

The sweating is brought about by the enclosed heat which envelopes the body. The sweating which is produced cleans out all imperfections of the pores and blood.

The clogging of the pores is fatal to health and to heart.

The complexion can be put in fine condition in a few treatments. Any woman with spots on her skin or a yellow muddy complexion can see herself looking ten years younger and fresher in a few treatments.

THE HOT DRY AIR BATH

But of course the main thing is getting rid of disease. So safe, so quick and so reasonable is their method that it appeals to all.

Pneumonia is easily cured, even the worst cases. The lungs yield readily to the treatment and become clear and free at once.

Some cases which were considered incurable by physicians, have been easily cured during the past few years by this method.

Rheumatism, tuberculosis of the joint, gout and other chronic diseases, yield as if by magic to the Hot Dry Bath. The relief from pain comes almost instantly and the absolute cure following quickly. The whole system is toned up and exhilarated. There are no bad after effects, which follow a course of medicine.

Nervous ailments yield to this treatwhen nothing else works.

Sleeplessness and nervous prostration are soothed and swept away. Thus the benefits received are priceless, and one pays but a modest sum for them.

The cure is already attracting wide attention and the capacity of the new institution will doubtless be taxed to the limit. Testimonials from the best known people in Des Moines and the middle West can be had from Mr. Geo. C. Hunter, 326 Utica Bldg.

INTERIOR VIEW OF

HENRY'S DRUG STORE

819 Walnut Street

Showing the splendid show cases and mill work done by the

EAST SIDE PLANING MILL

221 East Third Street

Also showing the beautiful home of a **Complete Drug Store,** where **Fine Perfumes, Soaps, Toilet Articles** and everything in the drug line can be found.

A Glorious Soda Fountain is at Your Service
Prescriptions Carefully Filled
We Invite You to Call

HENRY'S DRUG STORE

819 Walnut Street

MRS. CHARLES WEITZ

THE OLD OCTOBER MOON

There's not much I like better than the
Old October Moon,
When it gits a little chilly and the sun
feels good at noon,
And a feller needs a topcoat and at
night another cover,
And he has a kind o'hankerin' like to
warm up to another
Human bein, and to sit and dream and
spoon,
'Neath the Old October Moon.

There's somethin' 'bout the moonlight
that's invitin' to a feller,
That gets his brain to workin' on the
things he's go'n to tell 'er
And figgers out the ways and means of
difficult proceedin'
And makes 'im think the gal beside
'im's just the one he's needin',
While his heart is just a beatin' like a
bass-drum to the tune
His soul's singin', 'neath the Old Octo-
ber Moon.

There's nothin' quite so soberin' or so
soothin' to a man,
As to sit and take in moonlight (when
the weather's so he can)
With just the gal that knows 'im best
and knows what he's a thinkin',
And you know she kind o' likes the way
his life and hern are linkin',
But she wouldn't tell a feller that she
listenin' for the tune
His soul's a singin', 'neath the Old Oc-
tober Moon.

'Till he up and pops the question right
square into her face,
And then she don't say nothin', but just
yields to his embrace,

And then you know his shoulder seems
the place to put 'er head,
And then perhaps a word or two, but
tain't the things that's said,
That keeps their hearts a beatin' like a
bass-drum to the tune
Their soul's are singin', 'neath the Old
October Moon.

And tho' now I'm a man of sixty year
and more,
I'm a lookin' back on days and years
that's gone so long before,
When I put the vexin' question to the
gal that was my choice,
And she didn't answer nothin', for I
guess she'd lost her voice,
But our hearts are still a 'beatin' like a
bass-drum to the tune
Our souls are singin,' 'neath the Old Oc-
tober Moon.

I can hear the wild-wood caw, of the
crow, from out the haw,
Where the red-ripe fruit is hanging, for
hungry boys to gnaw,
And the jay-bird's cheery call, from the
leafless boughs where fall
Nuts that feed the frisky squirrel the
winter through.

I can hear the steady plunk of the gold-
en corn ears' klunk,
As they're thrown from husker's hand
to wagon-bed;
And the frightened whir of wings, of
the little untamed things
That go flashing through the blue
far overhead:
Oh, the dear October days, with their
mellow glow and haze,
How I love their varied moods and
rustic peace.
And the frosty, tingling morn, of the
happy country-born,
Whose ambition calls for school days
swift release.

Yes, I'm glad to be alive, when the yel-
low-jackets hive,
And the wild geese honk their journey
through the sky;
For it's never sad to me when the bird
and flow'r and bee,
Take their rest with smiling Summer,
till her new-lifed waking sigh,
Stirs them deep with strength and pleas-
ure, and they come again, in
measure,
Just as many birds, and bees, and glad
as I.

W. C. T. U. MEMBERS--Everywhere

This is the **White Ribbon Coupon,** which you will find in every **White Ribbon Shoe.**

EVERY SHOE HELPS

No. 54 *Fine Soft Kid* Lace, ⅔ vamp, pat. tip, medium low military heel welt sole; pure oak belting sole

Very flexible, stitched belting top piece on heel, antiseptic covered soft cushion inner-sole WHITE RIBBON process.
Price, $4.00

THE PLAN IN SIMPLE

Every one of these good-looking, comfortable shoes contains a **coupon** as shown above, **good for 5 cents.** When the shoes are sold, the dealer removes the coupon and holds it until someone appointed by the local or State Union calls for it. These coupons are sent to the State President, who stamps them and forwards them to the Farmers and Mer-chants Bank of Lincoln, Neb., who sends the money to the proper officials.

The Shoes are all right. Thousands of letters attest the satisfaction of the wearers.

Made over last especially designed and graded for the WHITE RIBBON line

If your dealer does not have the shoes, send for Catalogue, prices and full description of our plan.

WHITE RIBBON SHOE CO., Sole Mfgrs., Box 632, Fort Dodge, Ia.

MYRTLE MARIE KNUTSON
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Knutson

HAVE YOU?

Have you ever used Falcon flour? If not, you do not know what you are missing. There is not a flour in the market so reliable, so sweet and pure and so adaptable to all needs.

It is the only flour made in Des Moines, and the Des Moines housewife, to be true to the new spirit of loyalty now pervading all classes of society, owes it to herself to give Falcon flour a trial. All it needs is one trial. The good cook will at once appreciate its sterling quality and never have another flour in her pantry. Do not forget to give Falcon Flour a trial. Don't put it off. Order a sack today.

VIRGINIA HERRICK
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Herrick
Balivor, N. Y.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

BEER IS HEALTHY

THAT IS

Good, Clean, Pure Beer

That is why people who know drink

Schlitz

And again it costs no more than common green beer, which makes you bilious

JOHN WEBER, Jr.

416 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa

Distributers for
GREEN RIVER WHISKY
"The Whisky Without a Headache"

Phones { Iowa 3 / Mutual 28

AT THE PURE FOOD SHOW

The following firms will have booths and exhibits at the Pure Food show in Our Circle hall, November 11th to 30th, inclusive:

Agar Packing Co.; Tone Bros.'; J. H. Bell Co.; Crescent Mfg. Co.; Burlington Vinegar & Pickle Works; Des Moines Edison Light Co., Electric Kitchen; Egg-O-See Co.; Davidson Bros. Co., candy; Geren, candy; Genessee Food Co.; Independent Baking Powder Co.; Minnesota Macaroni Co.; Shannon Mott Milling Co.; Armour & Co.; J. T. Polk & Co.; Cuban-Gaze Co.; Oatman Condensed Milk Co.; Allen, B. B., Flour; Beatrice Creamery; Calumet Baking Powder Co.

ORIENTAL STORE

Conducted by Alex Farris at 402 1-2 West Seventh Street

For some months, at 402 1-2 West Seventh street, a darkeyed Armenian has conducted a store in which every lover of beautiful things could find his heart's desire. The name of this Armenian is Alex Farris. The store is called "Oriental store." No more magnificent display of Turkish and Persian rugs has ever been seen in the west than are shown there now, of all sizes, all the wonderful weaves and gorgeous coloring. Any woman with a woman's soul would go into raptures over the Cluny laces, handmade—the real thing—in all sorts of dresser scarfs, lunch cloths, doylies and other designs. Some of the clothes are fit for a King's table. The Florentine pieces are wonderfully beautiful and the Mexican drawn work, at prices never before offered in Des Moines, are delicate and lace-like enough to please a fairy princess. The Mexican lunch cloths are especially beautiful and in this sale, almost everything at half-price, the most moderate purse can afford to purchase them.

Besides all these lovely things, there are curios wrought in brass, odd pieces of beaten silver and curiously set jewels of many kinds.

One feels himself in the presence of a foreign shop in an eastern country, surrounded by the work of the cunning fingers of the Orient. Mr. Farris is very intelligent in regard to his wares, and it is a pleasure to listen to him explaining their manufacture.

No such opportunity will ever again occur in Des Moines for the purchasing of genuine high-class articles at the prices at which Mr. Farris is at present quoting. We hope that every reader of THE MIDWESTERN will not miss so grand a chance, and take the opportunity at least of visiting the store. Men and women alike will be interested.

A NEW DES MOINES INDUSTRY

The Allen Boston Brown Bread Flour Co. make their initial bow to the people of Des Moines and Iowa and bespeaks liberal patronage as the latest Des Moines Pure Food industry. This company has been located in San Jose, California, the past five years and was attracted to Des Moines by the efforts of the Commercial Club of Des Moines and a desire to locate their business nearer the cereal growing market. While their product is as yet new in this field they are well and favorably known in the twelve Pacific coast states. The officers of the company are: President, Mr. E. F. Bailey, proprietor Glasgow Woolen Mills Co., Des Moines; Kenneth Mackenzie, late with Gunn Mitchell & Co., Chicago, who comes to Des Moines as Secretary and Manager; Mr. H. M. Whinery, cashier of the Century Savings Bank, is to be the Treasurer; Mr. E. W. Allen, who originated the company in California, is to be Vice-President; and R. J. Fleming and E. W. Allen of San Jose, Cal., and S. B. Allen of Des Moines, with the before mentioned officers constitute the board of directors. The company have secured the large building at No. 1019 Walnut St., and start out under most flattering auspices.

Good Things to Eat

Best Quality

Greatest Variety

Boston Market Co.

Both Phones

320 Sixth Avenue

Wholesale and Retail

"Jewett" Rubber Roofing

To Dealers:
Have you sent us a trial order for roofing? If not it will pay you to do it, we fully guarantee it to be equal to any other roofing on the market, and we can make you a price that will interest you.
Send us your orders for Sash, Doors, Lumber, Mouldings and Columns.

JEWETT LUMBER CO.

Ninth and Grand Avenue — DES MOINES, IOWA

Grinding Razors, Shears, Clippers, Surgical Instruments, Etc.
Full Line of Cutlery and Barber Supplies.

IOWA ELECTRIC GRINDING CO.

306 Locust Street. Des Moines, Iowa.

LAWRENCE DRUG CO.

Expert Prescription Druggists and Chemists. Prescriptions from out of town receive the same careful attention as city orders.

Everything for the Sick

Sixth and Locust Sts. DES MOINES, IOWA

MASON'S Bonnets and Hats

Have a decided style and dash of their own. Come see for yourself.

208-210 Seventh Street

A. L. McCarty W. W. McCarty

Drs. McCarty

DENTISTS

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

Mutual Phone 211 206-8-10 Century Bldg.

DON'T ever let yourself look like that other woman did at the reception. *It's a Disgrace* when you can be made Beautiful and Clean by calling at

Anna Myers' Hair Dressing Parlors

338-350 GOOD BLK. DES MOINES, IOWA

For Christmas photos, Webster says: "Come now and avoid the rush."

POST CARDS

A Complete and Attractive Line of Souvenir Post Cards - - Send 10c for samples

ENOS B. HUNT, Jr., Publisher.

610 Iowa Loan and Trust Bldg. DES MOINES, IOWA

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

For Fifteen Years the Leading National Medium for Classified Advertising

Want advertisements cost seven cents a word

We have a circular giving specimen advertisements and full information. If you are interested we will gladly send a copy.

THE OUTLOOK

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Opening of The Marshall Field Store

Iowa visitors of the past month have all come home enthusiastic over the splendors of the Marshall Field Store, by far the most magnificent store in America and ranking with the best of the great cities of Europe. The decorations were gorgeous enough to call to mind descriptions of the barbaric splendor of fabulously wealthy courts of Europe in olden times. Nothing conjured up by the imagination ever equaled the beauty of the festooned arches down the center of the store. The windows were an education, showing the dress and materials of previous periods of the world's history. In esthetic beauty they could not be surpassed.

But the best thing about this great establishment is its spirit of democracy, its ethical influence in the world of trade and its fine method of conducting business. This esablishment is well looked up to in all America as being the leader in its line and at the head of the list of business establishments along the line of high ideals.

The Well Dressed Women

Every woman who has the least regard for appearance well knows that she cannot lay claim to style, no matter how fine her figure, without just the right corsets to give her carriage and proportion. To wear an ill-fitting pair of corsets, or those built upon poor lines, is little less than criminal, for the woman who cares about her appearance. If the stylish women in a crowd anywhere were asked what corsets they wear, the great percentage would have but one reply, "The Redfern." This superb article is manufactured by the Warner's. They have a big house in Chicago. Their business is enormous, and a tribute to the just merits of the finest thing in its line in the market. All grades are manufactured and all figures can be suited. The woman inclined to stoutness finds in "The Redfern" the only corset that gives grace and slenderness of outline. But its best quality is its delightful comfort to the wearer. The woman who doesn't know "The Redfern" is a subject of surprise and pity from those who have made its acquaintance. This superb article is handled in Des Moines by Younker Bros.

A Perfect Show

The White Ribbon shoe, made by the Green-Wheeler Shoe Co., of Fort Dodge, is a winner, and foot making friend everywhere that it is sold. It is of splendid wearing quality and is made in lasts that fit the foot comfortably. It has a distinct style also, that entitles it to favor. THE MIDWESTERN readers are especially entitled to interest in this splendid production of an Iowa firm.

For Us, Too

The following, taken from the Boston Herald, might well be voiced as the prayer for Des Moines, also:

"From petty jealousies and spite; from low tactics and brawling; from meanness and sordid ambitions; from cheap jackery and greed; from billingsgate, bluff and brute force; from the manners of slum bar-rooms and the motives of "welshers" and confidence men; from the grip of brazen bosses, and the clutch of heelers, adventurers, plunderers and thugs; from the wiles of tricksters and the degradation of beings with no conception of public service nor of private honor, O Voters, deliver Boston!"

One Woman's View

I have been deeply interested in a communication received from a woman who knows something of the burdens borne by a church worker, also thinks out serious problems for herself. That the Christian church is largely made up of women all the world knows. Dr. Gladden himself may well be interested in this letter, which we give in full:

"I was greatly interested, and also saddened, by the arraignment of the church by the Rev. Washington Gladden, in his great speech given before the Congregational National Council at Cleveland.

"He asks 'where was the Christian church when the grafters were ravaging the cities and the rebate robbers and the frenzied financiers, and the sharks were getting in their work?' Do I understand by the church, he means the church proper, composed almost entirely of females? If so I can answer the question, being one of the great army. We were endeavoring in our weakness and poverty to grapple with the task assigned us, of devising ways and means to pay our church debts, our pastors' salary, and contribute our mite toward spreading the gospel in heathen lands. We were instant in season, and out of season, getting up rummage sales, fairs, lawn parties, suppers, May breakfasts, and socials, and all this in addition to our being 'keepers of home' and 'washing the saints' feet' with many other duties too numerous to mention. And yet with all this work I believe had they been permitted to exercise their rights as citizens, and had a voice in the government of our cities, a very different state of affairs would have resulted. I believe with him 'the church has put first things last, and lowest things highest; it has spent its energies on trifles, and shirked the great tasks for which it was commissioned.'

"May it not be that the church has not been orthodox in the true sense, that it has worked from a wrong basis, that it has not been obedient to the command of Christ to 'go into all the world and preach the gospel—heal the sick' and that disobedience has been the cause of the lack of 'signs following' promised to believers. He said these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.' If the church had obeyed his command and 'believed his report' the 'arm of the Lord' would have been revealed long ere this; and with this revelation it would have 'become strong and done exploits.' It would have become a fountain of healing to a sin-sick world, and to the enemies of righteousness, 'terrible as an army with banners.'"

A Des Moines Booster.

"THAT DOES THINGS"

IF THIS NUMBER OF THE

MIDWESTERN

Pleases You

Better send in your $1.00 and get one every month for a year—of just such issues.

532-42 Good Block

DES MOINES . IOWA

Des Moines Drug Company

DISTRIBUTERS OF . . .

Heath & Milligan Mfg. Co. Paints

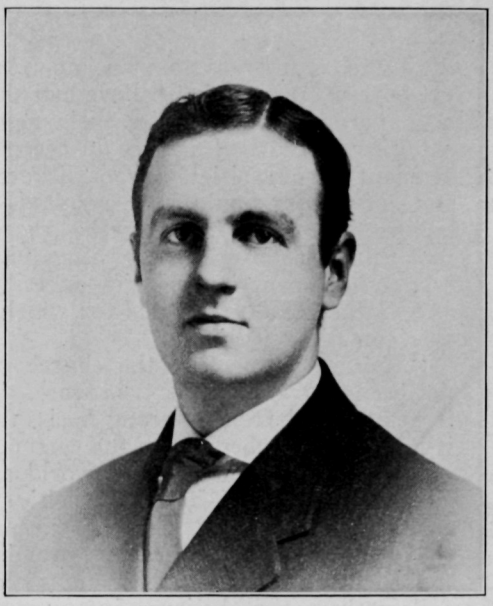
"Coin Bond" Cigars

Whiting's Paint Brushes

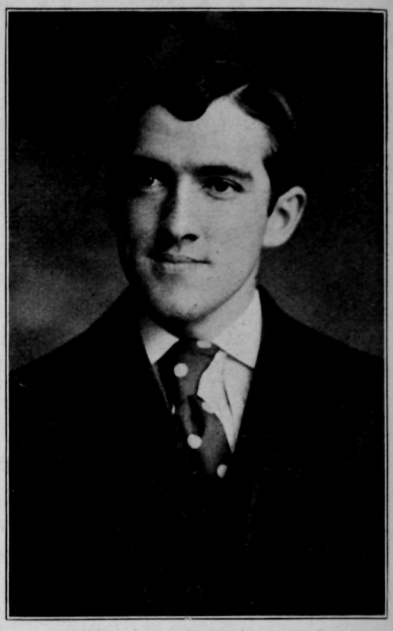
WE CARRY ALL DRUG SUPPLIES

Des Moines Drug Company

Des Moines, Iowa



A. B. JOHNSON
President Apollo Club



R. S. HIGGINBOTHAM
Business Manager Apollo Club

THE APOLLO CLUB

An organization which does great credit to Des Moines, and in whose success all good citizen are deeply interested is the Apollo club, now thoroughly organized and at last on a good business basis.

This fine club gave some treats to Des Moines music lovers during the past season, but the club's finances were in bad shape at the close of the year. Early last spring a determination took firm possession of the board, to the effect that the club's business matters should be put upon proper basis before the year's work should begin. This determination has been carried into practical effect, and the advance sale of tickets has been such that the officers need have no anxiety for the future. The officers of the Apollo Club are:

President, A. B. Johnson; Vice-Pres., M. F. Kingman; Secretary, Will Laubach; Treasurer, Frank F. Bates; Business Manager, R. S. Higginbotham; Executive Board, I. M. Treynor, W. L. Ryan, Chas. E. Campbell.

The director is Dr. M. L. Bartlett.

On December 11th, Sullivan's "Golden Legends" will be given with some great singers in the soprano role. At the May festival, "Aida" Benoits "Into the World" with 500 children voices, and Mendolsshon's Elizah will be given. One of the big orchestras will be brought from the East.

The members of the club are enthusiastic in regard to the year's work and more then one hundred have been present at the recent meetings. The Des Moines public owe it to themselves as well as to the club to give it the most splendid support.

Become A Subscriber to The Midwestern

EVERY loyal Iowan is proud of the splendid condition of the Des Moines banks. It is gratifying to us that all over the country the impression prevails that in Iowa the situation has been met in a more satisfactory manner than anywhere else in America. THE MIDWESTERN is proud of the showing set forth in the following statement from the banks of Des Moines.

Peoples Savings Bank

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans	$1,303,204.06	Capital	$ 100,000.00
Real estate, furniture, fixtures.	11,893.60	Surplus and undivided profits..	93,583.61
Overdrafts	9,033.47	Deposits	1,540,456.13
Surplus and due from banks...	409,908.61		
Total	$1,734,039.74	Total	$1,734,039.74

C. H. Martin, President — T. F. Flynn, Vice President

F. P. Flynn, Cashier

Mechanics Savings Bank

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans	$ 383,431.77	Capital	$ 50,000 00
Overdrafts	3,370.25	Surplus and undivided profits...	6,170 90
Furniture and fixtures	2,100.00	Deposits	406,835.21
Cash and due from banks	111,604.09	Due clearing house banks	37,500.00
Total	$ 500,506.11	Total	$ 500,506.11

H. B. Wyman, President — G. E. MacKinnon, Vice President

Jno. A. Elliott, Assistant Cashier

H. B. HEDGE, President J. D. WHISENAND, Vice President F. L. WALKER, Cashier

Central State Bank

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans	$ 868,233 64	Capital	$ 50,000.00
Overdrafts	4,952 94	Surplus and undivided profits	53,298.52
Furniture and fixtures	1,475 00	Deposits	962,122.59
Cash and due from banks	282,509.53	Due clearing house banks	91,750.00
Total	$1,157,171.11	Total	$1,157,171.11

Condensed Statement, December 3, 1907

J. G. ROUNDS, President GEO. E. PEARSALL, Cashier

Citizens National Bank

Des Moines

Assets		Liabilities	
Loans and discounts	$1,418,590.64	Capital stock	$ 200,000.00
Overdrafts	13,441.99	Surplus and profits	112,615 84
U. S. Bonds	210,000.00	Circulation	123,650.00
Real estate and fixtures	24,914 84	Dividends unpaid	78.00
Due from banks and U. S. Treasurer	$245,391.29	Deposits	1,795,327.84
Cash on hand	319,333,02	Bills payable or re-discounts	None
	564,724.31	Due for clearing house certifica's	None
	$2,231,671.78		$2,231,671.78

Des Moines National Bank

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans	$2,416,105.56	Capital	$ 300,000.00
Overdrafts	1,634.20	Surplus and undivided profits	88,289.15
U. S. bonds and premiums	286,000.00	Circulation	155,300.00
Other bonds	57,062 50	Due clearing house banks	75,000 00
Stocks and Securities	3,825.76	Bills payable	100,000.00
Banking house	72,000.00	Deposits	3,204,824.14
Cash due from banks	1,086,785 27		
Total	$3,923,413.29	Total	$3,923,413.29

ARTHUR REYNOLDS, President JOHN H. BLAIR, Vice President J. A. ZWART, Cashier

Simon Casady, President Homer Miller, Cashier G. T. Cole Jr., Assistant Cashier

Des Moines Savings Bank

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans	$2,354,179.08	Capital	$ 200,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	1.00	Surplus and undivided profits	22,579 73
Cash and due from banks	181,863.44	Deposits	2,313,463.79
Total	$2,536,043 52	Total	$2,536,043.52

State Auditor's Call, December 3, 1907

State Savings Bank

Des Moines

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans and discounts	$ 886,624.49	Capital stock	$ 50,000.00
Overdrafts	17.82	Surplus and profits	28,112.07
Real Estate	8,455.31	Reserved for interest	7,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000.00	Deposits	1,032,798.73
Cash and due from banks	221,813.18	Bills payable	None
		Due clearing house	None
	$1,117,910.80		$1,117,910.80

M. STRAUSS, President
J. G. ROUNDS, Vice President

GEO. E. PEARSALL, Cashier
I. M. LIESER, Ass't Cashier

Valley Savings Bank

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans, bonds, etc	$1,007,614.19	Capital	$ 50,000.00
Cash and due from banks	100,303.65	Surplus and undivided profits	63,382.26
		Deposits	994,535.58
Total	$1,107,917.84	Total	$1,107,917.84

A. HAMMER, President **C. W. MENNIG, Vice President** **R. A. CRAWFORD, Cashier**

The Capital City State Bank

of Des Moines, Iowa

Being equipped with unequaled facilities for the transaction of all branches of legitimate banking, invites the accounts of individuals and corporations, promising the utmost liberality of treatment consistent with prudent business methods.

OFFICERS

Henry Wagner, President — **J. A. McKinney, Cashier**
J. A. T. Hull, Vice President — **D. J. Van Liew, Asst. Cashier**

German Savings Bank

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans	$580,079.96	Capital	$100,000.00
Overdrafts	3,885.62	Surplus and undivided profits	11,753.72
Real estate, furniture, fixtures	14,627.82	Deposits	707,812,45
Cash and due from banks	220,972.77		
Total	$819,566.17	Total	$819,566.17

JAMES WATT, President — **JESSE O. WELLS, Vice President**
J. C. O'DONNELL, Cashier

The Iowa Trust & Savings Bank

Respectfully Call Your Attention to its Report

AUDITOR'S CALL DECEMBER 3, 1907

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans	$ 242,141.54	Capital stock	$ 50,000.00
Overdrafts	1,495.51	Undivided profits	6,465.40
Real estate	19,400.00	Due clearing house banks	15,000.00
Bank fixtures	1,200.00		
Cash and due from banks	**54,126.16**	**Deposits**	**246,897.81**
Total	$ 318,363.21	Total	$ 318,363.21

We Respectfully Solicit Your Business, Whether Large or Small

W. B. MARTIN, President — A. O. HAUGE, Cashier
G. S. GILBERTSON, Vice President — L. M. BARLOW, Asst. Cashier

You Always Did and Always Will
NEED A BANK ACCOUNT

These stringent times make it more necessary as the man with a bank account has already established a basis for credit for his protection in hard times. The man who carries his money and hoards it, has no credit established and faces three fears: The absence of credit, the danger of losing his money and the chance of personal injury from robbers.

The methods of The Marquardt Savings Bank are most modern and convenient.

Their System of Bank by Mail you will find convenient and profitable.

Write for their Free Booklet "O."

Our Motto: COURTESY AND ACCURACY.

Your patronage solicited.

G. D. ELLYSON, Pres.

D. F. WITTER, Vice-Pres. J. H. HOGAN, Ass't Cashier

We Pay Four Per Cent Interest and Credit Same to Your Account

JANUARY 1st AND JULY 1st.

YOU HAVE THE BANK
WE HAVE THE KEY

Security Loan & Trust Company

318 Fifth Street

DES MOINES, - - IOWA

Resourses		Liabilities	
Loans, etc	$405,097.49	Capital stock	$ 50,000.00
Cash and due from banks	6,676.88	Undivided profits	75,459.41
		Debentures, etc	286,314.96
	$411,744.37		$411,774.37

Call and inspect our Fire and Burglar Proof Deposits Vaults.

PICTURES

The best of Christmas Presents

SACRIFICE SALE

$5.000.00 Worth Choice Water Colors, Engravings, Etchings, Etc., at 33 1-3 per cent Discount to realize Cash.

HAMILTON ART CO.

309 SEVENTH STREET **OPPOSITE YOUNKERS**

Cut Flowers

..FOR..

Christmas Presents

Are always acceptable and we have a large stock to select from. **American Beauty Roses, Tea Roses, Carnations, Chrysanthemums, Violets, Narcissus, Lilies, Etc.**

We are also headquarters for

Christmas Trees

Holly, Mistletoe, Wreaths, Garland and other Holiday Decorations.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS

Iowa Seed Company

613-615 Locust Street

DES MOINES, - IOWA

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

If you want your party correct in all its appointments have it at the

SHRINE TEMPLE

Ninth and Plessant Sts.
947-X Iowa. 7381-B Mut.

The Finest Dancing Floor in the State

Office Hours: 11 to 12 A. M. 3 to 5 P. M.
Evenings at 7:30 Sundays 12 to 1:30

Howard D. Gray, M. D.

Suite, 505-506-507-508, Fleming Block

DES MOINES, IOWA

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

W. C. T. U. MEMBERS--Everywhere

This is the **White Ribbon Coupon,** which you will find in every **White Ribbon Shoe.**

EVERY SHOE HELPS

No. 54 Fine Soft Kid Lace, ⅛ vamp, pat. tip, medium low military heel welt sole; pure oak belting sole

Very flexible, stitched belting top piece on heel, antiseptic covered soft cushion inner-sole WHITE RIBBON process.

Price, $4.00

THE PLAN IN SIMPLE

Every one of these good-looking, comfortable shoes contains a **coupon** as shown above, **good for 5 cents.** When the shoes are sold, the dealer removes the coupon and holds it until someone appointed by the local or State Union calls for it. These coupons are sent to the State President, who stamps them and forwards them to the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Lincoln, Neb., who sends the money to the proper officials.

the Shoes are all right. Thousands If letters attest the satisfaction of ohe wearers.

Made over last especially designed and graded for the WHITE RIBBON line

If your dealer does not have the shoes, send for Catalogue, prices and full description of our plan.

WHITE RIBBON SHOE CO., Sole Mfgrs., Box 632, Fort Dodge, Ia.

FIKE AND FIKE'S BOOKS

A serious mistake of the proofreader last month made it out that Fike & Fike of "Ye Olde Book Store" on Fourth street, had seven thousand books, when in fact they have seventy thousand volumes in the great piles along their shelves. The store of Fike & Fike is one of the really interesting places in down-town Des Moines and a constant stream of visitors is seen there. Orders are received by them from all over the country and they are constantly buying for customers from all the markets in the world.

TRADE AT HURLBUT'S AND SAVE ALL OF THE TICKETS

Five Hundred Dollars Free to Hurlbut Customers

On the first day of January we will give to you who trade at this store between today and that date, five hundred dollars absolutely free.

Buy your drugs, medicines, toilet preparations, drug sundries, cigars and soda water here. Our stocks are the largest and freshest in Iowa. Our prices are the lowest, too. Now, on top of that you may win one or more of the prizes given January 1st. You'll get a numbered ticket with every 25c you spend here. Save these tickets. Get all of them you can.

There Will Be Thirty-Seven Prizes

The Grand prize will be	$100.00	There'll be 10 prizes of, each	$10.00
There'll be 2 prizes of, each	50.00	There'll be 20 prizes of, each	5.00
There'll be 4 prizes of, each	25.00		

The "Progressive Euchre" Feature

Customers who failed to draw prizes in the contest just recently closed may exchange each old ticket held by them for two tickets in the new $500.00 contest, with each 25c purchase. That is, if you failed to draw a prize in the contest recently closed, bring in your tickets every time you make a purchase hereafter and we will give you two chances in the January 1st contest for one of your chances in the last, with each 25c purchase you may make here.

REED HURLBUT, Druggist, Cor. Fifth and Walnut Sts. Store Never Closes, Day or Night.

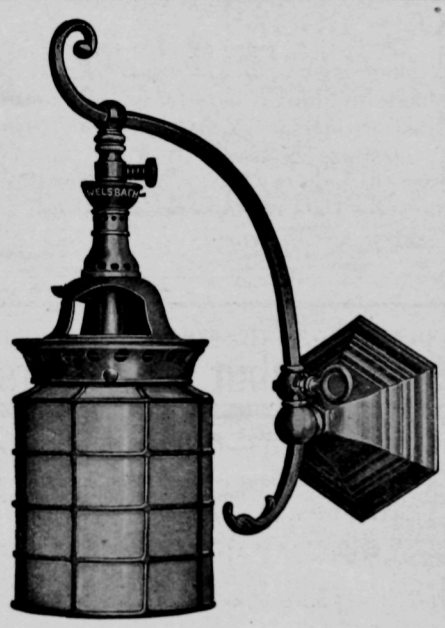
A MAN'S CHRISTMAS

We offer the most elaborate display of Holiday Furnishings ever shown to the people of Des Moines. You will find it easy to select gifts here to please the eye of man.

House Coats **Bath Robes**
Gloves **Neckwear**
Fancy Vests **Fancy Shirts**
Umbrellas **Suspenders**

FRANKEL CLOTHING CO.

"The Good Clothes Store."



REFLEX

The Latest Improvement in

Gas Lighting

Throws all of the light downward without shadow or glare—Renders a soft mellow glow of highly diffused light, pleasant and restful to the eyes.

Ornamental, Scientifically Constructed, Efficient Illumination, Economical. Can be attached to any gas fixture.

Beautiful globes or shades of many designs and colorings permit a wide choice in artistic combinations. Excels and supplants all other lights at one-quarter the cost.

DES MOINES GAS CO.

Family Washing Done at 6c a Pound

If you would be rid of the work and bother and muss of wash-day, send the clothes to *Munger's* we will do the entire family washing, rough-dry, for 6c a pound, and iron all such flat pieces as sheets, towels, tableclothes, handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. We will be no harder on your clothes than the wash woman is. Everything will be washed with soft water and pure soap—nothing else.

Call 597 on Either Phone for a MUNGER'S Wagon.

MUNGER'S LAUNDRY

1109-1111
WEST GRAND AVENUE

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Sister of the Chicago Majestic Orpheum Attractions

Matinees 2:30

Evenings 8:15 Carriages 10:30

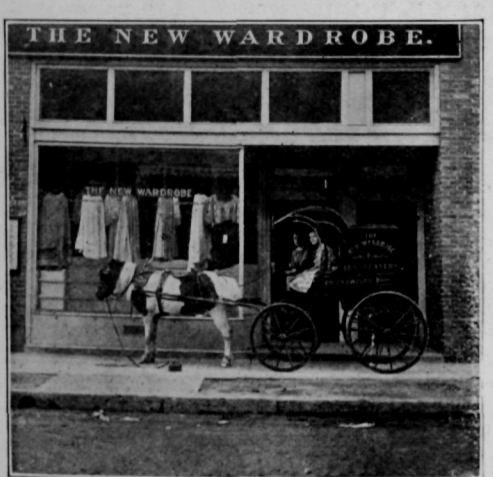
Seats now on sale eight days in advance

FIKE & FIKE

Des Moines New and Old
BOOK DEALERS

BOOKS
Bought Sold and Exchanged

304 Fourth St. Iowa Phone 1434 M



This charming little Turn-out will call for your garments and convey them to the Best Place in the city to be

Cleaned and Pressed

The New Wardrobe

814 Locust St.

Send us your Furs to be cleaned. You will be happily surprised to see your garments after we get through with them

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IT goes without saying that we have **Jewelry** and **Watches** in numberless designs and in all grades to suit both your fancy and purse. We would call special attention to that Everlasting Jewel —**The Diamond,** of which the value is rapidly increasing; therefore you cannot afford to miss the opportunity offered in our present low prices. We wish to make special mention of our exceptionally fine lines of Cut Glass and Painted China which we unhesitatingly declare to be the best in the city, the latter being selected from the production of the foremost Art Studio of this country. You are also requested to examine our excellent line of **Art Glass Vases** which are beyond description, more beautiful even than decorated China, and must be seen to be appreciated. All of these beautiful things are priced exceedingly low and within your reach. You are cordially invited to call and examine our line of gifts.

Holmes-Irving Company

517 EAST LOCUST STREET

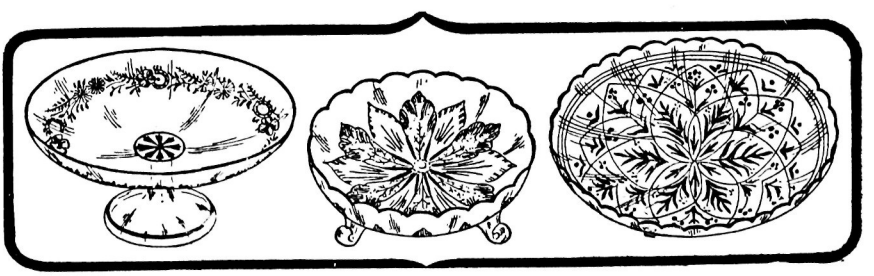
Christmas Shoppers

Should visit the Beautiful Store of

ARTHUR C. HANGER

526 E. LOCUST ST.

And make a selection from the finest holiday stock ever shown in Des Moines



Diamonds, Jewelry of every kind, Hand-Painted China and a Superb Showing of the Finest Cut Glass

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A Symbol for Purity, a Guide to Delicacy. It's just as Easy to Specify "Heywood's," when saying to a salesman, "a pound of candy, please." Sold everywhere.

HEYWOOD CANDY CO., Makers,
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Sensible, Serviceable

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FOR MEN

Largest assortments of wearing apparel in Iowa. Prompt service for shoppers or mail order customers. Strongest values and best styles. Choosing gifts for men is a pleasure here always : : : : : :

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DES MOINES, IOWA

Holiday Jewelry

We offer you the happy combination of superior quality, a large assortment and fairest prices. Every article represents the most careful consideration of design and quality and you will approve of our judgment to supply desirable Christmas Gifts : : : : : :

Diamonds, Loose and Mounted; Watches, all standard makes; Fine Cold Jewelry, Clocks, Cut Glass, Hand-Painted China, Leather Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, Opera Glasses, Novelties

Special attention given to designing and manufacturing exclusive pieces of jewelry. Engraving done free on articles purchased of us

FEIGE

407 Locust St. *The Savery Jeweler*

Luxurious Furs For Christmas

Furs are always appropriate and most acceptable Christmas Gifts. This year a Gift of Furs will find an unbounded appreciation because of the extreme favor in which Furs are held by Fashion's Arbiters. Correct styles in winter attire demand Furs for Women, Misses, and too—the **Little** girls.

Our great new stocks provide in abundance the latest styles and the highest qualities in all ultra-fashionable Furs in Scarfs, Throws, Fancy Neck Pieces and Muffs in Single Pieces or Matched Sets. Also Women's Fur Coats and Caps. **We cordially invite your inspection of them.**

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BEST WEARERS

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WALK-OVER SHOES FOR MEN
WALK-OVER SHOES FOR WOMEN
$3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00

Walker's Walk-Over Boot Shop

613 WALNUT STREET

WHOSE BROOM?

The club women of Des Moines are pledged to Des Moines made goods, both for household purposes and for the personal use of both themselves and their families.

Everybody knows that this is not the cleanest place in the world in which to live, and the essentials of cleanliness are dear to the heart of every good housekeeper. At the head of the list of these essentials is a good broom, one that will sweep clean. Such a broom is manufactured in Des Moines and the housekeeper who has not used one of them does not know what splendid results may follow with much less effort on the part of the sweeper than when using a poor article. These brooms are manufactured by Harrah & Stewart and come in several grades, all guaranteed to give satisfaction. The grocer who tries to sell to his customers something "just as good" as Harrah & Stewart's brooms, does both himself, the manufacturers and his customer an injustice. Des Moines women deserve the best that can be had and in getting Harrah & Stewart's brooms they get the best brooms in the market, "made in Des Moines."

A NEW PRESIDENT

Mr. De Forest Bowman has recently become president of the Allward-Bowman Glass Co., and the company is to be congratulated upon this accession to their forces. Mr Bowman is well and favorably known in Des Moines and Iowa, as one of the leading business men of the younger set and he is especially adapted to his new field of labor. This noted company has furnished stained glass made of the highest quality for almost every church in Des Moines and every Iowa town of any importance. The most beautiful piece of their recent work is the art glass designs in the dome of the State Historical building. This is the admiration of all who see it.

DR. GEORGE J. FEIGE, OPH. D.
407 Locust St., Des Moines

Dr. Feige makes a specialty of a system of analysis whereby he determines the causes of eye strain and visual defects and proves the value of wearing glasses to conserve nervous energy, presenting discomfort created by visual disturbance and strain.

The Musician

Will find all things pertaining to Musical Art and education at the

Howard Music House
315 Seventh St.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Courtesy of Hamilton Art Co.

WE WISH A HAPPY CHRISTMAS
DAY TO ALL OF OUR READERS

In this our Christmas issue we wish to express our gratitude for the enthusiastic reception accorded our last number. We point with pride to our many special features in this issue. The fine article on travel by Dr. Linn was written for private use and obtained by us for THE MIDWESTERN. It will run through several numbers. The article by Dr. Burton will be republished in February as we could not fill orders with our two editions. The last Midwestern advertised Des Moines all over the world.

—EDITOR AND MANAGER.

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II DECEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 4

WHAT HAS CHRISTIANITY DONE FOR THE COMMON MAN?

George F. Rinehart

IT IS with something of reluctance that I approach the subject assigned me, because of the well-defined difference of opinion as to what constitutes Christianity. However, as those who profess to know the most about it accomplish the least in its behalf, it may be permissible for the layman to indulge an opinion.

A prominent divine was once asked the question: "Is Christianity a failure?" and is said to have instantly responded, "It has never been tried." Certainly it cannot be wrong for the layman to agree in part, at least, with one so evidently an authority.

The average man can detect the line of demarcation between Christianity as taught and Christianity as practiced. If he is particularly acute he may detect the vast difference between the essentials that Christ taught and the essentials as taught at the present time. If he goes deeply into the subject he may be able to discern that conditions have been so perverted during the nineteen hundred years since Christ taught that it is about as impossible to practice real Christianity as it is for the camel to go through the eye of a needle.

How long would Christ last in the mercantile business now before the sheriff would have charge of his stock? How long would he be able to continue in the oil business against the Standard octopus? What avenue of employment could he enter and be certain of emerging at the end without crucifixion? He would find things today worse than he found them before when he said "The son of man hath not where to lay his head."

We read in the account of Christ's missionary labors that "the common people heard him gladly." It is nowhere in evidence that the rich nabobs fought for standing room at his meetings. The aggregation that gathered to listen to the Nazarene were not what might be called "the elite." They could not afford to play bridge whist all afternoon and attend a swell function in the evening. They could not trot in the class of the "four hundred." They were not composed of the "captains of industry" who have fattened on the blood and bones and brain and brawn of labor. They were not made up of Wall street magnates who speculate in hot air and deal out panics ready-made. They were not composed of those who toil not and yet who spend their summers at Long Branch and Newport and their winters in Florida. None of the Bradley-Martins were there. Not one of them had ever attended a "monkey dinner" nor would they have known how to act if they had. Ward McAllister was not there to tell them how to live on eighty thousand a year.

The people who made up that crowd were the common herd. They were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, the poor, the downtrodden and oppressed. They were the "under dogs" in the struggle for existence. They were the average people, the people who earned their bread by the sweat of their faces, and, after all, this is about the best definition of "the common people."

Abraham Lincoln once said that God must love the common people best because he made so many of them. They are the ones of whom Christ said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." The Sermon on the Mount was delivered to an audience of this kind. Much of that wonderful sermon was devoted to lauda-

tion of the common people. Christ assured them repeatedly that they were "the salt of the earth." He emphasized his opinion by assuring them they were "the light of the world." It is not recorded that he ever applied such terms of endearment to those who made it a business to devour widow's houses and for a pretense make long prayers.

A large portion of this sermon was devoted to the old Jewish law which Christ quoted fluently, opposed and advised his hearers to do exactly the other thing. His speech was called seditious and caused the hue and cry that finally organized the mob and ended in crucifixion. The special interests of his day and generation regarded him as a dangerous agitator.

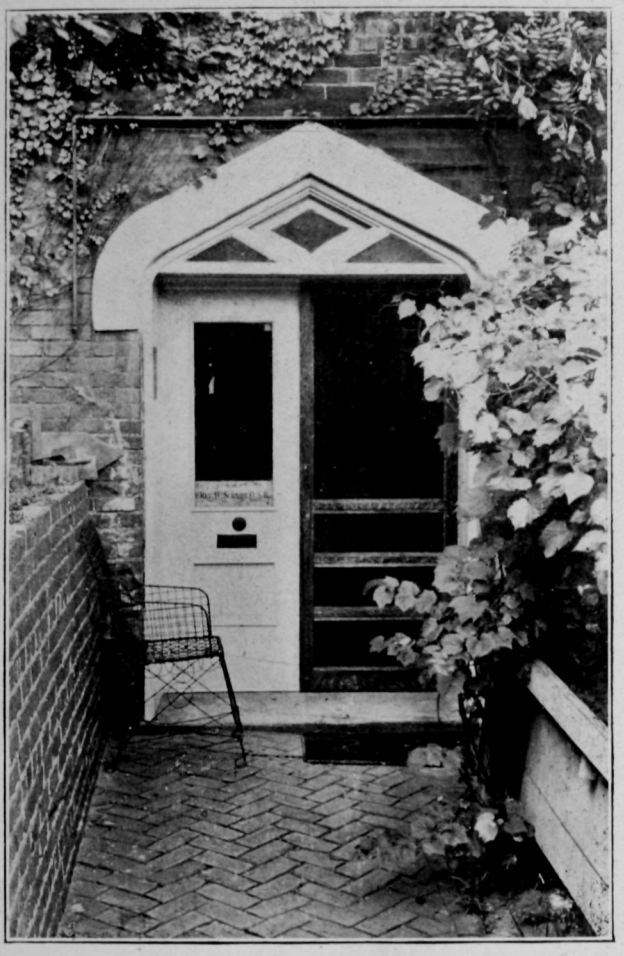
The world has not changed in this respect. After nineteen hundred years of preaching and profession the world still crucifies its Savior and releases its Barabbas. The thief gets his liberty. The innocent is punished for the guilty. The man who does something for his fellows must dodge the hangman's noose. For him is reserved the cell and the criminal's dock.

Christ was the greatest radical of any age or time. He not only preached, he not only implored, he not only anathematized, but he armed himself with a whip of scorpions and lashed the scoundrels from the temple. He was neither a "weakling" nor a "mollycoddle." In the presence of the common man he was the leader, the teacher, the preacher, the lawgiver, the agitator, the reformer. In the presence of the high and mighty he was an exotic, reticent and defiant. He never sought the society of the rich, the influential, the powerful. When he wanted men upon whom he could rely he went out among the common men. He gathered his apostles from the poor, the men inured to toil, those who knew the environment of the humble.

If the church were to be called Christian it could not be said of it that it has much to offer the common man. It extends him an invitation but not a welcome. It invites him to be with it but not of it. It says to the member in fine raiment "sit thou here upon the right hand" but the poor has no place in the purchased pew. If Christ ever gets a good chance at a purchased pew he will kick it into the middle of the kingdom come.

One great mistake of the church is the emphasis it places on belief, or pretence. It does not distinguish between reality and profession. If it preached less and practiced more it would do the common man a better service. Christ did things. He led an active life. He defied some laws and broke others. He taught faith, it is true, but he also taught works, and here is where he laid his emphasis. "Let

ST. LUKE EPISCOPAL MISSION, NORTH EIGHTH



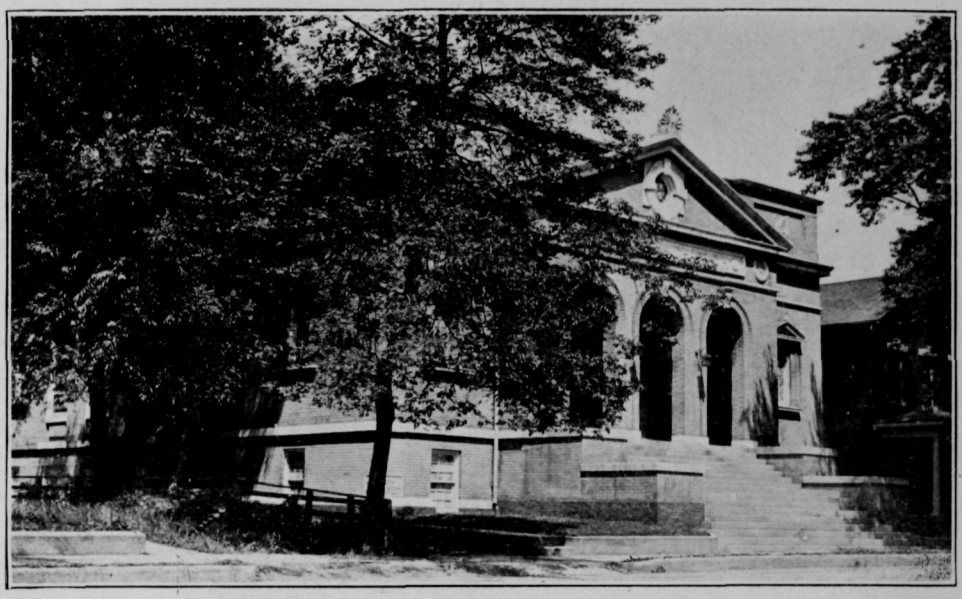
ENTRANCE TO POSTERS STUDY ST. MARY'S CHURCH

your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." He advocated doctrines that applied to this world more than to another and advised a righteous life because it pays best here and now.

Christianity as Christ taught it gave to labor its first dignity. The labors of the world had been performed by slaves, mostly captives in war. Slaves built the pyramids to house the worthless dust of tyrant kings. Slaves built the Coliseum and then furnished blood and brawn to give a brutal relish to a Roman holiday. The debased condition of slaves reflected on labor and of course labor had to bear the stigma. Christ had the courage to say that the laborer is worthy of his hire. He had the courage to say that the workman is worthy of his meat, but, after Christians have been running things for a long time the beef trust controls the meat trade and the workman does without.

The command "Let your light so shine that it can be seen of men" does not apply except figuratively. The light by which the common man reads his Bible is furnished by that excellent Christian gentleman and thief, John D. Rockefeller, whose career can be traced for the past fifty years by the bones of his competitors left in his wake. Rockefeller is above the law, the common man is not. Rockefeller does not have to obey court processes nor pay fines for criminal acts, but the common man cannot escape. Rockefeller can buy his way into fellowship with present-day Christians with a donation to the building fund. By this sale of indulgences the church thrives, Rockefeller is content and the common man, as usual, foots the bill.

George F. Baer, that excellent Christian who constitutes himself God's personal representative to look after the



FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, TENTH AND HIGH

rights and interests of the common people who are so unfortunate as to have to work for him; J. P. Morgan, another pious, old soul who buys holy relics to guarantee open sesame to the heavenly portals; and good, canny Andrew Carnegie, all furnish sanctimonious handouts to the Christian devotees of this day and age as fast as they can wring it from the life's blood of the common people. As long as these highwaymen divide the spoils they have carte blanche license as hold-ups.

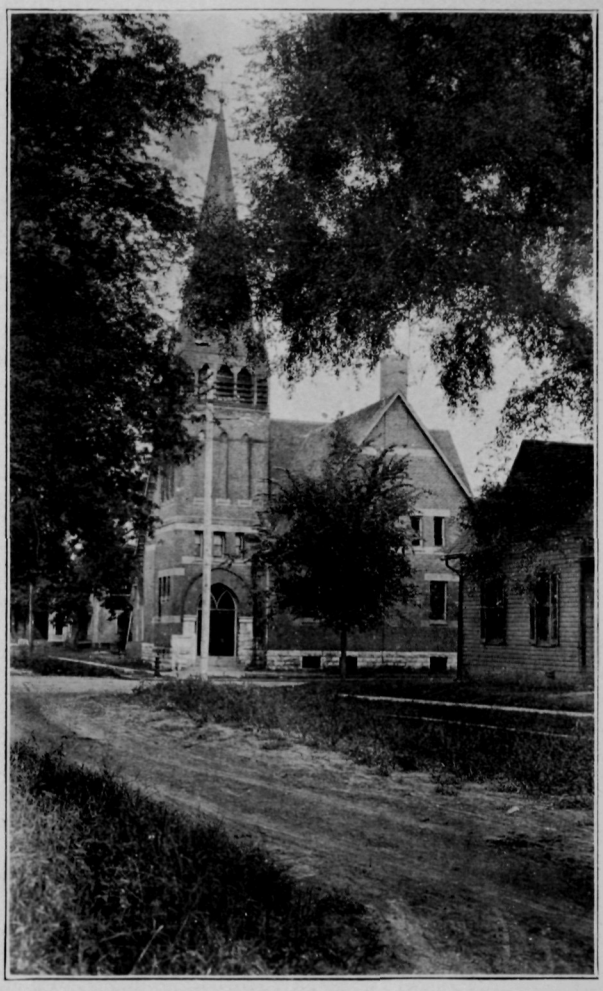
Christ is not responsible for the cold-blooded commercial Christianity that tacitly permits the robbery of the common man at every turn of the road. He is not responsible for the invitation to Dives to dine table de hote while the kitchen scullion kicks Lazarus out the back door without even a sandwich. He is not responsible for the loud prayers, broad phylacteries and meaningless mummeries of a formal religion that has cajoled itself into the belief that it is immune from the lash of scorpions should Christ visit the desecrated temples again.

In the grog shop, that this Christian civilization has so generously provided for the common man and maintains as one of its allies even in defiance of law, there is surcease from the agony that hypocrisy and pretense forever inflict upon him. That he is shaking off this giant incubus of his own free will speaks volumes for his virility. Taxed from the cradle to the coffin by a million trusts all creatures of this Christian age, the common man is lucky if he escapes with a whole skin. With the trusts "laying for him" in this world and the devil in the next the common man can have but little choice.

There are exceptions to all rules. In spite of adverse conditions and tremendous odds there are people trying to do as Christ would have them do. There are real and earnest Christians who are doing their utmost to follow in the footsteps of the Nazarene and may God abundantly bless their saintly souls. It may be true that you, dear reader, are one of these, and if so you are entitled to the consolation that the righteous only know.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, but he does not get it. The workman is worthy of his meat, but the beef trust will not let him have it. The common man is the pasture for every form of commercial vermin that breeds in the miasmas of greed, and our good Christian voters will march up to the polls at the next election to extend, as usual, their first aid to the injured.

CORINTHIAN BAPTIST (COLORED) CHURCH, FIFTEENTH AND LINDEN



NORTH DES MOINES M. E. CHURCH, EIGHTH AND WASHINGTON

DES MOINES AS A CHURCH CENTER

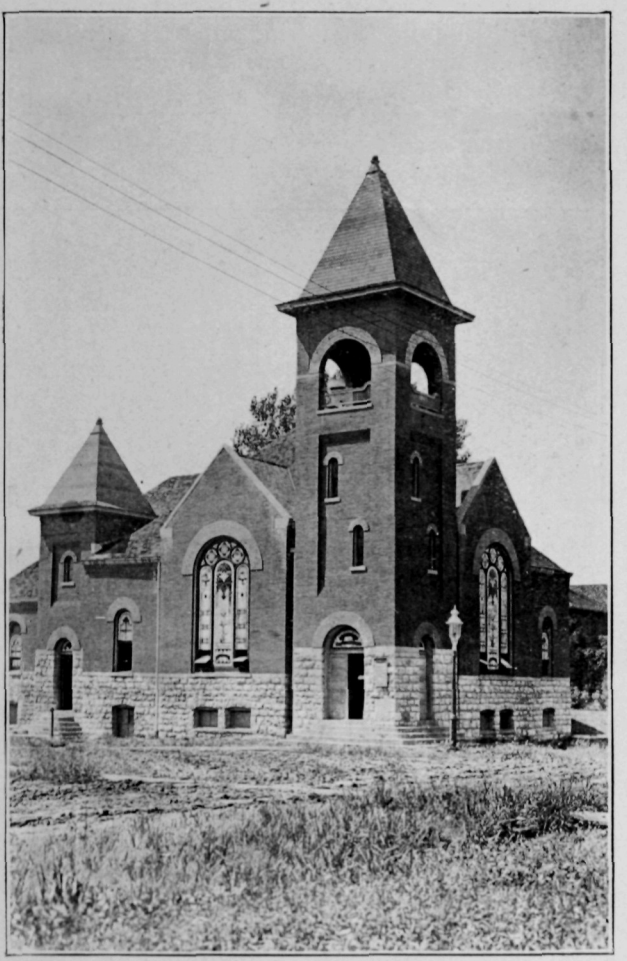
Edward Shriver

Once a very wicked man, intending to remove to a certain town to make his home, was told that there was not a church in the town. He was amazed. He was also displeased and canceled all of his business plans, deciding to go to a town which had churches. "I don't care for the church and never expect to step into one. But I have a family, and a town with no churches is no place in which to bring up children," he said. The class of people who would be attracted to a place in which no church organization existed would surely not be a desirable class. Of the church, the home and the school, perhaps the church, the spiritual home, stands pre-eminent in judging the condition of the general community.

In the ultimate evolution of man as a child of God, the visible church will be done away with. But so long as the spiritual man is not dominant, so long must we have the outward and visible ible church, with certain observances of forms and symbols.

As an attraction to the home-seeker, Des Moines stands pre-eminent in the number and variety of places of sacred worship and every denomination is here represented. The churches are in a flourishing condition.

The Sabbath is here indeed a day of rest from worldly affairs and of growth to the spiritually minded. Our preachers will compare favorably with those of greater cities. Our best society is made up of church members. While there are down-town churches, the larger ones being located near the heart of the city, yet each neighborhood has its group of churches of every denomination. The beautiful pictures of Des Moines churches in this issue were especially taken for us, and must impress all who see them with the fact that Des Moines is indeed a city of churches as well as homes and schools.

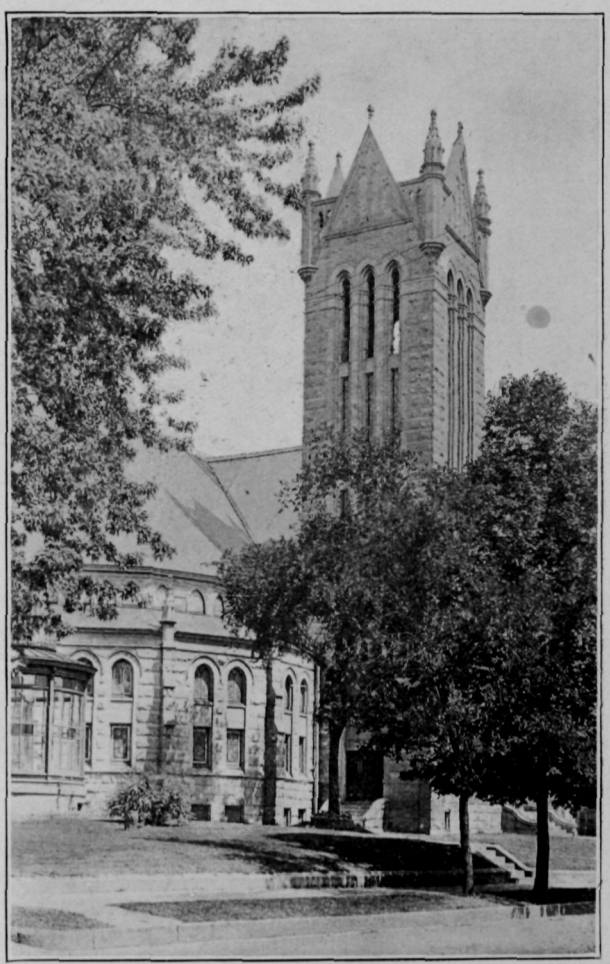


UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH

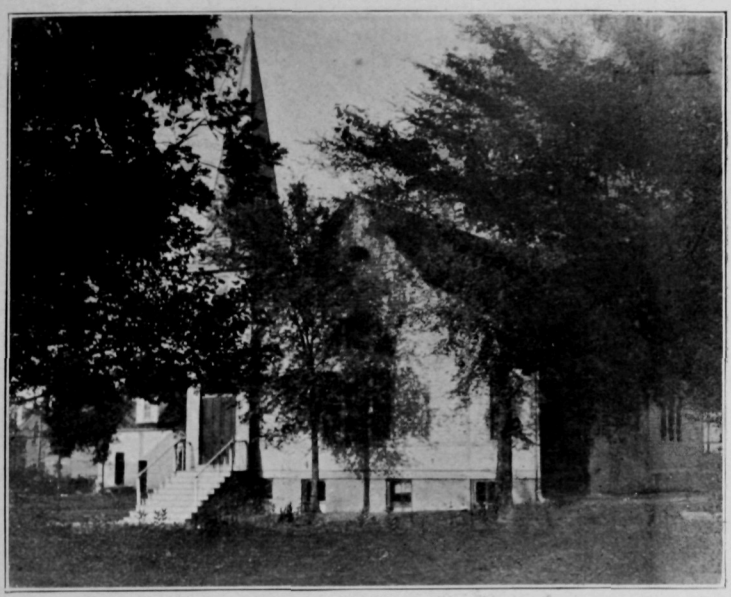
REJOICE

Ada J. Miller

One morning recently I awoke with a sense of great depression. The thought came to me, "Rejoice—just rejoice," so I let the Bible words of rejoicing fill my consciousness. Holding these passages in thought, I got up and went to an east window. The sun had not yet arisen, but the clouds that dappled the sky almost to the zenith were aglow with color. The scene was the physical symbol of that which Truth had done in my consciousness. The "rejoice" thoughts were rays of light that transformed lifted the clouds of sense, and as day, "the irradiance of Life" (Science and Health, p. 584), dawned, these earth-mists vanished. As I watched the sky, I realized that the sun does its work regardless of clouds; in the same way, Truth heals, regardless of the clouds of mortal sense. Our work is to let our light shine. Light is omnipresent because it is of God. The same thought applies to harmony, strength, wisdom, understanding, love. The same eternal mandate says, Let there be harmony; let there be strength; let there be wisdom; let there be understanding; let there be love. These are omnipresent, because they are God. And we let these attributes appear by taking antagonistic grounds to their opposites, no matter if material sense affirm the manifestation of opposing conditions. Truth alone is true; and these qualities of Mind are reflected by man because he is the image of God. In denying every manifestation of error and declaring the truth we are doing all, and thus we "stand."



PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, EIGHTH AND PLEASANT



FOREST AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH

KEEPING DARK

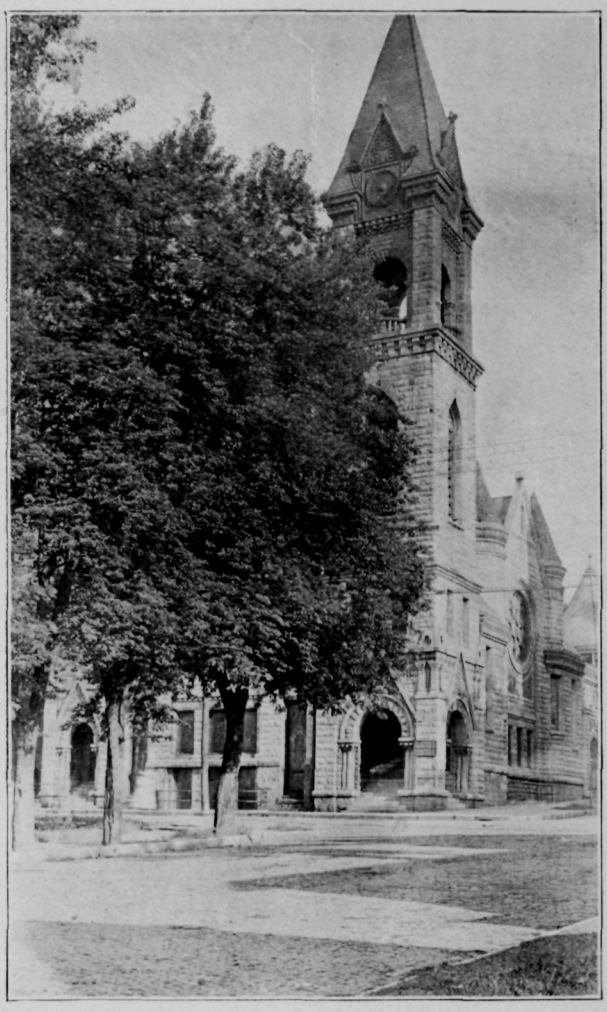
Thomas Cobb

"I want you to tell me what has become of Colonel Durand," said Lady Waters, about a fortnight before Christmas, and her disappointment was perfectly unmistakable when I expressed my inability to enlighten her.

"Every other person I meet is asking the same question," I returned.

"I can't understand it in the least," she continued. "I confess I begin to feel immensely uneasy, I even went as far as to call at his house—"

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, EIGHTH AND HIGH

"Wasn't he at home?"

"At all events, his man admitted he was in London. I met him three weeks ago at dinner at Mrs. Norcutt's, and he kept us all amused the whole evening. Mrs. Norcutt was saying afterwards that no one could possibly believe he had a son who must be very nearly thirty."

"By-the-bye," I asked, "isn't Captain Durand expected home from India?"

"In April, I believe," said Lady Waters. "Yes," she added; "Colonel Durand is certainly the youngest-looking man for his age in London—and one of the handsomest and the pleasantest. But I can't understand what has happened to him."

"Oh, well," I suggested, "perhaps he has run down a bit, and prefers to lie low."

"He was engaged to dine with me two days after I met him at Mrs. Norcutt's," she explained, "and his letter of excuse didn't seem even to be written by himself——"

"A woman's hand?"

"Ye-es," she answered, and a short silence followed. "He must be alone with only the servants in his house," Lady Waters continued.

"But are you certain he is there at all?" I suggested.

"I am not certain of anything," she cried. "I feel extremely uncertain. Here is one of the most popular men in Society, who suddenly puts off his engagements—refuses to see anybody, doesn't even write his letters himself. There's mystery in the faces of his servants; they have evidently received special instructions. Now," Lady Waters added, "I want you to clear the matter up."

"But how——?"

"If I could tell you how, I could probably act for myself," she answered. "But I have known Colonel Durand a good many years, and I can't help feeling anxious. Something," she insisted, "must be done."

I admit a desire to stand well with Lady Waters, although in the present case it seems difficult to see how it was possible to gratify her. As I had explained, she was by no means the only person to wonder what had occurred in connection with Durand, who had in effect suddenly disappeared from his friends.

After considerable reflection, the only feasible plan appeared to be a journey to his house in Manchester Street, where he had lived alone since his wife's death, over four years ago. There more than once I had been entertained at his small and select parties, than which none in London were more enjoyable.

"Colonel Durand is not at home, sir," said the butler, and I placed one foot over the threshold.

"Not out of London?" I suggested.

"No, sir."

"Is the Colonel quite well?"

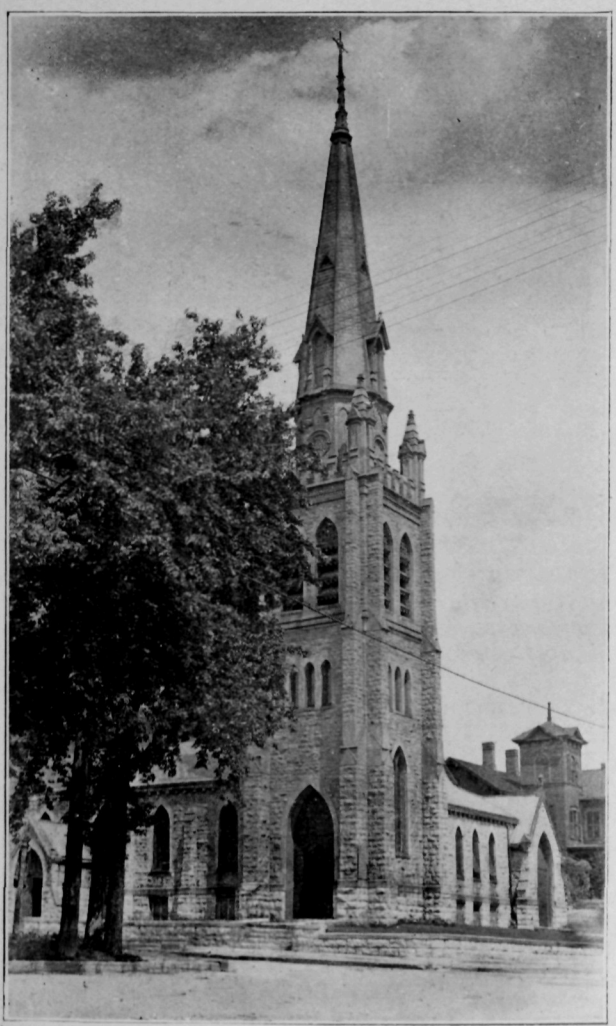
"Quite well, sir."

"He doesn't appear to have received any of his friends very recently?"

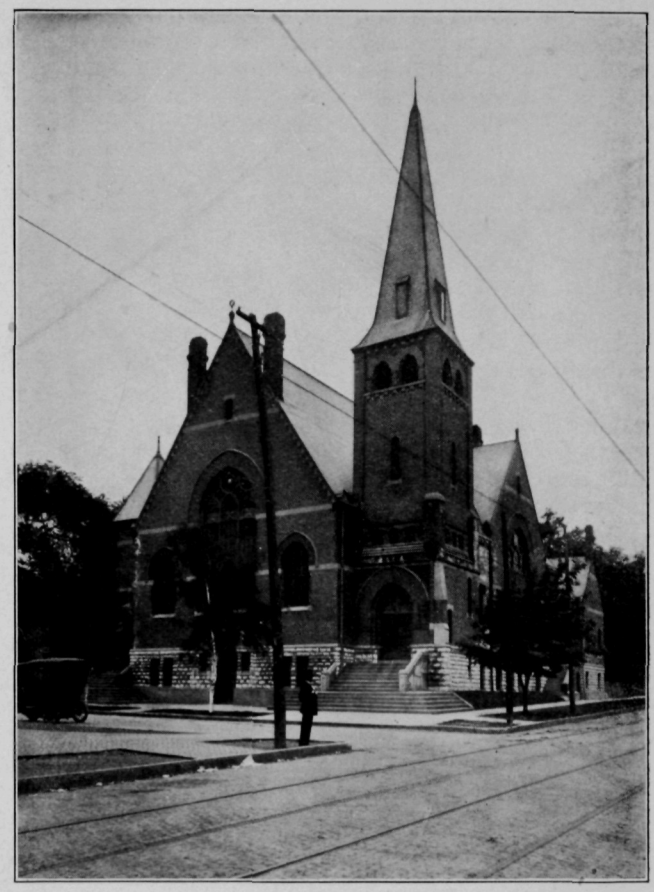
"Not very recently, sir."

"I presume," I persisted, "that, although he is 'not at home' to visitors, Colonel Durand is actually in the house."

"He is not at home to visitors, sir," was the discreet answer, so that I returned to Lady Waters no whit wiser than I left her.



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NINTH AND HIGH



UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN CHURCH, TWENTY-FIFTH AND UNIVERSITY AVE

"You didn't attempt to bribe the butler?" she suggested, whereupon I explained that I did not care to bribe any member of a friend's household.

"Besides," I added, "the butler used to be one of the Colonel's regimental servants; the two left the Army together, and he is absolutely incorruptible."

"Well," said Lady Waters, "I can't pretend to be satisfied. One hears of the strangest things. Why should Colonel Durand refuse to receive everybody? Why doesn't he write his own letters? No one outside his own house has seen him for three weeks, and you must admit the affair has a mysterious appearance."

I did not dispute the statement for an instant, although I had no doubt that the Colonel had some excellent reason for his retirement. In any case, I did not see my way to take any further steps in the matter, and, indeed, both Lady Waters and myself were on the point of leaving London for Christmas. It was the second week in February before we met again, and then she sent me an urgent summons to her house.

"Now," she exclaimed, before I had been a minute in her drawing-roon, "I am determined that something must be done!"

"What about?" I asked, not thinking of Durand at the time.

"About the Colonel."

"Good gracious!" I cried, "you don't mean to say that he is still keeping dark?"

"As far as I can gather," she returned, "no one has seen him. He has not been to his Club. . . . I can't meet a man who has entered his house."

"Are you certain he is there?"

"Absolutely. I have been two or three times this week. The butler admits he is in London, but when I ask to see him I was simply told 'not at home.' "

"Then," I said, "there has been no news of Durand for longer than two months."

"If I don't arrive at some explanation before this day week," cried Lady Waters, in her most determined manner, "I shall inform the police."

"But of what?" I demanded.

"I am tortured by all kinds of suspicions," she answered. "He may have been murdered——"

"Oh, but——"

"It is quite possible," she insisted, "and his servants may be in a conspiracy to act in this way to throw off the scent."

"Durand might never forgive you if you called public attention to his affairs," I urged. "By-the-bye, have you thought of writing to him?"

"Of course I have written," she retorted. 'I have begged him to see me, hinted that his friends are anxious."

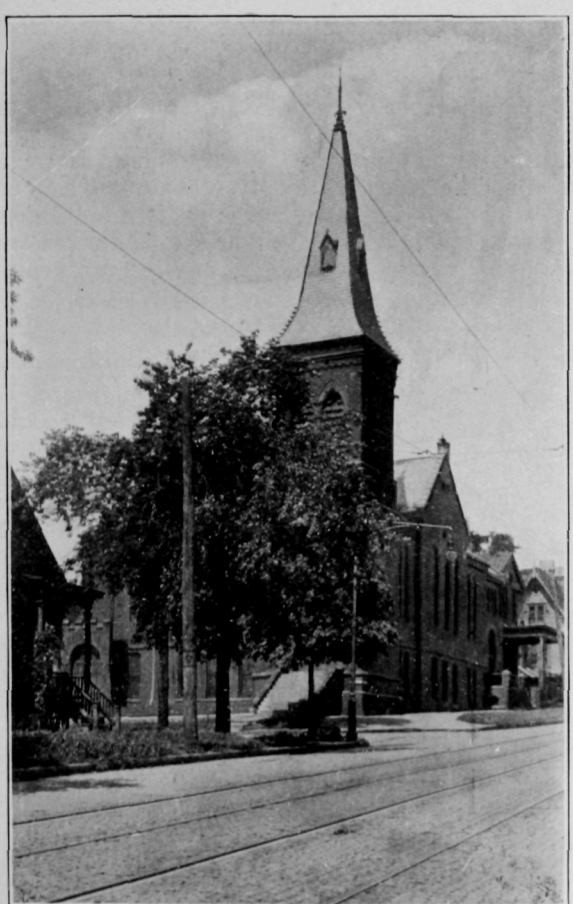
"Well?"

"I received an answer in the same woman's hand," Lady Waters continued, assuring me there was not the slightest cause for anxiety, and that he would ask his son to come to see me soon after his arrival next month."

"Earlier than you anticipated?"

"Of course," said Lady Waters, "that may be a slip, and Colonel Durand may not have received my letter."

Eager for Lady Water's sake as well as for Durand's to prevent the mistake of informing the police of her suspicions, I thought the matter over the same night, with the result that I determined myself to write to the Colonel. Sitting down at once, I made a clean breast of things, explaning that his old friend, tormented by anxiety, had made up her mind to cummunicate with the authorities unless her alarm should be allayed by the following Monday. He must have received my letter in due course the next morning, for at eleven



ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, SIXTH AND PARK

SIXTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TWENTY-FOURTH STREET

o'clock an answer was delivered at my door by hand.

Breaking the seal, with not a little excitement, I saw that the short note was written by a woman—not very well written—to the effect that Colonel Durand would be happy to see me at three o'clock the same afternoon. I confess that I had seldom felt more curious or more impatient for a few hours to pass, for, tax my ingenuity as I might, it seemed difficult to hit upon a probable explanation of Durand's retirement.

"Will you walk this way, sir," said the butler, and, somewhat to my surprise he led me past the drawing-room door, up a second flight of stairs to a room at the back of the house.

"If you will wait one moment, sir," said the butler, as he cautiously opened the door, and about eighteen inches farther in the room I saw a second door (obviously a recent addition) covered with black baize. When the servant invited me to enter the narrow space between the two, I confess to uncanny apprehensions, the more when the outer door was closed and we stood in the most total darkness. A moment later, I was able to advance within the room, but this also was in such darkness that it was impossible to distinguish the position of the window. Though the day was cold, no fire burned in the grate. I heard the door shut and assumed that the butler had retired, but I felt afraid to go farther into the black room lest I overturn some article of furniture.

A second later, however, I recognized Durand's voice——

"That you Marchant?"

"Are you there, Durand?" I cried, and then I felt a hand on my arm.

"Let me lead you to a chair," he said quietly, and presently his hands were on my shoulders as he pressed me down.

"But what on earth makes you sit in the dark?" I demanded.

"I'm going to tell you—though I should have preferred to tell nobody. It's a case, however, of saving one's self from one's friends. You're the first man I have seen—no, I can't see you—since I dined at Mrs. Norcutt's early in December."

"Lady Waters met you there!"

"My eyes have been bothering me," he continued, "and I had an appointment with Ramsay, to distinguish the position of the window."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "You have not lost your sight?"

"Not—not yet," he answered, still in the same self-controlled voice. "But I am going to lose it. You understand, there is not the slightest doubt about it. My blindness is absolutely certain—a mere matter of weeks. My—my boy is on his way home. You see, I should like to see the dear chap's face once more. I cross-examined Ramsay. He said that, if I lived entirely in the dark, kept quiet, didn't smoke or drink, I might just manage to hold out."

"My dear fellow——!"

"There are now only a few weeks more," he continued. "I believe I shall do it."

"Do you mean," I said, "to tell me you have been stuck up here in total darkness since February——."

"A ray of light," he answered, "would absolutely destroy my chance of seeing old Donald. It's five years, you know. We haven't met since his mother died——"

"But haven't you tried to hasten his return?"

"One hates to make a fuss," said Durand. "And, you understand, I don't want to see the chap with a long face. He is on the way, and I believe I am going to hold out. So now you can tell Lady Waters that there's no need to send the police. Perhaps both she and you won't mind keeping it to yourselves. Now," he added, as I heard him rise from his chair, "I am going to ring for Banks to take you away."

I stood by his side, scarcely knowing what to say until, first, the outer door was opened and shut, then the inner.

"Let me guide you," said Durand, and I turned in the darkness a moment later, gripping his hand.

"How on earth do you get through the days?" I exclaimed, almost in spite of myself.

Durand laughed far more cheerfully than I could have done.

"Hoping I shall get a good look at old Donald," he answered.—Sketch.

WELL DONE

Sleep, happy people of field and wood —
  Bush and creeper and herb and tree —
The Master judges they off'ring good
  And sends his steward to care for thee.
Doff thy festival garb of gold—
  Plum and saffron and glowing red—
Winter hastens adown the wold
  To tuck thee warm in thy waiting bed.

Sweet thy dreams as the winds rush by
  And vainly pluck at thy coverlet,
And streams are fettered, and chill the sky,
  And town and country are frost beset;
Dreams full thronged with the breeze's tale,
  The bee's bassoon and the ring-dove's call;
With vista of meadow and hill and vale
From bursting spring to the brimming fall.

Sleep, happy people, where all is still
  Save the crow's hoarse caw and the squirrel's bark;
The sun swings low o'er the leafless hill
  And short grows the moment from dawn to dark.
Sleep, 'tis the Master who bids thee rest
  And holds thee fast in his loving ken;
Till the doors fly open at His behest
  And the April summons to work again.

—*Edwin L. Sabin in the Woman's Home Companion for October.*

A LIFE QUESTION

M. E. M.

The cry of the world is and ever has been, "Who will show us any good?" It has grown "old and gray and cold" in sin, suffering and unbelief—while the Church, the pillar and ground of the truth, in all its nineteen hundred years of able, devoted effort in teaching, preaching and institutional work, has been unable to answer the cry, to meet the need, and lead it into the harbor of health, peace and happiness. Why is it? May it not be that the God who has been preached, has been a god of man's own making, made in man's likeness—with like passions, "who has been grievous and brought them no aid," a god who has been represented as creating man in his own likeness, with a capacity to break every command in the decalogue, and then punished him for disobedience —a god who is the author of all evil, a loving father, who sends sickness, sorrow, disease and death upon his children, when by virtue of his omnipotence he could prevent evil. A changeable god, who would not act as he did fifty years ago, when he consigned little infants to eternal perdition. A vindictive god who visits the sins of the fathers upon their children even unto the third and fourth generation.

Is it to be wondered at, that the world has refused this false god—a world who though evil, and not up to the standard in any respect, yet who would render any sacrifice for the betterment of their children. Is not the need of the age a more practical religion and a God who is near at hand—whose abiding place is among men—whose kingdom is within them—in short, the real God of the Bible who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies, "who sent his word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions." When the church awakens to the realization of the presence and power of this God, and presents none other, He will be accepted, and the world will exclaim in gratitude and love "So this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

DIPPED FROM THE STREAM

HOME.

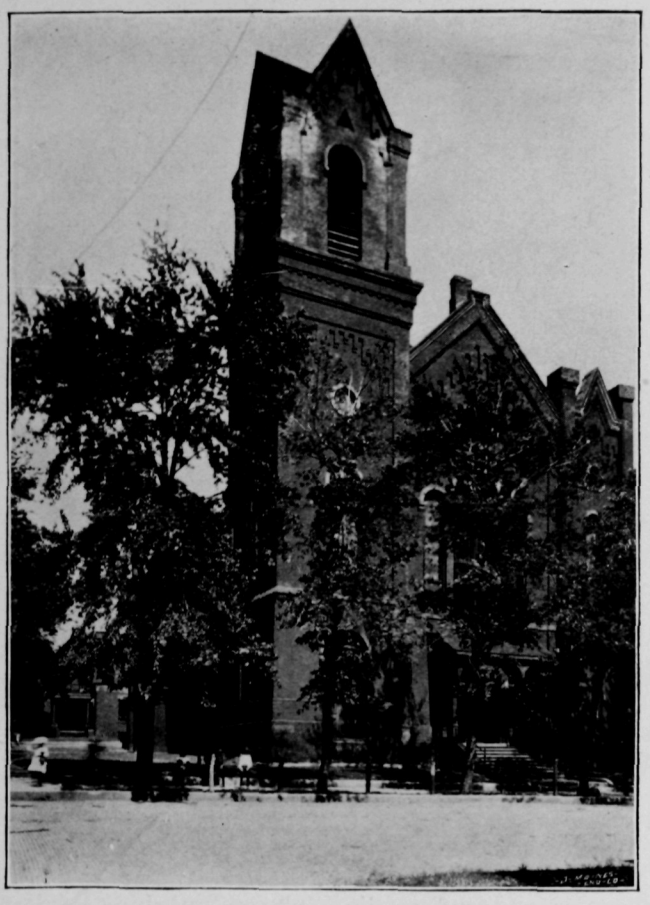
A few old pictures on the wall,
Chromos and reprints, these are all;
A clean but hard and barren floor,
A few old chairs, a stove as poor,
A table and but little more—
Yet, this is home.

Aye, this is home—more truly so
Than many a mansion built for show,
Where well the stranger's eye can trace,
By every sign about the place,
The presence of fantastic grace—
Yes, this is home.

And home, tho' one can see, indeed,
A semblance of the form of need;
For tho' no luxury bequeath,
To those within, her golden wreath,
No "golden sorrow" lurks beneath—
And this is home.

For home is not in granite wall,
Nor art, nor luxury, nor all
The glittering robes that pomp may wear
To hide the signet of despair—
Where love is, home is ever there.
Aye, there is home.

—Floyd D. Raze.



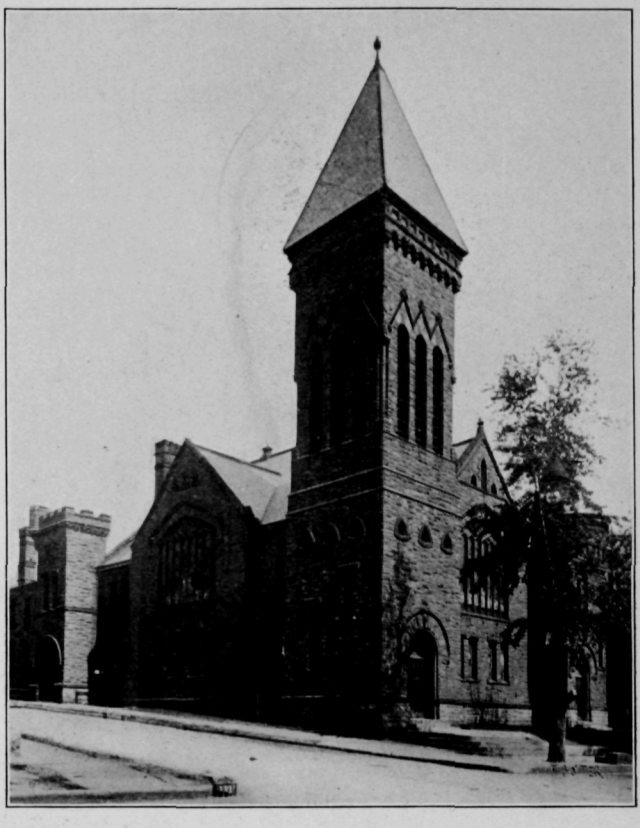
CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM

PRAISE is almost always bestowed upon amateur theatricals. It is the universal rule that all are good, only some are better than others. This leniency with "home talent" was manifest, we are told, even in the days when primitive man scratched rude rhymes on the totems of his immediate clan. There were no newspapers or magazines then to tell of the marvelous ability of the local celebrity, but it is possible some vigorous soirees were held in his honor.

Occasionally when an amateur dramatic production rises above the ordinary groove, it is difficult to convey an expression of its degree of merit for the superlative adjectives have all been used so frequently and indiscriminately that they seem trite. "The Captain of the Team," a four-act play by William C. Hoff, a student at Drake University, and presented under the direction of Lewis Worthington Smith at the college auditorium on November 19th, is deserving of a better fate than to be smothered with a bag of adjectives.

The play is not without its faults, but they are fewer than are usually found in first efforts of budding amateur playrights. Dramatic action has been largely sacrificed to talk in the first act, but the succeeding three acts do not err so much in that direction. The story concerns the captain of a track team who is drugged before the race, and while he wins the day for his college, he is ac-

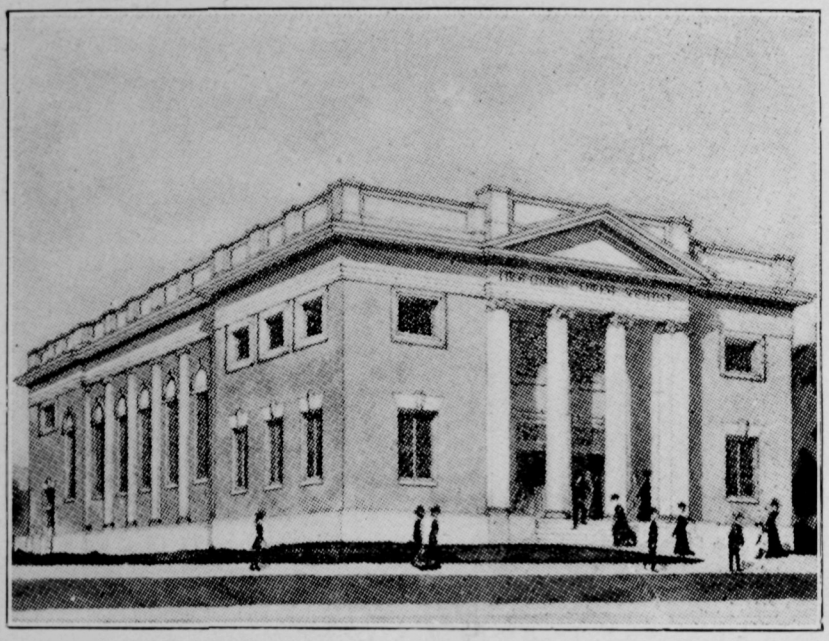


CENTRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST

cused of drunkenness and suffers disgrace. However, everything comes all right in the glad conclusion.

It was fortunate that the play had the advantage of being staged under the direction of a man so keenly alive to dramatic detail as Professor Smith. The stage director of a professional company is an all important factor; in amateur theatricals the position becomes doubly important.

The title role was assumed by Wayne C. Sawtelle in a very creditable manner. The leading feminine role was played by Lillian Paulson with graceful sincerity. Irene Hirsch gave a charming impersonation of an imperious little college girl concerned in her "first" real love affair. Miss Hirsch, who has appeared in several productions, displays unusual dramatic talent. A breezy and spontaneous impersonation of a college freshman was given by Marion Morrison. A good character sketch was the poetic sophomore, Robert Finch. Mr. Hoff, the author, played the villain with much nervous intensity.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, NORTH EIGHTH STREET

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, EAST DES MOINES

A LITTLE UTOPIA

Bina M. Wyman

HOW, that I have had a feast from my English Walnuts (I like them before they get dry) I will tell you about our social life here in this little hamlet of California, called "Huntington Court."

There are only about twenty families living in Huntington Court, proper: but as it is in the township of Huntington Park, we are all really in one village of over a thousand inhabitants.

It is not like a village though, as we have in the Court no postoffice, no grocery nor other stores. All these are in the Park about a half mile away, and their wagons come every day to take our orders. So we are left in quiet to the trees and the birds and the flowers.

We have here, in the center of the Court, a plat of ground called the "Plaza," which is devoted to grass and flowers and trees, truly a "beauty spot."

The parkings of all the premises are planted with ivy geraniums, which are one mass of pink bloom the year round.

The residents here formed themselves into an organization for the purpose of keeping their own and the vacant lots from growing up to weeds. Every Saturday afternoon one may see the men cutting weeds and the women planting flowers. This will keep the place beautiful and attractive.

But better than this, is the beautiful spirit shown from one to another here.

We are like one big family without any jealousies, envyings or bickerings. Each feels kindly towards the other and evinces this feeling in many little ways. We never have a good thing but we wish to share it. If one has a good "catch" of fish, the neighbors are remembered. If one is going to give a party or dinner, each tries with the other in sending flowers and even going into the house and arranging them.

It is nothing unusual for a newcomer to be invited out to meals for a week, while getting settled. Who wouldn't love to live with such neighbors?

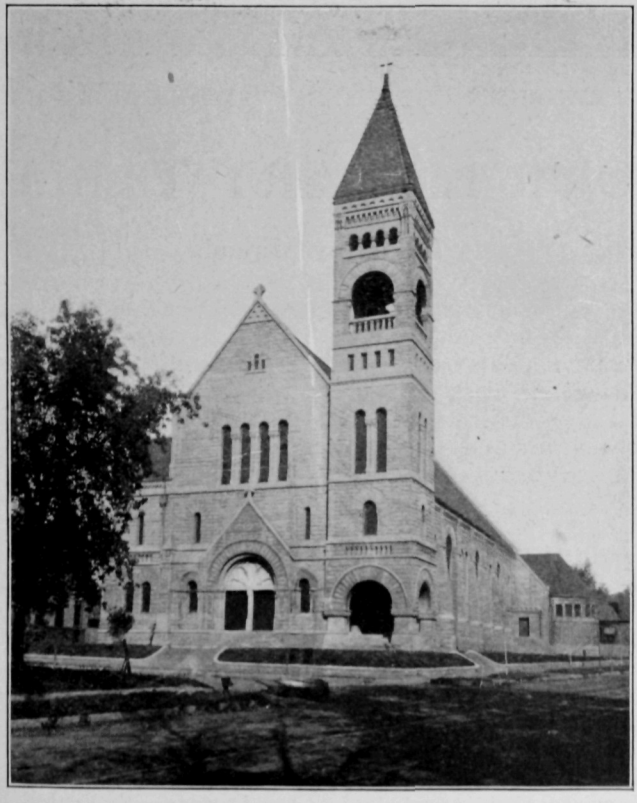
Yesterday one of them called with horse and surry, saying "I want to loan my carriage to someone for two hours, would you like it?" Perhaps another will send for you to come over to dinner "for we are going to have corn fritters" or "we have the best apple pie you ever tasted. Come over" and we generally go.

There is certain delicious freedom in the atmosphere here that makes one feel quite independent. If you want to do your own work its nobody's business. If you want to do even your own washing, no one is surprised or looking with a critically eye, say Mrs. —— is doing her washing! "I wonder if she has to do it," etc. The good people at home wonder sometimes, why their friends go "way out to California," and stay away so long. All that I have written may somewhat explain it and add to it that the climate or something else, or all together makes one feel younger and that "life is worth living."

A Des Moines lady said the other day (and she loves Des Moines, too) I feel as though I had lived more in the two years that I have been here than in the fourteen I lived away from here."

We realize that we are all far from home, and so give each other the glad hand, which constitutes true comraderie and good feeding.

But we all love Iowa and look forward to meeting the dear ones left there. We cannot forget the place where the best of our lives were spent, and our early associations were so happy, nor the graves of our beloved dead.



ST. AMBROSE CATHOLIC CHURCH

SWEDISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, EAST FIFTH AND DES MOINES ST.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

Large editions of The Turn of the Balance have just been sold both in America and England. This book seems to belong to that small class of books that get a second lease of ilfe and make for themselves the steady and constantly increasing sale so gratifying to author and publisher alike.

* * *

The Bobbs-Merrill Company books for October include The Lion's Share, by Octave Thanet; The Apple of Discord, by Earle Ashley Walcott; The Broken Lance, by Herbert Quick; The Heart Line, by Gelett Burgess; His Wife, by Warren Cheney; the Best Man, by Harold MacGrath; A Dream of Fair Women, by Tennyson, handsomely illustrated in full color by Harrison Fisher and decorated by Earl Stetson Crawford; Home Again With Me, by James Whitcomb Riley, illustrated in two colors by Howard Chandler Christy, with decorations by Franklin Booth; Love Songs Old and New, with pictures in full color by Clarence F. Underwod, and decorations by Earl Stetson Crawford; Our Baby Book, a history in blank of a baby's life, with rhymes and pictures by the illimitable Fanny Cory; The Raggedy Man, illustrated in color by Ethel Franklin Betts; Mother Goose's Teddy Bears, Mother Goose rhymes done over to fit the Teddy Bear, and illustrated in color by Fred Cavally, Jr.; The Jeweled Toad, by Isabel M. Johnston, with pictures in color by W. W. Denslow; Rob the Ranger, Herbert Strang's boys' story of the fight for Canada, illustrated by W. H. Margeston; Bobby in Bugaboo Land, by

Curtis Dunham, a story for children, illustrated by George Kerr; Tarbell's Teachers' Guide to the International Sunday School Lessons, by Martha Tarbell; The Geography of Palestine, by Martha Tarbell; The American Spirit, by Albert J. Beveridge; The South Americans, by Albert Hale; Gene Stratton-Porter's What I Have Done With Birds.

Those thousands of book-lovers who have been indebted to Little, Brown & Co. for a dainty edition of Balzac will hail with pleasure the announcement that the fall plans of that firm include new pocket editions of Jane Austen's novels and the masterpieces of Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas. The Austen series will extend to six volumes, that of Hugo to 10 volumes and the Dumas set to 14 volumes. Although boxed in complete sets, any volume of either series will be supplied separately.

For attractiveness, clearness of type, light weight and compact bulk, it would be impossible to imagine a more satisfactory edition than this of the greatest novel of Dumas. The stories included are: Marguerite de Valois, Le Dame de Monsoreau, The Forty-Five, The Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After, Vicomte de Bragelonne, The Count of Monte Cristo, three of which are contained in single volumes, while the others extend to two, three and four volumes. Each story has its own special introductory note, and another delightful feature of the edition is its wealth of admirable illustrations.

One of the most interesting books of the fall will be Francis Griddle's work on "George Sand and Her Lovers." This delightful book will throw fresh light upon some of the most romantic chapters in modern history. Two of the distinguished novelist's "affairs"—those with Alfred de Musset and Chopin—are well known, but it is only of recent years that material has been available for the full and impartial relation of the stories. The life of George Sand, however, embraces several other incidents, similar in character, less well known, but hardly less significant in their bearing upon the development of her talents. Before she met Musset she was the mistress of two eminent French writers—Prosper Merimee and Jules Sandeau. She deserted Musset for the Italian physician, Pagello; and her subsequent lovers included Michel de Bourges, the Republican agitator, Felicien Mallefille, a writer of fiction who "ghosted" for Dumas, and Pierre Leroux, the metaphysician. The new biography gives a highly interesting account of these and other episodes in her career.

In his short note at the beginning of "The France of Today" Professor Wendell says: "In this book my effort has been to set forth the impressions of France made on me during the year when I was a lecturer at French universities." The titles of the chapters show the different points from which he has created his subject: "The Universities"; "The Structure of Society"; "The Family"; "The French Temperament"; "The Relation of Literature to Life"; "The Question of Religion"; "The Revolution and Its Effects"; "The Republic and Democracy."

No more sane, discerning, accurate and delightfully expressed book on French life exists today in English.

Oliver Herford's new book, which is to be called "The Astonishing Tale of a Pen-and-Ink Puppet, or The Gentle Art of Illustrating," is one of the most entertaining and original satires that has appeared in many years. Mr. Herford shows by a most ingenious method how to construct modern illustrations. From one drawing of a man and one of a girl he constructs manikins which he readjusts like paper dolls into most delightful caricatures of the modern "He and She" drawings which make up so large a portion of the magazine pictures today. The ingenuity of the plan and the astonishing results of the application of the figures to a sentimental romance make an exceptionally good caricature.

Books seem very like people—"some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon

them." Of those that achieve greatness for themselves may be counted Francis Lynde's Empire Builders. Even Mr. Lynde expresses himself as being a little surprised at the course the book is taking. So marked is the line that divides approval from disapproval that Mr. Lynde laughingly says he shall hereafter have only men and boys in view when he writes books. Business men the country over are sending the heartiest praise for the realism of the book. One of the most prominent real estate dealers in Boston writes: "Ye gods—that Empire Builders is hot stuff! It is just the kind of book I want in my own business. I want to hand it to every important man I send out. Would it be possible to get it in pamphlet form? I'd like to put it into the hands of every employe in my business."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will hereafter be the publishers in this country of the works of Maurice Hewlett, formerly published by The Macmillan company, and have also arranged with Mr. Hewlett for future work.

In adding to their list the name of Mr. Hewlett and that of A. E. W. Mason, whose new novel "The Broken Road" will shortly be published, the Messrs. Scribners have acquired the two most important English novelists of the day.

Henry van Dyke's new book, "Days Off," was published early in October. The full title is "Days Off and Other Digressions," and it contains the accounts of a number of days in the open air spent in fishing, hunting and wandering as well as a couple of short stories. The book is dedicated as follows:

"To my Friend and Neighbor Grover Cleveland, whose years of great work as a statesman have been cheered by days of good play as a fisherman; this book is dedicated with warm and deep regards."

The illustrations are particularly good and are reproduced in full colors. The book is on the same lines as "Fisherman's Luck," and "Little Rivers," which have become classics of their kind. On the title page is a quotation from Emerson:

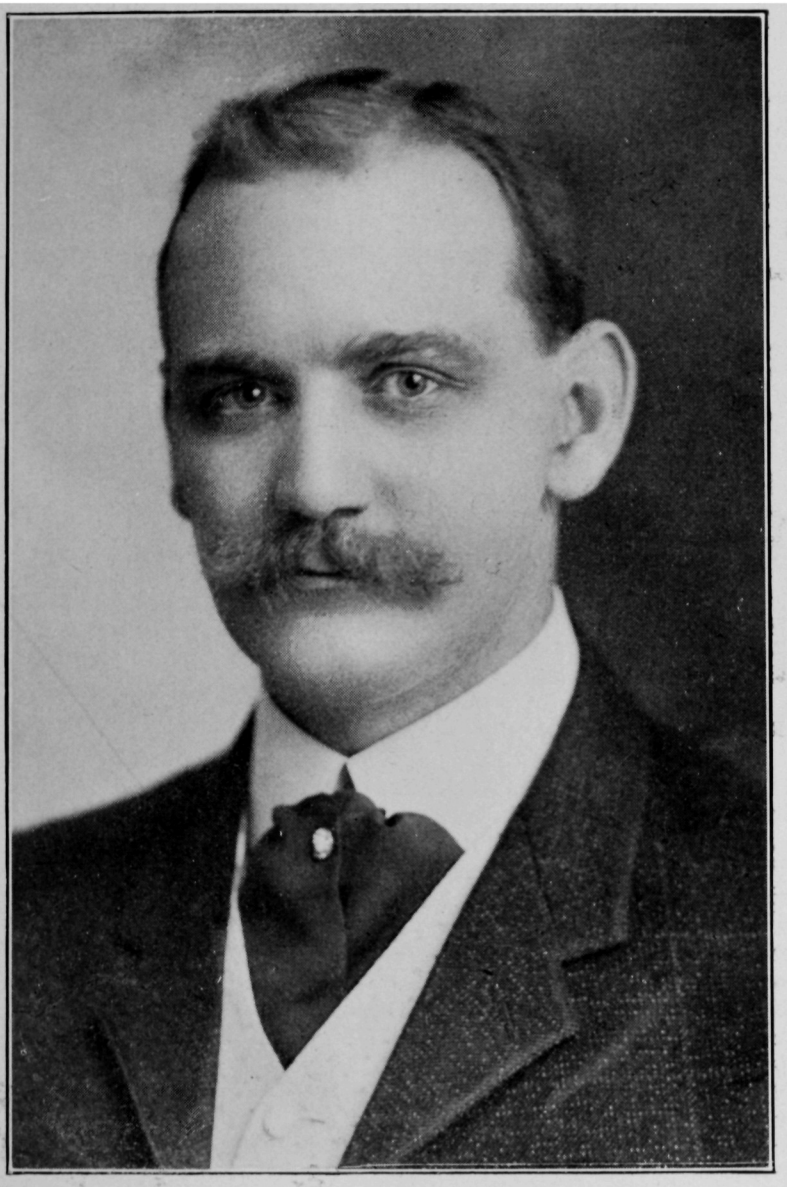
I do not count the hours I spend
  In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
  Like God it useth me:
Or on the mountain-crest sublime
  Or down the oaken glade,
O what have I to do with Time?
  For this the day was made.

Herbert Quick's new novel, "The Broken Lance" is bound to be compared with "Robert Elsmere." However, it is not preachy and it has the quick vibrance of modern life. Robert Elsmere, at its widest interpretation, was a question of class experience. "The Broken Lance" is a question of present-day life itself. The author's contention that Christ meant to found an earthly kingdom, and that his precepts if followed today, would ameliorate all social conditions, is likely to awaken wide and intense discussion. The story is American in scenes, situations, and character and the pictures are graphic. The heroine, Olive, will undoubtedly be pronounced Olive Fremsted, Edna May and a succession of others, the judgment of the reader depending on which history he happens to know best. The idealism of the hero, Courtright, makes him a striking figure. Morgan Yeager, the outcast, comes on to the stage a candidate for a "thrashing" and leaves it having, metaphorically speaking, "thrashed" everybody who got in his way. Mrs. Dearwester is more delicious than the famous "Mrs. Wiggs." She has more wit, is never "slopy," and her philosophy is of a more universal order.

Gelette Burgess's "The Heart Line," is a fascinating combination of rugged strength that has a primeval element in it, and the dainty florescence of sophistication. The story stands to be called everything from a picture of the "fast set" of San Francisco, to an expose of Spiritualistic methods and fake fortune tellers. It will be set down as dangerous, inspiring, a rank piece of sensationalism, a tremendous piece of realism that has a wholesome mission. Whatever else may be true of it, it is a cracking good story of San Francisco; a story in which there are three types of women, who, if they can be found elsewhere, are here given an accent that makes them distinctively of the Golden Gate. The best of them all is Fancy Gray, who called herself "a drifter."

This Fancy is a stroke of genius—she's an American "Trilby," a ming-

(Continued on page 47)



JOHN L. RENDALL, C. S.

At the head of the Publication Bureau of the Christian Science Church in Iowa

A TRIP TO EUROPE

E. G. Linn

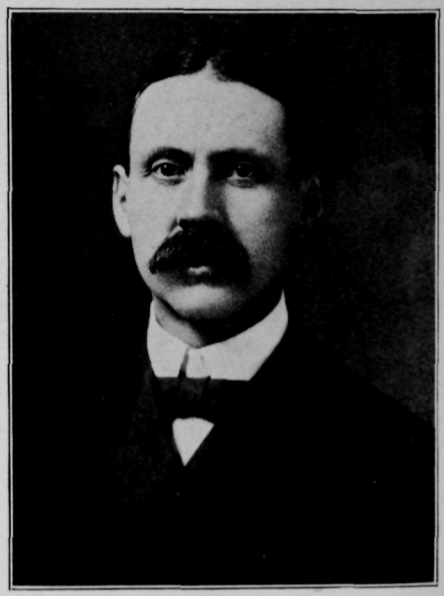
REV. MARY J. SAFFORD
First Unitarian Church

On Sunday morning, the 18th of February, Dr. A. B. Lindquest of Lincoln and I quit Chicago. That night we stopped in Buffalo and the next in New York. Tuesday at two o'clock we stood upon the deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm, the Second, heard the sweet farewells, the sobbing goodbyes, saw the waving handkerchiefs, the receding piers, the buildings become indistinct, and the Statue of Liberty fade away. Our band ceased its playing and we passed out beyond Sandy Hook.

Three classes of people compose the passengers on a great steamer. First cabin, second cabin, and steerage. The first cabin people are those who have plenty of money to spend and those who wish to impress their fellow passengers with the belief that they have money. They have the most desirable part of the vessel. They get the least motion from the swinging of the boat and the least jarring from the engines (This constant jaring in parts of the boat is very annoying). They get too a little better service but no better provisions than those traveling second class.

The second class is made up of students, preachers and people with less money and less self-importance. The third class or steerage passengers are either returning foreigners who want to see their native land again and who have very little with which to pay their way; or unfortunate people who must cross and can do no better than obtain this method of transportation. Many of the very best people travel second class across the Atlantic because they have learned that very congenial company is always to be found here and objectionable characters are almost never met. This does not hold good on any other ocean or water voyage one could make. I am old that one who would travel by water in the Orient or on the Pacific will find it much to their advantage to go first class and certainly this would be true in the Gulf and South American seas.

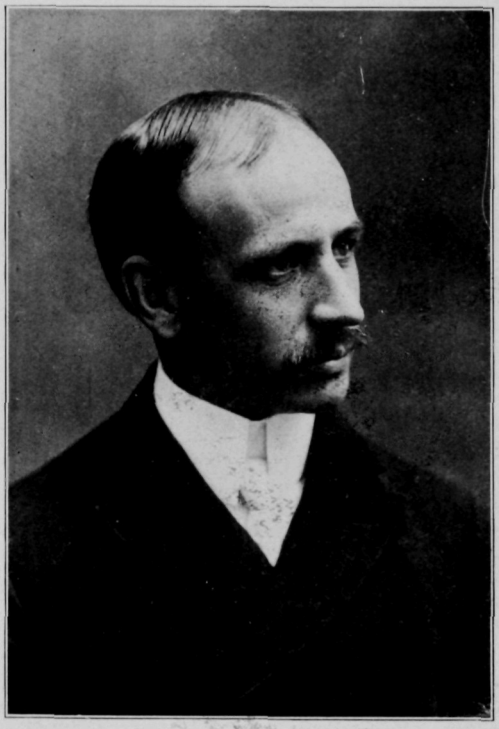
We had selected an outside cabin on the south or star-board side of the boat



REV. S. D. McFADDEN
1329 Harrison Ave.

REV. ARTHUR METCALF

Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church



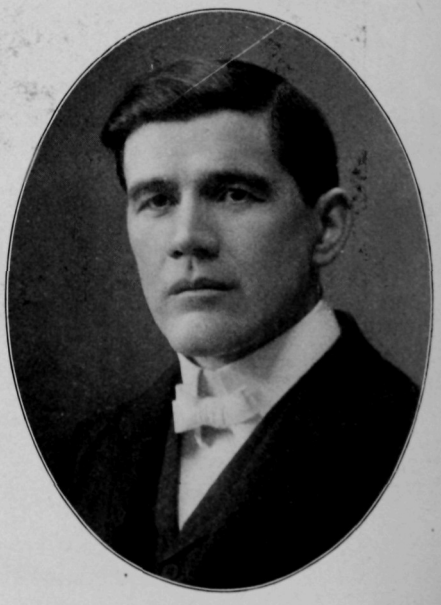
REV. J. H. STRONG
Pastor University Ave. Reformed Church

that we might have the sunshine as much as possible, thinking of course that we would be in it much of the journey while we were seasick. We located as far as we could from the end of the boat that we might get less of the swinging and as far above the water as possible so we might have our port hole open during favorable weather.

On board a vessel acquaintances are quickly made and the time passes rapidly. They feed you as often as they can get you to the table and as much as you can accommodate. They feed you first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, and I never committed the offense of refusing. Seemed to me I had been saving up several months just to cut down the margin of profit that ship company should make on their contract to feed me; and really I got my appetite worked up to such proportions that it remains a source of some embarrassment now we have all our food stuff to buy in the open market.

There is something very exhilerating about the ocean atmosphere. You do not get tired, you do not become restless, you do not long for the close of the day, for the coming of the night with its hours of rest from the day's doings. You do not wish that tomorrow's sun may go down with the land in full view upon the horizon; you have no wish that this may be the closing day of our run in the open sea; you just breathe in the buoyant air on the open deck and you take on no cares as to other times and the strenuous life, but live immensely in the present. It seems to me it would be immeasureably better for most of us if we could more often cast aside the worries of the past and our concern for the future and just take in all the splendid surroundings, in which we move and the lofty beauties of our world and its people as the merciful Creator has given them to us to enjoy. Not all of us can cross over the restless ocean and see other scenes but most of us manage to float restlessly upon an ocean of cares and we will disregard them only when we reach the other side.

I know a woman who has a mania for attending funerals, probably because she can discover more sorrow there for the time being than she is able to some of the time at home. Its just as well to eat pumpkin pie and go sleigh riding in the winter for there will be a time when we can't do either; and we may as well laugh when some fellow cracks a joke for we have got to listen to the minister on Sunday. This has no partic-



REV. JNO. NELSON
Pastor Swedish Mission Church

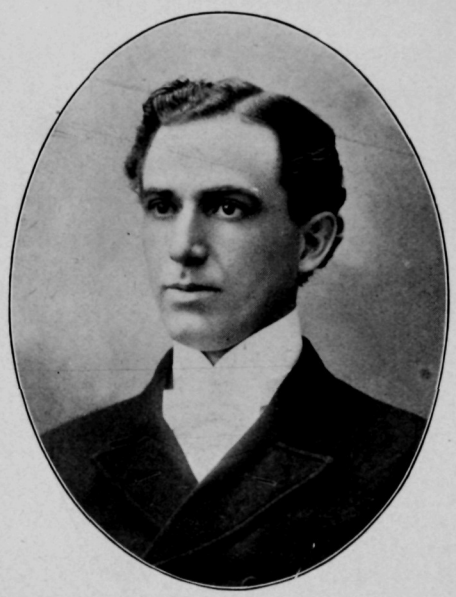
REV. PURLEE

REV. O. A. LUCE
Pastor North Des Moines M. E. Church

ular connection with the trip I took but I would rather find an excuse for being happy than to worry because I had forgotten what to be sorrowful about.

At about noon each day we would go to the bulletin board where the wireless messages were posted to learn what was of paramount interest either in the orient

AN IDEAL BUNGALOW



REV. O. W. FIFER
Pastor Grace M. E. Church

REV. C. W. SWEET
Pastor Friends Church

or the occident. Ships would be met or be seen far ahead of us, then we would come up with them and then pass by them; for we were on one of the fastest vessels affoat. Always the flag would dip on one ship and immediately the same response would come from the other; then each would return the flag to the top of the short shaft at its stern and proceed on its course much as you would tip your hat to a handsome young lady or hello to your neighbor on the highway. You can look back upon the restless waters and see as far as the eye can discern a smooth light blue break in the waves which mark the path the vessel has left through the ever tossing surface of the sea. This soon fades away and no trace remains of the passing of the monster ship unless perchance some one has tosed overboard something that attracts and holds, for a time the attention of the sea gulls which are seldom lost from view. Even this very transcient blue streak which marks the vessel's path is quite as distinct and almost as enduring as the commotion which most of us stir up as we travel the short journey we are destined to make here, and unless we do some special good for our fellow men or are wise enough to drop something for the intellectual entertainment of those who hunger, even one soaring above or seeking our mark on the milestones by the pathway we have trodden, may fail to discover traces of our having gone this way.

Our good ship always made its five hundred nautical miles and never exceeded five hundred and fifty in a day. You know they let out a long line from the stern of the vessel and on the end of this line is a device so ararnged that it rotates continually as it is pulled through the water. The faster it is pulled the faster it rotates. This turns the line which is on a swivel and thus the rotations made by the line record the rate at which the ship is pushing along its trackless ocean way. If some of us had such a tag on our actions it might be found we have made about one good run in a life-time.

Notice was posted that we would come within Plymouth harbor next day before noon. True to promise, at half past ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th we rounded Edystone Light and came safely into harbor. We had seen no land since the coast of Long Island had faded away. A heavy fog had shut out any view of the Cornwall coast, and still so thoroughly in hand had the Captain kept his ship, that it came through the open sea to its landing with the exactness of a passenger train drawing up to a station. Notice has been posted that at "Three score years and ten" most of us may expect to round the last out post and come into harbor. Let us hope that as the mists clear away we may be able to hear from the Great

Captain that our craft has come safely to anchor in a "Harbor of Rest."

You would be surprised to see the amount of mail carried by an Atlantic mail steamer. A tug manned with English men in the mail service came along side and about twenty six hundred sacks of mail bound for England were taken off. It was checked, counted and piled in separate piles for the towns or trains which were to carry it away; and everything was prompt and orderly. In a few hours we touched at Cherborg on the French coast and about as much mail was dumped down the chute onto a French tug. French mail clerks piled it any old place and any old way over the deck of the tug. They checked nothing, counted nothing and when the last sack came down the chute they pulled away toward their landing with mail for almost every town on the continent, all mixed in a hopeless jam.

(Continued next month)

Our Library Table

(Continued from page 40)

ling of whole-heartedness, jollity, pluck, beauty, wit, daintiness, and a something, which, for lack of a better word, one must call nerve. Fancy Gray is a character that will last. We may disapprove of her; pity her; condemn a world that makes her possible and makes no possibilities or her; but once known, Fancy will haunt the memory like a breath of wind-blown heather; like the laugh of joy from the voice of a friend.

"The Heart Line" is a book that will be read and quoted, and if variety is the spice of life, it is safe to say that there will be some spice in the criticisms that will be made on the book.

"The Apple of Discord," by Earl Ashley Walcott, is a thrilling tale of California, the "Apple" being the "Heathen Chinee."

California began making rapid history when she herself began, and she seems to have had the faculty of keeping it up even to the present time.

Among the most picturesque as well as the most thrilling stages of her history—although perhaps not so well known—is that in which the god-like Ralston and the statuesque Latham; the much-loved Broderick and the much-hated Terry; Sharon and Hayward; Pierce and Coleman; with a host of others, fought the mighty fight to see whether San Francisco should control her only available water supply or be forever at the mercy of the "Sharks."

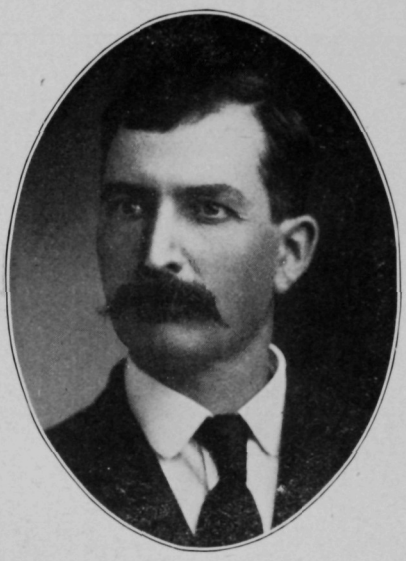
REV. T. L. GRIFFITH
Pastor Corinthian Baptist Church

With the failure of the city to win, came the Nevada Bank failure, and the death of the man California worshipped and still mourns.

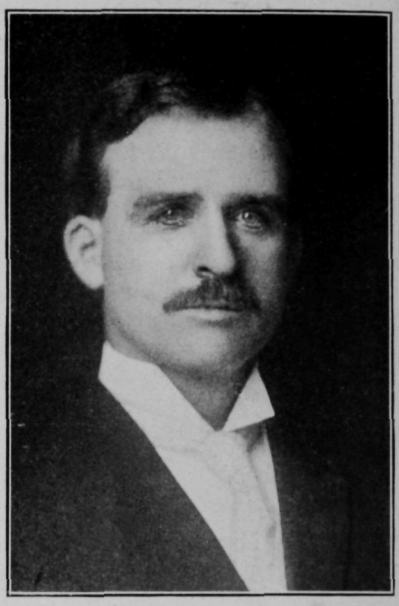
Tripping upon the heels of all this; leaping over and commingling with it, came the "Sand-lot" riots with Dennis Kearney at the head, and the attempted Chinese expulsion.

Through all these tribulations runs the thread that never grows old—the golden thread of love.

"The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman," by F. Hopkinson Smith, has just been published and, like "Colonel Carter's Christmas," is a little masterpiece of its kind. It is a mellow, genial story, full of good cheer and human kindness, and the love element running through it is charming. The painter,



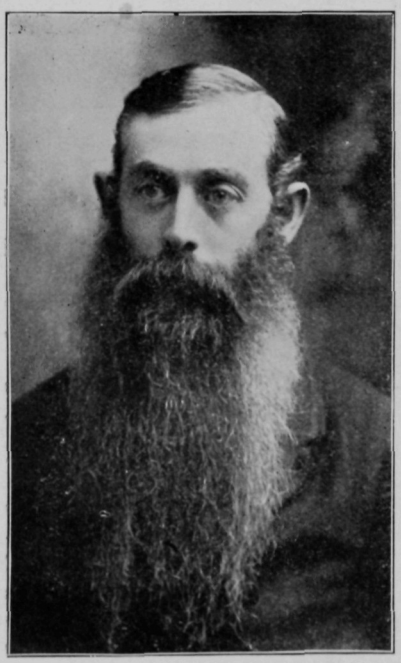
REV. E. O. CLARK
Latter Day Saints Church



REV. A. C. DOUGLASS
Pastor First United Presbyterian Church

the boy and the girl are all very lovable people and it shows Mr. Smith in his happiest vein. The book is attractively illustrated in colors by A. I. Keller.

The new edition of George W. Cable's great novel, "The Grandissimes," which has just been published, is illustrated by Albert Herter in a number of full-page drawings and head-and-tail pieces reproduced in photogravure. Mr. Herter is the same artist who illustrated the special edition of "Old Creole Days," published last fall, and his work in "The Grandissimes" shows the same charm and distinction and helps to make the book one of the most attractive special editions of the year. The author, Mr. Cable, was born in New Orleans and served for a couple of years in a Louisiana cavalry regiment during the Civil War and was wounded in a skirmish with the Federal troops. His present home is in Northampton, Mass.



REV. J. F. MINTIN
Latter Day Saints

"In temperament and disposition being modest, amiable, frank, vivacious" and exceedingly charming of face and form, Clementina Melwood is a winsome Cinderella in the late Robert Neilson Stephens' final novel, entitled "Clementina's Highwayman." It all happened in the mid-Georgian period, and the prince of the romance is every whit worthy of the dangerously adventuresome part he is called upon to play. Lord Eastcourt has arrived in England to find his property dissipated by a rascally steward and himself the possessor of 40 pounds. Meeting by chance an old friend the young lord is persuaded to visit the most notorious gaming house in London. Thus the two gentlemen start

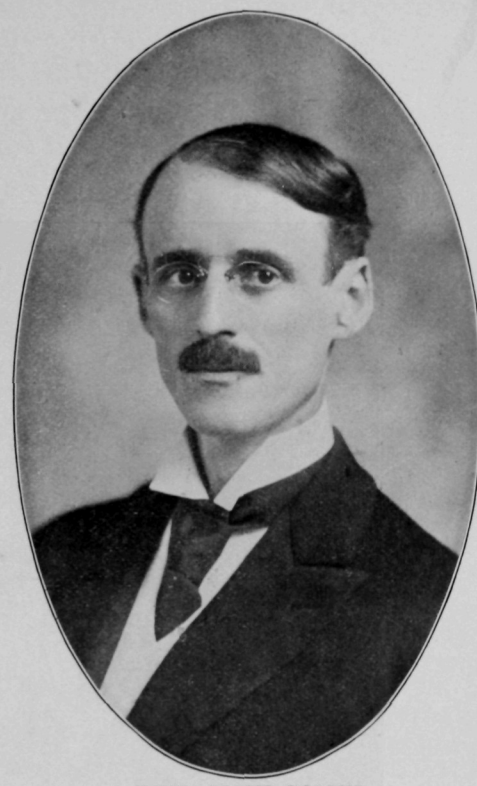
REV. FRANK W. HODGDON
Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church

on their way hither when they come across an elderly woman and two young ladies in difficulty over their broken down coach. Rendering the necessary assistance Lord Eascourt and his friend continued on their way, but the beautiful face of one of the young women has attracted the young lord's attention. His evening of gaming ends rather disastrously for him, but his courage is renewed by actually seeing and speaking with the young lady of the carriage episode, Miss Clementina Melwood, who is with her cousin, who aspires to future greatness by marriage as planned in a will. Close upon his meeting with Miss Clementina Lord Eascourt makes a wager that he will play the highwayman for one night. How well and opportunely he played the part of the robber of the purse will be found pleasurably exciting.

Of Miss Clementina's experiences with her strange knight of deliverance in her pressing need there are entertaining chapters, narrated in Mr. Stephen's charming style.

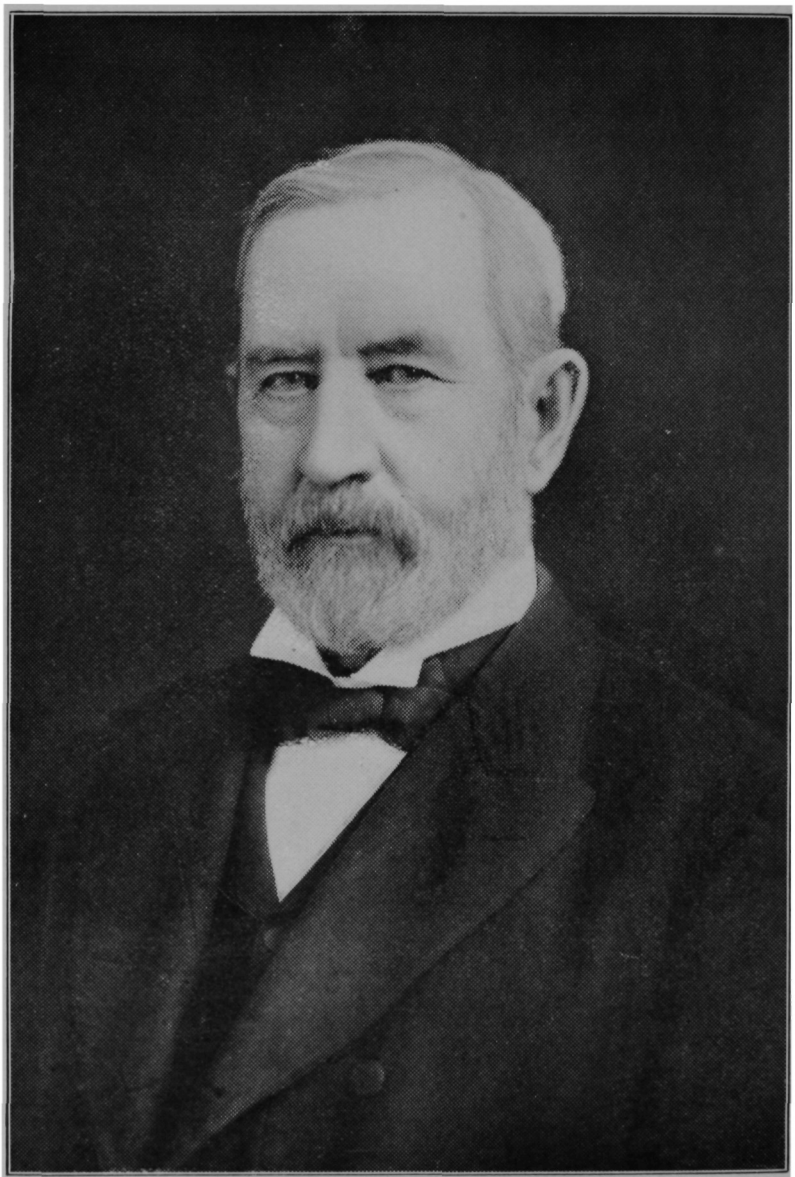
"Clementina's Highwayman," by Robert Neilson Stephens and George Hembert Westley. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

To have seen him, to have heard him, one might have judged him some successful self-made business man—so big and blond to look at, so bluff of utter-



REV. JOHN COMIN
Pastor North Park Congregational Church

ance, so naive to the verge of boyishness. He was leaning back easily in a big chair in the lobby of a hotel, being interviewed, and he was saying, "No, I'm not educated; never went to school, but my wife's a graduate of a university," smiling meanwhile, as if he himself had accomplished the feat of his wife's education. "I, myself, found out early that it was the university and denial, or work and happiness and get-there, and I worked." But Herbert Quick, for it is he, has been a close student in that most efficient university of all—the university of the world, and has learned his lessons well. He is a close reasoner, a keen observer, and an altogether tolerant man. Much of his own exuberant personality goes into his books, which, while they delve into the heart of things, have always about them a sense of wide stretches well sunned and filled with the ozone of his own prairies.



REV. DR. HENRY WALLACE
Editor of Wallaces Farmer

How God Made the State of Iowa

Extract of a speech by Henry Wallace before the Board of Agriculture at a recent meeting

"Speaking of this great state of Iowa I sometimes like to imagine the great Creator of all things lying aside for a time the creation of suns and stars, planets and worlds and systems of worlds, mountain ranges and trout streams, rainbows and sunsets and women's smiles, and saying to Himself: 'I will now create the finest stretch of agricultural land on which my sun shall shine, and sow it with the choicest seeds.' So He stripped the soil between these two great rivers down to the bare rock; then with His mighty glaciers planed down the hills and filled up the hollows, and then filled it with selected soil from every part of the planet. Then putting, so to speak, His right hand on the Mississippi and His left on the Missouri, He pressed it together, throwing up the great backbone and giving drainage to the east and west and south.

'Then He held His hand over it and hid it from the eyes of man until the fullness of time should come; until man had emerged from savagery into feudalism, from feudalism into monarchy, then to limited monarchy and then to constitutional government; until English farmers had wrested the Magna Charter from King John; until Martin Luther had taught us the right and duty of private judgment; until Cromwell with his Ironsides had given us civil liberty; until John Knox had given us religious liberty.

"And still He held His hand over it until the printing press had been discovered; until Franklin had chained the lightning and Morse made it the swift messenger of man; until the steam engine had made the railway possible and the railway had become the highway of the nations. He sowed it with the choicest seed of this planet.

"Then in this fullness of time He peopled it with the sons of the Pilgrim fathers who had reclaimed rocky New England from savage man and scarcely more savage beasts; the sons of those hardy pioneers who cleared away the mighty forests west of the Alleghenies and made a highway for civilization. Then He brought from foreign lands the patient, untiring German with his love for home and frau and the fatherland; the sons of the Huguenots of whom Milton sang, 'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints'; the sons of the followers of William of Orange; the fair-haired children of the north, sons of the ancient Vikings; the sons of the covenant who dyed the heather-clad hills of Scotland with their blood for conscience's sake; and to make it all the more heartsome gave us Pat, 'a broth of a boy' to whom life is perpetual sunsine; and said to them all: 'Go in and make this Mesopotamia of the new world, the country between the two great rivers, like the ancient paradise, "like the garden of Jehovah, like the land of Egypt, as thou goest unto Zoar."

"And, gentlemen, it is the achievements of these descendants of the royal seed in bringing out the perfection of form not in marble but in flesh and blood, in the production of waving crops of the choicest grains, with which to feed the hungry nations, that you and this association are called upon to present, and to unfold to an admiring world what is best of all, the type of men to be produced from generation to generation on this favored spot of the earth's surface; for man is greater than all his works, and the object of all human achievement is the perfection of human character."

MRS. RICHARD EVERETT BRIGGS
Secretary of the Whittier Home Association.

THE WHITTIER CELEBRATION

Under the auspices of the Whittier Home Association of Amesbury, Mass., the one hundredth anniversary of Whittier's birth will be celebrated on December 17th. The Whittier Home Association is composed of seventy-five women whose work is to preserve the relics of the poet and to erect a statue to his memory.

Mrs. Emily Smith is the president of the association and Mrs. Richard E. Briggs is the secretary. Mrs. Briggs has been interviewed during the past two months by newspaper men from all over the world, in regard to the coming celebration, at which time many notable persons will be present.

Mrs. Briggs has visited Des Moines several times and is a sister of Mrs. Geo. W. Ogilvie.

ONEY FRED SWEET

Little Journeys to the Homes of Iowa Authors

Frank Estes Foster

THE POET or author who writes of homely subjects will always have an audience. That is probably why the work of Oney Fred Sweet, a young Iowa writer, has been given such a hearty reception. His themes have been those that touch the heart and recall the halycon days when Life was a roseate hue, Optimism permeates his work and appeals to one as coming from the heart. Whether he is treating of boyhood days, life down on the old farm, or scenes and incidents in the country town, his verse has a touch that strikes one as sincere.

Mr. Sweet is a young man, yet, and his excellent work in versifying the past few years indicates he has a bright future before him. Newspaper work appealed to him and he has been identified with a number of Iowa's papers, at present being on the staff of the Des Moines Daily Capital.

Many writers have brought their home states or sections into national notice by depicting in a vivid way the characteristics or local color of their environments. As the writers of New England have impressed on the public mind the sturdiness of that rugged section, so have other writers glorified the beauties of the sunny South and the bravery and gentility of the Southern cavalier, while the wild and wooly west has found many exponents who have brought to the literature of our country pen pictures of the beauties and developments of that vast country, so have other writers depicted local scenes and incidents which

FRANK ESTES FOSTER

have become famous, including the local coloring of Mark Twain's earlier writings and the Hoosier typified by James Whitcomb Riley.

Reared in Iowa and brought up in close touch with the "simple life" on the farm and in the small town, Mr. Sweet has breathed into his verse the sentiment and beauty of the Iowa prairies. His work is peculiarly original and while full of local coloring he hits of the environments of his early life in a manner that is void of sarcasm or sting. The sunny days of youth appeal to him, while the red letter days in the small town and on the farm offer him subjects that find easy expression in verse.

His work often breathes of that big "out doors" of Iowa and the scenes and incidents are in marked contrast to the hurly burly of city life with its keen competition, and the greed, graft and strife of the urban life. Here are two lines taken from one of Mr. Sweet's poems:

"The big red barn behind the house,
And the row of willow trees."

How typical of Iowa and how familiar the scene. His work has a strong moral and religious tone and is imbued with a touch of nature that makes us all akin.

After leaving school, he took up teaching in the country schools of his county. His recollection of this service finds expression in "The Country School" as follows:

Out on the prairie road it lies
As a silent slab of white;
Lashed by ev'ry breeze that blows,
Kissed by soft sunlight.
With entry way projecting;
Fields of grain and meadow near;
Bout its sacred grass-tramped playground
There is heaven's atmosphere.

Any one, as a boy or girl, who has ridden to town in a lumber wagon with boards for seats will find something responsive in the following extract from Mr. Sweet's "Going To Town:"

For that was the day 'bove all the rest,
The long week's gala day,
With breezes fresh from new plowed fields,
And bird songs all the way.
And my heart yearns for that gladsome time
Of the old days with the knocks
Us kids got when we rode to town
On the boards across the box.

Loyalty to the "home town" appeals to every one who has ever lived in a small country town. Though city life may, later on, engross their attentions, those who have gone to the city from the country will enjoy the sentiment of the following verse taken from "Our Town."

Our elevator, red and tall,
And the water tank near by,
To us beat New York buildings
That were built to scrape the sky.
Our band can outplay Sousa,
And we class to second rate
All St. Louis expositions
When the Fourth we celebrate.

Where is the man or woman who has lived in a town or village who does not recall his or her first glimpse of the "drammer" as depicted on the stage of the local "opery house." Though the

metropolitan stage may later attract and entertain, one never forgets the good old days when a repertoire company played "week stands." It is evident Mr. Sweet recalls those good old days when, as a boy, he was fascinated by the "stage," with its varied offerings, for a verse from "The Op'ry House," says:

'Twas here 'ten, twenty, thirt' show stayed a week,
While minstrel troupe and band held boards a night.
Here Lady Is'belle watched her Willie die;
Here little Eva soared in realms of light.
Here politician talked and quenched his thirst,
Here doctor sold his balm that thwarted fate,
And when our class had finished up at school,
The town jammed here to watch us graduate.

What sacred memories hover about the old town tavern? There must have been one in Mr. Sweet's home town for he depicts it in "The Local Inn" of which the following is an excerpt:

There's the pale young man who acts as clerk
In need of a good night's rest.
With languid importance he hands out the pen
That registers you as a guest.
And the kitchen mechanics who scrub and sweep
In hours of daylight glare,
Sally at eventide forth on the street
Blossomed like flowers fair.

The Sunday ride with your best girl is just as popular in the country in a "two-hoss chaise" as in the city with the latest runabout, and Cupid is just as active in either environment. It is the former that appeals to Mr. Sweet for in "A Country Courtship" we find:

As today we drove down dusty road,
With cornfields stretching off "knee high,"
With lazy, sultry atmosphere
Of year at noon in fair July.
Confused I blurted out my hopes,
Just let her blush and glance decide—
Huh! Guess young Cupid's hung behind
When I took my girl for a Sunday ride.

Nature attracts us all and when we see or hear an expression of the beauties that surround us, the sentiment sort of touches our hearts and we are attentive listeners. Mr. Sweet appears equally at home in his love of Nature for in "The Northward Flight" we find the following:

When first I hear the wild birds' cry,
There's a sense of joy sublime
That lifts me from my humble lot
And helps my soul to climb
Among the clouds their spread wings brush
And all the world seems bright
When the season's change is prophesied
By the wild fowl's northward flight.

Somehow we all love God's acre, found in every city, town and village, and it is no wonder for there lies ones who have been so near and dear in life. We love the sacred spot no matter how far we may wander, and it seems the one place we care to rest when the duties of Life's journey are completed. The following from "The Village Cemetery" appeals to one:

The town of my youth, though deeply beloved,
Holds naught to attract me to stay.
Paths where the roses are choked up by thorns
Have lured me and led me away.
But though I have wandered and often forget,
I pray when my pulses are still,
That I may go back to thy peace once again
And rest over there on the hill.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world akin" and probably nothing appeals to one more than to drift away from the turmoils of business life and commune with Nature in her laziest moods by seeking some secluded nook and just forget, for a time, the fact that there is such a thing as the business world. The following from Mr. Sweet's pen gives one the "back to Nature" feeling:

Shift me the scene of an Iowa June
Let me lie down in the clover, green,
Let white clouds float in the azure blue
And gay winged butterflies float between.
Let the shade fall thick in the wooded glen
And the brook murmur past with its song of glee,
Blow me again the perfumed breeze—
Let the out-of-doors be alone with me.

"The Fourth" and "Graduating Day" are both notable events in the country and the small town and we take the following verses from two contributions on these subjects by Mr. Sweet:

I want to go back to the hot, dewy morn
And ride into town with the load;
I want to hear Pa greet the good neighbor folk
We passed on the long dusty road.
And give me the town with its bunting and flags,
Some change in my pocket to blow
On crackers and mixture of candy, peanuts
And the much flaunted glass of "lemo."

Oh! That class soared to the heavens
With fine metaphors galore.
They cribbed from all the classics
And brought back the days of yore.
They awed their doting parents
And they nearly strained a lung
Describing their sensation
From the ladder's topmost rung.

There is in every one of us more or less of the spirit of Isaak Walton and probably the average small boy has more of the "spirit" than his older lovers of the sport, so that the following stanza from "Fishin" and "Goin' Swimmin'" recalls the sunny days when "chubs" were biting good and the "woods and river" held charms that were irresistible:

Save for the shade of our straw hat's brim
We are bathed by the summer sun;
The air we breathe like a mystic wine
Flows through our soul with fun.
The birds chirp songs that prick the heart
And we lie on the grass and dream
With but half a thought for the pendant cork
That floats on the placid stream.

Far up the stream the cattle stand
And a hawk soars in the sky.
Out on the road on the way to town
A farm team passes by.
The sun droops low and the shadows fall
And complying to ways of men
The dripping forms don checkered shirts
And one-gallused pants again.

The circus never looked as good as it did through boyhood's eyes and the following lines from Mr. Sweet take us back to the time when the circus was the big event of the year, next to the Fourth of July:

Seated at last 'neath the canvas,
Band just beginning to play;
Animals, clowns and performers
Carrying young heart away.
Living in land where the doings
Of commonplace life are debarred;
Wakened by Dad with complainings
'Bout the old seats being hard.

Mr. Sweet has written nothing that appeals to us more than his poem, "The Sacred Path" from which the following is an extract:

'Tis the pathway that's luring my heart these warm days.
'Tis a road with the green on each side,
Where you wander along in the mesh of a dream
With only the bees for a guide.
It winds down the hill and it crosses the stream;
A highway unscathed with renown,
But my feet crave the feel of its dust and its dew—
The path that leads out from the town.

Echoes from the farm are heard in the following verses from "Haying Time," "The Hired Man" and "Our Iowa Farm."

In youthful days, I carried the jug
Of water, cool, to the field below.
The berries grew in the meadow grass
Close by the trail that they used to mow.

Ah! Sweet the song that the skylark sang
And the clover blooms—How fragrant they!
It's good and warm but it's good to be
Out on the farm where they're making hay.

No laundry bills to his expense;
He scorns the tailor's fickle art.
A checkered shirt and jumper jeans
To forms like him his grace impart.
And from the bench out on the porch,
Where insects hum and song birds play,
With basin dripping from the tank
He makes his toilet thrice a day.

The big red barn behind the house
And the row of willow trees,
That gave us shade on summer days
And shut off winter's breeze.
The windmill towering skyward
And the barnyard down below,
Where the poultry perched on hayracks
And straw stacks stood in row.

In a varied vein, Mr. Sweet writes of "The Soda Man," "The Summer Child" and "The Little Boy," brief of extracts from which are given here:

But on "The Fourth" it was so hot,
That Pa he said, "I think
We'd better step inside this store
And get something to drink.
And there a fellow all in white,
So cool and spick and span,
Was smiling nice to greet us. 'Twas
The ice cream soda man.

Lost in the grasses were you today;
Your soul just a part of Nature's song;
The sun left its blush on chubby cheek;
Wind blew your tresses all day long.
You picked red berries hid away,
Deep down beneath the rag weed's shade
And you ran wild eyed from the fuzzy worm
That crossed the path where your footsteps strayed.

Then the little boy drifted away one day
In a bark that was frail with few years,
And his small face shone bright with a sweet, wistful hope,
That felt not his sad mother's tears.
For the waters calmed down as the little boy passed
As a soul without blemish or scar,
And the little boy smiled in a luminous light
That had once been a far-distant star.

Among the best work of Mr. Sweet are found "The Dull Town" and "Evening on the Farm," both of which found many admirers when published a few months ago.

Mr. Sweet still calls Hampton, Iowa, his home, although he has been identified with a number of papers in this state and in the south. In talking of his literary work, Mr. Sweet remarked to the writer, "I went wrong at an early age and began to versify as soon as I could scribble. My heart is in love with the things I write about and they are composed before I touch my pen to the paper. I think most people who have lived in a small Iowa town, close to the country, see things as I do and that accounts for the appreciation my efforts have received."

Mr. Sweet is versatile for as an editorial writer he has found his work widely copied. For some time he was engaged in newspaper business in Mississippi and while there was the most widely copied editorial writer in the Magnolia state. He has been engaged in newspaper work for about four years and was on the Ottumwa Courier before going to the Des Moines Capital.

Mr. Sweet's ability is not confined to editorial writing and versifying for he has exceptional ability as a cartoonist, and has contributed some excellent work in this line to the press of Iowa. His versatility is bound to bring greater success to the efforts of Mr. Sweet and the reception already accorded his work by the public indicates that he is turning out matter that is welcomed and appreciated. His future is a bright one and promises work that will command the attention of a much wider clientiel than his earlier work has appealed to.

FREDERICK S. AND CORNELIA K. WITHINGTON, CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK S. WITHINGTON

THE OLD OCTOBER MOON

Raymond W. MacKinnon

There's not much I like better than the Old October Moon,
When it gits a little chilly and the sun feels good at noon,
And a feller needs a topcoat and at night another cover,
And he has a kind o' hankerin' like to warm up to another
Human bein', and to sit and dream and spoon,
'Neath the Old October Moon.

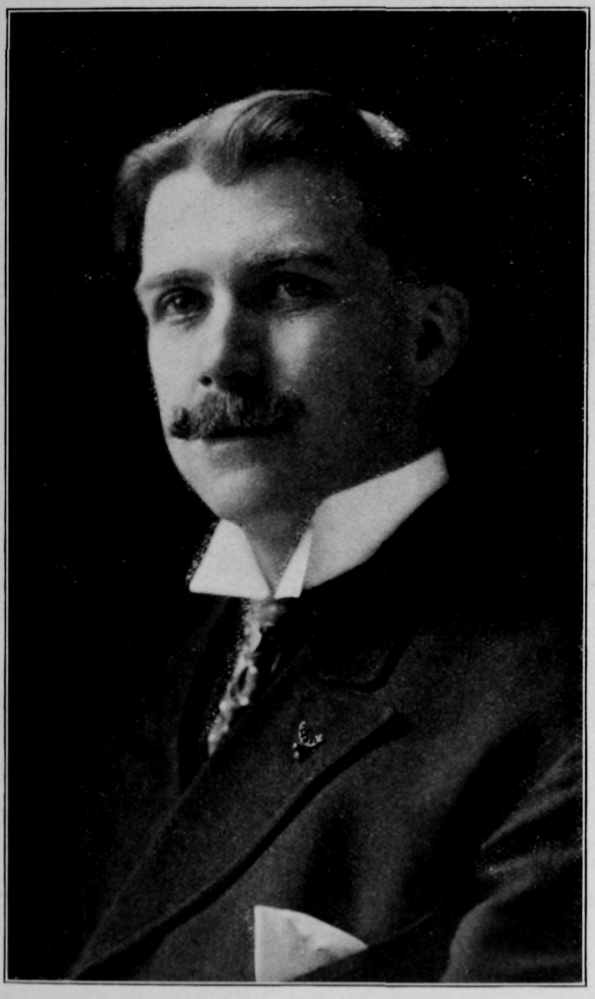
There's somethin' 'bout the moonlight that's invitin' to a feller,
That gets his brain to workin' on the things he's go'n' to tell 'er
And figgers out the ways and means of difficult proceedin'
And makes him think the gal beside 'im's just the one he's needin',
While his heart is just a-beatin' like a bass-drum to the tune
His soul's a-singin', 'neath the Old October Moon.

There's nothin' quite so soberin' or so soothin' to a man,
As to sit and take in moonlight (when the weather's so he can)
With just the gal that knows 'im best and knows what he's a-thinkin',
And you know she kind o' likes the way his life and hern are linkin',
But she wouldn't tell a feller that she's listenin' for the tune
His soul's a-singin' 'neath the Old October Moon.

Till he up and pops the question right square into her face,
And then she don't say nothin', but just yields to his embrace,
And then you know his shoulder seems the place to put 'er head,
And then perhaps a word or two, but 'tain't the things that's said
That keeps their hearts a-beatin' like a bass-drum to the tune
Their souls are singin' 'neath the Old October Moon.

And tho' now I'm a man of sixty year and more,
I'm a-lookin' back on days and years that's gone so long before,
When I put the vexin' question to the gal that was *my* choice,
And she didn't answer nothin', for I guess she'd lost her voice,
But our hearts are *still* a-beatin' like a bass-drum to the tune
Our souls are singin' 'neath the Old October Moon.

And there's not much we like better than the Old October Moon,
When it gets a little chilly and the sun feels good at noon,
When a feller needs a topcoat and at night another cover,
And feels a kind o' hankerin' like to warm up to another
Human bein', and to sit and dream and spoon,
'Neath the Old October Moon.



MACK OLSEN
Prominent Real Estate Man, whose articles have appeared in THE MIDWESTERN

HON. GEORGE S. GILBERTSON

A Notable Man of Business

It is no small or insignificant matter to stand high in the estimation of the general public, in the state of Iowa and the city of Des Moines. This distinction is enjoyed in the eminent degree by a man who belongs to Iowa, whose name is connected with one of the most important periods of legislation and who was honored for three successive terms with the high office of treasurer of state, Hon. G. S. Gilbertson of Des Moines. To many of his friends he is "Senator" Gilbertson, having been for four years prior to his election as treasurer a member of the state senate.

Mr. Gilbertson is a native of Minnesota, but at the age of sixteen came with his parents to an Iowa farm, where he grew to manhood.

We see in him another exemplification of the fact that "the great men come from the country." At twenty-one, however, the boy left the farm, and equipped with a country school education, and the training of a course in a business college and entered the world of business in Forest City. The farm implement and general merchandise business held him for four years. It was significant of the character of the young man, that even

then, standing high in the public regard, he had made so many true and good friends that he was elected clerk of the district court, and held the office four terms.

This was the beginning of an official career which fulfilled its early promise. Mr. Gilbertson was elected to the state legislature as senator from the 41st district.

His record in the 26th and 27th general assemblies, as also the extra session to revise the code of Iowa, was one that stands out in relief as a clean, capable and conservative career. In these three sessions his ability was felt and recognized. He was not a conspicuous talker, yet he accomplished much, and his influence became felt on the floor and in the committee room and he proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him.

In 1900 Senator Gilbertson was elected treasurer of the state of Iowa, and held the office for three consecutive terms, retiring January 1, 1907. The state has never had a treasurer more generally acceptable to all classes, making friends for himself in all political circles and doing credit to himself in all of his official transactions.

The long residence of Mr. Gilbertson and his family in Des Moines has made the capital city a home to them and has drawn to them a large circle of friends in business and social life, who are well pleased to have them for permanent residents.

In 1895 Mr. Gilbertson organized the Forest City National Bank and became its president. The same year he entered the farm loan business, with main offices still in Forest City, although Mr. Gilbertson has offices also in Des Moines in suite 705, Crocker building. This business has assumed such great proportions that it takes generalship in handling, and Mr. Gilbertson has the right generalship for large enterprises. He is at the head of this business, and does a general farm and loan business, loans being made on farm lands in Iowa, Minnesota and North Dakota.

Mr. Gilbertson gives his personal attention to the examination of all loans and an even casual acquaintance with him in a business way would tell what that means. No man in our state stands higher in the lines of business integrity than does Mr. Gilbertson. Those who know him best, trust his wisdom and good judgment most completely.

He is well known as a man of public spirit, of supreme integrity of character, honest of purpose, and reliability in business affairs. He is genial and big-hearted, as well as big-brained. He was never known to crowd a poor man, which fact has made him many devoted friends. He is a friend of the farmer, the laboring man and the common people and coming up from the ranks himself gives him a large insight into and a larger sympathy with their needs. He is a man who can not be bought by false influence and his true worth is so well known as a business man, as a member of society, as true and staunch friend, that continued success in his field of work can be predicted for him, and in this success he will have the congratulations of the good people of the state whom he has so faithfully served.

MRS. CATHERINE BEATTY COX

A VISION

Catherine Beatty Cox

[The following beautiful poems, "A Vision" and "Sweet Memories" were composed by Mrs. Cox quite recently. Mrs. Cox is in her eighty fourth year, as alert, interesting and interested in all about her as a young girl. She makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. W. F. Mitchell. We are printing the poems with especial pleasure and know they will reach a wide circle of Mrs. Cox's old friends in Des Moines and Iowa. EDITOR]

I was sitting at twilight in my room, alone
Thinking, then dreaming of my childhood home.
O the friends of my youth, so fair and so bright.
I was wishing and longing for them that night.
While dreaming, they came in one by one,
And told of the joys of their beautiful home.
Some of them wanted me to come,
She can not go! said a voice sweet and low,
There is something more for her to do,
When that is finished she can come to you.
They looked so happy I wanted to go.
Their garments were white as purest snow.
Around each brow was a golden glow
The room was empty, I woke with a start.
But the vision will ever remain in my heart.

SWEET MEMORIES

Catherine Beatty Cox

We played on the banks of a beautiful brook
And made us a house in a shady nook,
Wild flowers were growing everywhere,
Bluebells, foxglove and maiden hair,
We made garlands of pawpaw leaves
And swung from the branches of buckeye trees.
The sun was shining, the sky was blue,
The song of the redbird, and wild pigeons' coo
Filled us with joy, we did not know
That the autumn blasts and the cold winter's snow
Would cover our flowers, and wither the leaves
Of the pawpaw bushes and buckeye trees.
But spring came again with sun and showers
And covered the earth with a mantle of flowers.
It brought once more the soft south breeze
To play through the pawpaw and buckeye trees.
Oct., 1907.

Why I Like to Live in Des Moines

Because Des Moines does things.
—H. BARQUIST.

Because we have an ideal city government, clean streets, and some very dear friends. —C. W. MENNIG.

The reason I like to live in Des Moines is because it is Iowa's metropolis and is bound to be a large commercial center. I like her people because they are thorough, energetic and very business-like. Her financial institutions—the very best—and she gives employment to all her people. I like to live in Des Moines for the progressive spirit that is manifest together with her educational institutions and churches, makes it an ideal Home Town. I like to live in Des Moines because it is a town of steady growth, never had a boom, but from the start had a strong, progressive upward tendency in developing all her resources. —M. J. WRAGG.

Because it is my birthplace. Because this is the center of the world's best territory for *producing* the most necessities of life, thus guaranteeing a competency to the thinker or worker.

Because there are so few rich and fewer poor. —G. D. ELLYSON.

Des Moines is the place of my birth and therefore I prefer it. And then again it is a progressive, growing town, and has a bright future. Located in a great state, populated by intelligent people—what more could be desired? And "Des Moines Does Things."
SIMON CASADY.

Because it is a center of industry, enterprise, education, culture and all that enters into modern life worth having. I came here because of the higher education for my children and because it furnishes my wares an outlet at least state-wide. The city has its advantages, but it suffers in many respects in comparison with the country town. Strenuousness is all right up to the point where it exacts toll of the future, but then it becomes a burdensome tax. While Des Moines is not by any means a model city it is improving and the future holds many good things in store for it.
G. F. RINEHART.

I like to live in Des Moines because socially, financially and morally its advantages are great.
C. E. RAWSON.

Because I have the privilege of associating with good, intelligent, enterprising people.
GERSHOM H. HILL.

MISS GRACE MARGARET ROWEN

Whose Marriage to Mr. Arthur Seyster occurs December 18. She is the daughter of Mrs. John W. Rowen, of Kansas City

TO-DAY

We have today, let's not forget
In all our life we never yet
Have seen tomorrow,
Nor can we borrow
Just one brief hour from yesterday.

Of yesterdays we've had a planty,
If three score years, or only twenty
Have flitted by,
No use to cry
About our wasted yesterdays.

Today is ours to use or waste,
Across life's page a line is traced
For which we'll sorrow
Perhaps tomorrow
Unless we do our best today.

Tomorrow, like a mist, defies
Our grasp. It may hide a surprise
Of weal or woe;
But as we sow
Today, we reap our destiny.

—Alson Secor.

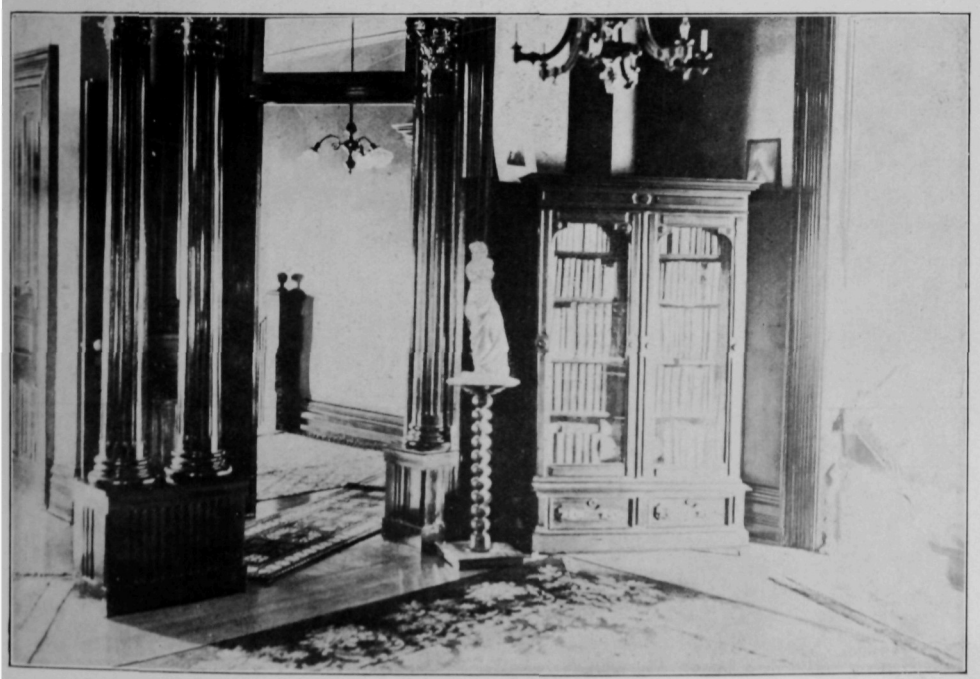
A Beautiful Des Moines Home

RESIDENCE OF I. M. EARLE

DRAWING ROOM IN THE I. M. EARLE RESIDENCE

STAIRWAY IN THE I. M. EARLE HOME

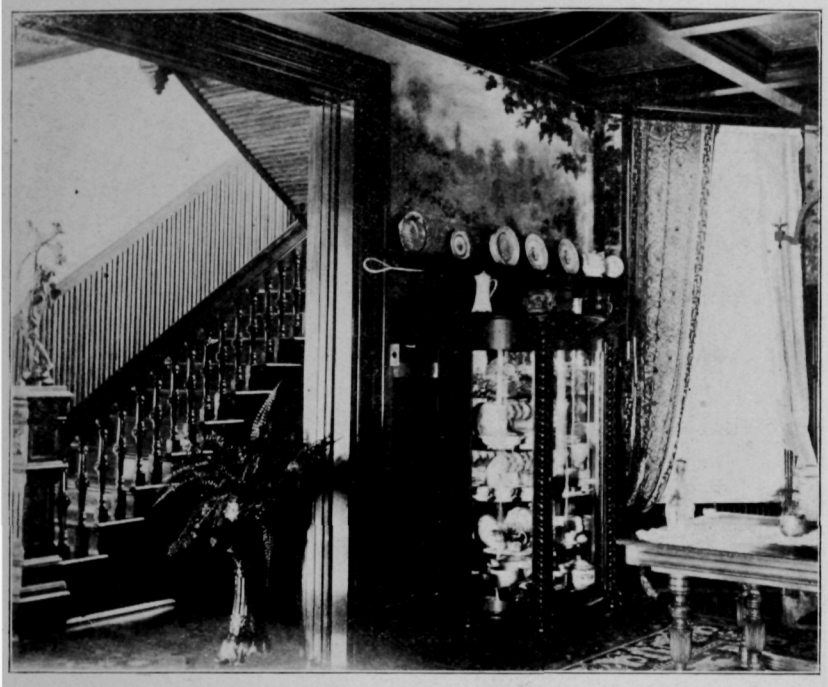
LIVING ROOM IN THE I. M. EARLE HOME



LIBRARY IN THE I. M. EARLE HOME

INTERIOR VIEW OF I. M. EARLE HOME

INTERIOR VIEW IN THE I. M. EARLE HOME



SHOWING DINING ROOM AND HALL IN THE I. M. EARLE HOME

MERCEDES GINN
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ginn

MISS RUTH BOWEN
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bowen

WHAT SAY YOU

Henry Waldorf Francis

Do you think that ever a sinner
  Was turned to the righteous path
By lash of whip or prison cell
  Or burning words of wrath?
Or would he be much more likely
  With the good to take his stand
If instead of branding and cursing
  You gave him a helping hand?

Do you think a lecture on morals
  To the unfortunates you meet
Will better them—the hungry
  Crying for shelter and meat?
Think you that every man was
  To ennobling thoughts awoke,
By telling him things were for the best
  When he's starving, thirsty and broke?

No doubt there is much good done by
  The virtuous ones who preach,
And who seem to think that sinners
  Can live and thrive on speech!
But he who died upon the Cross
  Dealt out no niggard's dole,
He saw that the body was nourished
  As the gateway to the soul!

MRS. NINA PURDY PECK OF DAVENPORT

D. A. R. MEETING IN COLFAX

The November meeting of Abigail Adams Chapter with Miss Vera Turner of Colfax was a great pleasure to those who were present. Miss Turner is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Turner and their beautiful home, the Turner Sanitarium, was filled to its capacity with the guests. After the transaction of business the program was given. The great interest of the occasion centered in the paper read by Mrs. Nina Purdy Peck of Davenport. Mrs. Peck's topic was "The Beginning of the Revolution," and she handled it with a breadth of thought and skill unusual in the club paper. Mrs. Peck is a woman of education and keen mentality, and her work is always marked with the evidences of careful preparation and extreme cultivation and sympathy with her subject. She is also a beautiful woman, impressive in manner and with a charm that immediately wins her hearers.

At the close of the program an informal reception was held, followed by the serving of a delicious and bountiful supper.

The next meeting of the Chapter will be held December 9 at the home of Mrs. W. H. Harvison, with Dr. A. B. Storms of Ames as speaker.

R. O. GREEN OF THE GREEN WHEELER SHOE CO., FORT DODGE

IF I COULD

How I used to like to ramble in the wood,
On the Homestead, back of where the old
house stood,
Down beside the little "crick",
Where the hazel brush was thick,
And I'd like to be there now—if I could.

When the hick'ry trees was just a
bearin' fine,
And the grapes was hangin' thick upon
the vine,
I'd give a lot to look
At my shadder in the brook,
As I stood there with my old pin-hook
and line.

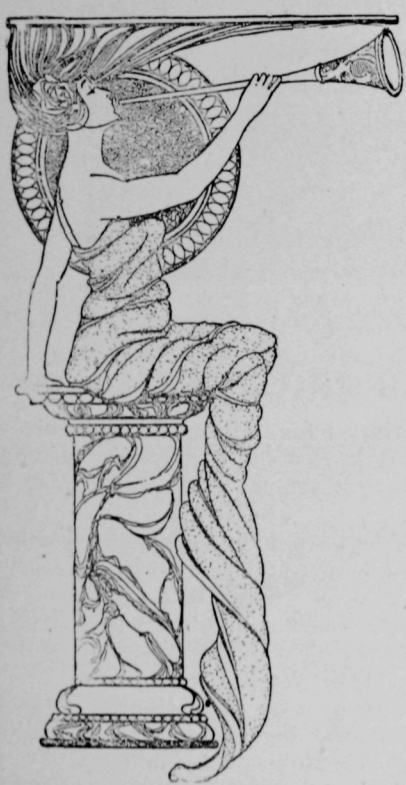
And the minnies and the "crowdads"
took my bait,
'Least I didn't catch no fish at any rate,
But I just 'ould like to see
How good 'twould seem to be,
Just to sit on that old bank and wait

Till the sun was just about agoin' down,
And then go trudgin' home without a
frown,
Just as hungry as a pig,
And a feelin' just as big,
As if I'd "ketched" the biggest fish
around.

Oh, I used to like to ramble in that
wood,
On the Homestead back of where the old
house stood,
Where the hazel-brush was thick,
Down beside the little "crick",
And I'd like to be there now—if I could.

THE BIG GIFT STORE

Interior View of the Finest Jewelry Store in Iowa



Santa Claus

Will soon be here again. The first rush of holiday trade is again demonstrating the strength and position of this great store. We are giving Christmas Shoppers the most convenient store, the best and largest stock to select from, the most cordial treatment and the greatest values that honest, mercantile industry can provide. **In fact our prices are irresistible** and they spell economy in its truest form. Every article sold is fully guaranteed and we'll cheerfully refund money if any article purchased does not prove just as represented. Come and see our magnificient display and bring your friends.

Frank T. Parritt

JEWELER

619 Walnut St. **DES MOINES, IA.**

Wholesale, Retail and Manufac turing

THE FINE NEW FLEMING BUILDING, SIXTH AND WALNUT

A FACTOR IN OUR PROGRESS

"It looks like Greater Des Moines" said a visitor to the city, after looking through the splendid new Fleming building at the corner of Sixth and Walnut the other day. This eleven story structure certainly does great credit to all in any way connected with its construction. The arrangement of rooms is fine, the conveniences in every way perfect.

The Des Moines firms connected with the erection of the building are the Shackleford Brick Co., who furnished the brick. This firm is well known all over the middle west and many of the finest buildings in Iowa and surrounding states are built of Shackleford brick. The Martin-Culbertson Co. furnished the beautiful interior wood work of quartered white oak, put through a fuming process. This well known firm is finely equipped for building big jobs like this. They have a contract for the inside furniture of the new state buildings in Iowa City.

The Carpenter work was done by H. E. Lovejoy and is superior in every detail. The wonderful construction work which was watched by thousands of people was done by the Des Moines Bridge and Iron Works.

The firm of L. H. Kurtz & Co. furnished the fine plumbing of the building. The Des Moines Gas Company have furnished one of the most beautiful and complete jobs of lighting in the middle west.

The offices are filling rapidly. The location is unsurpassed and all who find office homes here are already delighted.

Martin-Culbertson Company

Des Moines = = Iowa

SPECIALISTS

In the Manufacture of High Grade Finish for Interior Trimmings

EVERYTHING IN WOOD WORK

STORE CHURCH **FIXTURES** OFFICE BANK

Korelock Doors

The only Oak and Birch Veneered Doors Guaranteed by the Manufacturer

J. E. LOVEJOY

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

Was Contractor for all Carpenter Work

(INCLUDING INTERIOR)

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FLEMING BUILDING

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When you see the name

SHACKELFORD

On Brick don't hesitate to buy it, for it stands for quality and durability. We furnished the

BRICK

For

The New Fleming Building

We make Brick suitable for any purpose

Plant at CROCKER WOODS

Des Moines, - - - - Iowa

MUTUAL 1396 **IOWA 358**

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

E. W. CRELLIN, Pres. W. H. JACKSON, Vice-Pres. B. N. MOSS, Sec'y and Treas.

The Des Moines Bridge & Iron Works

STRUCTURAL STEEL FOR BUILDINGS, BRIDGES AND WATER TOWERS : : :

Office DES MOINES, IA. **Works DES MOINES, IA., PITTSBURG, PA.**

Some of the structures for which we have furnished the structural steel

Fleming Building.
$500,000.00 Hotel, Joplin, Mo.
$1,000,000.00 Long Building, Kansas, City, Mo.
$1,250,000.00 Post-Office Building, Los. Angeles, Cal.
Intricate roof and dome work for churches at Seattle and Salt Lake City.

Portland Cement Plants at Des Moines, Independence, Mo.; Hayes, Kan.; Iola, Kan.; Chanute, Kan.

Steel Frame of the Fleming Building

The particular point of interest in connection with the structural steel for the Fleming building perhaps is the fact that it was manufactured in Des Moines. The plain beams and plates were of course obtained at Pittsburg, but all of the columns, girders, rivets and such material were first carefully laid out by the Des Moines draftsmen; the material formed, punched, painted, assembled and riveted by Des Moines workmen and the frame work erected by Des Moines workmen.

There were 278 sheets of drawings which were prepared by Des Moines engineers; there were 23,876 pieces of steel, all of which were fabricated in our shop by Des Moines mechanics. There were 194,000 rivets weighing over 100 tons used in the construction of this building and these rivets were made inour Des Moines shop by Des Moines workmen. These facts made the building peculiarly a local product so far as the structural steel is concerned.

TO A. R. C.

There is no heart that sorrows not. The higher
The path winds our feet o'er shards and stones
The sharper cuts the stinging wind that moans
And wails for rage of unattained desire.
They that are struggling in the lower mire,
For all their sorrowing, never know the groans,
The Mutius-agony, the dread monotones
Of Golgotha, that whoso would aspire
Must shudder with throughout earth's period.
Crowned Poet! Read God's message through the storm;
"Yea, there shall pierce thine own heart, too, a sword;"
Far Art, like Mary, handmaid of the Lord,
Tears out her own quivering flesh the form
To clothe the unseen and living Word of God.

INTERIOR VIEW OF VAUGHAN'S GREENHOUSE SHOWING CHRYSANTHEMUMS

A TRUE DIALOGUE

Say, Charlie! What is it dear?

Don't you know that when I get married I am going to buy my flowers at these Greenhouses—Vaughan's.

Why, dear?

Because I know I can get the best.

How is that?

Well, they grow all their own flowers and plants right here in these Greenhouses. Just look at them all around—Chrysanthemums, Roses, Carnations, Lilies, Smilox and, Oh, look at the Palms and Ferns.

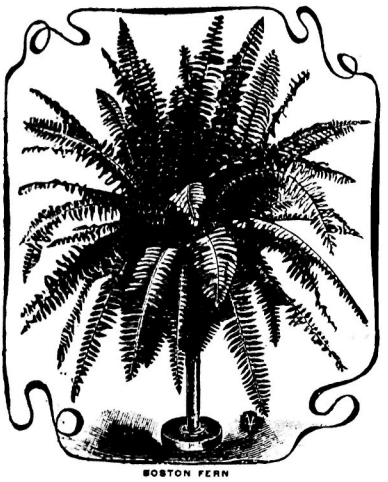
Say, Mary!

What is it, sweetheart?

When I get married I will get all of the wedding flowers here and have them do the decorating at the house and church and then when spring comes have them plant our flower beds because they have such lovely Bedding Plants and they lay out the beds in such beautiful form and design.

You bet, sweetheart. Let's tell our friends all about them. They will be glad to know of a good place to trade. It is at Robert Bebb's, successor to Vaughan's Greenhouses, Thirty-fifth and Ingersoll Avenue. Iowa Phone 585. Mutual 1723.

CHAS. MCANIFF, Mgr.


BOSTON FERN

FLOWERS

... OF ...

QUALITY AND BEAUTY
ABSOLUTELY FRESH

Most beautiful collection of Roses, Carnations, Ferns, Smilax, etc., ever shown in Des Moines.

BEST BY TEST

Prompt delivery service. Strict attention given mail orders.

ROBERT BEBB

SUCCESSOR TO

Vaughan's Greenhouses

OPEN TILL 7:30 EVENINGS
LONG DISTANCE PHONES—IOWA 585. MUTUAL 1723

Charles McAniff, Manager — 35th and Ingersoll Avenue

Watch Our Ad in future issue of the Mid-Western

When you want Engraving
You want it Bad.
When we do your Engraving
We do it Good.

REGISTER & LEADER

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125 Fourth Street — *DES MOINES, IOWA*

Wilton McCarthy

SURGEON

Practice Limited to General Surgery

1003 FLEMING BUILDING

Office Hours, 11 to 12 A. M., 3 to 5 P. M.

ELI GRIMES

M. D.

1003 FLEMING BUILDING

Office Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5.

Dr. L. W. Snuggins

DENTIST

505-506-507-508 Fleming Building

DES MOINES, IOWA

Both Phones 574 Both Phones 574

Dr. W. F. Charters

DENTIST

SUITE, 403-404-405-406 Fleming Building

Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

DR. JAMES A. HALLETT

DENTIST

Mutual Phone 25. Iowa 659.

Residence Phone: Mutual 7744 L.

506-507 Fleming Building **DES MOINES, IOWA**

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THE DRUGGIST

Will sell you Candies, Perfumes and. Fine Toilet Articles for

Christmas Gifts

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323 SIXTH AVENUE

POST CARDS

A Complete and Attractive Line of Souvenir Post Cards Send 10c for samples

ENOS B. HUNT, Jr., Publisher.

610 Iowa Loan and Trust Bldg. **DES MOINES, IOWA**

MASON'S

Bonnets and Hats

Have a decided style and dash of their own. Come see for yourself.

208-210 Seventh Street

Mr. McAniff, manager of Vaughn's greenhouses, is a thorough success in his line of business, having followed it for twenty years. He is a Des Moines man and understands the needs and tastes of the Des Moines and Iowa public and is most successful in catering to them. A visit to these famous greenhouses, and a chat with their intelligent manager is a great pleasure.

We Furnished the Lumber

FOR THE MAGNIFICENT NEW FLEMING BUILDING

When you build, do it right. Start in by coming to us and get the right kind of lumber at the right price. We are always ready to figure your bill and give you the closest figures consistent with good, conservative business dealings. We have the quality of lumber and we know that we can please on prices. Try us and join the host of satisfied customers who have purchased from us.

J. H. QUEAL & CO.

Agents for the Genuine Ruberoid Roofing

West 7th and Chestnut **East Second and Grand**

Frederic S. Withington

CONSULTING ACTUARY

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Iowa Long Distance 284

1027 Fleming Building
DES MOINES, - - IOWA

H. F. McAdow

The man who does the
MARBLE and TILE WORK in Iowa
See the superior work in FLEMING BUILDING and POLK COUNTY COURT HOUSE done by him.

When in Colfax stop at the

Centropolis Hotel

The Handy Place—where you get good Beds, Home Cooking and Reasonable Rates.
CENTROPOLIS HOTEL. Colfax, Iowa

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

SHERMAN PLACE

The New Home of The Women's Club

During a decade or more, the hope and dream of the Des Moines Women's Club has been for a home of their own, and a home for their art collection. The club from its inception has been pledged to the building of an art gallery and to the gathering of an art collection. A splendid beginning has been made. For several years rooms were occupied by the club in the Y. M. C. A. building. Upon leaving these rooms, the art collection was placed in the Capitol building, where the visitors stared, and wondered what they were staring at. But at last a way was found, through the inspiration of the president, Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, and the good offices of the park commission, to really purchase and have a club home. So on the 7th of December, a housewarming was held. It proved what has been predicted by those who insisted on a club house—a perfect love-feast and a wonderful incentive for the future of the club.

To very many who were present the house was familiar, and recalled the many beautiful hospitalities of the Shermans before death entered and carried away nearly all of the inmates. The fine hardwood floors, the stately arches, the splendid chandeliers of onyx and bronze, the fine window views, all are the same as in the past and vividly recall past memories. The house is now handsomely furnished, the magnificent Venus de Milo, the bronze Joan of Arc and the fine Diana being located in the parlors and hall. The rugs make a beautiful harmony — Kazak, Daghestan and Kirmanshah—and came from the stores of Younker Bros. and Chase & West. The draperies and furniture came from Chase & West, and Davidson Bros. The candelabra and dishes were bought at Younker Bros. The handsome clock was a gift from Chase & West. The table linen came from Younkers'. The wing to the west which has been added to the house is used for the gallery and here hang the pictures, put in place by Prof. Cumming and Mrs. T. F. Stevenson. The gallery is used for an auditorium. Upstairs two rooms have been thrown together to form a small audience room, where different smaller clubs and committees hold sessions. The home is a

MRS. W. F. MITCHELL
President of the Women's Club

beautiful place for giving parties of all sorts. Several dancing parties have already been given there, and it is admirably adapted for musicals, teas, luncheons, and card parties and receptions. The rooms can be thrown together for small parties, separated into smaller space. There is probably no place in Des Moines so much like one's own home, so elegant and so well equipped. All classes and conditions of people are vitally interested in the work being done by the Women's Club, as it is a work to benefit all classes.

Although the West is not yet the home and center of art culture, yet the "star" is coming our way, and surely and definite movement toward the establishment of an art gallery in Des Moines deserves the hearty sympathy and support of all good citizens of the commonwealth of Iowa.

The burden of the work in building and furnishing the club house has of course fallen largely upon Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, president of the club, who gave up her summer's outing in order to give her personal supervision to every detail of the work.

MRS. G. D. ELLYSON
Treasurer of the Women's Club

The building committee is composed of Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, chairman, and Mesdames Carrell, Ellyson, Chamberlain, Elbert, Green, Foster and Plumb.

The furnishing committee have also been busy workers, and their efforts have been crowned with significant success. They are, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, chairman, and Mesdames A. B. Cummins, Vorse, Elbert and Miss Gilcrest.

The decorators of the club house were Belt and VanSittert.

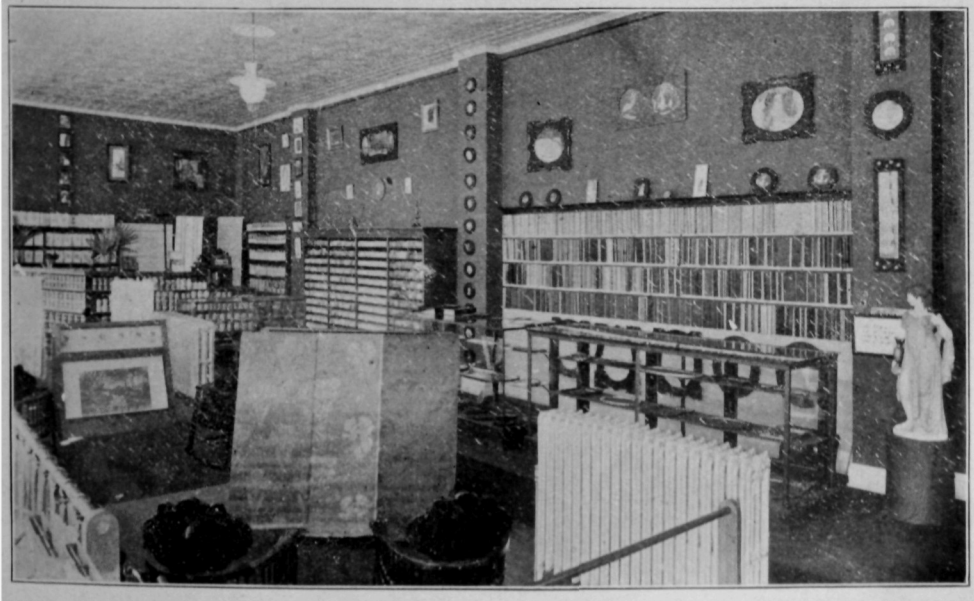
W. F. Mitchell was the building contractor. The Edison Electric Co. and Des Moines Gas Co. furnished the lighting apparatus. The Corcoran Plumbing Co. furnished the plumbing. The furniture of all sorts came from Chase & West, Davidson Bros. and Younker Bros.

Of all the interior furnishings of the Women's Club, most of which are from the Big Walnut Street Furniture house of S. Davidson & Bros., particularly noteworthy are the carpetings and rugs in the rest room, dining room and hall, which are a decided credit to the firm of S. Davidson & Bros.

When the purchasing committee took up the matter of floor coverings they desired to obtain the rich and distinctive appearance of the real Oriental, without however its prohibitive price.

How well they have succeeded in this is apparent to any visitor to the build-

MRS. A. E. SHIPLEY
Vice-President of the Women's Club



INTERIOR OF HANDSOME NEW STORE OF ED. FORSTER, 9TH AND LOCUST STS.

MRS. C. E. HUNN
Recording Secretary of the Women's Club

IN THE ART GALLERY AT SHERMAN PLACE

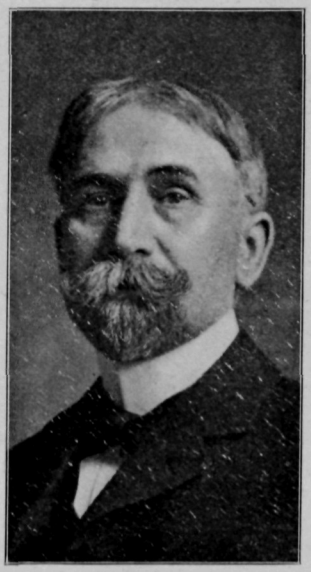
For 51 Christmas Seasons this Great Store has been the favorite Shopping Market of all Iowa. A creditable record for reliable merchandising.

Seeking out the most reliable and most desirable merchandise that the world's market affords and offering it to the people of Iowa at prices in keeping with quality, yet remarkably modest—that is the constant aim and action of this great store.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, - Des Moines, Iowa

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

MRS. ERNEST BROWN
Second Vice-President of the Women's Club



PROF. CHAS. A. CUMMING
Des Moines Artist Who hung the pictures at Sherman Place

ing and to any connoisseur of good carpetings.

For the Rest Room they selected a genuine French Wilton rug, which has a rich, silky sheen and is of soft, yielding tread. It is a perfect copy of a fine Kirmanshaw, famous for its exquisite colorings.

The rug in the dining room is a Bundhar Wilton, a rug particularly well known in the East, and famed for its unsurpassable wearing qualities. It is a true reproduction of a rare "Zhalabad" Oriental.

Both of these fabrics, the French Wilton and Bundhar Wilton, are from the mills of Ivens Dietz & Metzgar, and are shown exclusively in this territory by S. Davidson & Bros.

Knowing the distinctive effects of these rugs, convinces the most particular buyer that it is not necessary to go out of the country for real fine carpetings, especially so since these rugs are not at all high priced.

No gift will be appreciated more, will perpetuate the memory of the giver so well, or is more sensible than a piece of furniture from the splendid stocks of

S. DAVIDSON & BROS.
PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE
412-414 WALNUT ST.
Furnishers of Des Moines' Most Beautiful Homes

"A Gift selected at Davidson's is distinctive and represents the highest grade of workmanship. Suitable presents here for anyone at any price" : : : : : : : : : :

IN THE HALLWAY AT SHERMAN PLACE SHOWING THE FINE VENUS DI MILO

MRS. WM. WOODBURN
Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Club

The art collection o fthe club is comprised in the following list:

GIFTS TO THE CLUB.

"A Dutch Interior," Sidney Potter—Presented by Mr. D. S. Chamberlain.

"A Cup of Tea," B. DeHooge—Presented by Mr. J. G. Moulton, Chicago.

"Head of a Greek Boy," painted and presented by Miss Louise Orwig.

"Landscape," Corot (copy)—Presented by Mrs. Frederick Field.

Portrait of Lord Leighton—Presented by Mrs. Henry Wallace.

A Graham Water-color.

"Immaculate Conception," Murillo (engraving)—Presented by Mrs. M. Flynn.

Water-color, painted and presented by Miss H. O. Crippen.

"Landscape," Mrs. John Scott—Presented by Miss Mary Avis Scott.

"The Queen's Drawing Room" (engraving)—Presented by Mrs. I. W. Akin.

An Engraving of Benjamin West's "Christ Rejected."

Photograph of the Ketcham "Peri"—Presented by Mr. F. Wolcott Webster.

Marble bust of Dante—Presented by Mrs. C. E. Rawson.

"Poinsetta Blossoms"—Presented by seven club members.

Bust of Walter Scott (plaster)—Presented by Mrs. H. C. Potter.

"The Bend in the River," A. Forgy—Presented by Mrs. L. E. Harbach.

Jeanne d'Arc (bronze statuette), by Chapu, 1893.

Diana of the Louvre (marble bust).

"Portrait of a Lady," "Ready for Shopping," "A Fantasy," Mr. C. E. Baldwin, 1895.

"Le Vieux Filet" (copy from the Louvre), "Le Soir," "Brolles Road," Mr. H. G. Williams, 1895.

"Nantasket Beach," "Afternoon at Block Island," "Summer Day at Nahant," Mr. David Gue, 1895.

"A Summer Afternoon," Mr. Chas. A. Cumming, 1897.

"October," Mr. George H. McCord, 1897.

"Boy and Boat," Souza Pinta, 1898.

W. F. MITCHELL, President B. F. SEGNER, Secretary

W. F. Mitchell Company

General Contractors

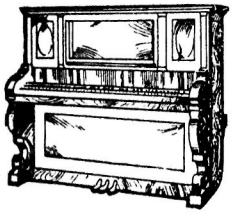
... PROPRIETORS ...

ASBESTINE STONE WORKS

Manufacturers of CEMENT TRIMMING STONE of First-Class Quality and Workmanship. All Work Guaranteed.

PHONES: Mutual 704. Iowa 844.

Offices: 116-118 Eighth St. DES MOINES, IOWA



A

Welcome

GUEST

in every

Home

is the Sweet-Toned

Guest Piano

The Guest Piano Co.

Oldest and Largest in Iowa.

Seventh and Walnut DES MOINES, IOWA

Other Stores in Burlington, Cedar Rapids, Ottumwa, Ia., and Quincy, Ill.

Iowa Phone 477 Mutual Phone 839

Cochrane Plumbing and Heating Company

Seventh and Grand Avenue

DES MOINES, - - IOWA

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

AUDIENCE ROOM AT SHERMAN PLACE

REST ROOM AT SHERMAN PLACE SHOWING FINE BUST OF DIANA

OUR STORE

Our wall paper store is splendidly stocked with the choicest new wall coverings from the best American and foreign manufacturers. We can either sell you wall paper by the roll or take up the matter of the entire decorating of your home, doing the paper hanging, painting, wood finishing and floor work

It is our ability to do things better than others that makes us of value to you

BELT & VAN SITTERT

615 GRAND AVENUE

Mutual Phone, 7405 K

Iowa Phone 1577 X

DIRECTORY BOARD OF THE WOMEN'S CLUB ON THE STEPS AT THE HOME OF MRS. C. E. HUNN

"Venus di Milo" (in plaster), 1898.

Fifty feet of the Parthenon Frieze, 1898.

"Old Man and Sleeping Child," Mr. W. A. Reaser, 1902.

"Entering the Harbor," Henri Guinier, 1905.

"Loading the Caravan," Edwin Lord Weeks, 1905.

"Golden Sunset," George Innes, 1905.

COLLECTION OF BRAUN CARBONS PURCHASED BY THE CLUB IN 1899.

Botticelli—La Primavera.

Bougereau—Love's Offering.

Breton, Jules—The First Communion.

Corot—The Fisher with the Line.

Correggio—The Madonna of St. George.

Correggio—St. Anthony of Padua.

Dagnan-Bouvert—The Madonna of the Arbor.

Daubigny—Landscape.

Del Sarto—The Young St. John.

Guido Reni—Christ and St. John.

Hals, Frans—The Civic Guards.

Holbein—Sir George Cornwall.

Israels—A Frugal Meal.

Leonardo da Vinci—Mona Lisa.

Michael Angelo—The Prophet Daniel.

Millet—The Gleaners.

Puvis de Chavannes—Winter.

Raphael—The Sistine Madonna.

Raphael—The Madonna of the Chair.

Raphael—Portrait of Himself.

Raphael—The Wax Head.

Reynolds—Angel Heads.

Rembrandt—Dr. Tulip.

Rubens—Helent Fourment.

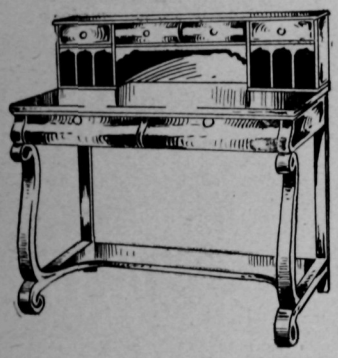
Titian—The Presentation of the Virgin.

Van Dyck—Sir Digby and Duke of Bedford.

Velasquez—Aesop.

Whistler—Portrait of my Mother.

LADIES' DESKS

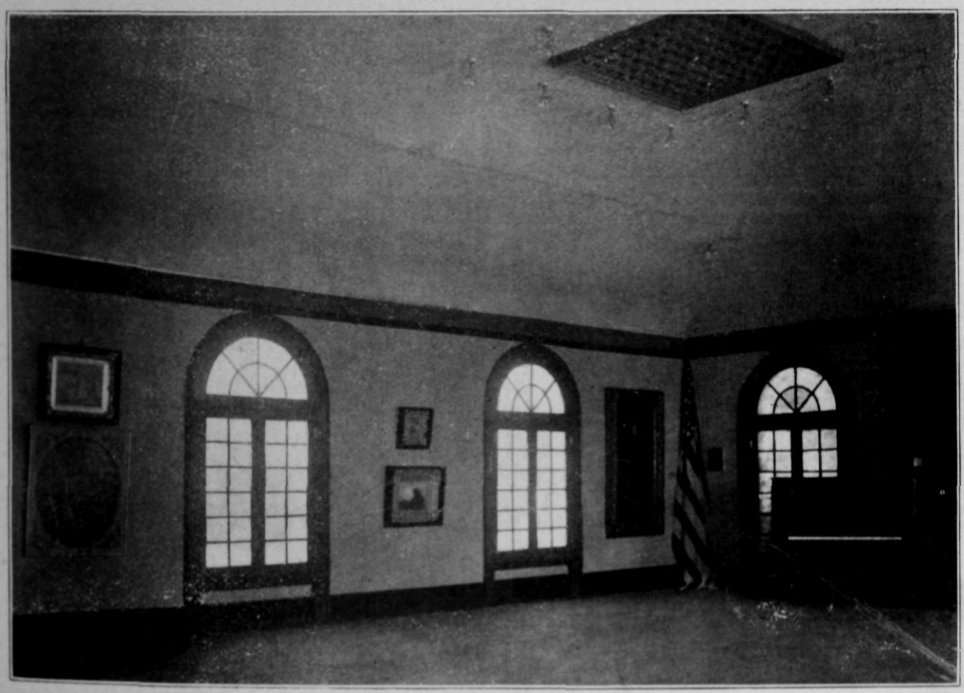


Latest designs and highest grades in Mahogany, Curly Birch: Circasian Walnut, Fumed Oak in Mission styles, Golden Oaks, etc. Many specials for this week to induce early Christmas buying.

$5.00

CHASE & WEST

712 - 714 WALNUT ST.



CORNER IN THE ART GALLERY AT SHERMAN PLACE

FIRST MEETING OF THE DIRECTORY BOARD ON THE STEPS AT SHERMAN PLACE

Office Phones
Mutual 25
Iowa 659

Residence Phones
Mutual 840
Iowa 840

Dr. A. C. Hutchins

OFFICE HOURS:
11 to 12 A. M.
1 to 5 P. M.
7 to 8:30 P. M.

SUITE
506-507 Fleming Block

Des Moines, - - Iowa

Diamonds **Watches**

S. JOSEPH & SON

Established 1861

CORNER 4th AND WALNUT

Fine Jewelry **Silver Novelties**

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

The Allward - Bowman Glass Company

...Are Makers of...

Fine Beaded Art Glass

For Churches, Residences and Public Buildings. Mr. De Forrest Bowman has recently associated with this company as its President and is well and favorably known to both the business world and general public of Des Moines and Iowa. This Company has furnished Art Glass for practically all of the leading churches in Des Moines and in many towns and cities of the middle west. Their work is unsurpassable in beauty, finish and design. The late work in the Women's Club House was done by them, and a fine example of their work is to be seen in the dome of the State Historical Building.

209-211 W. Ninth St.
Des Moines, Iowa

Mutual Phone: Local and Long Distance 688

The T. W. Dodd Co.

T. W. DODD, Manager

Engineers and Contractors

Dealers in Structural Iron and Steel

Did all Structural Iron and Steel Work on Women's Club House.

Office: Flynn Building

DES MOINES, - - - IOWA

Store-Office
311 W. Fifth Street

Factory
Above 311 W. Fifth Street

HERMANN KIRCH

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

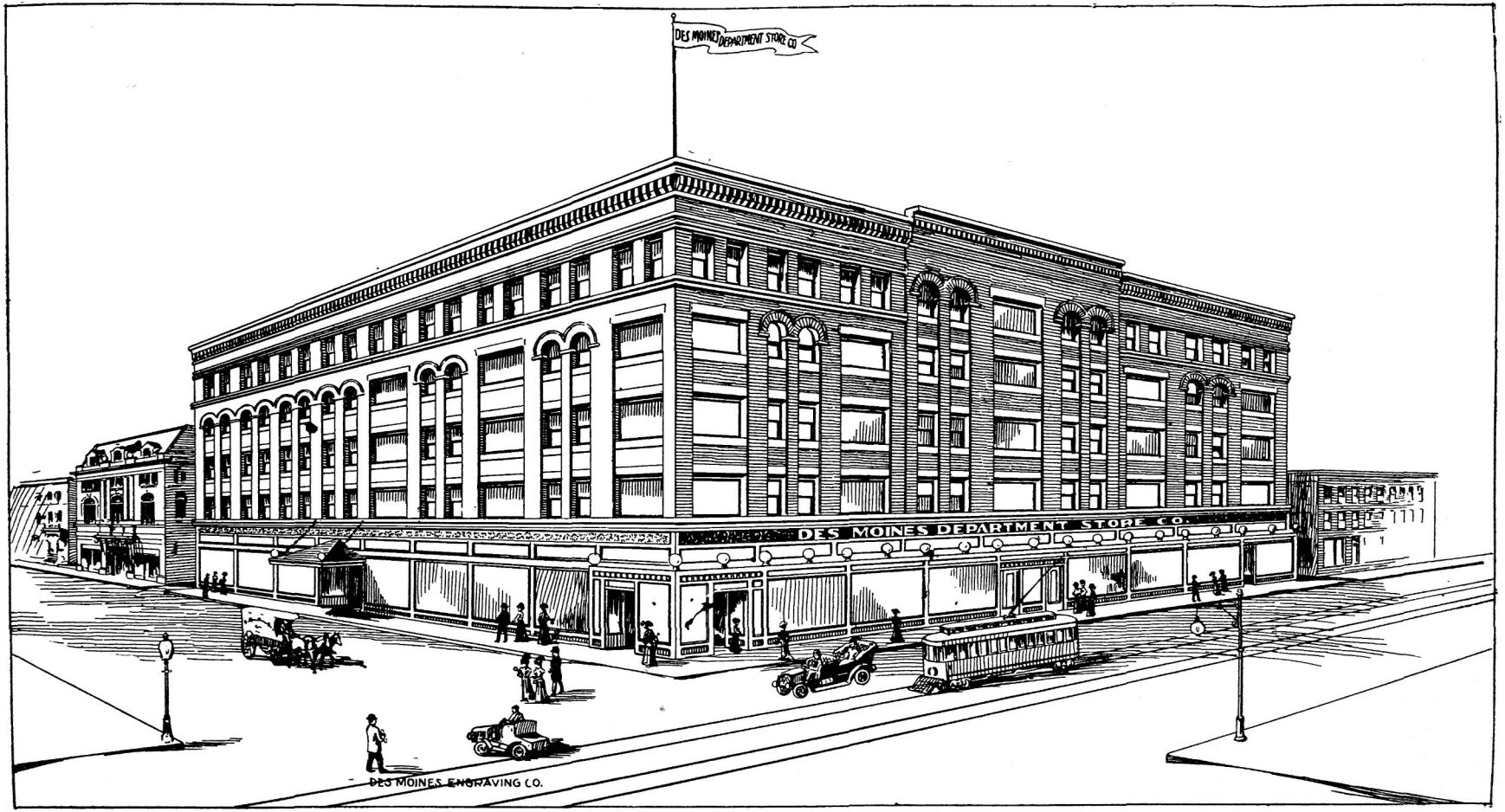
DIAMONDS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

IOWA PHONE 1698 M

DES MOINES, IOWA

9-10-11 '07



THE DES MOINES DEPARTMENT STORE, EIGHTH AND WALNUT

A Big Event in the Campaign for Greater Des Moines

One might almost call it carnival night, so brilliant was the scene, so joyous the crowds and so full of the spirit that marks an event of congratulation to all participants. It was the occasion of the opening of the new Des Moines Department Store. Flowers and music and twenty thousand guests made it an occasion long to be remembered.

There have been in the city skeptical ones who thought the venture was a hazardous one. But now after six weeks have passed, six weeks in which a royal welcome has been extended to the new store, both in the expression of good will, and in the practical way of lending patronage as well, those doubting ones have changed their minds.

The store is a very beautiful one and thoroughly metropolitan. The windows are equal to those of great city stores. Inside the furnishings are in splendid style, while the wide aisles, good light and good ventilation are a delightful departure from the regular stuffiness of the ordinary department store. The service in every department is above criticism.

The view at the court, with the balconies and stairway on either side is something that elicits exclamations of praise from all who see it.

The luncheonette service is a popular feature as is also the cut flower department. Perhaps the most attractive feature to the lady throng shoppers is the fine, clean fresh stock of perfectly new goods in all departments.

The members of the company are: Charles S. Briece, president; Herman G. Graaf, vice president; Jas. N. Cushman, secretary; H. M. Whinery, treasurer.

The dry goods department is under the supervision of Mr. George Stephen, well and favorably known in Des Moines. The section occupies all of the east half of aisle one on the first floor, the rear shelving and one section of the central fixture case of the east section of the first floor. Everything that is likely to be called for can be found in this department.

H. G. Graaf has charge of the clothing department. This department has a separate entrance at the west corner on Walnut street. It is splendidly equipped.

Mr. C. R. Harper and Mr. L. D. Fothergill have charge of the shoe section. The King quality for men and the Berry shapes for women are found in high favor with Des Moines shoppers.

Mr. D. N. Johnson, an expert druggist, has charge of the drug section. Everything in the line of drug sundries, stationery and jewelry can be found here.

Mr. G. W. Strickler is at the head of the fancy goods and notion department, which cover almost the entire central section of the lower floor, and a brilliant showing is made by the superb stock carried.

Mr. G. A. Watters and Mr. Alfred Lozier are neighbors, the former in charge of the luncheonette and soda fountain, the latter with a flower department.

Mr. R. C. Hunter occupies the east half of the second floor with the cloak and suit department. All lines of Women's, Misses' and Children's ready-to-wear garments are carried.

Mesdames Crawford and Hunter, both favorites among a host of friends in Des Moines, have charge of the millinery department, occupying the west half of the second floor front. It is fitted up in the latest style and one of the most attractive departments in this great store.

Mrs. Alice Babbitt is in charge of the art department, and is well and favorably known all over Iowa in her line of work.

The crockery and house furnishing section is proving most attractive under the capable direction of Mr. G. W. Smith.

Mr. E. E. Bennett, on the third floor, shows pictures and draperies.

Mr. George A. Boody has supervision of the wall paper and paint department. Mr. Boody is an artist in his line and has a host of friends in the city and state.

The furniture is at present on the fourth floor, where Mr. Thomas Harries is in charge. Mr. Harris is one of the best experienced furniture men in the west.

A trunk department and section for stoves and ranges in also located on the fourth floor.

The Christmas shopping has begun in Des Moines in earnest, and headquarters seem to be in the Des Moines Department Store. Every good Des Moines citizen, as well as progressive Iowan, will assist both in good will and in action to push this Greater Des Moines project to the highest success.

OFFICE, Both Phones 574.
RESIDENCE PHONES, Mut. 1793. Iowa 932.

Dr. Roderic Watts

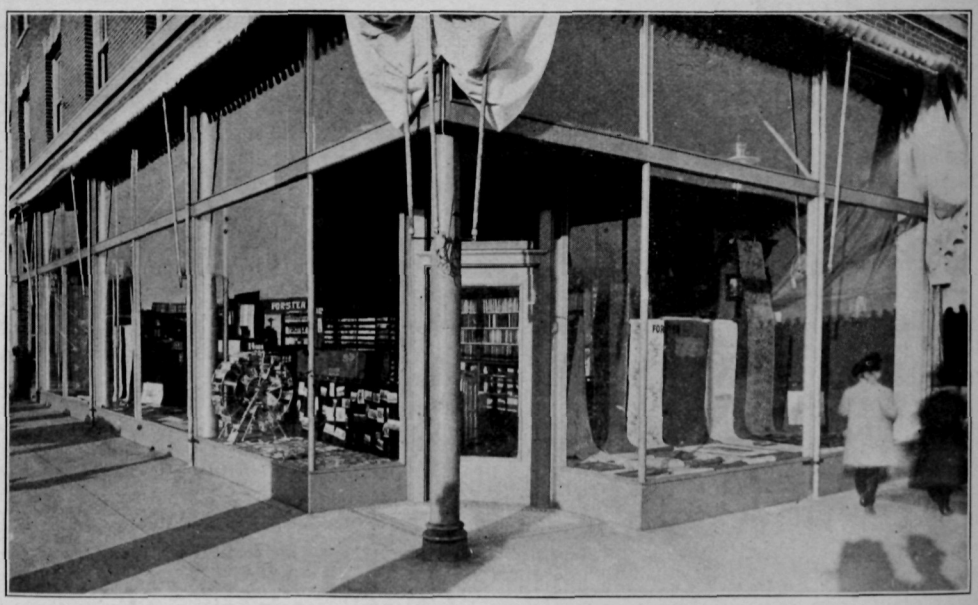
HOURS,
10-12 A. M. 2-5 P. M.

403 Fleming Bldg.
DES MOINES, - - IOWA

James Taggart Priestly, M. D.

OFFICE HOURS
11 to 12 A. M. 3:30 to 5 P. M.

1003 FLEMING BUILDING



HANDSOME NEW STORE OF ED FORSTER
Wall Paper, Paints Pictures, etc., Ninth and Locust Streets

Shall Little Polly
Do Your Sweeping?

Is a Light Brown

Not a back breaker—but will sweep as well as a heavy one.

Is a Handsome Broom

Notice the rose or canary colored handles and the beautiful finish:

Is a Good Broom

Well made of clean, smooth durable broom corn.

35c at Your Grocers

Made only by

Harrah & Stewart Mfg. Co.

Des Moines, Iowa

ALLEN'S BOSTON BROWN BREAD FLOUR

MADE IN DES MOINES

The **Famous B. B. B. Flour** which was awarded **2 Medals** by the Lewis & Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon. Makes Light, Sweet, Appetizing, Boston Brown Bread, Griddle Cakes, Muffins and Plum Puddings.

Put up in 2-lb. packages, retailing at 15c. Ready to use by adding a little molasses and water and steaming, each package making 6 loaves. Boost Des Moines latest pure food industry by giving this a trial. Now being demonstrated in the principal groceries in Des Moines.

FACTORY 1019 WALNUT STREET

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

"BEST BY TEST"

CALUMET BAKING POWDER complies with the pure food laws, both STATE and NATIONAL.

GROCERS are authorized to GUARANTEE CALUMET BAKING POWDER in every respect.

The materials used in the manufacture of CALUMET are the best possible to select and are so carefully treated, prepared and correctly proportioned that food prepared from CALUMET is free from any chemicals, such as Tartaric Acid, Rochelle Salts, Alum, Lime or Ammonia. It is chemically correct.

Recommended by leading physicians and chemists.

Full retail price will be paid for every can of CALUMET returned as being unsatisfactory.

The only high grade Baking Powder sold at a moderate price

PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT

GET YOUR

Christmas Dinner

...AT...

The Kirkwood Cafe

12 Noon to 12 Midnight

DELICIOUS MENU

FLOWERS AND MUSIC

Make a Christmas Buying Visit

to the

Lawrence Drug Co.

Fine Candies, Toilet Articles
Delicious Perfumes

Expert Prescription Druggists

SIXTH AND LOCUST DES MOINES, IOWA

Drink Pure Water

The manufacturing and bottling of an absolutely pure water in Des Moines has been a great success. Whoever has had one glass of Poncele water wants another, and its fame has long since passed the limits of Des Moines and Iowa. Most people drink less water than they should, and to overcome this fault, a bottle of Poncele can be kept in the ice box, convenient and cool, and accessible to any member of the family.

Almost every office man in the city has the large tankard of Poncele regularly delivered, and no home table is complete without it. The club women of Des Moines who are good housekeepers, should give this home product a trial in their families. Poncele can be had direct from the plant to the consumer.

Call up the Ponce de Leon Water Co. today.

Madison Coal Co.

Reliable Coal

305 Seventh St.

Mines

23d and Hickman Ave.

Begin at Christmas

A good Christmas gift to any housewife would be a sack of Falcon flour, making a beginning on this Christmas day of eating bread and rolls made of a Des Moines manufactured flour. The best of it is, that it makes just as good cake, biscuits, etc., as it does bread. No Christmas day should find a Des Moines home without bread made of Falcon flour.

Lozier's

Flowers

"Best that Grow"

318 Sixth Ave., and
408 [redacted] h St.

DES MOINES IOWA

Fresh Every Day

A Perfect Pure Milk

With all the talk in the newspapers about the supply of milk being in many cases impure and even dangerous, because of diseased cows, there is one consolation to the careful housekeeper, and this consolation lies in the fact that we have here in Des Moines a plentiful supply of Pasteurized milk and cream. All the reliable grocers keep it, and no possible danger of any sort lies in its use in the family. Absolute purity, absolute cleanliness and absolute freedom from germs of all sorts, the only milk really fit for family use is Pasteurized milk. The process of Pasteurization accentuates all the good qualities of milk and so it has an especially delicious taste. The most delicate child will grow fat on it, and every member of the family will profit from its use. With such a supply of milk at hand in Des Moines, bottled ready for use, there is little need for worry over newspaper reports or because of fear of using milk unfit for the family. The housekeeper should insist on having Pasteurized milk and be sure that is what she is getting. The public are just awakening to the fact that there may be "death in the milk can." And every good mother will surely protect her dear ones in this direction by using Pasteurized milk.

A Luncheon Idea

In these days that try men's pocketbooks, as well as souls, retrenchment and reform are considered by many. And to their own satisfaction some people are discovering that economy can be practiced by taking lunch at the Boston Lunch. Of course, economies that cost are really not economies. But when we can secure something first class for much less money than is ordinarily expected, it would be most foolish to ignore the fact in a practical way. Just as good a lunch can be obtained at the Boston as at any other place in town and for much less money.

That this fact is appreciated is proved by the splendid class of customers who frequent this popular place. The noon meal should be a light one with the business man or woman. An elaborate dinner, followed by an afternoon of hard work is out of all reason. The dinner for the working man or woman should come in the evening. No place in Des Moines offers luncheon, nutritious, well cooked and well seasoned, satisfying and at such moderate price as does the Boston Lunch. Its list of friends grows daily and includes the majority of the down town business people.

During the Christmas shopping it will doubtless be taxed to its utmost capacity.

Grinding Razors, Shears, Clippers, Surgical Instruments, Etc.
Full Line of Cutlery and Barber Supplies.
IOWA ELECTRIC GRINDING CO.
306 Locust Street. Des Moines, Iowa.

Chas. Ebersole's Market
419 Sixth Ave.
Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Oysters, etc.
Mut. Phone 7966 L **Ia. Phone 3828**

DR. S. S. STILL
Osteopathic Institute
DES MOINES, IOWA
Walnut St., between 5th and 6th
Dr. S. S. Still
Dr. Ella Still
Dr. Ella Crowley
X-Ray Laboratory

BUTTER AND EGG MARKET
We make a specialty of
Fresh Eggs
Try our CLOVER DALE BUTTER. Country Butter always fresh
502 Sixth Ave. **Phone Ia. 133J. Mut. 1238**

Buy A Copy of the
LITERARY DIGEST
This Week at the News Stands

The National Eye & Ear Infirmary

January 1, 1908, this Institution will commence doing business in Des Moines in a new bulid-ing which has just been finished for it, on Tenth just South of Walnut.

The National Eye & Ear Infirmary is not a new institution in Des Moines, but is simply a reorganization of the Dr. W. O. Coffee Eye & Ear Infirmary which was established nearly ten years ago, for the purpose of treating all diseases of the eyes, ears, nose and throat, by the Absorption method as originated by Dr. W. O. Coffee.

Ten years ago most physicians of the United States scoffed at the idea of many diseases of the eyes and ears being successfully treated by remedies. Most notable among these diseases which they claimed could not be cured, was Cataracts. Yet for five years the medical profession has taken up the study and practice and experimenting with treating this disease by the medicines instead of the operative method.

In the last meeting of the American Medical Association, at Atlantic City, in June this year, several physicians related their experience and success with the treatment of Cataracts by the medicine method.

The Absorption Treatment as originated by Dr. Coffee has gradually grown for the last ten years both in popularity and success. The proprietors of this journal have watched with special interest the success of this method of treating eye, ear, nose and throat diseases, and take pleasure in mentioning every new success and progressive movement that has been made.

Doctor Coffee states that in the new Infirmary the poor people will be treated free every Saturday morning from eight to ten o'clock, exactly by the same methods that he has used for the last ten years.

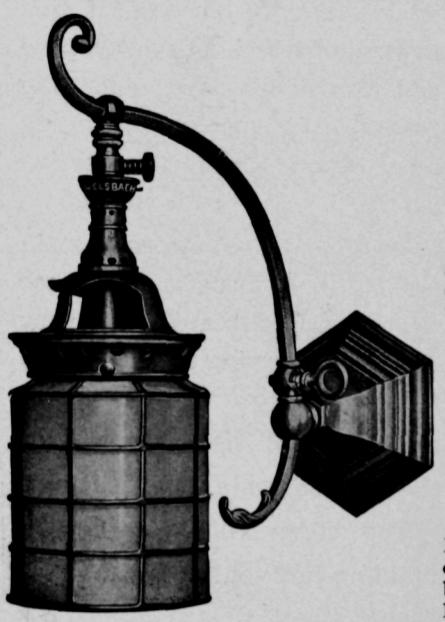
The offices will be in the new building just south of Walnut on Tenth Street.

The Perfect Corset—makes the Perfect Figure. There is none better than the Bon Ton here pictured.

We are exclusive agents in Des Moines for this make of corsets, and you will find it greatly to your physical advantage and future comfort to be fitted here.

Our Corset Department is a model of exellency. Our fitters and fitting rooms are at your service.

Des Moines Department Store
EIGHTH and WALNUT



REFLEX

The Latest Improvement in

Gas Lighting

Throws all of the light downward without shadow or glare—Renders a soft mellow glow of highly diffused light, pleasant and restful to the eyes.

Ornamental, Scientifically Constructed, Efficient Illumination, Economical. Can be attached to any gas fixture.

Beautiful globes or shades of many designs and colorings permit a wide choice in artistic combinations. Excels and supplants all other lights at one-quarter the cost.

DES MOINES GAS CO.

We Wish A Happy and Prosperous New Year

To All of Our Friends and Readers

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

It is with pleasure and glad anticipation that we say goodbye to 1907 and enter the portals of the new year of 1908. THE MIDWESTERN has had a year of wonderful success. We look forward to even greater success in the coming year. The beautiful cordiality which has met our effort to establish a magazine in Des Moines, and the splendid financial support we have received, makes us confident of the future. Not alone has commendation come from friends in Des Moines and Iowa, we have it from all parts of America, from Canada, from Cuba and the Philippines. To all of our friends we give our heartfelt gratitude.

* * * * *

In our last issue, one or two things occurred for which we had not planned. The republishing of Mr. MacKinnon's beautiful poem, "The Old October Moon," was due to mistakes in its first printing. We had appended an explanation which the printers omitted. Then the other poem, which has met with delighted approval, "If I Could," was by Mr. MacKinnon, and his name omitted. These poems are both evidence of a great and superior talent in one of our Des Moines young men, and we expect some day to see Raymond MacKinnon recognized among the "chosen ones," the great poets of the country.

* * * * *

The fine article by Dr. Burton created a profound sensation wherever it was read. In two editions of the November issue we could not fill orders, so we are republishing it in the February number. Dr. Burton was of the highest standing in his profession of medicine before he became a Scientist, and his testimony has unusual weight. He is a scholarly man and writes with sincerity and from a desire to point others to the light.

* * * * *

Many of our letters contain suggestions for broadening and bettering the magazine. For all such suggestions we are deeply grateful and will act upon them, when practicable, as soon as possible.

* * * * *

We wish we could inspire all of the discouraged ones with the inspiration we have received in our present work. We wish we could give to everybody that best of help, the courage to help themselves. Our dearest hope for the magazine for the coming year is that it shall teach some sorrowful or suffering one to know the truth, that through our pages someone groping in the dark, may see the light. Joy and success are the rightful heritage of every living soul. May the year of 1908 open up for us all the way of life intended by God for all of his children—and we are all his children.

The Editor.

W. C. T. U. MEMBERS--Everywhere

This is the **White Ribbon Coupon,** which you will find in every **White Ribbon Shoe.**

SALESMAN MUST RETAIN THIS COUPON FOR COLLECTOR

"White Ribbon"

TRADE MARK

W. C. T. U.

REGISTERED

The New Shoe for Women

No. 4966 A

Lot .....

EVERY SHOE HELPS

No. 54 Fine Soft Kid Lace, ⅜ vamp, pat. tip, medium low military heel welt sole; pure oak belting sole

Very flexible, stitched belting top piece on heel, antiseptic covered soft cushion inner-sole WHITE RIBBON process.

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Every one of these good-looking, comfortable shoes contains a **coupon** as shown above, **good for 5 cents.** When the shoes are sold, the dealer removes the coupon and holds it until someone appointed by the local or State Union calls for it. These coupons are sent to the State President, who stamps them and forwards them to the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Lincoln, Neb., who sends the money to the proper officials.

The Shoes are all right. Thousands of letters attest the satisfaction of the wearers.

If your dealer does not have the shoes, send for Catalogue, prices and full description of our plan.

WHITE RIBBON SHOE CO., Sole Mfgrs., Box 632, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Our Motto for January: "Only the good in our own hearts can advise us of the goodness that hides by our side."

THE MIDWESTERN

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WINTER SCENE IN IOWA

BETTER THAN THE BEST

If that is possible, it applies to the work that is being turned out by our modern, up-to-date laundry :: ::

Our expert shirt and collar finishers are unexcelled in the entire west. Not only is our work superior, but the delicate smooth finish enables you to wear your linen twice as long, thus reducing your laundry bill one-half, which in turn doubles the life of your shirts, collars and cuffs.

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We positively guarantee our work to be superior to the ordinary laundry, and a trial will not cost you one cent if the work is not satisfactory.

Champagne Laundry Co

P. C. COLONY, President **Phones: Mutual 311 Iowa 171-J**

OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH

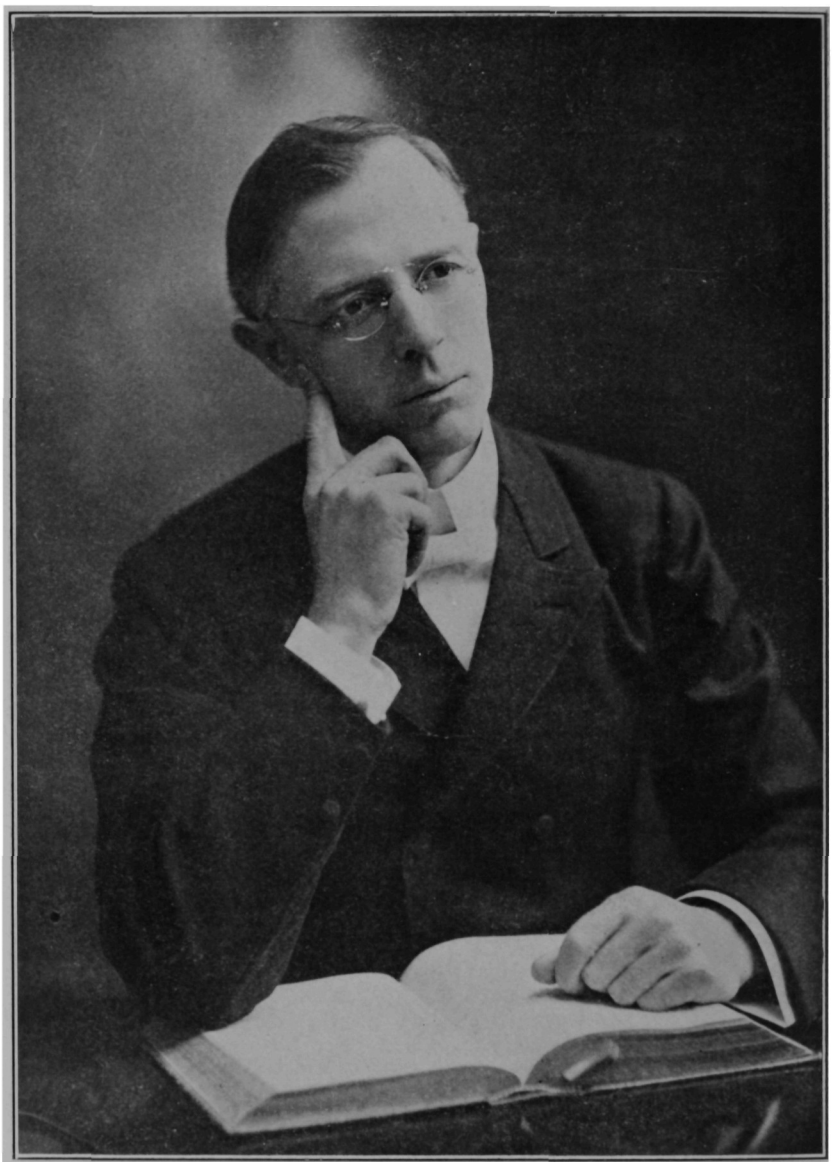
Song written by Marta Cunningham and being set to music by Madame Lehman

---

Old man at the window pane
Listening to the young year's rain,
  When you scent the new moist earth,
  Hear the birds in joyous mirth,
Tell me does not memory bring
Recollections sweet of spring?
  Say old man,
  If you can?
And the old man through the space,
Sees a wild sweet sunny place,
  Sees a tangled underbrush
  Where the dripping grass is lush;
Here two children, bending low,
Seek where first spring violets blow.

Old man basking in your chair
Is the world about not fair
  In the sun? Yet seem your eyes
  Gazing sightless at the skies,
Nought to see but empty space;
See they not some hidden grace
  Some great truth
  Void to youth?
Nods the old man in his chair;
He has known the world more fair
  On that far off halcyon day,
  When he trod the joyous way,
Followed Love's soft melting lyre
To the feet of Heart's Desire.

Old man crouched before the flame
Toothless, sightless, lone and lame,
  In the fire's deep ruddy glow
  Do the shadows come and go
Beckon you with friendly hands
To their phantom airy bands
  That you smile
  All the while?
In the embers flickering light,
Has the old man mystic sight
  Reaching far from burning coal
  Towards a vast alluring goal;
In the flames soft sputtering sound,
Distant chants of choirs resound.



REV. ARTHUR METCALF
Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II JANUARY, 1907 NUMBER 5

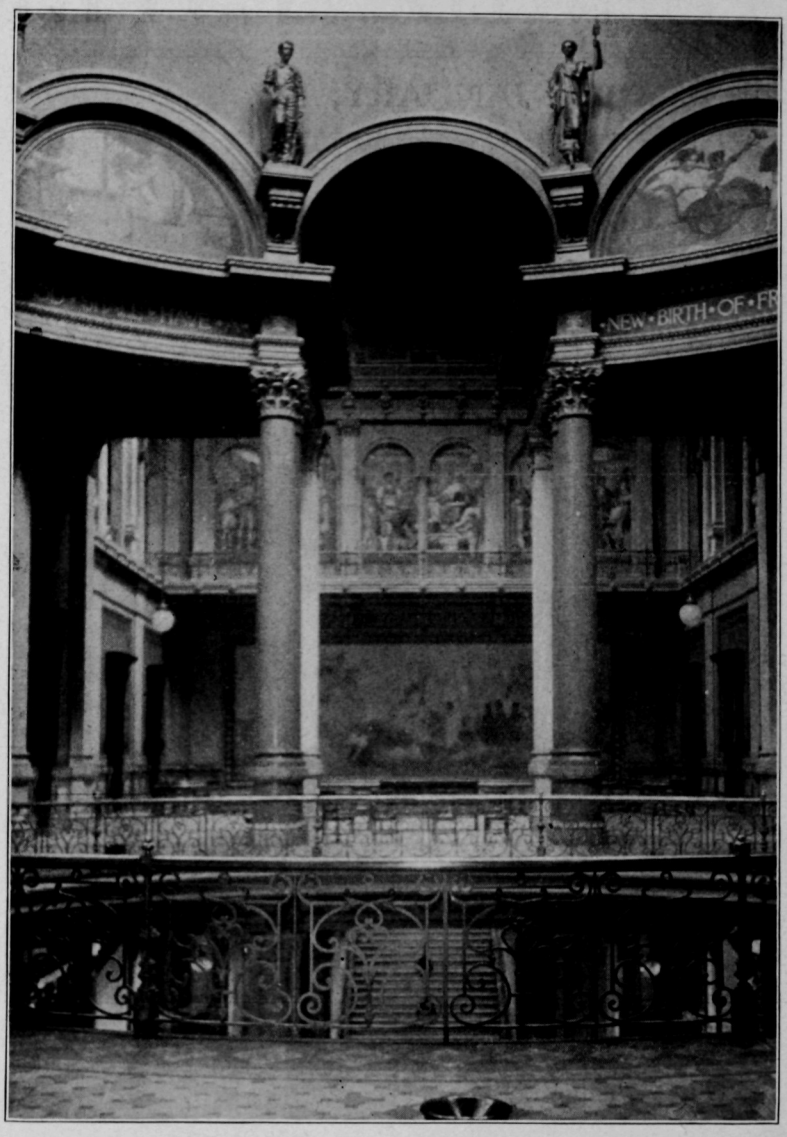
STATE LIBRARIAN JOHNSON BRIGHAM AT HIS DESK, ENJOYING A RARE FOLIO RECENTLY PURCHASED FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE IOWA STATE LIBRARY

ARTHUR METCALF

The library at the State House contains one-fourth as many volumes as the Arabs destroyed by fire when they sacked the historic library at Alexandria in the early centuries of our era, and it holds a place of importance in the state equal to that which this ancient library maintained in the world. The Iowa State Library has a fascinating history that runs into the three tenses. Genesis for the library began with the Act of Congress that sliced Iowa from the Territory of Wisconsin, and which, with rare foresight, provided an appropriation of $5,000 for the purchase of books to be kept at the seat of the new territorial government for the use of its Solons and officials. A considerable section of the library will reach its Exodus period some time early in next year when the miscellaneous section will be separated from the law books and documents and moved into the east wing of the Historical Building across Grand Avenue.

The first extant catalog of the library (a small eighteen-page pamphlet, classifying some five hundred miscellaneous volumes), and the present array of shelves bulging with a hundred and ten thousand volumes or more, mark peri-



THE ROTUNDA AT THE CAPITOL, TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY DOOR.

ods between which lies the history of the making of a great state and an imperial people. Except in the mere matter of years, it is a far cry from the time when the key hung by the library door to our own time when an efficient staff of librarians, trained in the difficult arts of the literati, serve the republic of mind under the stately dome of the Capitol. The change marks the new time and the happy advent of a liberal policy towards the higher education of Iowa's citizenship. The present library is housed in the Capitol, in a room large enough to have contained the entire fabric of the old State House. But the present room proves too small for the accommodation of the library. The grand hall, a hundred and eight feet in length and flanked with alcoves book-lined from the tesselated floor to the ornate ceiling forty-five feet above, is literally overcrowded with books. Books! Books! Books everywhere! They throng the shelves double file, and valuable reference books are piled high in out-of-the-way corners where, on account of their inaccessibility, they largely pass out of use. Happily, relief is in sight. With the advent of spring the miscellaneous section of the library will have swarmed across Grand Avenue into quarters prepared for it in the east wing of the Historical Building, where the modern

appointments of a great library will render the books completely accessible to the literary workers of city and state.

The Iowa library has mainly grown about, and out of, the fine collection of law reference books which at the present time numbers forty thousand volumes, and is fed by an annual appropriation of $4,000. When the miscellaneous section of the library is domiciled in the Historical Building the law library and documents of the several states will spread over the shelves of the Capitol room and leave only vacant space for a few years of normal accessions. The Iowa law library, of which Mr. A. J. Small is curator, under the general direction of Mr. Johnson Brigham, is one of the most complete collections of legal reference in the United States. Its standing in the country may be gauged by the fact that its curator has recently been re-elected president of the American Association of Law Libraries. Everything in law has a place on these shelves. From a copy of the famous Assyrian code of Hammurabi, promulgated long before the days of Abraham, to the latest volume of law reports, the tortuous history of law, the vast body of the law itself, law text-books and current legal periodicals, are on these shelves ready to the student's hand. The library boasts complete files of State and United States law reports. It is especially rich in the possession of nearly complete sets of the statute laws of the entire Anglo-Saxon world, and not a little in foreign tongues has a handy place on its shelves. A good line of law text-books is handy for beginner and veteran alike, and all the current law literature may be had for the asking. Files of the proceedings of the various State Bar Associations are in their place on the shelves at the law end of the library, where also may be found a complete set of the briefs and arguments of the Supreme Court of Iowa. This vast body of legal reference is made easily accessible by the modern scientific system of card index, which statement is true of all departments of the library. With the card index in his hand, supplemented by the courtesy, patience and skill of the librarians in all departments of the building, even the tyro may expect to find what he wants in the Iowa State Library.

A more general and not less vital interest attaches to the miscellaneous and general reference section of the library, cared for from the south end of the room —the north end being headquarters for the law section. Here a wealth of literature beggars description and invites the studious. Johnson Brigham, the State Librarian, himself a publicist of considerable repute, at home among books as a machinist in the land of tools,

A BUSY CORNER, MISS STEELE AT THE CASE, MISS ROSEMOND AT THE DESK

A CORNER IN THE LAW DEPARTMENT, MRS. RUSSELL CONSULTING THE LAW CATALOGUE CASE, MR. SMALL AT THE SHELVES

and the most successful and capable librarian the institution has ever had, is a discriminating guide to the visitor who would do more than admire the spacious hall, gaze upon the seried shelves and pass out again into the world that knows neither books nor literature.

What a wealth of the mind's medium of exchange lies in this State Bank over which Mr. Brigham and his coadjutors preside!

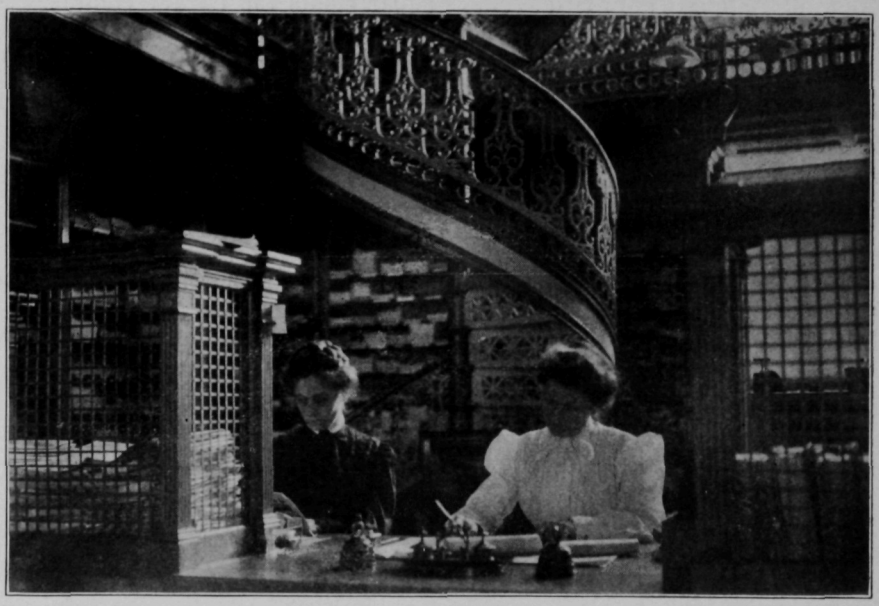
Of history eight thousand six hundred and thirty volumes crowd the shelves, many of them rare, some unique, every volume opening up a spacious avenue of the past and instinct with human interest. General books of reference stand next in order in number of volumes, aggregating nearly eight thousand volumes. This class of reference, embracing the encyclopedia, is in more general demand than any other in the library, and the alcoves where they are displayed are the natural haunt of those who wield tongue or pen. The department of literature has an interest all its own. It lists five thousand one hundred and forty-one volumes and its galleries are a veritable paradise to all with spirit enough to pluck the fruit of its tree of life. A garden of poetry it is, of drama, fiction, oratory and belles-lettres. It is an especially rich department of which the management is justly proud. The high schools and colleges of both city and state find this section of exceptional interest, and its material is in consant and fruitful use. The new world of Sociology looms up large on the library shelves with four and a half thousand volumes to its credit, a showing indicative both of the new temper of our time and the desire of the management to make the library serviceable to the varied interests of the public life. Whoever would scientifically study the social relationships of his kind will find here the best that has been written on the subject, and should the student contribute from his own pen to the new social science, the library will not be slow to welcome his preachment. The natural sciences follow in order, in many respects the most vital literature of our time, and well represented on these shelves. This class embraces the cosmopolitan world of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, palæontology, biology and some other departments of science, and contributes three thousand two hundred and ninety-two volumes to the *tout ensemble* of the library.

Two thousand six hundred volumes contain the history, philosophy and dogma of religion, embracing all departments of that supreme human interest, forming a section of reference fine as

the student of religion could wish. Not a little is added to the practical value of this vital section of the library by the fact that it is entirely non-sectarian. It contains all schools of thought and records the gamut of dogma. The volumes of the great original thinkers of all schools of theology are there to stimulate thought, stir up earnestness, and help perpetuate sincere religion. Ministers and laymen make much use of these shelves; but if the treasure house were better advertised the books would be in greater demand. In its various departments the library embraces every type of literature, and all schools of thought and action. It is a rich mine to all who can wield a mental pick and shovel. Moreover, it is the settled purpose of the management, the legislature continuing its support, that future years shall increase the library's efficiency and remedy such defects as experience may disclose.

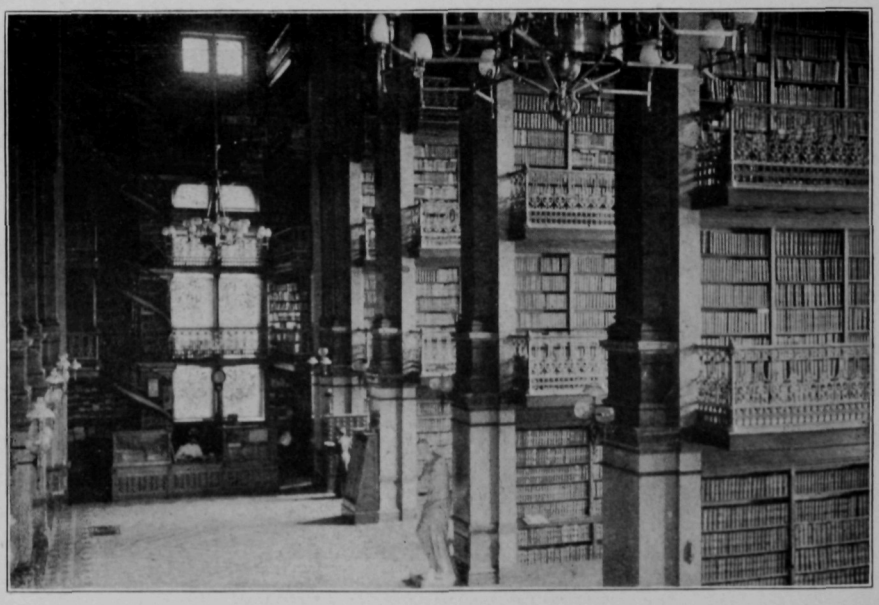
While the library is not a museum for the preserving of curious books, the State Librarian points with pride to sundry volumes in his custody unique in

A GENERAL REFERENCE ALCOVE.
Mr. Welker Given, an habitue of the library, is at the table, Miss Rosemond looking up a reference.



THE REFERENCE DESK, MISS LEE AND MISS COOPER AT WORK

themselves, in their binding, in their history, or in the place they occupy in the evolution of printed and bound books. If you are interested, he will show you an old worn volume whose colophon bears the date 1491, published that year in the literary center of Venice. Its queer black title runs, "Bonati Tracatus Astrologicus." Bold black type renders its yellowed pages strange to the modern eye. Crude woodcuts scattered through the book remind one of the famous Bible of the Poor which spanned the period between xylography and type printing in the fifteenth century. Marginal notes appear through the volume written in German. The book was purchased of a Quaker second-hand dealer in Toronto. The colophon of a Commentary on Ovid bears the still

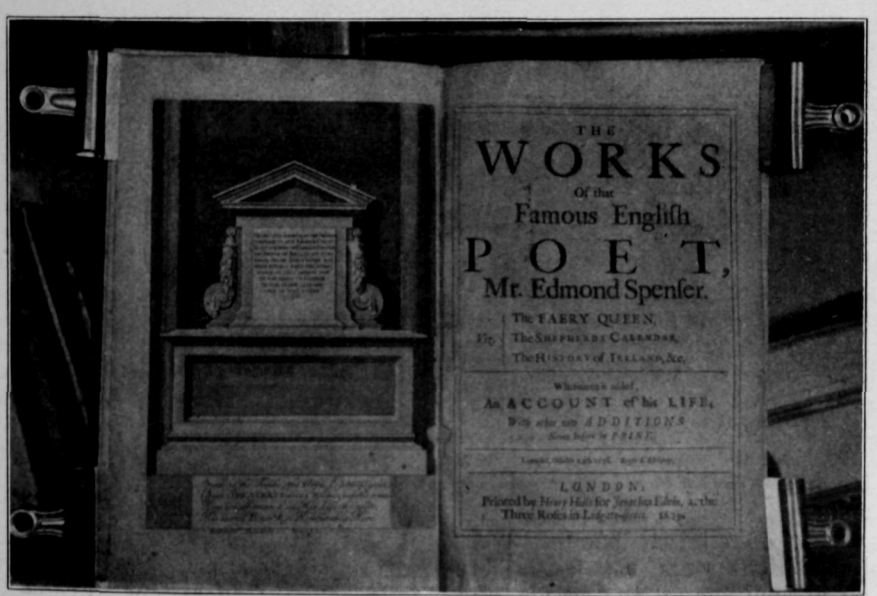


THE STATE LIBRARY, TAKEN FROM THE FIRST GALLERY AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE ROOM

earlier date of 1485. For this volume Mr. Brigham paid the sum of $25, but he would not sell it for four times that amount. Two volumes of Boydell's Shakespeare, in huge elephant edition, of ponderous size and weight, lying flat on the shelf in one of the reference alcoves, were bought several years ago for $75. Some time ago a copy of the work sold for $275. The work consists of fine old copper-plate engravings and is greatly admired by lovers of old art.

The two-volume set of Samuel Agustus Binion's "Ancient Egypt, or Mizraim," is a revelation. The old Egyptian temples, pyramids, colossi, obelisks, sphinxes and mummies look out upon one with startling freshness from the seventy-two plates of the set, reproduced in the natural colors first revealed by the explorer's pick. The set cost $60, but is worth much more now. The illustration of an old volume of Spencer's works which accompanies this article reproduces the quaintness of the old title-page. A set of ponderous volumes, unique in text and illustration, bears this delightful title, displayed with the old-time printer's art: "The Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World; Together with Historical Annotations and Several Curious Discourses Equally Instructive and Entertaining. Written originally in French, and illustrated with above One Plates, all beautifully Designed, by Mr. Hundred and Seventy Folio Copper Bernard Picart, and curiously engraved by most of the Best Hands in Europe. Faithfully translated into English by a Gentleman sometime since of St. John's College in Oxford, London. Printed by William Jackson, for Claude du Bosc, Engraver at the Golden Head in Charles-Street, Covent Gardens. MDCCXXIV." One feels grateful that the translation was done by "a gentleman." Times have changed!

The librarians delight to exploit the department of periodical literature in which the shelves are fortunately rich. Periodical literature, which for the most part is an evolution of the last century, is history recorded in the making, and its preservation under the card-index system will render comparatively easy the task of future historians. Moreover a ready reference to the periodical literature of the day is of timely value to legislators. At the suggestion of the Hon. Charles Aldrich, curator of the Historical Department, and enjoying his hearty co-operation, Mr. Brigham early in his administration set about to strengthen the section of periodical literature. As a result of ten years of well-directed labor, the student of American affairs will find the first gallery on the west side of the library filled with the periodical literature incidental to the



AN OLD TITLE PAGE. THE ENGRAVING PICTURES SPENCER'S MONUMENT, WITH ITS QUAINT EPITAPH

THE NEW MOSAICS AT THE CAPITOL

development of the United States, side by side with periodicals recording thought and life in Great Britain. The librarians are proud to have under their care one of the completest collections of American periodicals to be found in the United States. It includes files of all the historic magazines created by the fathers of American literature. This section is also rich in early western periodicals, which contain echoes of the making of this new western world, and will be authority for histories of the west through the years that are to come. All the great English periodicals are on the shelves in complete sets, one set, the Gentleman's Magazine, extending from 1731 up to the present date. Students of American religious history find full sets of the denominational magazines on file in the library. Here, as throughout all departments of the library, absolute impartiality reigns. Catholic and Protestant periodicals jostle elbows, and the great Protestant denominations, represented by their denominational literature, come together in a new era in which their chief use is to render impartial contribution to the history of religious thought. Were the old religious wars not dead, here were an arsenal for all the creeds, and friend and foe in debate might use the same shelves for warlike reference.

A notable milestone in the history of the co-ordinating of the State Library with public life was reared when the recent legislature created and provided for specific legislative reference work. Since its inception the library has been serviceable to the succession of Assemblies which have created Iowa's statutes. The librarians felt that this field of legislative reference was capable of further cultivation in the interests of the public good. It was their ambition to make the information stored in the library serve the public weal in the direction of supplying legislators with the ready reference their public service would require. Letters mailed to the members-elect of the last General Assmbly called attention to the mass of reference stored in the library, and placed it at the service of the legislators. The response was gratifying, and clearly indicated the direction legislation would take. Following the cue of this correspondence the librarians gathered reference material upon subjects likely to come before the houses. When the Assembly met there was collated a mass of reference matters bearing directly upon the various phases of such vital questions as, for instance, anti-pass legislation, capital punishment, child labor, corporations, divorce, elections, employer's liability, indeterminate sentence, insurance, labor laws, mort-

gage tax laws, reformatories, two-cent fares, etc. To say that the labors of the legislators were thus lightened is to state the case mildly. Disinterested light was shed upon an array of perplexing subjects, and members were independent of the lobby for information. The Solons were gratified. It is said by those who ought to know that in the history of the state, legislation had never been approached or effected more intelligently than by the last Assembly.

So pleased was the Assembly with what the library had done towards facilitating its labors that it made provision for the perpetuation of the good work by adding a new position with accompanying duties to the library staff. Miss Mary M. Rosemond, upon whom as third assistant librarian had fallen the brunt of the experimental work, was assigned the new post, with the title of General Legislative Reference Assistant, under the direction of the State Librarian. Along with her other duties, Miss Rosemond will continue the task of collating this class of reference. As the years pass the material thus gathered will be of inestimable value to the public life of the State.

The library is much used for reference in the inter-high school and college debates in Iowa and in the Mississippi Valley league. When the topics for debate are published the librarians get busy. Material bearing on the questions is gathered from near and far. When the debaters appear in the library on a still-hunt for pros and cons, each side covering its tracks with an air of mystery to hide from its opponents its line of investigation, the capacity of the library in the matter of reading rooms is taxed, not only that the opposing parties may be kept apart but that their very presence in the building may be kept from each other! The librarians enter sympathetically into the humors of the situation, and serve negative and positive with the equal fairness so typical of the spirit of a great library. It is impossible to overestimate the educational value of such reference work. They who thus early in life learn to use such an arsenal of ideas ought to make sturdy warriors in the world's mental war.

It has been noted that the library constantly serves a widening field. Years ago the library was little more than a respectable mausoleum for books, and the librarians faithfully guarded the books on the shelves. In these days every mail brings inquiries about material on special themes from public libraries, schools, colleges, debating teams, women's clubs and individuals all over the state, and in response such books as can be spared are constantly coming and going in the service of the intellectual life of the commonwealth.

The library is a congregation of books and people. Here may be seen the noted workers among Iowa's literati. The women's club owe the institution a debt of gratitude.

You must walk softly down the grand corridor and speak in an undertone, for the people in the alcoves on the several floors are hard at work on big themes. Yonder lawyer behind the table piled high with books of law will win his case in the Supreme Court of the United States by reason of his work here. The lady with puckered brow will make the effort of her life before her club week after next. Today she is loading up. This group of boys is in from Grinnell, improving a precious hour between trains. Here is a minister buried in a book of philosophy, yonder a physician browsing poetry, a teacher looking up a knotty point in history, some students hard at work on a lesson for a Bible class, a mechanic enquiring the way to the science alcoves, a boy hunting one of Stevenson's novels. The gentleman working in yonder corner room is writing a historical romance, and the man buried behind that pile of books is at work in a neglected corner of American history. In this spacious hall foregathers a worthy company of books and of people, and their coming together counts for much in Iowa's higher life.

The corps of librarians is under the management of State Librarian Johnson Brigham, whose editorial and literary training render him an ideal man for that office. Mr. A. J. Small, curator of the law and documents library, is ably assisted by Mrs. Florence Russell, the second assistant librarian. Mr. Small and Mr. Russell are the pioneers on the present library staff. The first assistant librarian is Miss Helen M. Lee. The public find Miss Lee at the reference desk much of the time, and her uniform courtesy and patience, together with her rare knowledge of the books, enable her

to render valuable assistance to all who have recourse to the library. Miss Mary M. Rosemond is ever found eager to run down references, and is intelligently devoted to the mutual interests of the student and the library. Miss Grace Cooper, recently graduated from the Pratt Institute Library School, efficiently holds the post of third assistant. Miss Lavina Steele, formerly reference librarian of the Iowa State University, is head cataloguer. Miss Minnie E. Hess is bookkeeper of the Miscellaneous, Law, and Historical departments of the library. A happier family of officials, one whose "team work" is more constant and effective, it would be difficult to find.

Behind this staff of librarians stands the Library Board composed of the six members of the Supreme Court, the Governor, the Secretary of State and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Judge Deemer, as chairman of the book committee, and Judge Ladd, as chairman of the auditing committee, are sustained by the other members of the Board in a broad and liberal policy of library administration, the gratifying effects of which are apparent in the high standing of the library in the state and in the nation.

IOWA STATE HISTORICAL BUILDING

WU TING-FANG

WALLACE IRWIN

MRS. GERALD LOWRY
nee Hazel Cox, and Little Daughter Virginia

From the land of joss-pavilions,
Where the poppy-smoking millions
  Sit in flat-eyed contemplation of their little pudgy gods,
Where they flee from devil-wagons
And they still believe in dragons
  And the pig-tailed population are alike as peas in pods,
Comes a gentleman of unction
To our Diplomatic Function
  With an Irish sense of humor and an Anglo-Saxon "sand,"
With a wit by practice heightened
And a point of view enlightened
  (Which is more than many statesmen have in our enlightened land.)

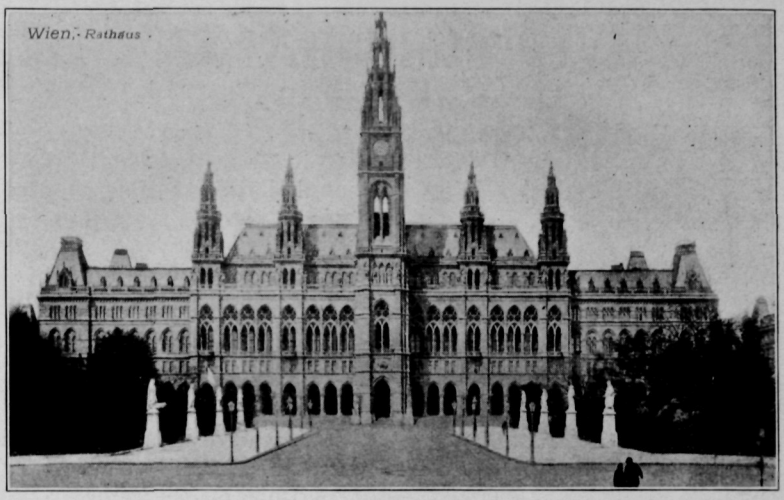
So it's sing-sing, ting-aling, Wu Ting-Fang,
Welcome back to Washington to liven up the gang.
  Though your satire is emphatic
  And not always diplomatic,
You're a pretty decent Yankee, Mr. Wu-Ting-Fang.

Though he visits many houses
In the silkiest of blouses,
  Though his bonnet has a button and his pig-tail is immense,
In an English far from pidgin
He can argue on religion
  And can talk of golf and baseball with a fund of common sense.
Mr. Bryce on our dominions
Has advanced some keen opinions;
  Mr. Wu has made some lively observations on the same,
Which for pungency and tartness
And an Oriental smartness,
  Make the Anglo-Irish member seem a trifle trite and tame.

So it's ding-dong, come along, Wu Ting-Fang,
You can speak the English language with a snippy-snappy tang.
  You have seen our courts and hovels,
  Tried our health-food, read our novels,
And you still survive to tell it, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang!

Though his boycott still may rankle,
'Twas a kick upon the ankle,
  Which his noble Uncle Sammy may forgive—or else forget.
Let's not take it hard or care if
He is sore about our tariff,
  But be thankful that His Wu-ship is alive and with us yet,
With his baggy silken breeches
And his after-dinner speeches,
  With his views on Western Women, whom he thinks "a trifle plain,"
With his close investigation
And his style of conversation,
  Which is somewhat reminiscent of Confucius and Mark Twain.

So it's pie-pie, hippy-yi, Wu Ting-Fang,
Healthy Chinese Dragon with a real New England twang;
  China's rising may come later,
  But you're sure an up-to-dater
With a Teddy Roosevelt flourish, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang!



POSTOFFICE IN VIENNA

A TRIP TO EUROPE

DR. E. G. LINN

(Continued from December Issue.)

It was the English way. It was the French way. No doubt that when our good ship landed next night at Bremen as much mail went on shore as at either of the other places, and it is equally certain that the thorough methods of the Germans would have it all sorted, checked and ready to go quickly on its proper car to its destination. It is not much of an annoyance to pass the custom-house in any of the European countries and we walked over to the money changers where we took our first lesson in exchanging currency.

Your baggage is weighed by the government employees and you pay on the weight of what you have put in the baggage car and on any excess weight of hand baggage. When baggage is weighed you tip the fellow who weighs it; you tip the fellow who brings it to the scales to be weighed, and you tip the fellow who puts it on the train. Steps run along the full length of the cars on the outside and the several compartments of the cars have no communication with each other whatever. Once in a compartment, the conductor or brakeman comes along, shuts the door and you are in there to stay until you arrive at the next station. Should some one in the compartment want to rob you, if he would allow you to do so, you can pull a lever which runs through the compartment and the train would come to a stop. But if you had pull the lever and stopped the train just for the amusement it would afford, you would pay very dearly for your pleausure, for all railroads are government property. All railroad men are in the employ of the government and in Germany the government is a very dignified, tremendously important and profoundly respected institution.

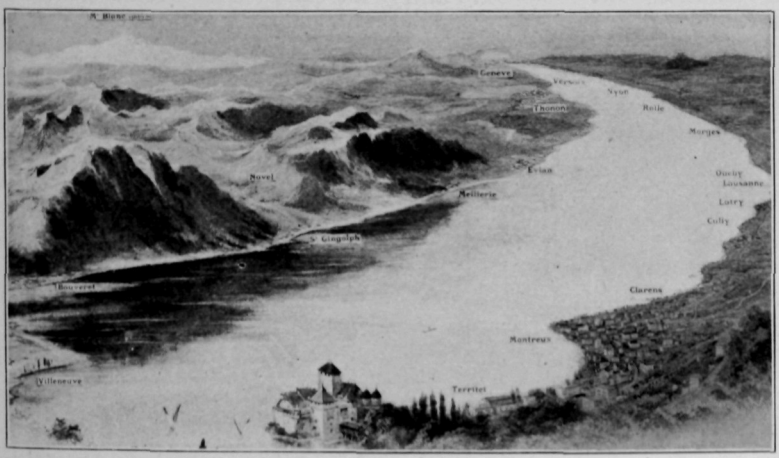
We traveled second-class from Bremen to Berlin and from Berlin to Vienna. 3rd. class passengers have properly shaped seats of wood with no upholstering. 2d. class apartments are upholstered in blue or green and are very comfortable. 1st class apartments are the same as the second, except that the upholstering is in red. The cars are much smaller than we have on our American roads and are set up higher from the tracks; and in Austria they are still smaller, the freight cars look like large extra strong road wagons with long high beds.

Every couple of miles a man will come from his neat cabin and stand at "attention" beside the track as the train goes by. It is his business to see that his section of the road is in perfect order all the while. He is an ex-soldier

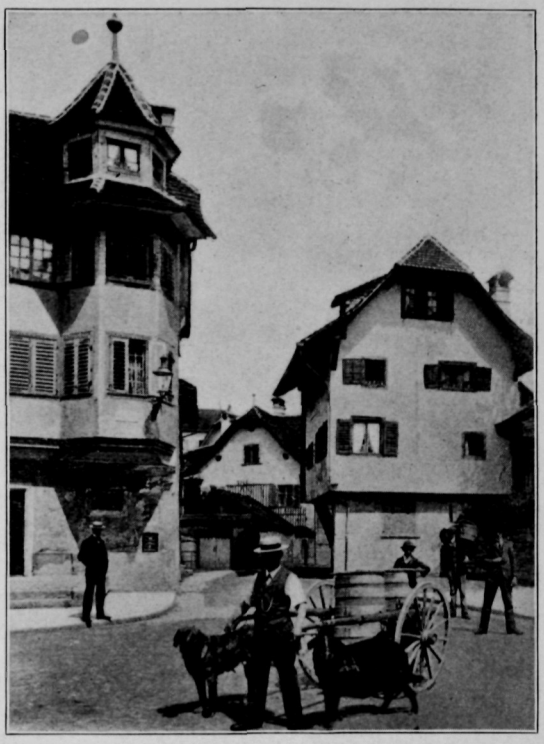
LION OF LUZERNE

who has served his time in the army and this position is one of the many which may come to him in his later years. Almost no accidents occur on European railroads; this is one of the many safeguards in which we do not find on our American roads.

Berlin is a well built, substantial city. A walk from Brandenburg Gate down the broad and beautiful Unter den Linden makes one fully aware that he is in a country with a strong military government and a capital which is the pride of its people. I mentioned in my letters to you last year that there is much more uniformity in the height and the architecture of the buildings of European cities than is found on this side of the water. The buildings on either side of this beautiful street are substantially



THE PRISON OF CHILLON IN LAKE LEMAN



A VERY USUAL MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION IN LUZERNE

constructed, well proportioned, splendidly designed structures, erected by a people who plan for the future.

Policemen are all about as though something had called out an extra force. Policemen on foot, policemen on horseback, policemen in the public buildings and in the middle of the street, everywhere and all the time policemen. And as though that were not enough, companies of soldiers, all officered and armed, move every now and then along or across the street in military order. They have the right of way and it would be a rash man who would try to cross a street in front of a marching military column. They present a fine appearance; they inspire respect for the flag; they are regarded as essential to maintain the dignity and the prestige of the state. But it taxes the resources of the people very heavily to support so vast an army.

I must tell you of the entrance way to their principal thoroughfare. About twenty-four splendid stone columns support and go to form the far famed Brandenburg Gate. It is seventy feet high, two hundred feet wide and is the doorway to the city of Berlin. Between its supporting columns are five broad driveways, through the central one of which pass the carriages of the royalty. Crowning this splendid work of art is the magnificent bronze "Goddess of Victory" driving her chariot drawn by fiery steeds.

Beneath this Brandenburg Gate in 1806 marched Napoleon at the head of the conquering French army. He caused the Goddess with her chariot and steeds to be removed to Paris to adorn one of his own arches of triumph. But when his star had declined, and he had been banished to the Island of Elba this Goddess and her chariot were brought back to Berlin and restored to its former position.

In 1871 this Goddess looked down upon The Old Emperor, "Our Fritz," Bismarck and Van Moltke as they with the victorious German army returned from Paris to their beloved capital. It was a splendid sight. It was the high tide in the history of military Germany, and it must have filled the city with profound joy and given the Old Emperor a peculiar satisfaction; for he must on

that occasion, have recalled the time when, as a ten year old boy, he in the keeping of his mother with her little family were compelled, because of the approaching French army to flee to the Polish frontier. Then the French under Napoleon were masters of Europe and they were coming fresh from the battle field of Jena. Now the Germans, united under him, were returning from Paris, where they had crowned him their first Emperor and they had proven themselves easily masters of the French.

It was cold and raining all the while we were in Berlin and we hurried on toward Vienna. It looks just a little peculiar to see all through the country, large groves or fields of trees, all of a uniform height and then right beside them, fields of smaller trees all seemingly of one age, and then perchance other fields of very young trees only set out within a year or two. That, however, is a condition met with everywhere through Germany. When timber is cut an equal number of acres of small trees must be planted. It preserves the timber and the fuel of the country.

Our train went close beside the beautiful Elbe river for hours and here we had a good view of the people all grouped in little towns. Here we first saw the old castles, many of them ruins, most always located upon some almost inaccessible cliff, overlooking the river. They stand there silent reminders of a time when the man who controlled a hundred spears was master of the man who controlled but ten. In most of them doubtless, could the silent walls tell the stories of the centuries that are gone, we might learn of deep sorrow and of great suffering akin to that of the Prisoner of Chilon. The homes all through the country are built largely of stone and as I said before are found in clusters in the beautiful valleys or on the banks of the rivers. Boats are run up and down the rather narrow, rapid rivers and on the smaller streams are smaller boats. For a long distance, I should think fifty or a hundred miles, the long narrow boats on the Elbe are towed up stream by means of a power-boat which picks up a strong chain laying upon the bottom of the river through all that distance and uses this chain much as the engines climbing Pikes Peak use the cog rail to keep them from slipping backward.

At Prague a man and his wife just returning from a long journey got off the train; some friends and some of their servants too, met them at the station. The women greeted each other much after the fashion we know here. The men kissed each other on both cheeks and the servants kneeled down and devoutly kissed their mistress' hand. It seemed a little strange to see men kissing after the fashion of lovers in the moonlight, but it is only one of very many customs one will see that come like revelations from another world. It was equally out of keeping with our custom for a domestic to grasp the hand of one who was in

SALZBURG ON THE RHINE

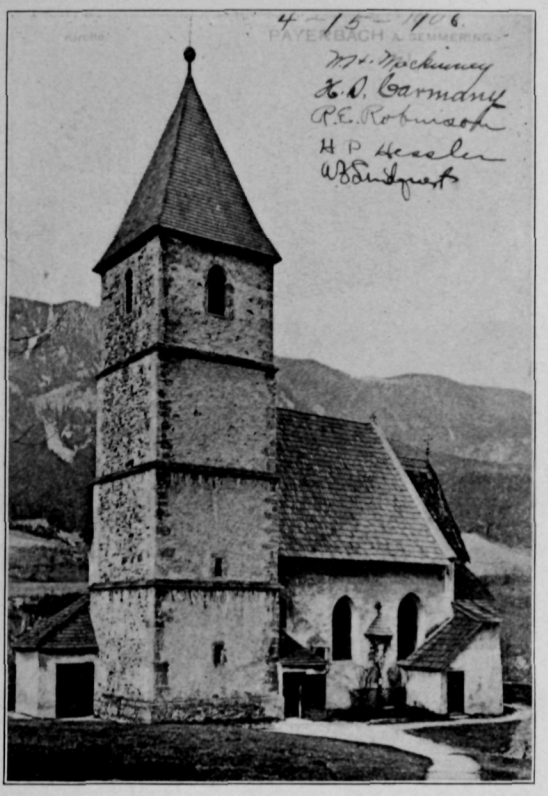
a sense her benefactor and kneeling press it fondly to her lips; but experience afterward taught me that it is the usual form of expressing deep gratitude for some benefaction by them received. And I have often, after operating upon some little fellow in the clinics at Vienna, had him return and taking my hand in both his own, press to it his lips in fondness, out of gratitude for what I had done. It is their impressive way of saying "I sincerely thank you, Sir."

We passed through Bohemian territory and a Bohemian custom house. While it is no annoyance to have your grips inspected in any of the European countries through which we passed, but one must never forget to tip an officer costumed in the uniform of a Turk. In our country a customs inspector would get fired in a minute who would take a tip, but if you forget to tip the fellow with the Turkish uniform who puts the official revenue stamp on your grip you are the fellow who gets fired. You can't talk to these fellows but your money can and you just hand it over unaccompanied by any detailed statement as to where you got it.

On coming into Vienna they only ask you if you have tobacco, liquor or fruit. It seems a funny thing that, coming from a country into its own capital, you should be expected to pay a revenue on fruit you might have in your suit case, but such would be the situation were you to carry fruit from the country into the city of Vienna.

All the American medical men find rooms near the great hospital to which come thousands of Viennese poor for medical and surgical care. Our room was on the fourth floor and faced on the rather unimportant Pelikangassa. Most all the strets are paved with large cobble stones and are rather narrow. There was not much travel on Pelikangassa except at four or five o'clock in the morning. At that unearthly hour every fellow who had to deliver a quart of milk, or a bunch of biscuit, a bushel of coal, or a bundle of kindling would alternate with the city street sprinkler in rattling the iron tires of his heavy

PEASANT COSTUMES AT INTERLAKEN

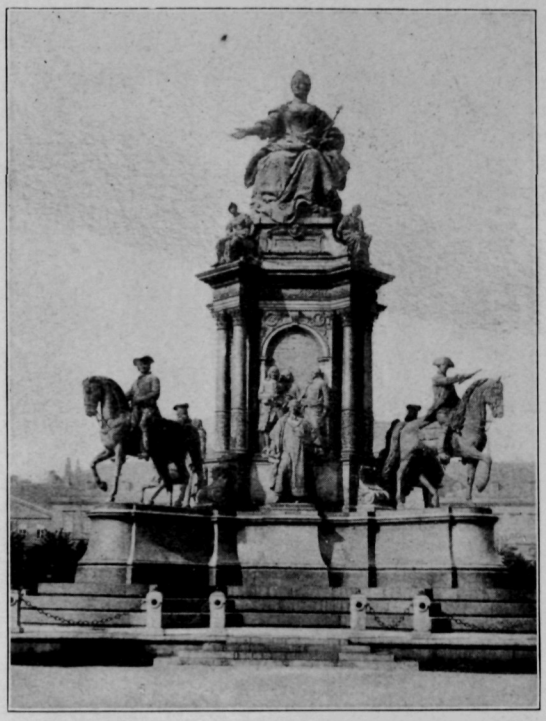


OLD CHURCH AT PAYERBACH

wagon up and down that particular street. A clear conscience or an untroubled soul may have wooed each native Viennese during all this bombardment deeper and deeper into slumberland, or at most may have only tossed them lightly on the rise and fall of unruffled dreams; but no such soothing influence hovered over Lindquest and me and being unable to express ourselves in German we would lie there and think it out in English. I remember to have listened to more agreeable melody at more seasonable hours of the day.

I want to tell you of the heating stoves. They are quite ornamental in design, built of figured earthware or tile of tinted hue. They are set up in one corner of the room, the joints cemented together and are a permanent fixture. They may be as high as a man's head and very ornamental or not so tall and more plain. A small fire pot, well up from the floor, is closed in by a sheet brass door little bigger than a saucer. Through this door you place the kindling which comes in small bundles done up like toothpicks, and shovel in the little lumps of coal with a cast iron shovel that weighs about five pounds and holds about six tablespoonfuls. But these stoves consume little fuel and hold fire and heat splendidly. You could take the amount of unconsumed coal that is blown out the top of any one of a dozen flues within four blocks of my office in Des Moines during almost any hour of the day and heat, for forty-eight hours, a good sized room with one of these European stoves. They are a little inconvenient but they are ornamental and they are serviceable. You pay for your coal by the scuttle full, your kindling by the bundle, your coal-oil, candles, etc., by prevailing standards.

In the opposite corner of the room from the stove stands the bed, or, as in our case, two beds. Now by the term bed, we usually understand a suitably constructed framework of some substantial material, so arranged as to support the springs on which rests a comfortable mattress or a feather tick; then

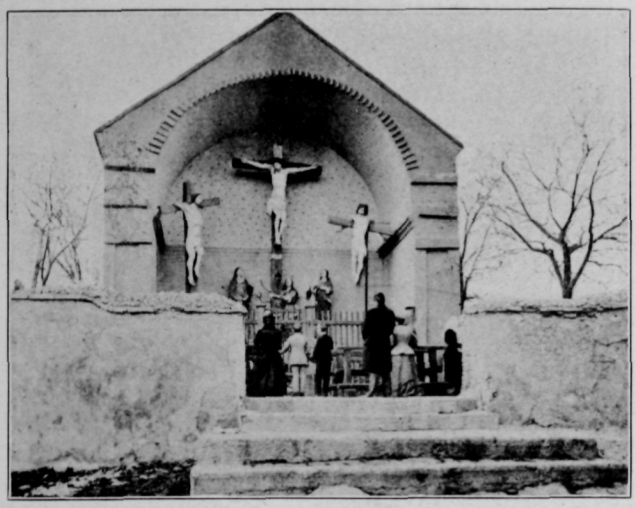


MARIA THERESA MONUMENT IN VIENNA

pillows and over this sheets, blankets and comforts all of sufficient length to tuck snugly about your toes while your shoulders have an abundance of protection from the chill air of an open room on a breezy night. Yes that would be regarded as a bed anywhere under the bonnie blue flag; but I have in mind a German bed. You might take away the springs, as stiff strong slats will support the weight very well; then you can spare the soft mattress for a very thin solid one will prevent you from dropping between the slats; you can not get stoop shouldered while sleeping on this device. It's much like sleeping on a hard wood floor with mosquito bars under you. The pillows might be worse. Then the long sheets, blankets, and comforters that cover your shoulders and tuck around your feet. That's just a dream. You don't have those. What you do have is a sheet long enough to reach from your ankles to your armpits; a light quilt just a little shorter than the sheet, and on top of this, a narrow feather tick somewhat shorter than the quilt. The only thing over you that is long enough is the cold night. I used to splice out at the foot with my overcoat. For the shortage at the top, I tried to forget it. One could wear his collar.

But our beds in Vienna were not bad. Vienna is the center of the Hapsburg Universe and in this splendid city many improvements have crept in. A real Austrian bed I found one night at Payerbach. A bed which must have been in harmony with the beds of generations long since forgotten. Half a dozen of us arranged to go by rail to Payerbach, where we would start on our afternoon walk and arrive at Semering to see the mountain sunset.

(To be continued.)



MEMORIAL OF THE CRUCIFIXION AT BADEN

WASN'T CARVIN' A SPIDER

Mr. Smith had invited several of his male friends into a restaurant in Philadelphia to partake of refreshments. They were seated in a private room, and after several rounds had been disposed of the waiter appeared with a delightfully browned small turkey, which he placed on the table before the host.

Standing up and taking hold of the carving knife Mr. Smith turned to his friend Brown and said: "What part of the fowl will you have Mr. Brown.

"I'll take a leg, if you please,' responded Brown.

"And you,, Mr. Robinson?"

"I'll trouble you for a leg, thank you."

"And what may I give you, Mr. Williamson?"

"Confound you!" said Smith, infuriated, "take the blessed bird and divide it yourselves. D'ye think it's a spider I'm carving?"

THE JOY OF LIFE

PRISCILLA LEONARD

It wakes in the throat of the woodland bird
In the rose-flushed hush of the morn;
It gleams in the gold of the billowing wheat
And the tasseled pride of the corn;
It follows the feet of beauty and love,
It stirs in the strength of the strong,
And its light leaps up on the trampling field
Where bravery battles with wrong;
It sings through each deed that is nobly done,—
But sweetest, most undefiled,
It shines to the world in the world-old way
From the face of each little child.

MRS. WILLIAM BOWEN

BEATRIX

PAUL KANN

Aix-les-Bains, Aug. 10, 19..

Mr. Edmund Duriez,

Dear Friend:—The most unexpected has happened; something that makes all my theories wrong and changes my plans. In spite of my most sincere wishes to see you again, to talk to you underneath those high and beautiful trees of your park, I will have to stay here, for the weightiest of reasons, which I shall endeavor to explain to you.

You, that know me so well, will scarcely believe that it is a love affair. I have told you often enough that I would never marry, as I am too critical and would only choose a perfect, beautiful woman. But now it is all a thing of the past. I had that long-formed idea that I would have to give up even the thought of marriage, as such a woman as I wanted is too scarce. Never have I seen one who even approached my ideal, the beautiful tall fairy, with big dark eyes and lips like cherries.

Many times I would sit for hours at various museums and art galleries, in front of the pictures of great masters, to enjoy the true beauty as portrayed by them. But in vain did I search through life for her. I saw young

women that resembled the ideal of my dreams, but there was always something lacking the nose too large, the mouth too small, the hands not soft enough.

And now! Now, I believe I have found her—I might say, I have found her! The beauty of all pictures gathered in one, a beauty of perfect form. Where did I meet her? At the Casino theatre I saw for the first time the ideal figure that amazed me. I had the privilege of watching her unobserved for two hours, and the thought of her has never left me from that moment on. Yesterday I found her again. You will say I searched for her. That is possible. In that wonderful mood that budding love no doubt often creates, I was wandering dreamily through the park. All of a sudden I heard the strains of a harp and the musical voice of a woman. At that moment I felt—why, I don't know—that it was her voice I heard. And, truly I saw that sweet face, which seemed to me at that moment and in those peaceful surroundings even more beautiful.

Can I leave here now? Tell me!

Your friend,

Jacques.

Valjoli, Aug. 18.

Mr. Jacques M.

I see now, dear Jacques, that you can not come to me. Stay near your praised beauty. Love her as much as you can; if she deserves it, through life,—if not that, then with all the abandon that you are capable of. My blessings are with you.

But let me tell you something that goes through my head, perhaps without any given reason, I am afraid of her somehow, this unresisting beauty of yours. These all too pretty women are dangerous, for you give them the greatest tenderness that a heart is capable of. And when in the space of time, sometimes sooner, sometimes later in life, her beauty fades, isn't it then a heartfelt disappointment, an unending pain?

But I do not desire to make your heart heavy. Your beautiful unknown one has certainly no time to fade as yet, and I trust her loveliness will last forever in your eyes.

Your

Edmund Duriez.

Aix-les-Bains, Aug. 13.

Mr. Edmund Duriez:

Don't worry about me, dear friend; I shall never marry a woman that does not have an eternal right to beauty. You no doubt are right in making the statement, if I were not sure of my Beatrix. Her name is Beatrix. Just think, at a picnic to which I was invited, I was, to my greatest joy, introduced to her! Her name is Beatrix Villiers, and she is the daughter of a prominent widow. She was there with her sister, who was somewhat older than Beatrix and not as pretty by far. But what does it matter? I love not the sister, but Beatrix, and am going to marry her. Yes, my dear, marry her! Are you surprised? Beatrix has taken quite a fancy to me, and an elderly lady that I know has promised to speak a good word for me to the mother of my beloved one. Tomorrow I am to meet the mother at her house at tea. Beatrix is the most beautiful of women, and I the happiest of men.

Your

Jacques.

Aix-les-Bains,
11 P. M., Aug. 13.

Mr. Edmund Duriez:

I feel somewhat blue. You brought me bad luck with your pessimistic views. I met Beatrix and her mother at the home of my old friend. I spent one of my happiest hours there talking to my dear one. Nothing lacked to the poetry of the moment: veranda, flowers, sunset behind the mountains, dying reflections on the sea; an ideal background for Beatrix's beauty. And still your words rang in my ears and I had to look at the mother all the time I was there. Mme. Villiers is a lady of about forty years, but it seems that in her last twenty years she changed into a horrid caricature. The small mouth droops away down; the big eyes are bleary; and the nose, especially the nose, which is so finely formed in the daughter, is horribly pointed in the mother. I noticed the change in the elder sister, who, it is said, was a beauty some few years ago, and who now is nearly homely. I ask myself, how will Beatrix look ten years from now? My worries are perhaps odd and queer, but they spoiled by entire evening. I saw a photo of Mme. Villiers, taken on her eighteenth birthday; she

MARGARET M. COULSON

Daughter of Mrs. Frank C. Coulson, 1620 Arlington Ave. Miss Coulson is taking the Library Course in the Illinois State University

looked like a Madonna then. Is it possible that in such a short time a woman can change so? I am scared about it, dear friend; advise your

Jacques.

P. S.—I took a good look at the old lady who entertained us. She is still beautiful, in spite of her sixty-five years. She looks like a portrait of Marquise de Pompadour.

Valjoli, Sept. 1.

Mr. Jacques M.

I regret exceedingly to have been the cause of your worry. What has the face of Mme. Villiers to do with you? You are not going to marry her. And then, every woman has her own future. The blessings which you will receive during this time will amply repay you when she gets older. Honor Mme. Villiers, who no

doubt is a highly esteemed lady, and love her daughter.

Your

Edmund.

Aix-les-Bains.

Dear Friend:

I had fully made up my mind to follow your advice and throw all minor worries aside, but luck is playing with me. Judge for yourself: I stand very highly with the family of my Beatrix; they are very hospitable to me and I figure secretly as an eligible marriage candidate for Beatrix. Every one here is talking about our supposed engagement * * *

The Villiers had the happy idea to ask Mme. Villiers' mother to visit at Aix-les-Bains. Soon after her arrival she and I became good friends. What worried me when I saw the mother, scared me when I saw the grandmother. She too must have been a beauty when she was the age of Beatrix. And what a fright she looks today! And now I must compare the three—no, there are four: the oldest sister must be counted in. I have the continuous change before my eyes: in five years, in twenty, in forty years—. And to say that Beatrix is today at the height of her beauty—!

Answer soon.

Your

Jacques.

Mr. Jacques M.

(Per Telegram.)

Get married, my friend, get married. Why worry about tomorrow? The most beautiful flowers only bloom for one day.

Edmund.

Aix-les-Bains, Sept. 7.

Mr. Edmund Duriez:

Everything is over. Beatrix's beauty is too complete, so that I never could look at her fading away; I would suffer too much. I leave here tomorrow and come to you, so that I can forget.

Jacques.

Mr. Jacques M.

(Per Telegram.)

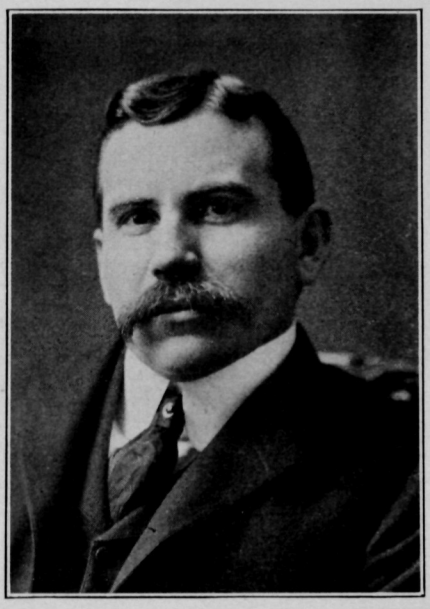
I expect you, but you are a fool!

Edmund Duriez.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

ALFRED FARLOW, C. S. D.

Chairman Christian Science Publication Committee for the United States



ALFRED FARLOW, C. S. D.

THEN Paul stood on the midst of Mars' Hill and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotion, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." (Acts 17, 23.)

It is well to have faith even in the absence of knowledge, but it is far better to have understanding. One's confidence in any given thing is greatly increased with an exact knowledge of it. Surely if God is a Being to be approached and trusted by mortals it is needful that He should be well known by them. The statement which Paul made could be applied to this age. To say, "Ye are too superstitious" is equivalent to declaring, Ye know too little. We depend too much upon blindly drifting through the world instead of learning the truth and laboring intelligently.

ITS NAME AND PURPOSE.

Science is defined as "Knowledge; comprehension or understanding of facts or principles; what is known concerning a subject; a branch of knowledge." Christian Science is the exact understanding of all the essentials of Christianity. The Master declared, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." To have a correct, positive, certain sense of God in contradistinction to a mere opinion as to what He is, and to understand His son, His offspring, as His image and likeness, and to deport one's self accordingly, lifts one above mortal frailty into that state wherein existence is substantial and permanent. The sole duty of the Christian is to manifest the will of God, to be God-like—to be the image and likeness of God. It is therefore apparent that we must understand what God is, His very nature and essence, in order that we may know what we have to do to be like Him. One whose life conforms to the divine model supersedes the necessity of creeds and doctrines. Such a one is guided aright by the Principle of righteousness and has no need of rules and regulations. He who has a comprehensive and clear understanding of God, and striving to be like Him, shapes his course accordingly, makes rapid progress heavenward; for he moves intelligently, not altogether experimentally. Each step is a stride for eternity, and he needs never to retrace. As the study of mathematics includes the use of the examples for practice, so the study of Christian Science includes the demonstration of its teaching. In her text-book, Mrs. Eddy has truly written, "We must recollect that Truth is demonstrable when understood, and that good is not understood until demonstrated." No one can be sure of his understanding of this Science without using his knowledge, for the results of practice are the proofs of his understanding.

WHAT IT TEACHES.

We trust that we have made it clear to our readers that the first lesson in this Science is the true definition of God. If the nature and essence of the Creator are clearly understood, the mode and method of His creating, and the nature and constituency of His creation, are also made clear. A correct sense of God in all His characteristics and attributes,—a knowledge of all there is to learn about Him,—includes an understanding of how and what He creates.

The major premise of the Christian Science syllogism is the declaration, "God is Spirit." The minor premise is its likeness—the Scriptural statement, "So God (Spirit) created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him." Those who will endorse these Biblical texts as true, and adhere to them consistently, must of necessity accept the entire teaching of this Science. If God is Spirit, and man is the product or likeness of Spirit, the logical conclusion is that man is spiritual and not material. Very few find fault with the teachings of Christian Science in respect to God and the original man as having been made in God's image and likeness, but some are not yet willing to continue faithful to these premises and accept the logical deductions therefrom. Christian Science bases its teaching in respect to God and creation upon the Scriptures, and sticks to its text—builds consistently with its foundation.

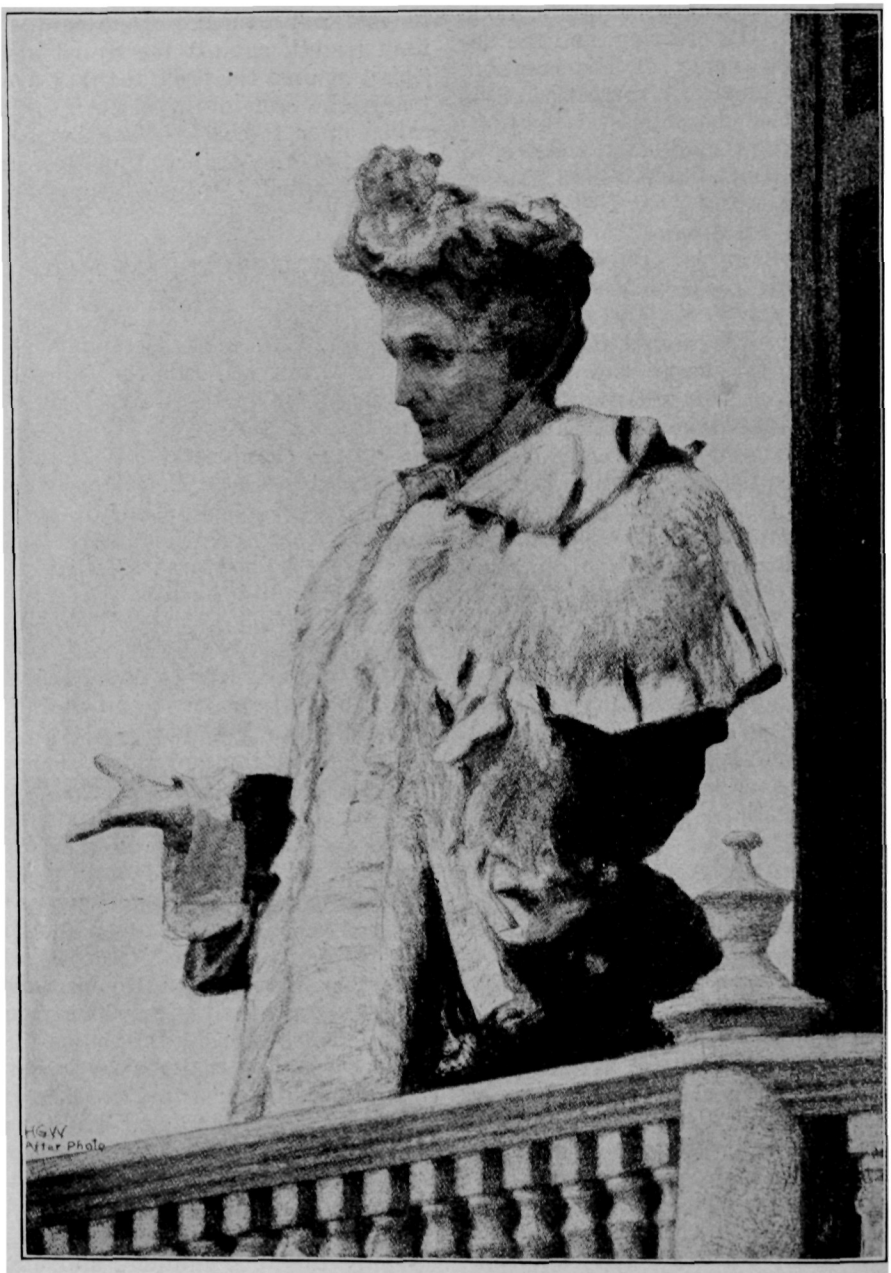
A study of this Science necessitates a correlative study of the Bible upon which it depends for its theory. For this reason we quote frequently from the Holy Scriptures.

Jesus' teaching: "God is Spirit" is as radically contradictory to the testimony of the five personal senses as any Science text-book. These senses declare, I do not and will not believe that God is omnipresent Spirit: I do not see any Spirit. He who believes that deity is Spirit, does so in direct contradiction of material sense and is to that extent in harmony with Christian Science. If he is willing to belittle the personal senses sufficiently to accept the Biblical definition of God, he only needs to hold to this text, to endorse that system of scientific Christianity which is builded on this fundamental lesson. It is not profitable to contend for the testimony of the personal senses since they give and teach exclusively of the temporal, transient, and fleeting? Material sense gives neither place nor reality to Spirit nor to spiritual things, while spiritual understanding gives neither place nor reality to material things. Paul said, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, for they are contrary, the one to the other." We are called upon to choose this day which we will serve, the claims of matter, or the facts of Spirit. "No man can serve two masters."

SPIRITUAL REALITY AND MATERIAL UNREALITY.

However, the abstract statement that matter is unreal needs the fuller explanations given in the body of the Christian Science text-book. This we might also say of the question of the unreality of sin and disease. In Science we study reality from a spiritual view-point, making only that real which is, to use the words of "Science and Health," "eternal and incapable of discord and decay." Mortal existence is but a dream which soon passes away, because it is a dream and not a reality. "The place which has known it, knows it no more." It vanishes into its native nothingness, while Spirit and spiritual phenomena are unchanging and eternal verities. True Science begins with God and involves the knowledge of the true constituency of all things. If we understand clearly what God is, His very nature and essence, we also understand true manhood as His image and likeness. With these two lessons clear in consciousness, we have a standard with which to measure all that is seen by the senses.

The statement that matter is nothing should not be construed to mean that creation is unreal, but that it is not what it seems. One may properly declare an illusive sense of any given thing to be unreal, even while the thing itself is real. In Science we attach the term reality only to the immutable and eternal. We believe that in our present unspiritual condition we have a more or less erroneous concept of God and creation which will gradually disappear as we advance spiritually; that this progress will continue until finally we shall awake in the likeness of God, when we shall see as He sees, heaven and earth in all their

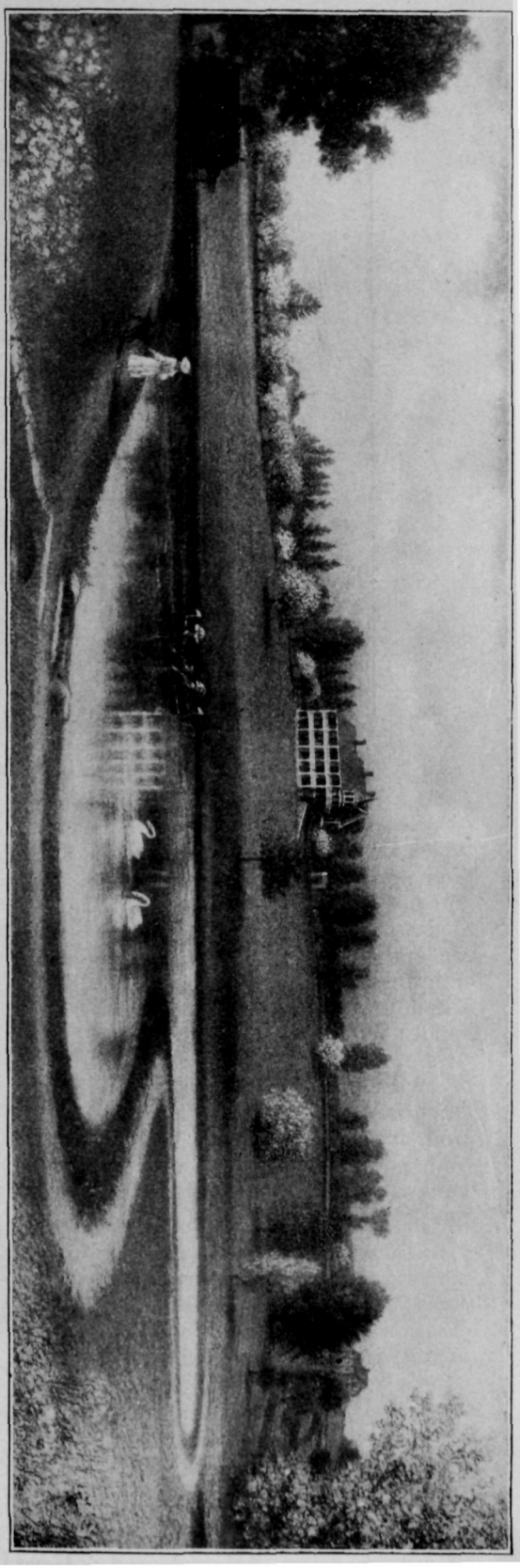


MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY
Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science

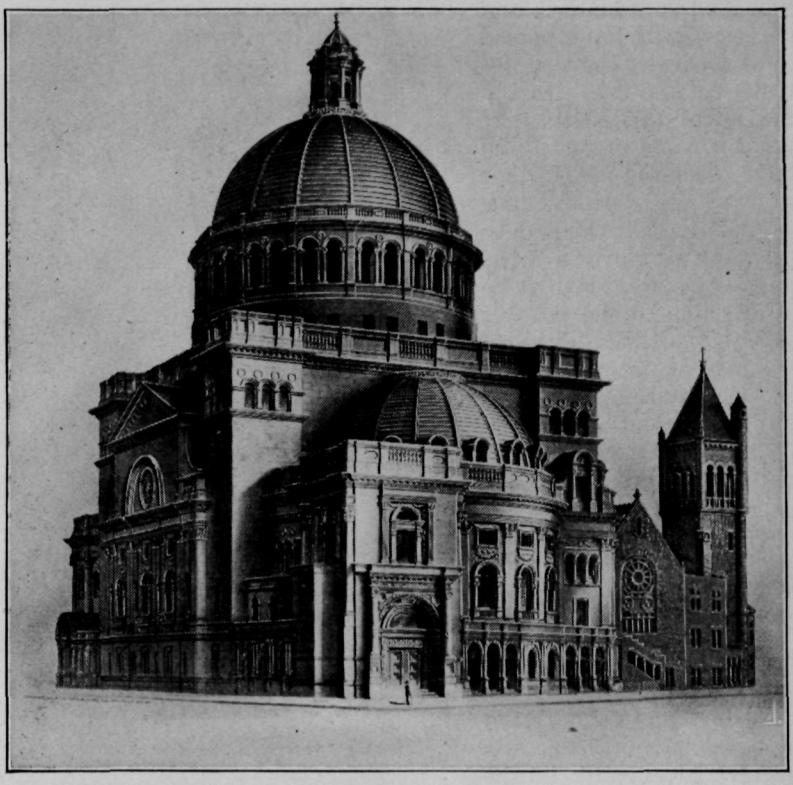
beauty, perfection and spirituality; and the false human view will have passed away forever. One speaks of the beauties and wonders of nature and asks, *Do* you mean to say that all of this is illusion? We answer, no, but it is not material and perishable. Paul declared, "If that which is done away is glorious, how much more glorious is that which doth remain." If creation is glorious to us in our present condition what will it be to us when we are able to see it as it really is? When we shall have attained perfection, the beauty of nature will exceed its present presentation, as infinitude surpasses our present degree of comprehension. Matter is the belief that the spiritual universe is material when in fact it is spiritual. This belief is not true, hence we say there is nothing in it —it matters nothing. In other words, there is no matter.

Let us summarize in this manner. God is Spirit or Mind. The result of mind labor, mind action, mind exercise—the product of mind—is thought. Mind thinks its thought, evolves its idea. Its creation is therefore ideal, and, in the language of the Christian Science textbook, "Mind and thought comprise the whole of God and man." We do not look upon darkness as an entity. It is not regarded as something, but as the want of something, the want of light. So evil should be understood as the absence of good, disease the want of health, discord the lack of harmony.

If we plant ourselves unreservedly upon the premise that God is Spirit and the only Creator and are faithful thereto we must hold that His creation is spiritual—the infinite expression of infinite Mind. If we stick to our text, hold to the foregoing premises, we must regard all which is seen or perceived, physically, as illusion. Spirit, God is infinite, is really Substance, and actually occupies space. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Therefore, if Spirit, or Mind, which we term God fills all space, there is no room for any other substance and there is nothing besides the infinite Mind and Its ideas. All else which claims place and existence is false. God created all that was made, and it was very good; hence evil has no creator, no source, and, therefore, has only a mythical existence.



PLEASANT VIEW, CONCORD, N. H. RESIDENCE OF MARY BAKER G. EDDY



THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS.

The appearance of evil is a false claim which must have a hearing at the bar of God and be proved a nonentity. One can not be aware of the omnipotence of God without realizing the impotency of sin and disease. If God becomes to us infinitely great His opposite, evil, must become to us infinitesimal—infinitely small. We can not believe in the greatness of God without seeing the littleness of evil. The prayer of a Christian Scientist brings one into communion with God, into a realization of His presence and power, into the consciousness of man's real being, and this breaks the power of sin and disease.

Sin should be defined as the conduct of mortals induced by a wrong sense, and consequent misappropriation of God's creation. Sin includes, therefore, all the mistakes of life as well as willful wickedness—all errors in thought, word and deed. All sin is instigated by ignorance—the false belief that there is pleasure, profit, gain, or benefit in error. Therefore, the remedy for sin is practice prompted by a knowledge of the bliss of doing good and the inevitable penalty of wrong doing. Mortals must learn that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Christian Science may offer something really new to other theories, though it is as old as God himself, but we could scarcely expect new and improved results without an improvement upon the old ways of thinking and doing.

ITS RELATION TO THE ORTHODOX CHURCH.

What we have written must make it apparent to our readers that Christian Science does not supplant primitive Christianity but restores it. It does not interfere nor conflict with the Christianity of the churches, but renders it more practical. It does not supersede the Bible, but gives a new interpretation thereof. The adherents of this faith pray to the "God of our fathers," the "God of Isaac and of Jacob," the God of the "Orthodox Church." But they pray under the light of Christian Science.

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the discoverer of this Science, credits much to the orthodox church, of which she was a member from early childhood. Her marvelous wisdom, the goodness and spirituality which made her fit to perceive the

exalted teaching of Christian Science was acquired while practicing the professions of that church. On this subject we quote from her June, 1901, message to the Mother Church of this denomination: "Among the list of blessings infinite I count these dear: Devout orthodox parents; my early culture in the Congregational Church; the daily Bible reading and family prayer; my cradle hymn and the Lord's prayer, repeated at night; my early association with distinguished Christian clergymen who held fast to whatever is good, used faithfully God's word, and yielded up graciously what He took away. It was my fair fortune to be often taught by some grand old divines, among whom were the Rev. Abrahm Burnham of Pembroke, N. H., Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., of Concord, N. H., Congregationalists; Rev. Mr. Boswell of Bow, N. H., Baptist; Rev. Enoch Courser and Rev. Corban Curtis, Congregationalists; and Father Hines, Methodist Elder."

Christian Scientists accept the Bible teaching in respect to the atonement, baptism, Christ and all the essentials of Christianity, and are ready to defend their ideas of these from a Scriptural standpoint.

Referring to the Orthodox Church, in her work entitled, "Pulpit and Press," Mrs. Eddy has written, "I love the Orthodox Church and in time it will love Christian Science." If this Science could have been accepted by the church it would not have needed an institution of its own; but the peculiar mental condition of the age made it necessary that this system should found its own denomination and work outside the pale of the church for a period, and until it has thoroughly proved the truth of its theory and destroyed in a large measure human incredulity.

RESIDENCE OF F. C. WATERBURY

SAMPLE ADVERTISING AND CIVIL RIGHTS

W. A. GRAHAM

It is not easy for a man who has just come off the firing line, and holds himself in readiness to be at any moment called back to it, to discuss, without any taint of partisanship or narrow-mindedness, the principles and the possible results of a lawsuit. Yet since that is what I have been called upon to do, I shall try to lay aside the role of advocate and for the nonce assume that of the essayist.

The color line, whenever it is drawn in any way whatever in the Northern States, is likely to provoke anger and resentment, irrespective of the right of the offender to draw it.

With the color question generally, I prefer not to deal. Every man must determine for himself what treatment he shall accord to members of the negro race; and whether he shall grant to them more than the laws of Iowa demand that he shall grant, is a topic upon which I have no advice to offer.

The Civil Rights Statute of Iowa, known as Section 5008 of the Code, provides that: "All persons within this State shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, restaurants, chop houses, eating houses, lunch counters and all other places where refreshments are served. public conveyances, barber shops, bath houses, theaters and all other public places of amusement. Any person who shall violate the provisions of this section by denying to any person, except for reasons by law applicable to all persons, the full enjoyment of any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities or privileges enumerated herein, or by aiding or inciting such denial, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

It was out of an alleged violation of this statute that an interesting case grew, during the Pure Food Show, the circumstances of which were about as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, both colored people of standing and respectability, the husband a lawyer and an alumnus of the University of Iowa; and the wife prominent in the work of bettering the women of her race, attended the Pure Food Show on the night of Saturday, November 23d, being admitted to the hall by tickets which had been presented to them by their grocer, a Mr. Sonderliter.

The Pure Food Show, held annually by the Des Moines Retail Grocers' Association under the superintendence of Secretary Fred H. Beaner, consists of a variety of booths, leased by the Association to different manufacturers for the exhibition of their wares to the public. In this it in no respect differs from the Iowa State Fair, the ticket of admission in each instance entitling its holder to pass inside the grounds or halls and view the exhibits.

As at the State Fair, the Food Show exhibitors use various means for advertising their goods, chief among which is the donation of samples of the foods on show.

Thus at the J. T. Polk Company's booth, the demonstrators gave out little dishes of peas and beans or a taste of soup, the Davidson Bros.' booth gave sample pieces of their candies; and so on, around the circle. The purpose of these donations was to advertise by actual sample of the prepared edibles; and to appeal to the housewives through the sense of taste. No charge was made or consideration required for any of these advertising samples. It was all free, gratis, and for nothing, the donations being made by the exhibitors upon their own motion and of their own goods. The management of the show in no instance had anything to do with the exhibitions or the methods of advertising adopted.

Among others the J. H. Bell Company of Chicago leased a booth, to exhibit and demonstrate its coffees. The booth was in charge of Mr. F. J. Lane, one of the company's salesmen and a very polished gentleman. The method of advertising adopted at this booth was to give away the Bell coffee, prepared in liquid form as for table use, with or without cream or sugar, in little sample cups; the idea, of course, being to give the visitor at the booth an accurate idea of the merit of the Bell coffee by actually tasting it.

It may be here observed that the whole purpose of the show was to advertise; not to serve refreshments. No refresh-

ments, as such, were served at any time; but all the trouble which afterwards occurred grew out of the fact that the advertising matter used at the Food Show booths, *i. e.*, the samples of food and drink and confectionery, are much the same articles of sustenance as are, under other circumstances, used as refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, after visiting some of the other booths, at which they were served gratuitously with samples of the wares being advertised, at length came to the Bell booth, at which, at that moment, several women were standing sipping coffee. Mr. Lane addressed Mr. Brown: "We are not serving the colored people at the booth. If you will take seats we will be glad to serve you"; to which Mr. Brown replied that they were not born in those states where they had to do that, or something to that effect. Mr. Lane then said: "This is positive; pass on."

Mr. Brown then enquired the title of the booth and Mr. Lane's name, and with his wife left the hall.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Brown's relation of what occurred, as well as Mrs. Brown's, omits Mr. Lane's offer to seat them and serve them, and also his own refusal to be served except at the booth. The story as given is as Mr. Lane himself tells it. The material parts of both stories are, however, the same, in that the color line, if there was such discrimination as is contemplated in the Civil Rights Statute, appears as the moving cause.

On the following Monday, November 25th, Mr. Brown caused Mr. Lane's arrest, the charge laid being an infringement of Civil Rights, under section 5008, the maximum penalty upon conviction of which is a year's imprisonment, a fine of $1,000.00, or both, at the discretion of the court.

The offense charged against Mr. Lane being what is known under our law as an indictable misdemeanor, it was triable on preliminary hearing before the magistrate in whose court the information had been filed. Justice of the Peace Fred A. Cope was the individual upon whom devolved the rather unpleasant responsibility of saying whether or not Mr. Lane should be bound over to await the action of the grand jury.

The preliminary trial was begun on the 10th of December and occupied three days; and it awakened a great deal of public interest. The colored population of Des Moines, especially, were stirred up and thronged the court room at all times. It was realized upon their part that the situation was surcharged with grave importance, being, as it was, a new departure in the law of Civil Rights. Upon the part of the defense, also, the gravity of the situation was fully realized, not only because of the possible consequences to the defendant on trial, but to the advertising public generally.

The case, as already indicated, hinged largely upon a question of statutory construction; the prosecution insisting that the situation was one covered by the terms of the statute, and fully within its intendment; while the defense as stoutly maintained that the law in no sense covered it.

Messrs. Woodson and Brown, the well known colored attorneys—Mr. Woodson of Oskaloosa, reputed to be the most eloquent of his race in Iowa, and Mr. S. Joe Brown, his partner, who with his wife were the chief witnesses for the State, presented the case for the prosecution. It devolved upon myself to present it for the defense.

It was apparent that the color line had been drawn. The question was whether it was lawfully drawn. And to a solution of this question both sides bent all their energies.

Messrs. Woodson and Brown contended with great vehemence that the Bell Coffee Booth at the Pure Food Show was a place where refreshments were served, within the meaning of the general porvision of the statute, which, after enumerating specifically inns, restaurants, lunch counters, chop houses and eating houses, applies further to "all other places where refreshments are served."

It was our position that the general words quoted referred only to other places of like character with inns and other places specifically enumerated, and that the Bell Coffee Booth, not being a place of like character, in any sense whatever with an inn, a restaurant, a lunch counter, all of which are places where the purpose and custom is to serve refreshments as such, to the general public, could not be held to be "a place where refreshments are

served'' of the kind and character intended and covered by the statute.

By the application to this Civil Rights Statute of what is known to lawyers as ''Lord Tenterden's Rule,'' a rule of construction universal in its recognition by the Courts of America as well as of England, the true meaning of the Iowa law, as the defense viewed it, becomes plain. That rule is that whenever a statute specifically enumerates certain things to which it is to apply, and then follows the specific enumeration by general words such as ''others,'' ''all others,'' etc., the general words refer back to the things specifically named for their meaning, and should be read ''other such like'' or ''others of the same kind and character.''

The Iowa Civil Rights Statute then, as contended by the defense, means, when properly read, only that all persons shall be entitled to equal privileges, etc., at inns, restaurants, lunch counters, chop houses, eating houses, and all other places of like kind and character where refreshments are served.

It will be seen at once that every one of the places specifically set out in the statute are of one kind and character and only one, to-wit, places where the business conducted is one of serving meals for compensation or hire; places where the refreshments consist of meals and lunches served as sustenance and food, and for a money consideration; places where the one purpose and intent of the proprietors is to sell food and sustenance as meals to the general public, for private gain.

It is a far cry, it would seem, from such a place to an advertising booth where samples of coffee were doled out in tiny cups, free, for the purpose only of demonstrating, by appealing to the taste and smell, the merits of the brand of goods upon exhibit.

The latter is advertising; the former, serving refreshments as intended by the statute. This was the position taken by the defense, and it constituted the fighting ground before Justice Cope.

It would seem that a man may do what he likes with his own property when disposing of it by gift or donation. The law does not, could not if it would, compel any person to give to A and B simply because he has given to C, D, E and F. No one, be he black, white, yellow or red, may demand donations as a matter of right, and therefore a refusal to donate to any person, no matter what the reason, infringes no right, either civil or legal. Surely this should be clear to every man. Any other view would mean bankruptcy or prison to every person whose generosity or business instinct led him to advertise by giving away anything.

A number of the Northern States enenacted these so-called Civil Rights Statutes during the early '80's; and in several of these states the courts have been called upon to construe the general blanket clauses. In each instance they have applied ''Lord Tenterden's rule.'' Thus, in Illinois, it was held that a druggist's soda water fountain is not a place of refreshment within the meaning of the statute, in that it was in no sense of the same kind or character as an inn, or the other places enumerated.

In Ohio and Minnesota it was held that saloons were not such places of refreshment as were intended to be covered; and in New York and Connecticut the courts construed the statutes of those states in the same way, by the same rule, as inapplicable to boot-blacking stands and barber shops, holding that they were not ''places of public accommodation'' of the kind and character intended by their laws.

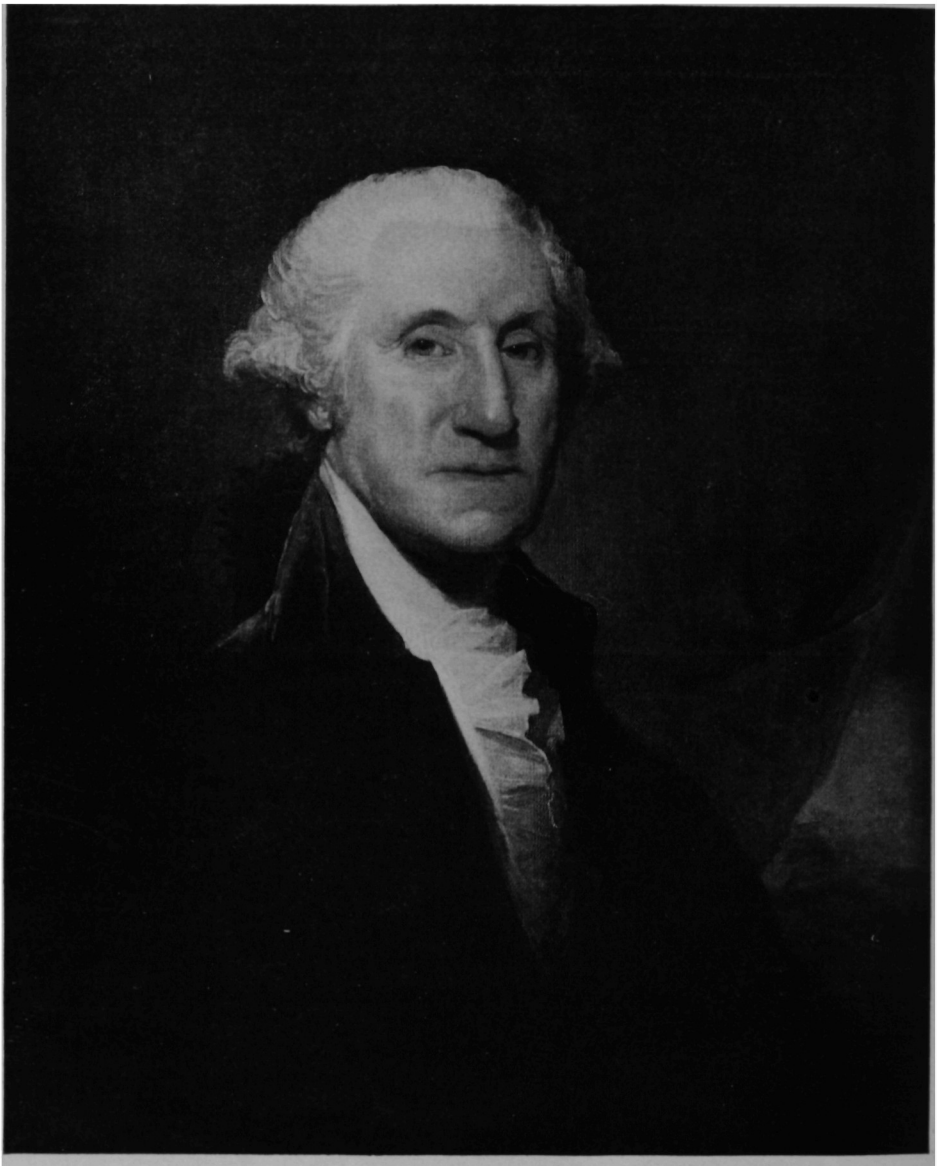
As the statutes of New York, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois and Minnesota are almost identical with that of Iowa it is not to be supposed that the Iowa court will do otherwise than to reach the same conclusion when the question shall be submitted to it. Indeed, it can hardly do otherwise, in the light of precedent and authority, and upon elementary principle.

The Iowa Civil Rights Statute does not mean that whenever or wherever a person is discriminated against because of color or other reason not applicable to all, a civil right is therefore infringed and a crime committed; it means only that when such discrimination occurs in any of the places specifically enumerated in the law, or in other places of like kind or character, the person who thus discriminates may be held to answer.

And this without regard to considerations of color or of race, would seem to be the law.

I have not attempted here any discussion as to the right of legislatures, upon principles of constitutional limitation, to make such laws applicable to places not charged with public, or quasi-public interest. My own opinion is that some of the provisions of the Iowa statute are beyond that right and would not withstand attack; but the questions involved in a constitutional discussion are too broad for this occasion. The statute as it stands, however, is highly penal, and being so, it should be construed with strictness, and with due regard to the established rules of law. Crimes are not to be supplied by implication, and unless every act in question is covered by the terms of the statute, the courts will not hold them criminal.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
President of the United States



Loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of New York

GEORGE WASHINGTON
The Gibbs-Chauning-Avery Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

A PARTY OR TWO

LOUISE EVERETT RALSTON

A Greater Des Moines means many things, and among them a greater demand for opportunity along many lines. Our churches are bigger, our schools more commodious, our homes rapidly increasing in number, and society—the social life among our best people—keep pace with other currents. Old residents in Des Moines, each year adding to their list of acquaintances, are no longer able to make calls every few months upon all of their friends. Once a person could give a dinner at home, in the family dining-room, and seat all friends at one table. It was easy then to keep social debts paid up with little work or worry by entertaining at home. But now, in the presence of Greater Des Moines, to most people this is impossible. Even calling generally upon all of one's acquaintances is almost given up. And to have a dinner party for one's whole list is impossible for anybody who has lived even a few years in the city. The servant girl question, too, has proved a serious damper upon home entertaining. A careful housewife thinks a long time before she gives a big party at home. She hesitates to trust her china and glass ware to the ordinary caterers and transient servants. The wear and tear upon rugs and floors and furnishings is something to consider most seriously. And thus it has become customary to entertain in other places than one's own home. I well remember the first invitation I ever received stating that the party was to be given at a hotel. It seemed funny, but when I went to the party and saw with what ease the hostess entertained I, with others, was delighted. No worry or hurry for the hostess, no telephoning for eatables, dishes and help—none of the distress and anxiety incident upon the giving of a big party at home—and perhaps best of all, no after fussing and cleaning, and no pile of linen to do up.

Nothing for my lady to do but dress and look charming, and go to her own party a little in advance of her guests, and after it was all over, just step into her carriage and be driven home to a lovely, clean, orderly house. But with the growth of the city, even greater crowds must be accommodated. And so, not long ago, I received cards to a company to be given at Shrine Temple in the afternoon. To the uninitiated "Shrine Temple" may suggest puddin'-head gods and flat faced goddesses. But when I went to the party, only extreme pleasure and a sense of wonder filled me. In this immense place, re-made from the old First M. E. Church, there is every evidence of taste and elegance. Commodious dressing rooms, handsome parlors, immense dining-room seating 500 at once, and a dancing hall that perfectly delighted me as soon as I saw it. The floor was covered for this party. All of the chandeliers were decorated, the walls hung with greenery, and two hundred and fifty guests played six-handed euchre, and afterward were served with a delicious spread of three courses. Everybody had a glorious time. The ladies in their loveliest gowns, the soft lights from hundreds of shaded electric bulbs, the fragrance from masses of American Beauty roses, and the chatter and laughter all combined to give an impression of the joy of living not soon or easily forgotten. Everybody voted the "Temple" an ideal place in which to give a big party. One of my friends who was there caught the inspiration of the occasion and in a few weeks I received her card for an evening company.

If anything, this was more delightful still. The soft pink light in the ball room recalled vividly the pink ball room scene in "Erminie," with which opera lovers of a few years ago were all familiar. The hosts and hostesses—there were three of each—received in one of the parlors joining the ball room. The music was alluring and everybody, young and old, to the number of 500, assembled in the big place, some looking on, others dancing.

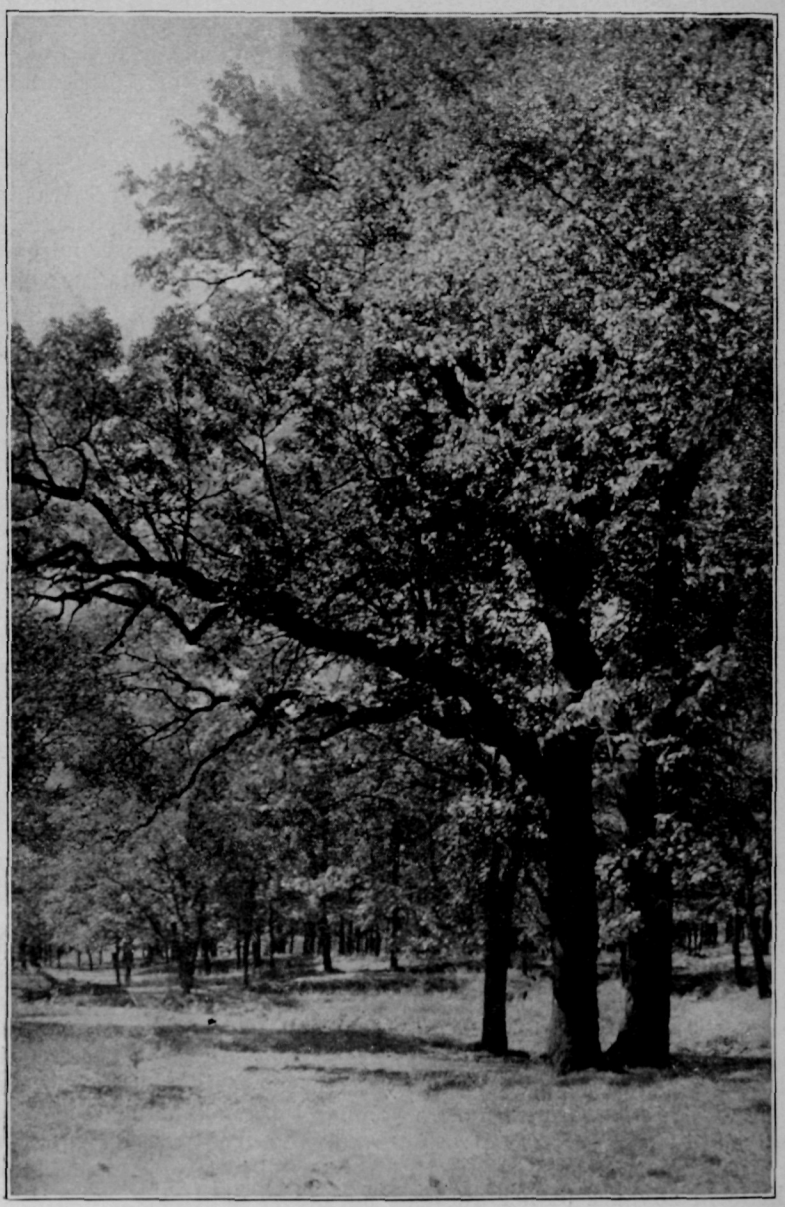
The floor was perfect—it cannot be matched in Des Moines. In the big dining-room downstairs refreshments were served.

Shrine Temple is thus attaining a celebrity all its own, in the matter of availability for parties, large or small, for day or evening.

The parlors and dining-rooms can be arranged to accommodate any sized company. Messrs. F. C. Evans and C. H. Austin have charge of all matters pertaining to the rental of the rooms and the serving for parties.

Satisfaction is guaranteed. And any woman who knows what it is to endure the wear and tear of entertaining in her own home, will certainly bless me for giving the information contained in this little story, and contemplate following the example of these herein related.

The managers may be consulted either by phone or in person, at Shrine Temple, Ninth and Pleasant Streets. A number of engagements are booked for January. I wish I could tell you about these big parties in prospect. But I must leave you to guess—until your invitations reach you.



BIG TREES IN WAVELAND PARK

ABBIE BEN ADAMS

Abbie Ben Adams, may her life be spared,
Awoke one night and felt a trifle scared
For on her shirt waist box, cross-legged sate
A Vision writing on a little slate.
Exceeding nervousness made Abbie quake,
And to the Vision timidly she spake:
"What writest thou?" The Vision looked appalled
At her presumption, and quite coldly drawled:
"The list of our Best People who depart
For watering places sumptuous and smart."
"And am I in it?" asked Miss Abbie.
"No,"
The scornful Vision said: "You're poor, you know."
"I know," said Abbie. "I go where it's cheap;
I can't afford mountains or prices steep,
But, ere you leave, just jot this item down,—
I never leave my cats to starve in town."
The Vision wrote, and vanished. Next night late,
He came again, and brought his little slate,
And showed the names of the people really best,
And, lo, Miss Abbie's name led all the rest.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Practical Ideals.*

A GENEROUS FOE

There is a well authenticated anecdote of two dogs at Donaghadee of a fact which took place before many witnesses. One of them was a Newfoundland and the other a mastiff. They were powerful animals, and well matched and though generally good tempered, they would often fight when they met. One day they had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier; so fierce that they both fell into the sea, and as the pier was long, they could only get to the shore by swimming a considerable distance. This new peril put an end to their quarrel. The Newfoundland, being in his element and an excellent swimmer, soon gained the landing place, and scrambled upon the pier, looking around for his late antagonist, but the mastiff being a bad swimmer, was struggling in the waves and evidently in danger of drowning. In dashed the Newfoundland, taking the other gently by the collar, kept his head above the water, and finally brought him safely to the shore. After this the two never fought again, but when the Newfoundland was killed a year or two after, by a railway carriage passing over him, his former rival and antagonist languished and pined, and was for a time nearly inconsolable.
—*Sagacity in Animals.*

OH THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE

In one of our local churches, last Sunday, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove," was sung by the soprano, and "Oh, that I had wings," sang the contralto, and even the tenor and bass joined in the longing for "wings like a dove." The music was finely rendered, but while listening to it, and afterwards to the words of the pastor, as he prayed that he might be "borne on the *pinions* of faith,"—the writer could not help thinking, irreverently perhaps, but relevantly nevertheless, of the countless variety of bird's wings and feathers worn by members of the congregation that morning in church. And not only were wings and feathers used, but even birds themselves!

Poor birds! They looked as if they would like to "fly away and be at rest!" Celia Thaxter, with her intense love for birds, wrote "God gave us these exquisite creatures for delight and solace, and we suffer them to be slain by thousands for our adornment. A bit of ribbon, or a bunch of flowers, or any of the endless variety of materials used by the milliner, would answer every purpose of decoration, without involving the sacrifice of bright and beautiful lives."

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A HORSE

When I was a little girl we lived in the country, about a mile from the little schoolhouse. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy my father generally carried us in the morning and we stayed at school through the day.

Our horse, Charley, was very knowing and kind. He knew so well the way from our house to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often towards the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to the road and say, "Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, would himself turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the wagon and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him and he ended his days with us. A. H. N.

'Tis the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

The time to succed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is won in the home stretch
And won—'twixt the flag and the wire.

—John Trotwood Moore.

When a man declares that he has not a friend in the world, he has sought in vain; a woman who makes such a declaration has probably run through a score.

With holly bright and mistletoe,
We'll care not how the winds may blow,
But by the cheery yule log's blaze,
On this, the children's day of days,
While gladsome carols greet the ear,
We'll drain the chalice of good cheer.

—The Four Track News.

The world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat
For you get a thorn with every rose—
But ain't the roses sweet?

"WERE HALF THE POWER"

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

—*Longfellow.*

Loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of New York

PORTRAIT OF A MAN, BY HALBEIN

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

EDITED BY MIRANDA

In "The Flight to Eden," a novel by Harrison Rhodes, the author evidently believes that safety lies in running away. He would put the gain on the top shelf, entirely out of reach. This method of life took Basil Forrester, after a tragic experience, from London to the wilds of Florida. He felt that his presence had brought and could bring only sorrow to women. Therefore, after a season, he fell in love with a perfectly unsophisticated and illiterate girl of natural nobility, and took her away still farther into the back woods, where we are left to hope he found his Eden. A hint is given that his son was sent back to fight his battles on the field abandoned by his father.

Henry Holt Co., $11.50

"Gunhild," by Dorothy Canfield, is described as an American-Norwegian romance. It portrays a group of ordinary people, whose nerves seem to have been entirely shattered, for no reason that we can see. Every one gets rasped, everything is done "suddenly." Impatience, sharpness, torment, and all violent expression accompany the daily routine. An old lady develops sciatica, and the party of four are obliged to stay in a little Norwegian village until she recovers. This is the reason they all lose their tempers. As to the love stories introduced, they are disjointed and ineffective, and after seeking in vain for the purpose of the story, it ends in the air. HENRY HOLT & CO., $1.50.

A Great Edition of Dickens

Lovers of the writings of Charles Dickens will hail with delight the appearance of a new and handsome edition of his works which will contain new material to the amount of nearly 130 articles which are now collected for the first time.

This new edition, known as the "National Edition" of Dickens, is to be the most exhaustive and complete edition ever published, and is designed to rank as the final and definitive edition of his works. To that end the authorized English publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall have reprinted all the known writings of Charles Dickens, not only his fiction, but his letters, speeches, plays and poems as well, together with Forster's standard and indispensable "Life." The text which has been used is that which was corrected by Dickens himself during the last two years of his life, and contains all the emendations which he made when the volumes passed for the last time through his hands.

The greatest care has been taken with the illustrations, which will reproduce all the pictures which were drawn for their editions during the life of the author, and which may therefore be held to have received his personal approbation. These illustrations have been printed from a duplicate set of the original steel plates on the finest India paper and mounted on plate paper; while to these old illustrations have been added a complete series of portraits, additional illustrations, facsimiles and reproductions of handwriting, many of which have not been included in any collected edition of the novelist's works.

The illustrating of Dickens attracted most of the great artists of the time, so that the roll of artists whose work is included contains the name of nearly every great black-and-white artist of the Victorian era, and includes George Cruikshank, Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") Leech, Doyle, Maclise, Landseer, Seymour, Cattermole, Tenniel, Walker, Kenny Meadows, Pinwell, and many others.

The publishers have given to this edition a very elegant and distinguished *format*, printing it in forty large octavo volumes on pure rag paper of the highest quality at the famous press of T. and A. Constable of Edinburgh, and it is bound in full green sateen stamped in gold. The edition is strictly limited to 750 sets for England and America, and is for sale in the retail department of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The reception of Mrs. Wharton's great novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," has been one of the most unusual and appreciative enthusiasm.

"Mrs. Wharton has embodied life, not lectured upon it," said the *Evening Post*. "Justine," said the *Sun*, "will command the consideration of thoughtful people as Lily Bart never did, for her strength and poise of character, her complete self abnegation and devotion to the ideals in which she believed and constantly sustained through severe tests." "This new novel far surpasses the other in sustained and dramatic action," said the Chicago Tribune, and the Boston Advertiser declares "her precision and directness in delineation of character are far beyond that of any other novelist today." "It is a story to be remembered as a story, and the story is an extraordinary one," said the Philadelphia Public Ledger. And the reviewer in the Baltimore Sun summed up the whole situation by saying: "The conventional phrases so near to the tip of the reviewer's pen do not seem applicable to the present novel, although there is not a phrase of praise that we might not justly apply to it. Among the works of the year it stands alone in strength and power, and marks the utmost achievement of the present-day novelist. The interest of the plot is not only constant, but insistent. the strength of it compels, the skill of it attracts, and its human interest causes the reader to admire the work of the author with a whole-souled sincerity that few novels can excite. Clearly "The Fruit of the Tree" is the crown of Edith Wharton's literary productively, and it must stand as one of the great novels of the twentieth century."

Representative Women

The blind but eminently distinguished preacher and scholar, whose sudden death last year all Scotland mourned, was engaged on this book the day before his life ended, and he left it incomplete. Three volumes on the "Representative Men of the Bible," had preceded it, to which this was the intended supplement. The larger part of it was sufficiently advanced to be put into shape for publication. Only those women of the Bible who are "types of female qualities represented in all time" were included in the author's design, and these he lived to draw the portraits of ten. The religious spirit, the poetic genius, and the literary skill of Dr. Matheson are indisputable. The excessive idealizing into which such qualities are prone to run appears in his portrait of Rebekah.

There are forty-seven drawings by Howard Pyle in his new volume of The Story of King Arthur and His Knights, which he calls "The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions." It is the third volume in the series, and takes up the most interesting of all the Round Table stories. The productions of the drawings and the excellence of the text, which is also by Mr. Pyle, make this a book for boys which is a permanently valuable one.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Has Obtained the Confidence of the Public Because

1. It is the only high grade powder sold at a moderate price.
2. It is not made by a Baking Powder Trust.
3. It leaves the smallest and most healthful residue in the food.
4. Food prepared from it is free from Rochelle Salts, Lime, Alum and Ammonia.
5. It is the strongest Baking Powder on the market.
6. It complies with the Pure Food Laws of all States.
7. GROCERS are authorized to GUARANTEE that food prepared from CALUMET is free from Rochelle Salts, Alum, Lime, Ammonia or any injurious substance.

$1,000.00

Given for Any Substance Injurious to Health Found in

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT

Drugs in Food

At a hearing before the Committee on Public Health, of the Massachusetts Legislature, on a bill designed to prevent the wholesale drugging of the public, the following eminent Boston physicians testied against the healthfulness of Rochelle Salts, and strongly recommended the passage of a law which would prohibit the sale of those Cream of Tartar Baking Powders which leave this dangerous drug in the food:
Dr. Hartung, Dr. C. O. Kepler, Dr. F. B. Foster, Dr. G. M. Palmer.

The average consumer of baking powder does not know that a reaction occurs in the process of baking. When a chemical reaction takes place the nature of the original material is entirely changed, so that the substances which remain in the food to be eaten are very different from those which compose the baking powder before baking. For this reason the statement that a baking powder contains Alum or Cream of Tartar is worthless so far as informing the consumer as to what he eats. What the consumer wants to know is what goes into his stomach; not what is in the can. The much advertised Cream of Tartar Trust powders are of such composition as to leave large quantities of Rochelle Salts in the food. They have never denied this; they dare not deny it. Why be induced by their clever advertising to buy their brands and pay 45 to 50 cents a pound for a baking powder that leaves in the food a medicine that should be taken only by the psysician's directions? The finest baking powder in the world can be made for 25 cents a pound.

There is a high grade baking powder on the market that is sold at a moderate price, and one that leaves the food free from Rochelle Salts, Alum, or any injurious substance. The Calumet Baking Powder Company guarantees this to the consumers, and it is well to avoid all baking powder that cannot make this statement. In view of the purity and healthfulness of Calumet Baking Powder it is recommended by the leading physicians and chemists of the country.

The Kansas State Board of Health in Bulletin No. 1 reports Calumet Baking Powder to have 12.41 per cent leavening gas; about 1 per cent more gas than any other high grade Powder, and about 50 per cent more gas than cheap powders.

Olive Oil As A Food

Olive oil is a highly concentrated food, a valuable article of diet, and should be used by American people as food, and not merely as a condiment. The body wastes away when deprived of fat, and a pure vegetable or fruit fat is superior to any other.

Olive oil is a valuable aid to digestion, a marvelous tissue builder, blood and nerve renovator, and its purifying and healthy qualities are of superior value. Appendicitis would die a natural death if olive oil were freely used.

The human laboratory will digest and assimilate every drop of this highly nutritious oil food. The skeleton frame calls for it; the wasted flesh and starved nerves demand it. The sluggish blood stream needs a lubricant, the pale cheeks a rosy hue, the dead scalp and falling hair, the dry skin call for nutrition, which can be obtained by producing pure olive oil into the daily rations.—Ellen Goodell Smith, M. D., in Iowa Health Bulletin.

Canned Goods

Consumption of legitimate, standard brands of canned goods could be increased 400 per cent through a well studied, carefully devised system of advertising directed mainly against the illegitimate trade. Through lack of such a system, however, it is a fact that the consumption of standard brands of canned foods is not keeping pace with the growth of population, and there is a growing aversion to all tinned products. There can be but one reason for such an aversion. Every manufacturer of standard brands knows his tinned products are of the purest and most excellent quality, and he knows they remain purer and more wholesome in the air-tight tins than any foods do without.

The whole trouble is that the legitimate trade has set back supinely content with moderate profits and permitted the

illegitimate trade to infringe upon its field until that trade now controls about four-fifths of the canned goods market. That is, four-fifths of the canned products sold in the United States are miscellaneous or private brands, and only about one-fifth are well recognized standard brands. As in the case in all instances where the illegitimate predominates, the whole canned goods trade has suffered a set-back in consequence of this condition.

Illegitimate, falsely represented products are the weeds that grow in the garden of trade. The legitimate or standard brands are the pure vegetables. Advertising is the hoe with which the weeds may be cut down and rooted out. When the weeds are once permitted to take root in the garden of trade they very soon blight all the other vegetation. Of all the weeds that grow in this garden the most destructive are the "private brands"—those products made by unknown manufacturers and put out by jobbers and retailers under their own names an doften represented to the public as being manufactured by the said jobbers and retailers. It is a regrettable fact, too, that some legitimate manufacturers sometimes sell their foods to these men and thus permit them to be marketed as the brands of others. Even though this may be a means of getting rid of some of the inferior products that the manufacturer would not care to put out under his own name, it is an extremely short-sighted and foolish policy that works untold harm on the canned goods trade. Better would it be for that manufacturer to burn such products than to let them go out to the trade even if they are sold under some other's name. But there are little manufacturers unknown to the trade, who make a business with supplying jobbers and retailers with products for their private brands. These manufacturers whose names do not appear on the containers and who thus have no reputation to sustain, and whose object is to make the greatest possible profit, very naturally put out very inferior products produced at the least possible expense. While on the other hand the manufacturer who puts out his own brands, and whose very existence depends upon their good quality and reputation, is going to put out the very best foods that skill and effort can produce. What a shame it is then that he should not strive with all his might to remove the unjust competition of the cheap and inferior illegitimate foods! What a shame it is that the manufacturers of legitimate canned foods should permit the garden to become overgrown with weeds!

Makers of legitimate brands will say that their products are already being extensively advertised, and that they already are plying the hoe most vigorously! Why then do the weeds still flourish? Why are the 'private brands' products which are casting such a stigma on the whole trade permitted to control four-fifths of the field? The only answer can be that the hoe is not plied vigorously enough. The manufacturer of standard goods ought to destroy the weeds, vine, stem and root until all the public may know that nothing but pure, untainted vegetables grow in the garden of the canned goods trade. Then the public would not hesitate to buy. Then the grocer would not offer to the purchaser some unwholesome, ill-tasting product as "just as good" as the standard product. Then the consumption of tinned goods would increase 200 per cent and, more, the legitimate brands would be the only ones consumed and thus their sales would increase until they would be ve or six times greater than they are now. By advertising the public should be made to know which brands are pure and which are not, which are legitimate and which are illegitimate, which are vegetables and which are weeds.

WHO I AM AND WHERE I CAME FROM

By A COFFEE BEAN

Lying in a package of coffee with a great many others like me and labeled the Bell Coffee, it occurred to me whether the Bell People, who pack a very fine grade of coffee, knew anything about my ancestry, and to set myself right before the world, I had my ancestral tree prepared through the medium of a learned scholar, who writes me the following facts:

"Your name was derived from the Arabic Khawan, there were fifty to sixty species, but the list is now restricted to twenty-two, of these seven belong geographically to Asia, and of the fifteen African species eleven are found in the West Coast, two in Central and East Africa and two are natives of Mauritius.

"The tree on which you grew is an evergreen plant of from eighteen to twenty feet high; when flowering you produce dense clusters of pure white color with a rich fragrant odor. Your use was known at a period placed at 875 A. D. You were first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia by a learned and pious Shiek. Down to 1690 the only supply of coffee was from Arabia and in that year the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies received a few coffee seeds from Arabia and Java, and these seeds he planted in the Garden of Batavia where they grew and flourished so abundantly that the culture was immediately commenced on an extended scale in Java. One of the first plants grown in that island was sent to Holland as a present to the Governor of the Dutch East India. It was planted in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam, and young plants grown from its seeds were sent to Suranam where it was cultivated. Ten years later the plant was introduced in the West Indian Islands and gradually the culture extended throughout the New World, till now, the progeny of the single plant sent from Java to Holland produces more coffee than is grown by all the other plants in the world. As we judge a woman's beauty by her shape, size and color, so your commercial value is determined. You belong to the medicinal class of food valuable from the stimulating effect upon the nervous and vascular system, you produce a feeling of buoyancy which does not end in depression, increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe exertion. Your value under the rigors of arctic cold has been demonstrated by all arctic explorers, and you are scarcely less useful in tropical regions where you stimulate the action of the skin."

I see, Mr. Bell, that you print on your package South American Mocha and Java. You are certainly right in this, this being a trade name for me, because I am a Mocha and Java descendant. I am proud of my birth and proud that the American people appreciate my qualities in the various brands you use me in.

Wishing you the best of success in the matter of supplying the people with pure goods, I am,

Yours very truly,

A Coffee Bean.

In connection with the above, we desire to state to our trade that we guarantee all our goods to conform to the Pure Food Law if sold in our original package and seal unbroken.

J. H. BELL & CO., Chicago, Ill.

November, 1906.

A Prevention For Typhiod

The belief is growing into greater prominence year by year that typhoid and diphtheria frequently find their source in contaminated milk. Often the contamination does not come from the cow, but results from the washing of the cans and utensils in polluted water. Also the adulteration of milk with water from an impure supply may account for the spread of these malignant diseases.

In Des Moines, however, there is little excuse for the spread of disease through the medium of the milk supply. For here we have in all the places where guaranteed articles are supplied, those which meet the demands of the pure food law, a perfectly pure milk, guaranteed against all germs of any sort whatever. This milk is the famous Pasteurized Milk, and is put through a heating and cooling process in thorough accord with the best scientific methods of modern times. Any person giving this milk a trial will never be willing to have anything else on the table. Every home keeper, who loves her own with a protecting love, would do well to begin the new year with a promise to use every method in her power to insure health and long life to her family. No better beginning could be made than by beginning the use of Pasteurized Milk and Cream.

Popularity Growing

Of all the down town eating places in Des Moines—and they are many and varied—not one has grown so rapidly in popularity with the public as has the Boston Lunch. A thing which especially appeals to one each time he enters, is the perfect cleanliness of everything. It might well be called "the cleanest spot in town." Everything is kept in such perfect order, that there is none of that general mussiness observed after a lot of people have eaten. Business men who constantly lunch down town, with dinner at home in the evening, require something palatable, easily digested and nutritious. This is just what is found at the Boston Lunch. Shoppers or travelers en route also require something ready and light, and the quickest place in town for service is the Boston Lunch. Another feature that has grown immensely in popularity is the box luncheons put up to order at short notice. These are in great demand by persons who do light housekeeping, by travelers and by many who like to take their luncheon to their offices instead of eating out. Both the east and the west side Boston Lunch are outgrowing their present quarters. The extreme popularity of these well known places speaks volumes both for them and for a greater and discriminating Des Moines.

Chas. Ebersole's Market
419 Sixth Ave.
Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Oysters, etc.
Mut. Phone 7966 L Ia. Phone 3828

BUTTER AND EGG MARKET
We make a specialty of
Fresh Eggs
Try our CLOVER DALE BUTTER. Country Butter always fresh
502 Sixth Ave. Phone Ia. 133J. Mut. 1238

Genuine Bargains in High-Grade Upright PIANOS
Slightly used instruments: 12 Steinways from $350 up; 6 Webers from $250 up; 9 Krakauers from $250 up; 7 Knabes from $250 up; 3 Chickerings from $250 up; also ordinary second-hand Uprights, $75 up; also 10 very fine Parlor Grand pianos at about half. New pianos, mahogany, $145 and up. Write for particulars. Cash or easy monthly payments.
LYON & HEALY, 2058 Adams St., Chicago
We ship pianos everywhere on approval

Grinding Razors, Shears, Clippers, Surgical Instruments, Etc.
Full Line of Cutlery and Barber Supplies.
IOWA ELECTRIC GRINDING CO.
306 Locust Street. Des Moines, Iowa.

The Allward - Bowman Glass Company

...Are Makers of...

Fine Leaded Art Glass

For Churches, Residences and Public Buildings. Mr. De Forest Bowman has recently associated with this company as its President and is well and favorably known to both the business world and general public of Des Moines and Iowa. This Company has furnished Art Glass for practically all of the leading churches in Des Moines and in many towns and cities of the middle west. Their work is unsurpassable in beauty, finish and design.

A fine example of their work is to be seen in the dome of the State Historical Building.

209-211 W. Ninth St.
Des Moines, Iowa

Family Washing Done at 6c a Pound

If you would be rid of the work and bother and muss of wash-day, send the clothes to *Munger's* we will do the entire family washing, rough-dry, for 6c a pound, and iron all such flat pieces as sheets, towels, tableclothes, handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. We will be no harder on your clothes than the wash woman is. Everything will be washed with soft water and pure soap—nothing else.

Call 597 on Either Phone for a MUNGER'S Wagon.

MUNGER'S LAUNDRY

1109-1111
WEST GRAND AVENUE

THE FIVE McCORD BROTHERS

BINA M. WYMAN

I want to tell you a little bit of history in which the five McCord brothers took part.

These five brothers all enlisted in the civil war for three years, "or the war" and they all stayed in the army during the war and all came out unscathed, and all are living today, strong, healthy men, forty-five years after the war.

They were in many hard-fought battles; Vicksburg, the Wilderness, and many others. We all know them. Two of them live in Los Angeles, Mr. James H, who lived many years in Des Moines; Mr. David N. and Milton A. lived for years in Newton, Iowa; Thomas T., who still lives in Newton, and William B. who lives in Minneapolis.

James H. McCord talks very modestly about his experience during the war, but will answer questions, when put directly He and his brother, David, fought side by side in the First Iowa Cavalry, and saw their comrades fall by their side, and helped often to carry them off the field.

They had horses shot from under them, and their hats and clothing punctured with balls; and slight scars from the rebel's fierce fire, but no wounds to disable them from duty. They slept on the ground summer and winter, in the rain and in the snow, with nothing under them but their rubber pouches and nothing over them but their woolen blankets and a saddle for a pillow. Sometimes it was so cold their hair would be frozen to the ground, that it had to be cut off in the morning to liberate them.

Many a narrow escape did they have from the bloody field, never knowing why they were spared, when so many hundreds, yes thousands fell around them. Some of their experiences are thrilling and some are comical. They would make an interesting book.

This family of McCords were all born in Tennessee, in the same town with Andy Johnson, and came from the same good patriotic old stock that believed in "Union forever."

Andy Johnson made these McCord boys father's wedding coat, and must have stitched patriotism into the seams.

Think of the father and mother of these five boys when they saw them, one after another, enlist and ride off to the war. They say they can see their father now as he followed the last one to go to the gate and whispered a big oath to the rebels, something he never did before nor since. Think of the desolate home there in Iowa, with the mother weeping silently, of her five stalwart sons, as the last son went out of the house, and from the farm, not knowing nor scarcely expecting to ever return.

All honor to such a brave family and to the five brave soldier boys, who left their wives and sweethearts to give their manhood's best service to their country, all honor.

And now as we think of them standing shoulder to shoulder in their suits of blue, we cannot help a thrill of enthusiasm, and when they join in the chorus of the old war songs "Tenting Tonight" and "Just Before the Battle, Mother," we know they mean every word, and that fact carries us back to our own experience during the war, and we cannot help a tear for all the noble army of dead, who went out from their home, never to return.

When in Colfax stop at the

Centropolis Hotel

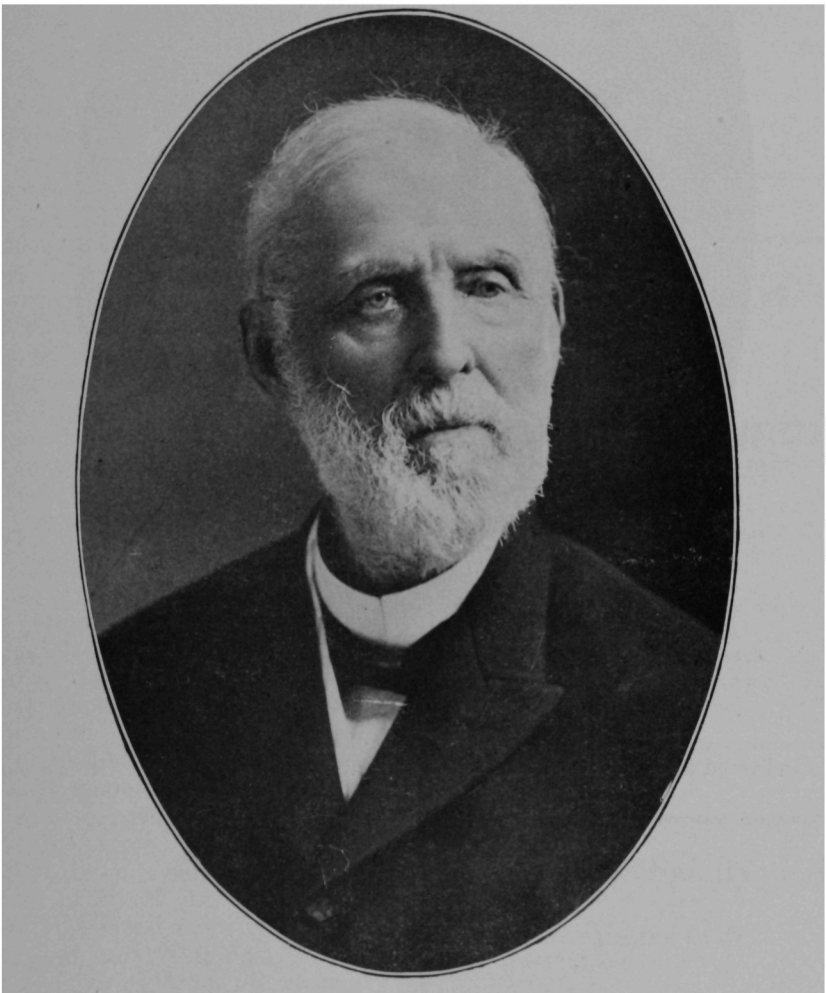
The Handy Place—where you get good Beds, Home Cooking and Reasonable Rates.

CENTROPOLIS HOTEL. Colfax, Iowa

Buy A Copy of the

LITERARY DIGEST

This Week at the News Stands



JUDGE P. M. CASADY

One of the Grand Old Men of Iowa, who has recently passed his 90th Birthday

MRS. MARIA PURDY PECK OF DAVENPOTT
Who Delivered an Address before the Abigail Adams Chapter of D. A. R. last month

IN MEMORY

MRS. C. C. NOURSE

When life mellows and sweetens, so that at evening the spirit is more full of joy and brightness than in the morning, then surely the years have been well spent, and a beautiful preparation made for the change, the passing on into a new state of being. Mrs. Nourse was never in her younger years more lovely, more cheerful and full of interest in all the varied phases of life about her than she was in the last years of her life.

Hers was a wonderful spirit of courage, of trust, of sweetness and of love for her fellow-creatures.

Gentlewoman she was, in all that the term implies. Cultivation of the heart and mind were as natural to her as the air and sunshine. It was an education just to know her, to be in her presence, to hear her speak, to be moved by the fine play of feeling in her face and voice.

Her influence in her circle of friends was an immeasurable influence on the side of loveliness and goodness. Those of us who knew her and loved her well feel that not soon will we find her equal. Blessed be her memory.

MRS. DON.

When one is taken from a life of loving usefulness, from a happy home and from those who love and need one, it must be that some terrible inharmony of the intended plans of God for the world has occurred. For surely a loving All-Father could not have intended even the physical death for his children.

After long years of life service in the schoolroom, Mrs. Nevada Smith-Don became the partner in a happy home, having passed thro' sorrows in the loss of many dear ones. During her lifetime spent in Des Moines she made a host of warm friends to whom her passing away was a great shock and almost a personal grief.

Warm hearted, generous, impulsive, and full of good cheer, she was a positive influence for good among those who knew her.

Of the immediate family but one is left and to this dear sister the loving sympathy of the community goes forth. Only the space of a few years, and then the fuller life shall begin, when again we shall see the lost ones, face to face in the light of a new day.

FRANK GETCHELL.

No Des Moines boy, known and loved by a large circle of near friends, ever passed away under such sad circumstances as surrounded the death of Frank Getchell. It was only yesterday that one met his handsome, smiling face, the talented, ambitious boy who grew up among us and who was winning for himself a fine position in the world of business. Life was full of beautiful promise for him. Of fine family, every advantage of education, attractive personality, youth, health and an irrepressible fund of good spirits, life certainly held out for him the greatest hopes.

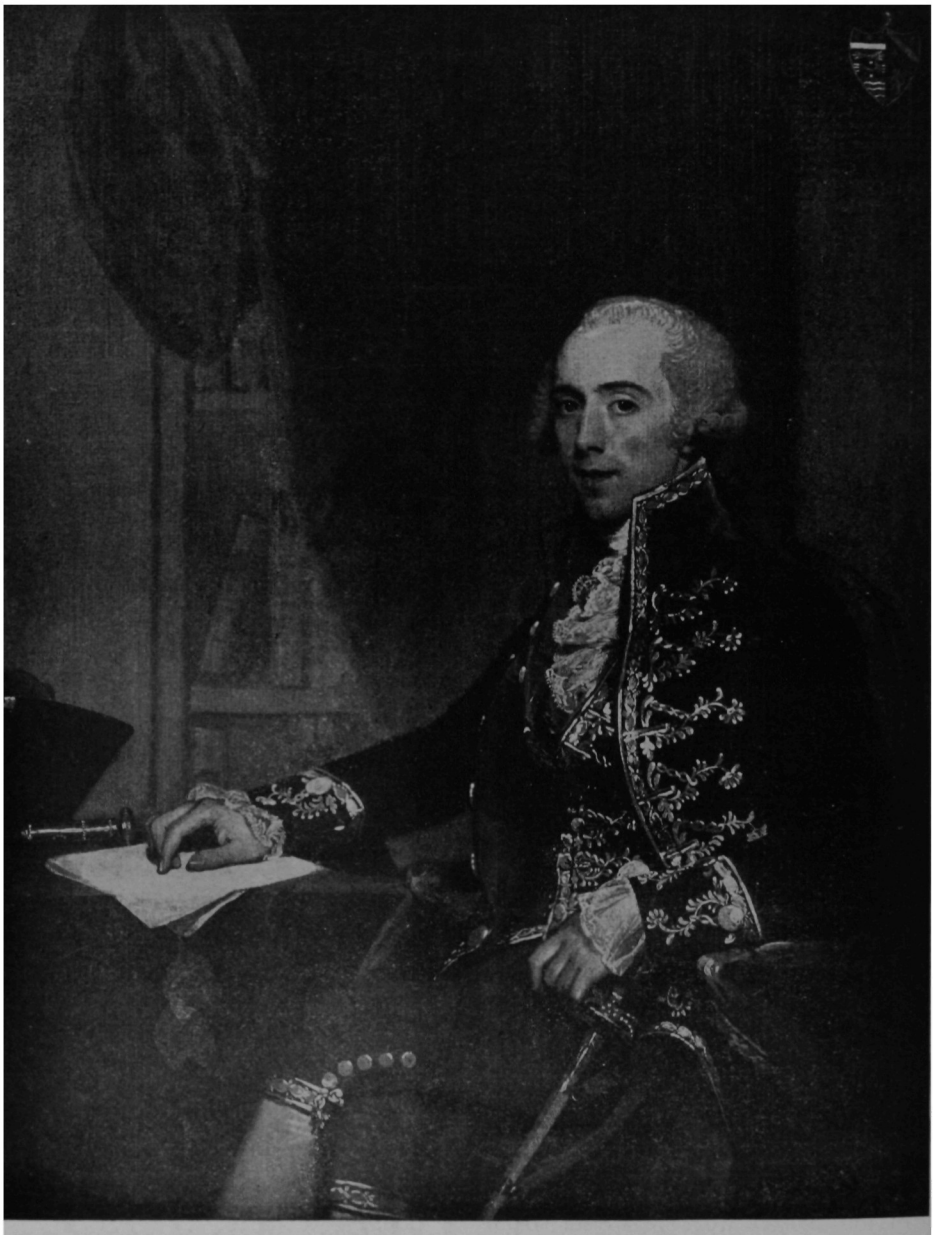
Among the business men of the state he was regarded as remarkably successful in his chosen work. In the social life of the city he was a prominent factor, and those who knew him best loved him most.

Surely the tenderest sympathy of the entire community is extended to his mother and near ones in the loss of this dear boy, taken so suddenly just as life was blossoming to fulness for him.

Lozier's
Flowers
"Best that Grow"
318 Sixth Ave., and
408 East Sixth St.
DES MOINES IOWA
Fresh Every Day

Store-Office
311 W. Fifth Street
Factory
Above 311 W. Fifth Street
HERMANN KIRCH
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
DIAMONDS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
IOWA PHONE 1698 M
DES MOINES, IOWA
9-10-11 '07

Make Your Family a New Years Gift of
The Midwestern
For One Year



Loaned by Metropolitan Art Museum of New York

FIRST SPANISH MINISTER TO AMERICA

Opening of Winter Term

THE special winter term of HIGHLAND PARK COLLEGE begins January 6, 1908. The splendid arrangements at this famous College allow the student to begin work at any time in any and all departments. The term just closed has been one of the most successful in the history of the College. Every department has been full of enthusiastic workers. Each year adds to the popularity of Highland Park College. Students looking for a first-class school where a good education is offered to the boy or girl of limited means as well as to those of greater fortune.

A Snap for Inventors

All your money back if patent is not allowed. Information free. Call on or address

SILAS C. SWEET, Patent Lawyer

724 I. L. and T. Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa

DR. GEORGE J. FEIGE, OPH. D.
407 Locust St., Des Moines

Dr. Feige makes a specialty of a system of analysis whereby he determines the causes of eye strain and visual defects and proves the value of wearing glasses to conserve nervous energy, preventing discomfort created by visual disturbance and strain.

IF YOU want good Printing get acquainted with good printers. L. S. Hill and E. O. Wallace of the Lewis-Wallace Ptg. Co. are managers of the finest plant in the city. Get acquainted.

WE PRINT THE MIDWESTERN

Lewis-Wallace Printing Co.

414 FOURTH STREET

Loaned by Metropolitan Art Musium of New York

WIFE OF FIRST SPANISH MINISTER TO AMERICA

CHASE & WEST

712 - 714 WALNUT ST.

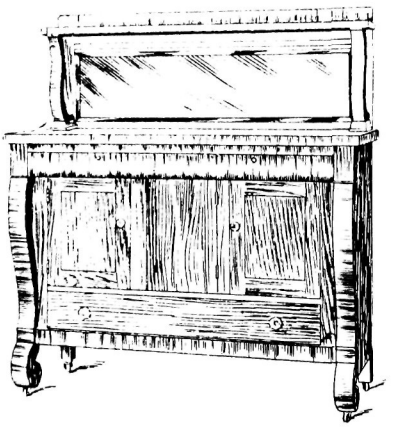
New Dining Room Furniture

Sideboards and Buffets

Dining Tables

China Cabinets

Chairs to Match



Our stock comprises the Mahogany, Mission and Golden Oak in the very best designs and quality. The prices are very low

When you want Engraving
You want it Bad.
When we do your Engraving
We do it Good.

REGISTER & LEADER

Both Phones

Iowa 106 Mutual 383

125 Fourth Street *DES MOINES, IOWA*

THE REPUBLIC

Dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt

WINIFRED WALDEN

Since those far days, when men whose only law
Was might, lusted for empire, shaking earth
With their Titanic struggles, has war been
Monarch; the crash of meeting armies has marked
The epochs of the world.
Thus were nations born;
Bloody issue, whose swaddling cloths were clouds
Of sulphur smoke, and roar of guns
Their cradle song. They endured by force of arms,
And counted greatness, armies, fleets, and power
To crush a weaker state.
But one there was,
Chosen for a high destiny, the throes
Of whose birth shook no thrones, marked no crisis
Visible to armed power. Three small ships
Launched alone into the unknown west,
Unmarked by sovereigns, yet bearing in them
The seeds of liberty and the new order.
Planted on the shores of the unknown, the new nation
Spread from the shores of that stormy sea
O'er which it came to the great Ocean of peace,
Which shall bear the commerce of the world.
She bears herself with proud humility,
As one who feels the greatness of her destiny.
Since first she fought for freedom, her blows
Have been for liberty and humanity.
Once she was humbled in the dust, her flag
Dishonored. Yet God sent her a savior
Who, like that other, bore his people's burden
Within his own heart.
Her sins were washed away
In blood, her flag baptized anew for Freedom.
And she has countless thousands who hold that flag
In their heart's love; yet not in this alone
Doth lie her greatness; nor in that vast wealth
Which gleams like yellow gold upon her prairies;
Her ships sail every sea; yet other lands
Have riches great as hers, and men who count
Their lives as nothing to the honor of their flag.
This her glory is; she shall be the Leader
Of the nations, guiding them from the night
Of their ancient slavery to the light
Of a new Freedom. For while War continues
Man must ever be a slave, since 'tis not right,
But might, that rules.
But she shall teach the nations
Peace. And the peoples shall learn War no more;
For already is the east luminous
With the tints of a new dawn, which heralds
The white light of the great Day of Peace.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT, JAN. 1, 1908

Des Moines Life Insurance Co.

HOME OFFICE: DES MOINES LIFE BUILDING, DES MOINES

OFFICERS:

C. E. Rawson, Pres. and Gen. Mgr. — L. C. Rawson, Vice Pres. — Dr. C. H. Philpott, 2d Vice Pres.
Wilmot A. Harbach, Secretary — Arthur Reynolds, Treasurer — W. S. Donahey, Auditor
Dr. J. M. Emery, Actuary — A. H. Evans, Ass't Secretary — Dr. C. W. Eaton, Med. Director
Will T. Smith, Supt. of Agencies — E. L. Rines, Ass't Supt. of Agencies

Ledger Assets, January 1, 1907	$1,748,082.65
Capital Stock	100,000.00

INCOME DURING 1907

Premium Income	$812,482.81	
Interest, Rents and other Receipts	91,002.47	
Total Income		903,485.28
Total		$2,751,567.93

DISBURSEMENTS FOR 1907

Death Losses and Additions	$238,297.12	
Surrender Values	70,982.80	
Dividends, to Policy Holders	32,709.17	
Commissions and Salaries to Agents	194,377.42	
Traveling Expenses	10,642.72	
Salaries of Officers and Clerks	45,646.58	
Medical Fees and Inspection	17,623.86	
Taxes and State Fees	20,569.24	
Rents and Repairs	8,219.81	
Advertising, Postage and Pr't'g	15,941.90	
All other Disbursements	6,987.16	
Total Disbursements		$ 661,997.78
Ledger Assets, December 31, 1907		$2,089,570.15

INVESTED AS FOLLOWS, VIZ.

Real Estate Owned (uninc'b'd)	$186,638.03	
Mortgage Loans	1,173,193.00	
Loans on Company's Own Policies	671,229.69	
Premium Notes	15,133.26	
Cash in Office and Banks	34,094.74	
Agents' Ledger Balances	9,041.30	
Tax Certificates	240.13	
Total Net Ledger Assets		$2,089,570.15

Carried Forward.

Brought forward	*$2,089,570.15*

OTHER ASSETS

Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	$ 35,569.78	
Premiums Due and Deferred (Net)	117,379.00	
Furniture, Fixtures and Supplies	7,000.00	
Gross Assets		$2,249,518.93
Less Items Not Admitted	47,731.85	
Total Admitted Assets		$2,201,787.08

LIABILITIES

Net Present Value of all Policies in Force, Computed According to the Actuaries' Table of Mortality, with 4 per cent interest	$1,806,999.00
All Other Liabilities	67,797.58
Surplus to Policy Holders	326,990.50
Total	$2,201,787.08

Insurance in Force		$24,762,902.00
Net Increase	$799,718.00	
Admitted Assets		2,201,787.08
Net Increase	311,986.25	
Deposit with State Dep't		1,814,327 77
Net Increase	296,465.83	
Premium Income		812,482.81
Net Increase	58,550.98	

STATE DEPOSIT

The Company's Pyramid of Assets on Deposit with State Department in Accordance with Iowa Law

1890	o o o	1890
1892	21,000 00	1892
1894	58,856 53	1894
1896	120,135.94	1896
1898	183,486.62	1898
1900	250,194.08	1900
1902	285,072.01	1902
1903	418,063.31	1903
1904	903,157.22	1904
1905	1,164,846.11	1905
1906	1,357,129.50	1906
1907	1,577,861.94	1907
1908	1,874,327,77	1908

All Policies are Secured by Interest-bearing Securities deposited with the Auditor of State of Iowa

WRITE HOME OFFICE FOR POLICY PROSPECTUS

Over $2,700,000.00 Paid Policy Holders and Beneficiaries

J. B. SULLIVAN, President
O. H. DAVISON, Vice Pres.
A. J. ZWARTZ, Treasurer

HENRY PYLE, Secretary
WM. STEVENSON, M. D., Medical Director
ARTHUR REYNOLDS, Director

JAMES P. HEWITT, Director
H. S. BUTLER, Director
F. C. DOTY, Director

National Life Association

DES MOINES, IOWA

The following will introduce to you in a conclusive way the **world's record for progress,** which is held by this Association. No similar Association ever organized made anything like this rapid advancement.

DATE	ADMITTED ASSETS	INSURANCE IN FORCE
Dec. 31, 1900	$11,216	$774,500
Dec. 31, 1901	$25,993	$1,364,000
Dec. 31, 1902	$45,594	$2,042,000
Dec 31, 1903	$69,057	$2,800,000
Dec. 31, 1904	$87,333	$3,490,000
Dec. 31, 1905	$140,673	$5,501,000
Dec. 31, 1906	$194,090	$7,058,000
Dec. 31, 1907	**$268,856**	**$11,347,500**

The National does business on the Reserve Fund Plan, which affords a **permanent guarantee of cost** and places life insurance on a strictly business basis. The Association is doing business in sixteen different states and will enter four or five more at once.

If you want to connect yourself with a company whose management is alive, a company that has no ice water circulating in its veins, a company whose policies are up to date and meet the demands of the common people, **who are looking for insurance for Protection Only,** a company whose agents are appreciated, in fact, **with everything and everybody right,** and be connected up with **live wires,** address the Home Office, asking for new sample policy, up-to-date literature and liberal agents' contract, stating the field that you would like to handle.

National Life Association

HOME OFFICE - - DES MOINES, IOWA

Our Motto for February: "Only the good in our own hearts can advise us of the goodness that hides by our side."

THE MIDWESTERN

Second Annual Insurance Number

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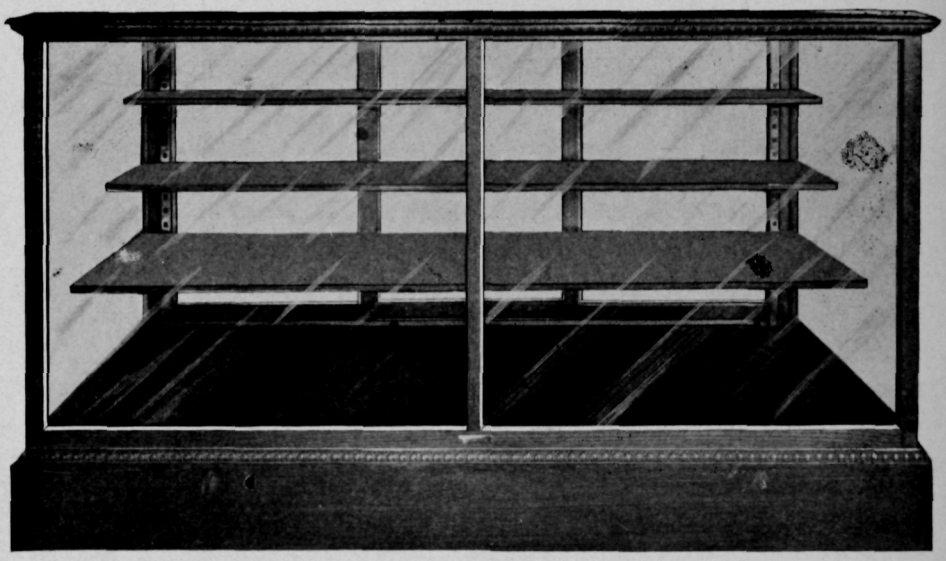
A. CLEMENS, President R. J. CLEMENS, Sec. and Treas.
J. J. VAN OEL, Manager

DES MOINES CABINET CO.

403-4-5 W. So. Ninth St. :: DES MOINES, IOWA



Bank, Store and Office Fixtures, Show Cases, Stairs, Special Furniture and General Millwork :: :: ::

Mutual Phone 770 Iowa Phone 146

J. S. BACKUS, President H. J. ROWE, Secretary

The

Home Mutual Insurance Association of Iowa

Insures nothing but preferred risks. Town dwellings and farm property against fire, tornado insurance on any good risk.

Only three assessments of ten cents per hundred each on first-class fire risks in six and one-half years.

No assessment for a year, no assessment this year and two millions of insurance that has never been assessed.

The cost of a thousand dollars of insurance for the past five years as shown by the Auditor's report, $6.46.

If you are looking for the best, as well as the cheapest insurance in Iowa, call on or address the Secretary.

Telephone 657 Mutual. **Suite 702 Observatory Bldg.** **Des Moines, Iowa**

J. R. GILLIS, Vice-President O. N. KJERLAND, Treasurer

Alverson & Montrose

GENERAL INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Accident, Liability, Boiler, Burglary, Automobile Insurance, all kinds A Specialty.

BONDS—Quick Service, Low Rates

Masonic Temple

Both Phones 1763 **Des Moines**

A Burglary Policy in the Aetna

protects you from thieving servants as well as Burglars, and insures your valuables when your home is unoccupied.

BONDS

of all kinds written without delay.

The Aetna Indemnity Co.

CARL M. ERDMAN, Mgr.

909-912 Observatory Building, Des Moines, Iowa.

LAWRENCE DRUG CO.

PRESCRIPTIONS A Specialty.

KELO CORN CURE Will Cure Your Corns
KRA-NOL, Cures Headache.
LAWRENCE'S MEXICAN OIL.
LAWRENCE'S COUGH BALSAM.

Sixth Ave. and Locust Streets, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Subscribe for

The Midwestern

MUTUAL BENEFIT
Life Insurance Co.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

If you want to see the best Life Insurance Policy (new form of 1908) ever issued by any Company send for specimen policy

CHAS. B. VAN SLYKE
GENERAL AGENT
Box 547 Des Moines, Iowa

JESSE R. CLARK, President

The Union Central Life Insurance Co.
of Cincinnati

NO STOCKS OR BONDS. Policyholders of the Union Central are protected by Ohio laws, which prohibit the Union Central from investing in stocks or bonds excepting State, County or Municipal Bonds. The Union Central owns no stocks and no bonds, except $10,000 United States bonds.

HIGHEST INTEREST EARNINGS. Union Central policyholders enjoy the great advantage resulting from the fact that the Union Central earns a higher rate of interest on its investments than any other large life insurance company, hence large dividends and low net cost.

W. H. WHITE, GENERAL AGENT
438 440 GOOD BLOCK MUTUAL PHONE 1143 DES MOINES, IOWA

A. E. CLARKE CO.

INSURANCE

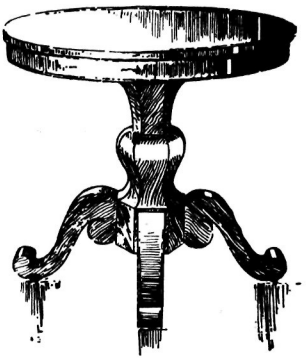
Fire Plate Glass Accident Tornado
Liability Bonds Life

500-1 MANHATTAN BLDG. DES MOINES, IOWA

CHASE & WEST

712 & 714 WALNUT ST.

Fine Furniture



Curtains Rugs

Special Prices Solid Mahogany Tables

F. W. SPRAGUE, President T. H. KNOTTS, Secretary J. A. McKINNEY, Treasurer

NOT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING — LIMITED TERM LIFE INSURANCE — BUT THE BEST VALUE FOR THE MONEY

Limited Term Life Association

HOME OFFICE FOURTH FLOOR YOUNGERMAN BUILDING
DES MOINES, IOWA

Beginning with 1908 two forms of policies are issued

TERM AND WHOLE LIFE

FULL RESERVES according to the N. F. C. tables (reserves are equal to the Am. Ex. 4%) are carried on all policies and EXPENSE CHARGES ARE LIMITED by the Articles of Incorporation.

We ask all those who want low cost combined with absolute safety to investigate. All inquiries answered.

Active agents can secure good contracts. We want a man to work in Des Moines.

A Real Clothing Sale

IT'S a good deal like "cutting a melon," this Real Clothing Sale of good-things-to-wear; your "slice" is waiting for you; don't know how long it will keep. The crowds are here every day. Yorkshire and Hart, Schaffner & Marx Co. Clothes.

Luxurious silk-lined overcoats, $40.00 worth, now at **$22.50**

Our finest suits that sold at $30.00, blues and blacks included..... **$17.50**

Silk-lined cravenette coats that sold up to $30.00, now..... **$17.50**

Our $7.50 values in finest Paragon trousers, now at..... **$4.75**

And you'd better be sure and come and to forestall disappointments.

FRANKEL CLOTHING COMPANY

THE GOOD CLOTHES STORE

513-17 Walnut Street **Des Moines, Iowa**

Twenty-Seventh Annual Statement

Iowa State Traveling Men's Ass'n

ORGANIZED 1880

Accident Insurance For Commercial Travelers at Actual Cost

BENEFITS IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

Death	$5,000.00	Membership Jan. 1, 1908	29,218
Loss of Both Hands	5,000.00	Net gain in membership, 1907	2,322
Loss of Both Feet	5,000.00	Claims paid 1907	1,836
Loss of Both Eyes	5,000.00	No. claims per 1000 members, 1907	65
Loss of One Hand	1,250.00	Death losses paid, 1907	14
Loss of One Foot	1,250.00	Amount benefits paid, 1907	$213,580.61
Loss of One Eye	1,250.00	Cash balance, Jan. 1, 1907	154,703.38
Weekly Indemnity	25.00	Annual cost, 1907	9.00

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION, $1,581,035.19

Treasurer's Statement Condensed

RECEIPTS			DISBURSEMENTS		
Jan. 1, 1907, Balance (bonds and cash)		$155,588.33	By benefits paid	$213,580.61	
To assessments	$209,871.00		By expense of management	49,184.87	
To annual dues	26,338.00		By refunds	2,997.25	265,762.73
To membership fees	20,316.00				
To interest	6,650.06		Jan. 1, 1908, balance cash and bonds (both funds)		154,703.38
To prem. on sale U. S. b'ds	1,500.00				
To miscellaneous receipts	202.72	264,877.78			
		$420,466.11			$420,466.11

J. W. HILL, President W. G. BATCHELOR, Vice President L. C. DEETS, Sec'y and Treas.

DIRECTORS:

E. J. Concannon, J. A. Gunn, T. M. Langan, W. A. Tucker, A. E. Cobb, W. H. Smith, Adam Stirling, R. A. Borrowman, H. E Rex, George Carr

THE RECORD FOR 1907 OF THE

Bankers Accident Company

OF DES MOINES

Policies Issued 1907	**$11,322**
Policies Issued 1906	8 287
Number Claims Paid 1907	**2,263**
Number Claims Paid 1906	1,389
Claims Contested 1907	**None**
Claims Due and Unpaid	**None**
Total Claims Paid	**$283,268.00**

The condition of the company at the close of business Dec. 31st as shown by its official reports to Insurance Departments of nine states indicates substantial growth in every department of the business, the gain in income, cash assets and insurance in force averaging approximately 40 per cent over 1906.

Among other worthy companies writing accident and health insurance, the Bankers occupies a prominent position and there are none better in any respect. Iowa is the home of the Leading Casualty Company of the Middle West.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. E. Statler, Pres. C. H. Martin, Treas. J. A. Kizer, Sec'y D W Smouse, M. D., Med. Director
E. C. Budlong, 2d V-Pres. F. F. Bates, Supt. Claim Dept T M George, Ass't Sec.
N. T. Guernsey, General Coun-el

Men of good character can get first-class agency contract and most satisfactory results representing the Bankers.

Wayland C. Ballard

Successors to Harter-Ballard Co.

GENERAL INSURANCE

Life, Accident, Fire, Liability, Plate Glass, Burglary. :: Surety Bonds

ROOM 2 MEEK BUILDING

Mutual Phone 212

Frederic S. Withington

CONSULTING ACTUARY

TELEPHONE MUTUAL 672

IOWA LONG DISTANCE 284

1027 Fleming Bldg.

DES MOINES, - - - IOWA

When in Colfax stop at the

Centropolis Hotel

The Handy Place—where you get good Beds, Home Cooking and Reasonable Rates.

CENTROPOLIS HOTEL. Colfax, Iowa

Buy A Copy of the

LITERARY DIGEST

This Week at the News Stands

1899——————1908

American Life Insurance Co.

HOME OFFICES:

FIFTH FLOOR, CITIZEN'S NAT'L BANK BLDG., DES MOINES, IOWA

M. H. Brinton, President
E. P. Barringer, Vice President
W. B. Hanes, 2d Vice President
A. D. Hindman, Auditor
J. E. Himmel Treasurer
H. A. Bryan, Cashier
J. C. Griffith, Secretary
Dr. T. F. Kelleher, Medical Director
F. S. Withington, Consulting Actuary

An Old Line Company Incorporated Under the Iowa Law

FINANCIAL CONDITION JAN. 1, 1908

RESOURCES

Mortgages and Deposits on Interest	$192,078.02
Policy Loans	14 683.55
Renewal Premium Notes	11,147 66
Agents' Balances	12,130.18
Cash	3,873 70
Bills Receivable	481.57
	$234,394.68

NON-LEDGER ASSETS

Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	3,134.01
Net Due and Deferred Gross Premiums on Policies in Force (Reserve Included in Liabilities)	10,010.86
Gross Assets	$247,539.55
Assets Not Admitted	9,027.29
Admitted Assets	$238,512 26

LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies at four per cent	$192,609.00
Installment Policies Not Due	5,935 00
Advance Premiums	321 00
Dividends Payable	553.19
Bills Payable	1,811.57
Capital	25,000.00
Unassigned Funds	12 282.50
	$238,512 26

SUMMARY FOR 1907

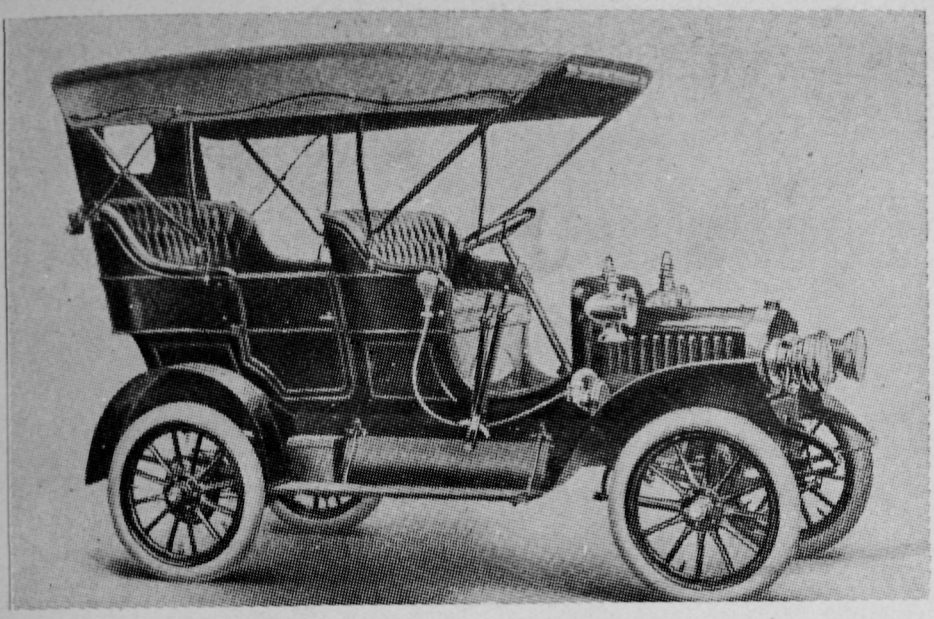
Gain in Ledger Assets	**$45,002.12**
Gain in Admitted Assets	**50,528.62**
Gain in Renewal Premiums	**33,773.70**
Gain in Interest Receipts	**3,165.41**
Disbursements Less Than Preceding Year	**24,746.81**
Rate of Interest and Profit on Invested Assets	**5.2%**
Insurance in Force	**$3,732,835.00**
Due, Reported or Unpaid Death Claims Dec. 31, 1907	**NONE**

The American Life Insurance Company issues all popular forms of policy contracts. Dividends may be drawn annually or deferred for a term of years at option of the insured. The holder of a Deferred Dividend Contract may convert it to the Annual Dividend form by written notice to the Company at any time within two years from date of issuance. The dividends on our Annual Distribution Policies are equal to the best paid by any Company. Annual dividends may be drawn in cash, or converted to the payment of premiums or left with the Company at four per cent interest, or converted to paid up insurance or endowment additions. Our policies grant freedom of residence, travel and occupation from date of issue, are fully incontestable after one year, allow thirty days grace in payment of premiums, guarantee paid up and extended insurance, cash loan and surrender values at the end of three years and annually thereafter Our Non-Participating Policies are as favorable in their conditions as the participating contracts, and the equivilent of dividends is secured in a liberal reduction of the premium rates. Specimen policies will be furnished on request.

The Company has several District Agencies available for solicitors who can furnish satisfactory references. Renewals will be allowed on business now in force in these districts. For further information call at our offices or write us.

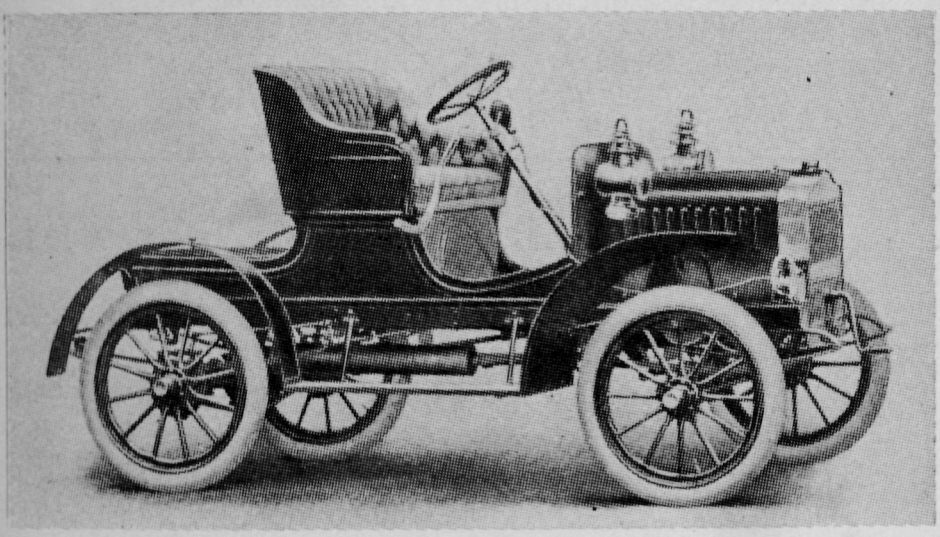
American Life Insurance Company

DES MOINES, IOWA



The "Maxwell" Touring Car

20 Horsepower, 2 Cylinders, Fully Equipped - - $1,450.00
40 Horsepower, 4 Cylinders, - - - - - 1,750.00



Maxwell Speedster Runabout

14-16 Horsepower, Color Red, price - - - - $825.00
Very popular for all uses—a ladies favorite

Howard Auto Car Co.

Office and Sales-rooms:
404 West Grand Avenue

Warehouse:
131-133 West Grand Avenue

1867 **FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT** 1908

of the

Equitable Life Insurance
Company of Iowa

HOME OFFICE: EQUITABLE BUILDING, DES MOINES, IOWA, Jan. 1, 1908

CYRUS KIRK, President **J. C. CUMMINS, Secretary**

Income 1907	$1,562,478.57	Reserve, Actuaries' 4%	$5,550,734.23
Gain over 1906	157,678.31	Increase over 1906	741,908.52
Disbursements 1907	763,380.86	All other Liabilities	36,462.41
Increase over 1906	103,864.10	Dividends Apportioned to Policyholders for 1908	150,000.00
Admitted assets 1907	6,666,604.05	Semi-Tontine Surplus	133,897.20
Gain over 1906	1,054,760.85	Capital and Unassigned Funds	795,510.21

Securities deposited with the Auditor of State to secure policyholders..... **$5,950,882.58**

Insurance written and restored in 1907, $5,860,431.00, gain..... $532,535.00

Insurance in force Dec. 31, 1907, **$34,854,322.00,** gain **$3,980,003.00**

Per cent of Assets in First Mortgage Loans, 85.79.

Rate of Interest, Rents and Profits Earned on Mean Admitted Assets in 1907, 5.66.

Death Losses to Mean Amount Insured, 0.61%.

Agents Wanted in Unoccupied Territory

Apply to Home Office

THINK OF IT!

22,893

NEW MEMBERS

were admitted to beneficial membership in the Brotherhood of American Yeomen in 1907.

This phenomenal record indicates the popularity of the Yeoman Society.

Total membership January 1st, 79,916.

Exactly $2,881,123.81 have been paid in benefits.

Assets on January 1st aggregate $917,199.43.

In 1907 assets increased at rate of $681.00 per day.

The Yeoman Reserve Fund amounts to $669,265.34.

Reserve Fund securities are all deposited with and held in trust by the Auditor of the State of Iowa.

The Yeomen pay accident, total and old age disability and death benefits.

It is popular, progressive, safe and furnishes reliable protection to men and women.

Deputies wanted. Liberal field contracts given to active men and women.

If interested, write to WILLIAM KOCH,
President and Field Manager

W. E. DAVY,
Secretary

Yeomen Castle,
Des Moines, Iowa.

1896 **TWELFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT** 1908

DECEMBER 31, 1907

Central Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICERS:

GEO. B. PEAK, President — Wm. L. Shepard, Vice-Pres. — H. C. Everett, Secretary
O. C. Miller, Ass't Sec'y — Judge Geo. H. Carr, Counselor — Homer A. Miller, Treas.
Dr. D. W. Smouse, Medical Director — Dr. Addison C. Page, Ass't Med. Director

HOME OFFICE: - - - FLYNN BUILDING - - - DES MOINES, IOWA

Ledger Assets, January 1, 1907 ..... $ 662,852.86

INCOME DURING 1907

Premium Income	$ 381,593.77	
Interest and Other Income	40,895.22	422,488.99
		$ 1,085,341.85

DISBURSEMENTS DURING 1907

Death Claims and Matured Endowments	$ 52,861.90	
Dividends, Surrender Values, and Payments on Installment Policies	17,011.14	
Taxes and Fees	9,297.02	
Commissions and Agency Expenses	113,224.55	
Salaries of Officers and Clerks	21,918.72	
Medical Examinations and Inspect'n of Risks	10,251.08	
Advertising, Printing and Postage	5,699.08	
All other Disbursements	13,470.80	
Total Disbursements		243,734.29
Balance		$841,607.56

LEDGER ASSETS

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$667,625.00	
Policy Loans	102,717.42	
Cash in Banks and Office	21,963.18	
Bonds Owned	10,940.31	
Agents' Balances (Admitted $3,551.52)	31,053.88	
Premium Notes (Admitted ($1,456.83)	7,307.77	
Total		$841,607.56

ALL OTHER ASSETS

Interest Due and Accrued	$14,184.21	
Due and Deferred Premiums, Net	27,633.63	
Total Gross Assets		$883,425.40
Less Items not Admitted		33,853.30
Total Net Admitted Assets		$849,572.10

LIABILITIES

Net Present Value of all Policies in force according to the actuaries' table of mortality, with 4 per cent interest (mean valuation), including suplementary contracts	$707,255.00
All Other Liabilities	7,397.92
Surplus	134,919.18
Total	$849,572.10

Business Issued and Restored	$ 3,508,343.75
Insurance in Force	10,783,555.00
Total Income	422,488.99
Reserve Value of Policies	707,255.00
Admitted Assets	849,572.10

PROGRESS IN TWELVE YEARS

Years	Admitted Assets	Insurance in Force
1896	$2,972.00	$256,000.00
1899	$41,347.00	$1,161,000.00
1901	$102,687.00	$2,363,054.00
1903	$266,296.00	$4,363,784.00
1905	$551,212.00	$8,815,246.00
1907	$849,572.00	$10,783,555.00

Every Policy Issued by the CENTRAL LIFE Is Secured by Approved :: Interest-Bearing Securities Deposited with the State of Iowa ::

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

WE PRESENT to our friends and patrons this Second Annual Insurance Number with a feeling of pardonable pride. The greatest business in Des Moines and one which reflects the greatest credit upon city and state is certainly deserving of all our space at least once a year. The annual statements will show the splendid condition of the home companies. The men engaged in insurance business in Des Moines are among the leading men of the city and state; men who stand high in the public regard. It is to the wisdom and energy of these men that insurance in Iowa holds its high place among the business institutions of the middle west.

* * * * *

Especial attention is directed to the fine articles on insurance topics by well known men. The article by Robert M. Haines, a leading young attorney of Des Moines, will attract attention wherever the magazine is read. It is forceful, intelligent and appealing. All of the articles that follow are written by men who have had long experience and education in their special fields and are good reading for everybody; both insurance men and all who are interested in one of the great advance movements of the day.

* * * * *

We are so pleased with our story about the firemen and their splendid work for the city that we are sure all of our readers will also take a great interest in knowing something of these guardians of the public welfare. The firemen are a fine lot of men and worthy the interest of the community at large.

* * * * *

The republishing of the fine article by Dr. Burton will meet with favor from our readers all over America. When this article appeared in November, two issues of the magazine were at once bought out and a demand for several thousand more. We are glad to be the means of spreading the truth so widely. This number goes into every state in the union, to various points in Canada, to the Philippines, to Cuba and several European cities.

* * * * *

We hope we shall have room in our next issue for a few of the kind letters which we have lately received. To all of our friends we extend gratitude.

* * * * *

We much regret to omit the travel article by Dr. Linn and a delightful and instructive article compiled by Mrs. W. S. Brown about the work of the Mothers Club, in connection with the public schools. They will appear in the March issue.

* * * * *

We must again insist in our friends ordering ahead when any number of the magazines is desired. Every issue but two, since the beginning of the magazine, have sold entirely out and each month somebody has been disappointed. If you want fifty or more, let us have your order in advance.

* * * * *

Since our last insurance number the Equitable Insurance Co. of Iowa have established themselves in a home of their own, buying the New York Equitable Building at Sixth and Locust. The Des Moines Life Insurance Co. has also made a new home for themselves in their handsome building at Seventh and Grand Avenue. These are signs of the prosperous times in Iowa, signs which will be greeted with joy by all who have the true "booster" spirit. Do we not all wish that we might be able to appreciate the good things that we have?

The Editor.

ROBERT MILLER HAINES

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II FEBRUARY, 1908 NUMBER 6

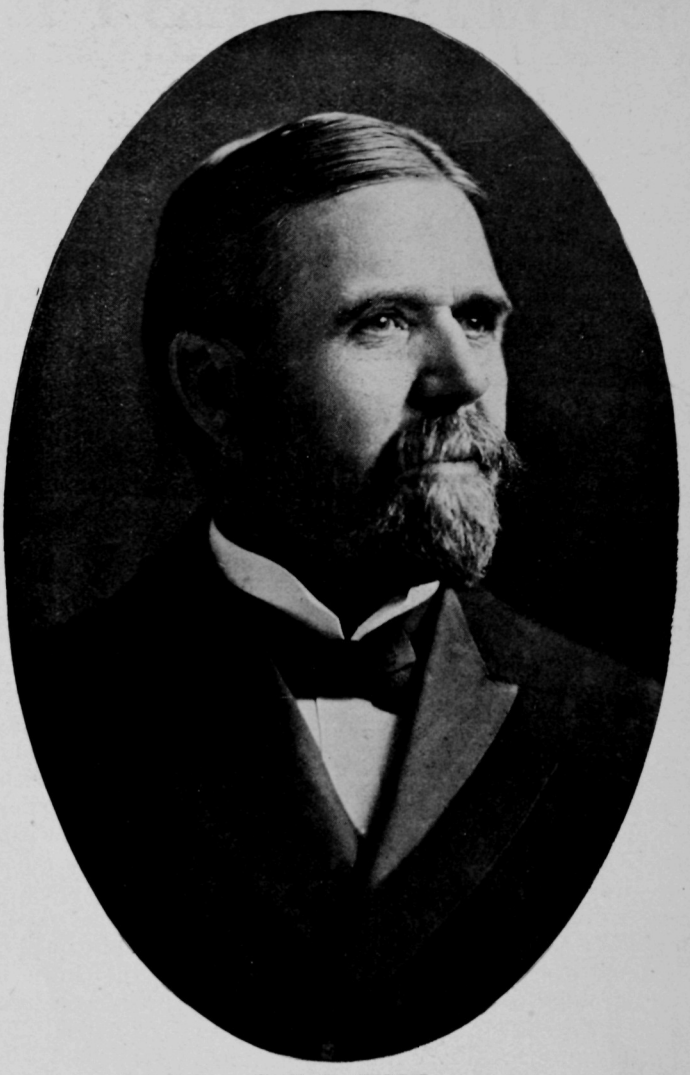
IOWA INSURANCE FOR IOWA PEOPLE

Robert M. Haines

DURING the years 1905 and 1906 I had the honor to serve the State of Iowa as one of its insurance examiners. With my associates, Mr. Frederick S. Withington, actuary, and Mr. E. J. Dawson, accountant, I co-operated in making an examination of the condition and affairs of the various insurance companies, associations and fraternal benefit societies organized under our state law. The examinations extended over a period of time varying from a few days to more than two months. We operated without fear or favor and without preconceived ideas, favorable or unfavorable, towards the different institutions. We had but one purpose: to discover the truth and all the truth concerning the business that was being done. We took nothing for granted but assumed every detail to be a fit subject for probing investigation. When we got through we knew all there was to know of each concern. Mr. Withington, with painstaking care, had figured out reserve liability; the policy contracts were inspected, the risks were determined, the minutes of the official meetings from date of organization perused. Mr. Dawson traced out every financial transaction of the current year and often, for years past. Vouchers were compared with stubs and stubs with ledger entries. The expense item of ten cents for a paper-weight was checked as conscientiously as was an item of one hundred thousand dollars for bonds or mortgages. It was my particular duty to examine the securities held by the different companies and associations, and the contracts other than those involving insurance risk. Hundreds upon hundreds of abstracts of title were passed on by me, appraisements were inspected and secured, the legality and validity of contracts determined.

Shakespeare a great many years ago made one of his characters say: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," which simply means that when a man goes wrong the news is spread, while good reports find no publishers. The legislatures of our state have incorporated the same ideas in our laws with reference to the publication of the insurance examiner's reports. They are only to be published when the public necessities demand it and public necessity is not concerned with the healthy normal man. It advertises the victim of contagious disease with glaring placard. The exhaustive reports of the examiners have long since been covered over with the official dust of the state house and the good things made mention of concerning the Iowa insurance organizations have been interred within the catacombs of official files.

While still connected with the department, I often kicked against the pricks of this legal reticence but kicking against the pricks, we are authoritatively informed, is a vanity of vanities. While in such a state of mind an invitation was received from THE MIDWESTERN for an article on Iowa's insurance organizations. I welcomed the invitation to thus say in a public way my little say about these magnificent business institutions. It would not be proper, however, for me to reveal in detail the results of official investigations, nor would it be profitable, either, for THE MIDWESTERN would have to be enlarged to a most ponderous tome in order to furnish sufficient space for even a resume of the reports. I shall confine myself to general statements, hoping to furnish something of information to those of the readers who have no knowledge of the magnitude and splendid character of Iowa's insurance in-



C. E. RAWSON
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terests and to stimulate the interest of the indifferent.

Iowa companies are organized for the purpose of writing almost every kind of insurance that people could desire—life, accident, fire; against loss by lightning, tornado, hail; against breakage of plate glass and the death of live stock. For each separate kind of insurance each citizen may select an organization doing business according to his own theories. There are Iowa stock companies and mutual companies; level premium and assessment associations. There are fraternal benefit societies of the most splendid character for those who desire to combine their insurance interests with the pleasurable features of lodge work. Certainly no Iowan need go beyond the borders of his state to secure indemnity against any loss that he may experience as an incident to living and owning property.

Now the theory and principle upon which the science of insurance is built up is the same the world over. Every insurance organization is on the same foundation as every other of the same class. A certain number of men die and a certain number live out of every thousand; a certain number meet accidents and a certain number escape; a certain number of dwellings or commercial buildings burn and a certain number do not. The hail and the rain and the lightning fall upon the just and the unjust but, in the course of years, in about the same proportion. By years'

of observation and tabulation the expert has been able to figure out to almost an exactitude the chance of the happening of any of these contingencies and he may sit down, and, with his doctrine of chances, law of general averages and compound interest tables, figure out premium rates. This is all there is to insurance, roughly speaking, and it follows that one organization in a given class is equally as safe as any other, granting equality in integrity, competency and economy of management and in the interest rate earned.

The men who have made, and who manage and control the insurance business of the state are well and favorably known to most of the people. You who do not know them personally, which is the same thing as knowing them favorably, get a copy of *Who's Who*. You will find their names there. Get the Iowa Official Register. They have been governors, secretaries of state, auditors of state, members of the legislature, holders of public offices of honor and trust. Get Dunn and Bradstreet. You will find them marked good—financially and morally. Get hold of the latest insurance report. You will find that they have built up organizations with $2,205,000 of invested capital; that these organizations have over $36,000,000 of assets; that there is over $667,000,000 of insurance on the books; that they annually handle over $10,000,000 of the people's money, with never the loss of a dollar. Oh, but these Iowa insurance men are good men and they are competent men. Let's drop that and take it for granted.

Economy of management is the next item in making safe and keeping safe an insurance institution. Down east they told us good men came high. They wrote their salary checks with five and six figures. They certainly were an expensive bunch. Four figures will write the biggest salary voucher issued in Iowa. East of the Mississippi they have an idea that people must be staggered with external shows of magnificence. So they built their ten million dollar buildings and ornamented them with million dollar facades. Then they came west and built $500,000 buildings. They occupied two rooms and secured a rental return of about one per cent on the investment. Now Iowa companies have bought the buildings at about one-third of their cost and make seven per cent on the rentals. Other Iowa companies occupy snug and convenient offices in our various office buildings at a minimum of rent. Over there the chief end and aim of the business was to support myself and my wife, my son John and his wife and all the balance of the tribe and kindred in luxurious idleness. Out here our managers employ the sturdy and worthy sons and daughters of Iowa and get a dollar's worth of work for a dollar, perhaps they get more work for a dollar. I sometimes thought so in the various offices. Since I have been back in the practice of law I have had occasion to say to the manager of an Iowa insurance concern that he was more thrifty in conserving the interests of his people than I was for myself. His reply was characteristic: "I'm handling other people's money." They are canny, are these Iowa insurance managers with the trust funds in their hands, but try them as individuals, and take my word you will find them a big, generous, broad-gauged lot.

Interest and security of investment; that's the last item. Four thousand millions of water ran out of stocks and bonds during the recent financial unpleasantness. What do you think of stocks and bonds for trust fund investments? Stocks and bonds that do not absorb water do not give down enough to enable them to get thirsty. The securities of Iowa insurance companies and associations are invested in good Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and other western real estate mortgages drawing five and six and seven per cent. The notes and mortgages and abstracts of title are over in a big roomy vault in the capitol and Auditor Frank Carroll, that's what those call him that know and appreciate the man, holds the key. The State of Iowa is the watch-dog of your treasure, you who hold policies issued in this state, and when you die, or your house burns up, and losses come, the money is there to pay the bill. You don't need to deal in things spiritual to have a treasure where moth and rust cannot corrupt and where thieves cannot break through and steal.

The language of the policies of every company, whether domestic or foreign, that writes fire business in Iowa, is identical for it is fixed by legislative enactment. The policy forms of the companies and associations doing a life business

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while differing in matters of immaterial detail are in substance identical with those of like institutions of other states. The rates of the Iowa organizations are as low or lower, the dividends as large or larger, the guaranties as broad or broader than those of non-Iowa corporations. It is a wise saying and worthy of all acceptation by Iowans, the maxim that has made Iowa famous, "Of all that's good Iowa affords the best."

There is another reason other than that of local pride and *esprit de corps* that should lead to the placing of our risks with home institutions. A few weeks ago a certain F. Augustus Heinze of Montana and New York City, mine owner, banker and stock gambler, felt moved to corner certain stocks. Certain others of the ilk felt moved to thwart his ambition. Then, to use the happy epigram of a financier, "Somebody asked for a dollar and H—l was to pay." Probably no citizen of Iowa knows any party to this war of stocks or has any interest in property sought to be controlled. Yet as a result of this escapade Iowa got a terrible financial jolt. The demand for our farm products fell off and the values dropped millions of dollars. Merchants were unable to dispose of goods on hand, borrowers were unable to meet accruing debts, employers of labor were unable to meet payrolls. Yet there was nothing in Iowa out of adjustment to the normal.

The cause of this anomalous condition was simply this: For years the west has been doing its buying away from home and to expedite the purchase of wares in foreign markets the banks of Iowa have been keeping enormous reserves in eastern money centers. The banks of these centers were hard pressed for cash and were unable to furnish the western banks with the money left in their care, and the local banks, in turn, were unable to meet the demands of depositors and customers. The solution of the problem is as simple as the cause. Spend the money at home, keep the money at home.

Probably for no other commodity, to use a loose expression for lack of a better one, has so much money been sent abroad as for insurance which might have been just as well placed at home. The last official report of the insurance department shows that home people have placed and carry with companies and associations of other states doing a life and accident business the stupendous sum of $489,341,208 of insurance and annually send to eastern money centers $10,500,000 to pay the premiums. For the same year insurance other than life was placed and carried with outside corporations to the extent of $353,789,977 and annual remittances of over $4,000,000 was made in premium payments.

Had this enormous sum of money been kept at home, spent at home, invested at home, deposited at least temporarily in ordinary course with the banks of Iowa there would have been no groaning about the scarcity of money. All of the necessities, luxuries and comforts of existence would have been ours and never a ripple on the surface of our financial affairs. There is a sentiment current in Iowa that is now historic. It has a place here, for sentiment is proper even in business discussions. It is this: "Iowa, the affections of her people like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union." Let's get together to make Iowa and all of Iowa bigger and better and more worth while.

BOTH STRANGER AND FRIEND

Charles Woodhull Eaton, M. D.

DR. CHARLES WOODHULL EATON
Medical Director of the Des Moines Life Insurance Company

IT is curious about him. It seems odd that any one could be at the same time, both stranger and friend. Yet he has come to be almost everybody's friend these days, while at the same time scarcely anybody knows him at all.

One reason why we have never made his acquaintance is because he has always concealed his real name. He always goes around under an assumed name, and we don't get acquainted because we don't understand who he really is. But in spite of the fact that he hides his real name, what a staunch friend he is; always coming to our rescue when we are in a pinch. Some cynic has said that "A friend in need is—the friend we always shun." But this stranger-friend of ours is one of just the opposite kind. He spends all his time going about looking for those who are in the greatest trouble, and who have been caught in the tightest place of their whole lives; and then when he has found them he does more for them than any one else in the world could possibly do.

But though he goes about "doing things" all the time for those who need him most, he yet chooses to be known by an assumed name which implies that he is a cheat, because it is a name which suggests that he does something which neither he nor anyone else ever did do or ever can do. Of course it is right to be unobtrusive about the good one is trying to do, so that the left hand shall not know what the right hand is doing. But it is carrying things to extremes to make believe you are doing something which you are not doing at all.

You see his real name is Income Insurance. But he never calls himself that. He is always saying that his name is Life Insurance. But we know that this isn't true, because there never was any real Life Insurance; and we don't care to get acquainted with anyone pretending to be what he is not. So we keep him a stranger, and never suspect what a real friend he is.

For there is not, and never can be, any such thing as life insurance. No one can ever insure a single life; can ever insure the continuance of anybody's life for a single year or even a single week. No man ever insured his life for the sake of his wife. Any widow can tell you that. She had lost him just as soon, and just as completely as if he had had no insurance. All the life insurance in the world would not have prolonged his life for a single day.

What, then, is insurance? It is the payment of money to make good the loss of money. It is the payment of money to that widow to make good the money loss she sustained in the death of her husband. His "life insurance" did not protect his life a particle. He died just the same day that he would have died

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without it. It did not protect his widow from grief; her sorrow was just as engulfing as it would have been without it. It did not protect her from the loss of his counsel; she is no wiser now than she would have been without it. It did not protect her from the loss of his companionship; her tragedy of loneliness is just as great as it would have been without it.

But it did protect her from want. Her husband had supported her and the children. They had had a comfortable home and all the necessaries of life, because he had been able to earn the money which provided all these things. And when he died, the money stopped —stopped with an abruptness which none can realize except those who have actually experienced it. The income had vanished, and so suddenly and completely that it was fairly bewildering. It would have been dreadful had there been nothing to take its place. It would have meant hard, humiliating, hideous want. But he had insured his income against its possible destruction in just this way; and so the insurance money took the place of the income money, and want was not added to sorrow.

So it comes about that Life Insurance is not life insurance at all, but Income Insurance. And when we fully understand the matter and just get hold of the real name, it is easy to see what a great friend this Income Insurance is, and how it extends its indispensable protection over a multitude of homes.

It is a pity that this friend has always been so much of a stranger. Just getting the name right helps us along part way toward a better acquaintance. Perhaps when we learn to really know him we may find that where we always supposed him to be wrong, he is right after all. For there is no denying that we have always thought he was a *little* wrong, even though we recognized freely his great worth.

For one thing, we have always suspected him of gambling just a little. It certainly looks as if he were gambling. For he agrees that if we will pay him a certain amount each year he will in return, pay a large sum to our families whenever death cuts off their income. Now he cannot possibly tell when he will have to pay out all that money, for no one knows how long we may live. Death may come this year or next year, or not for many years. So our friend Income Insurance cannot possibly tell whether we will pay him a good deal of money, or only a very little, before he has to pay back to our families that great final sum. It certainly looks as if he were taking chances, and long chances at that. And as any game of chance is gambling, we naturally feel that, granting all the good qualities of this great friend, we are yet asked to shut our eyes to the fact that he is a good deal of a gambler, and on a pretty large scale, too.

Poor fellow! To think that he should spend his life wrestling with mathematics,—not the gentle, easy, arithmetic kind, but the rugged, racking, logarithm kind—in order that he may be sure that everything is on a thoroughly sound and substantial basis, only to be charged, in the end, with gambling on a large scale.

For he is not a gambler at all; he is the exact opposite. But it is so easy to confuse these things. Had the gifted seer who wrote about "wits" and "madness" been considering character instead of intellect, he doubtless would have said,

"Great strength to weakness sure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their walls divide."

So the strength of Income Insurance has been mistaken for the weakness of gambling; so have the determinate certainties of mathematics been confounded with the shifting vagaries of chance.

The reason of this misunderstanding is simple. But, you say, ever since childhood, experience and observation have combined to teach us the uncertainty of life. Very good. But that uncertainty is the uncertainty of a *single* life. Now group together 100,000 lives. How many of these will die in a year? We do not know because observation and experience have never taught us. Will the number dying in one year be constant, or will it vary from year to year? Again we do not know, because observation and experience are too limited to teach us. There is only one way to find out, and that is by investigation.

So Income Insurance investigated all this; and it has been an extensive investigation, covering a wide range of

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facts, and mounting up to huge totals. And all his care and labor have been well spent, for he has established the fact that the duration of a group of 100,000 lives is as certain as that the duration of a single life is uncertain. This wonderful "law of averages" is so constant and so far reaching that he knows just how many will die each year. For instance, at the age of twenty-five years, 805 will die; at the age of fifty years, 1,378 will die. More than this, he knows that the variation in different years will amount to less than one per cent. The uncertainty of the individual life still remains, of course, and it is found in the fact that he does not know *which ones* will die. But this has nothing to do with the soundness of his business. It is imperative that he should know how many; but it makes no difference which ones they may happen to be.

Thus as we get a little better acquainted with this stranger-friend, we find that our notion that is something of a gambler, is all a mistake; that he is so fundamentally opposed to taking any chances at all, that he has become the most careful and thorough of calculators, never satisfied until everything is figured out to its most exact detail. So completely has all element of chance been excluded, that a high authority has lately characterized his work as "a business attended with less peril than almost any other."

Then, again, we have always been inclined to criticise him for his reserve. Not for his reserve of manner, and his bashful and retiring ways. Indeed, these have seemed to many to be under-developed rather than over-conspicuous. The reserve for which we have criticized him is that large bank account of his, which he is pleased to call his "Reserve." Perhaps he calls it that because he hasn't any of the other kind. Anyhow, a great many of us have thought that he was insisting on keeping a much larger sum on deposit than was really necessary. We know he is protecting a great many, and has to pay out large sums of money; but when we see his reserve mounting up into the millions, it is natural for us to wonder if it is really necessary to pile up such an enormous sum. Does the prompt and faithful dis-

charge of obligations which will mature in the future, require the piling up of such huge sums in the present?

Yes, it really does require it. If we will only go over our stranger-friend's figures, we will find that his mathematics are right. Just to understand what the reserve is, will go a long way toward clearing up the whole matter. Of course every one knows that the reserve is a fund set aside to meet future obligations. But this is mere surface knowledge. The core of the matter lies in the answer to two questions. Why is the reserve necessary? and Where does it come from?

The reserve is necessary because we do not want to pay any larger premium when we are fifty years old that we did when we were twenty-five. We want the annual premium to be the same every year as long as we live. But we have just seen that only 805 die at the age of twenty-five, while 1,378 die at the age of fifty. This means that the insurance costs a great deal more when we are fifty than it did when we were twenty-five. But we don't pay any more for it. It has been so arranged for us that we pay just the same every year all the way through.

There was just one way that this arrangement could be made, and that was to fix the payments at such a figure that there would be left over from the premiums paid during the younger years, an amount sufficient to make good the deficiency during the later years, when the premiums would become too small. This is what the term "level premium" means; and this is the wise and necessary arrangement by which these payments are prevented from becoming so heavy with advancing years, that it would not be possible to meet them.

So the "reserve" is made up of the savings from the premiums paid during the younger years; and it is necessary because it must be used to make up the difference when in later life, the premiums become too small to pay the increasing cost.

How different this reserve appears when once we understand the plain, every-day common sense of it all. And our stranger-friend, Mr. Income Insurance,—how much less of a stranger and how much more of a friend he seems when we understand him even just a little bit better.

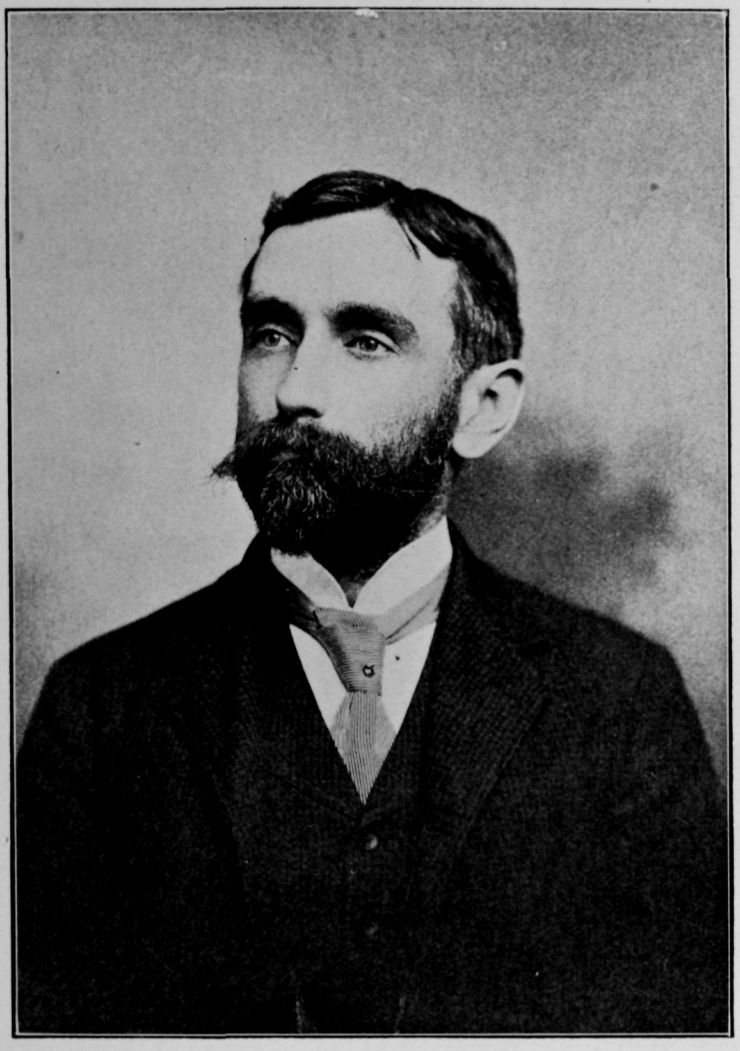
We have only tarried long enough to see what he does for us; to see that he is the most careful and substantial business man, never taking chances as we had sometimes supposed; and to see that after all, his great "reserve" is only one big, kindly provision for our declining years, and not a burden at all. Yet to understand him in just these things seems to make all the difference in the world. And perchance some day, when our poor hands, though filled with willingness, can do no more, those dear to us may find, with unexpected gladness, that he is no more Stranger, but wholly Friend.

THE WINDS' EAST

Josephine Preston Peabody

The wind's east,—Oh, oh!
  Only a little while ago,
To-day was just like yesterday.
  But now, now—only now,
The world's all turned some silver way—
  I know how!
  I know how!
    The Wind's east,
    The Wind's east,—
Salt, salt wind that I love so!
All the things in the garden blow
Wavy gray;—so the trees all know,—
Trees that never, never can go,
  Must know how it would feel to be
There where the Ships sail to and fro,—
  Ships on the blue, blue Sea!

And the homesick ones by the bridge up here
Are tugging to get their anchors clear,
  And they stretch up high to see;
They catch their breath when they feel the air;
And the rigging stirs, and the lanterns stare;
For they know that the tide is high out there,
The gulls go skirling by, out there,
  The gulls and the wind go free.
And they tug, and they pull, and they wonder so.
When will the Captain let them go?—
  Oh, oh,—to Sea,
  To Sea!



FREDERIC S. WITHINGTON
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THE "THREE ELEMENT" DIVISION OF THE LIFE INSURANCE PREMIUM

By Frederic S. Withington, General Consulting Actuary, Des Moines, Iowa.
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(Reprinted from the Insurance Field)

IT is often asserted, even by those who have had long experience, that the level annual premium charged by life insurance companies is composed of three "elements" or portions: the "Mortuary," or "Cost," the "Reserve" and the "Expense," and it is the purpose of this article to show that this assumption is erroneous and that there can be but two divisions or "elements" in the premium, that is, the "Net" or "Mortuary" or "Reserve" and the expense or "loading."

As a matter of fact, the net premium is never divided, the whole of it being set aside and invested at the beginning of every policy year to form the reserve, out of which reserve is paid, at the end of every policy year, the cost

TABLE No. 1

Year.	Pres. value of Annual Cost of Ins. ("Cost element" of net Premium.)	Interest, One Year	Annual Cost of Ins.	"Reserve Element" of Net Premium.	Interest on Reserve Balance.	Terminal Reserve.
1	$40.89	$1.64	$ 42.53	$33.83	$ 1.36	$ 35.19
2	42.58	1.70	44.28	32.14	2.68	70.01
3	44.32	1.78	46.10	30.40	4.00	104.41
4	46.09	1.84	47.93	28.63	5.33	138.37
5	47.84	1.92	49.76	26.88	6.59	171.84
6	49.65	1.99	51.64	25.07	7.88	204.79
7	51.46	2.06	53.52	23.26	9.12	237.17
8	53.29	2.13	55.42	21.43	10.35	268.95
9	55.11	2.20	57.31	19.61	11.54	300.10
10	56.94	2.28	59.22	17.78	12.71	330.59
11	58.77	2.35	61.12	15.95	13.86	360.40
12	60.57	2.42	62.99	14.15	14.98	389.53
13	62.38	2.50	64.88	12.34	16.07	417.94
14	64.21	2.57	66.78	10.51	17.13	445.58
15	65.97	2.64	68.61	8.75	18.17	472.50
16	67.67	2.71	70.38	7.05	19.18	498.73
17	69.26	2.77	72.03	5.46	20.17	524.36
18	70.68	2.83	73.51	4.04	21.12	549.52
19	72.00	2.88	74.88	2.72	22.09	574.33
20	73.14	2.93	76.07	1.58	23.02	598.93
21	74.28	2.97	77.25	.44	23.98	623.35
22	75.38	3.03	78.41	— .66	24.89	647.58
23	76.48	3.06	79.54	— 1.76	25.83	671.65
24	77.68	3.11	80.79	— 2.96	26.74	695.43
25	79.08	3.16	82.24	— 4.36	27.64	718.71
26	80.48	3.22	83.70	— 5.76	28.49	741.44
27	82.11	3.29	85.40	— 7.39	29.38	763.43
28	84.09	3.36	87.45	— 9.37	30.17	784.23
29	86.42	3.46	89.88	—11.70	30.89	803.42
30	89.02	3.56	92.58	—14.30	31.56	820.68
31	92.94	3.72	96.66	—18.22	32.09	834.55
32	96.49	3.86	100.35	—21.77	32.51	845.29
33	93.45	3.74	97.19	—18.73	33.05	859.61
34	81.61	3.27	84.88	— 6.89	34.10	886.82
35	0.00	0.00	00.00	74.72	38.46	1,000.00

of insurance for that year, the mortality table assuming that all death-claims accrue and are payable at the end of every year.

When the insured pays his first premium at the time his policy is issued, that is, at the beginning of the first policy year, the whole of the net or mortuary portion of the said premium forms the reserve, called at that time and at the beginning of every subsequent year, the "Initial Reserve," and it must be absorbed, without division, by the reserve and be invested as a part of it.

It is the function of the reserve to supply the yearly cost of insurance, the accumulation being divided, at the end of each year (except the last year of lifetime if the insured lives to the age of 100 years), into two portions, the cost of insurance and the terminal reserve, the said cost being deducted before another premium is paid. Every dollar of every net premium thus becomes a part of the reserve the moment it is paid.

* * *

As an illustration of the fallacy of the "three element" theory, it can be stated that the net premium on a whole life policy issued at age 65, by the Actuaries' Table of Mortality and 4 per cent interest, is $74.72 per $1,000. The cost of insurance the first policy year on such a policy is $42.53. This increases every year, following the increase in age and the greater consequent probability of dying, until, at the end of the twenty-second year, it is

$78.41. The companies usually charge a total annual level premium of about $105.65 per $1,000 at this age. Assuming that amount to be paid by the insured, the expense "element" would be $30.93, leaving an amount of $74.72 (the net premium before stated) available for "mortuary" and "reserve elements." The present value of the current cost of insurance at the beginning of the twenty-second year, being $75.38, or greater than the whole net premium, where is the "reserve element" to come from?

Another illustration: If the insured lives until he is 100 years old, the age at which all men are assumed by the Actuaries' table to be dead, he will have paid his last premium when he reaches the age of 99 years (all premiums being payable in advance). The whole of the last net premium must go into the reserve, since there is no cost of insurance because there is no amount at risk, the reserve being equal to the face of the policy at the end of the last year of the assumed lifetime. Where, in this case, is the 'cost element" in the premium?

Let it be assumed, for the purpose of illustration, that the present value of the annual cost of insurance each year is the "cost element" in the premium; then the Table No. 1 will show the result of such an assumption.

The "Reserve Element" shows as a negative quantity at the twenty-second year, as before stated. The last item in the "Reserve Element" column is the net premium and is inserted in order to make the table balance, since there can be no cost of insurance the last year.

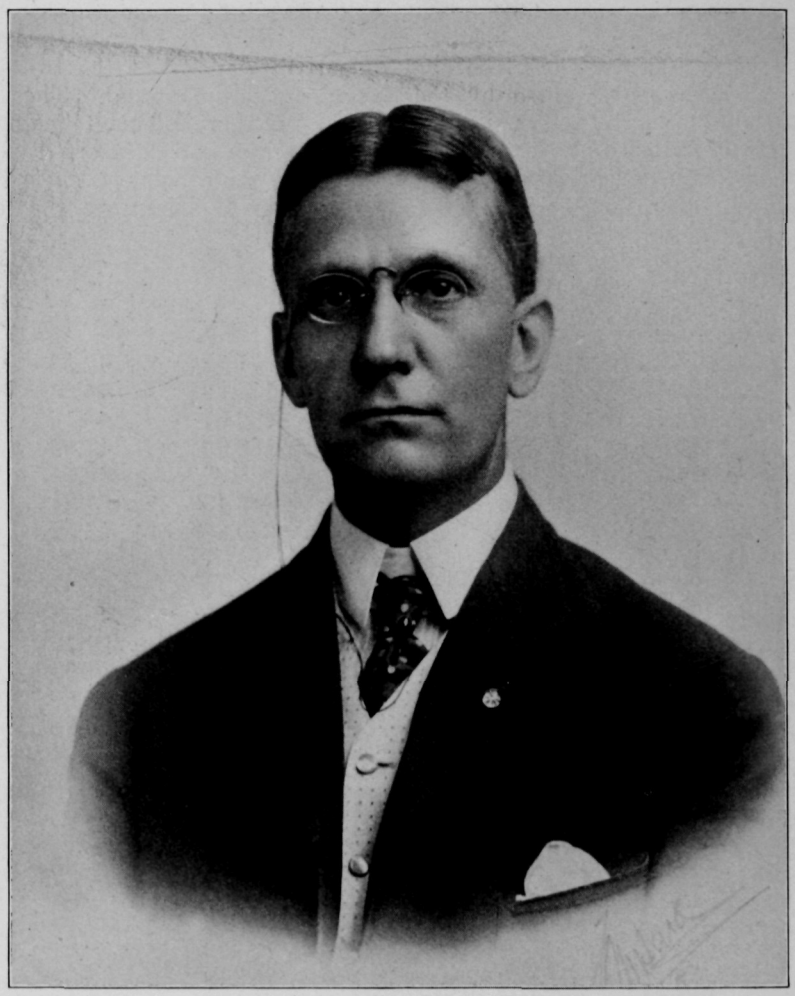
TABLE No. 2

Pol. Yr.	Net Prem.	Initial Res.	Interest, 1 Year	Total accumulation	Cost of Ins.	Terminal Reserve
1	$74.72	$ 74.72	$ 3.00	$ 77.72	$ 42.53	$ 35.19
2	74.72	109.91	4.38	114.29	44.28	70.01
3	74.72	144.73	5.78	150.51	46.10	104.41
4	74.72	179.13	7.17	186.30	47.93	138.37
5	74.72	213.09	8.51	221.60	49.76	171.84
6	74.72	246.56	9.87	256.43	51.64	204.79
7	74.72	279.51	11.18	290.69	53.52	237.17
8	74.72	311.89	12.48	324.37	55.42	268.95
9	74.72	343.67	13.74	357.41	57.31	300.10
10	74.72	374.82	14.99	389.81	59.22	330.59
11	74.72	405.31	16.21	421.52	61.12	360.40
12	74.72	435.12	17.40	452.52	62.99	389.53
13	74.72	464.25	18.57	482.82	64.88	417.94
14	74.72	492.66	19.70	512.36	66.78	445.58
15	74.72	520.30	20.81	541.11	68.61	472.50
16	74.72	547.22	21.89	569.11	70.38	498.73
17	74.72	573.45	22.94	596.39	72.03	524.36
18	74.72	599.08	23.95	623.03	73.51	549.52
19	74.72	624.24	24.97	649.21	74.88	574.33
20	74.72	649.05	25.95	675.00	76.07	598.93
21	74.72	673.65	26.95	700.60	77.25	623.35
22	74.72	698.07	27.92	725.99	78.41	647.58
23	74.72	722.30	28.89	751.19	79.54	671.65
24	74.72	746.37	29.85	776.22	80.79	695.43
25	74.72	770.15	30.80	800.95	82.24	718.71
26	74.72	793.43	31.71	825.14	83.70	741.44
27	74.72	816.16	32.67	848.83	85.40	763.43
28	74.72	838.15	33.53	871.68	87.45	784.23
29	74.72	858.95	34.35	893.30	89.88	803.42
30	74.72	878.14	35.12	913.26	92.58	820.68
31	74.72	895.40	35.81	931.21	96.66	834.55
32	74.72	909.27	36.37	945.64	100.35	845.29
33	74.72	920.01	36.79	956.80	97.19	859.61
34	74.72	934.33	37.37	971.70	84.88	886.82
35	74.72	961.54	38.46	1,000.00	0.00	1,000.00

It will be noted that the terminal reserve at age 99, plus the last net premium then paid, with interest on the sum for one year, equals the face of the policy.

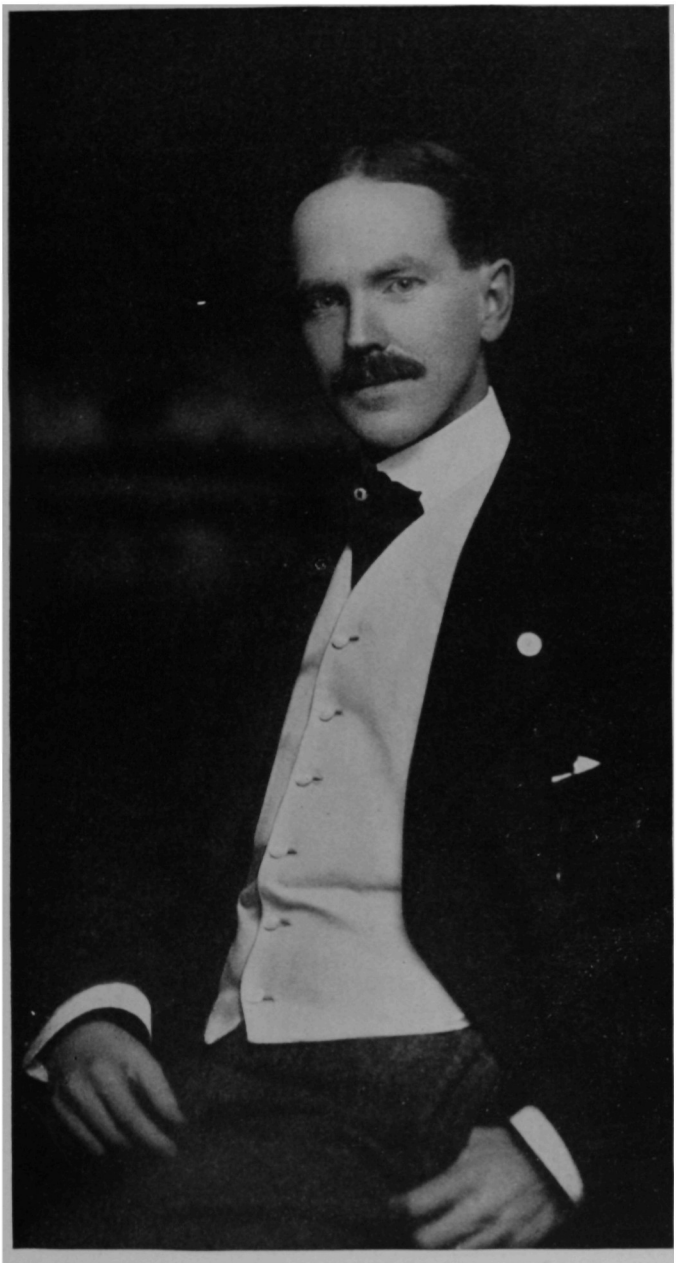
If the correct assumption that the net premium is not divided, is made, we have the result shown in Table No. 2.

In this table, the whole net premium is added to the terminal reserve to form the initial reserve, to which one year's interest is added, and from this sum the cost of insurance is deducted at the end of the year, the balance forming the "terminal reserve" at that time; the whole of the next net premium is added as before and this process is continued to the end of the table.



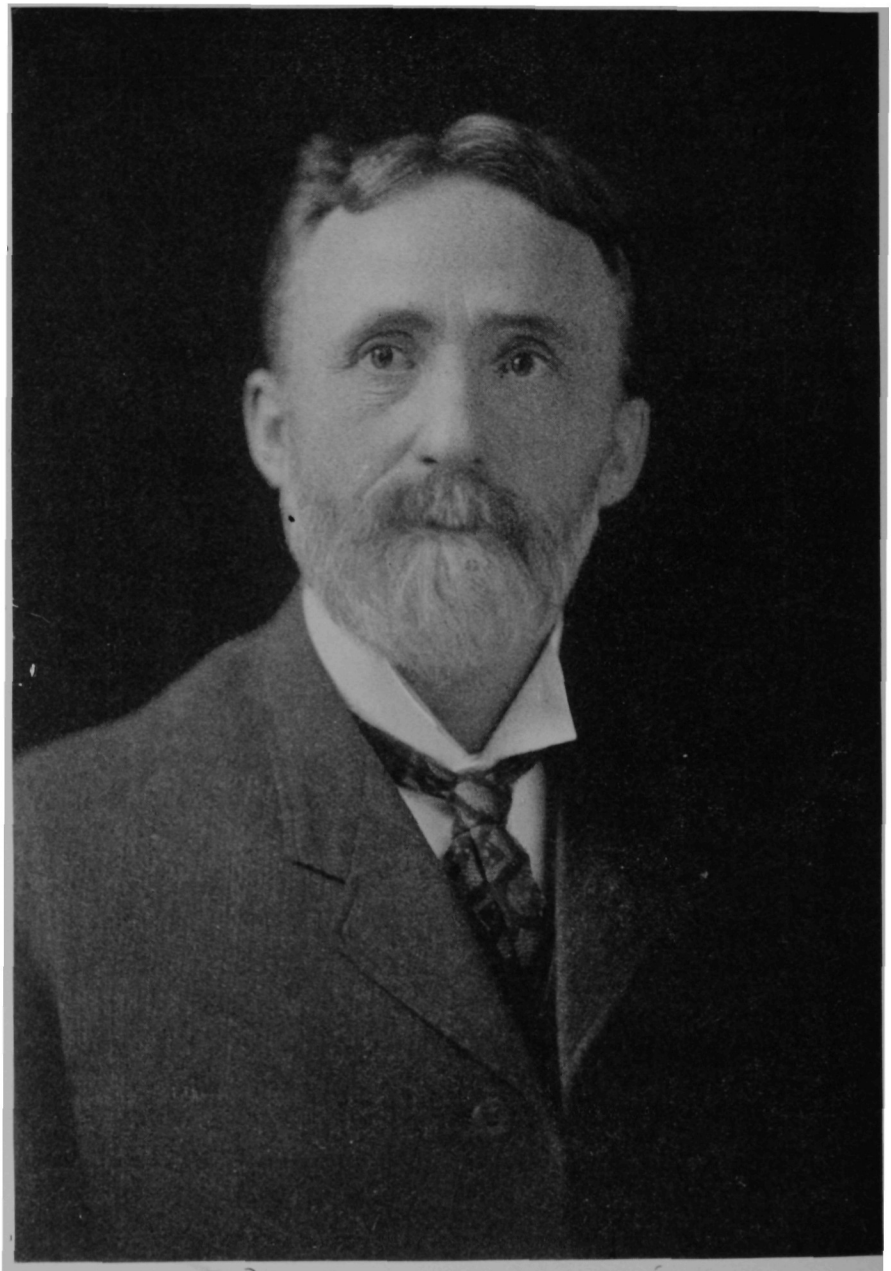
W. E. STATLER

President of Bankers Accident Insurance Company



E. C. BUDLONG

Agency Manager of the Bankers Accident Company



GEORGE J. DELMEGE

President of the Century Fire Insurance Company

The Century Fire Insurance Company, Des Moines

We publish on another page a half-tone engraving of the officers of the Century Fire Insurance Company of Des Moines. The Century Fire Insurance Company is an Iowa Company, by Iowans, and for Iowans. Its business is all in Iowa. It accepts no business from outside of Iowa. The Century has the Iowa field well organized, being represented in all parts of the state by more than five hundred local agents. The The growth and progress of the Century Fire Insurance Company has surpassed that of any company ever organized, that confined its business, as the Century does, to its home state.

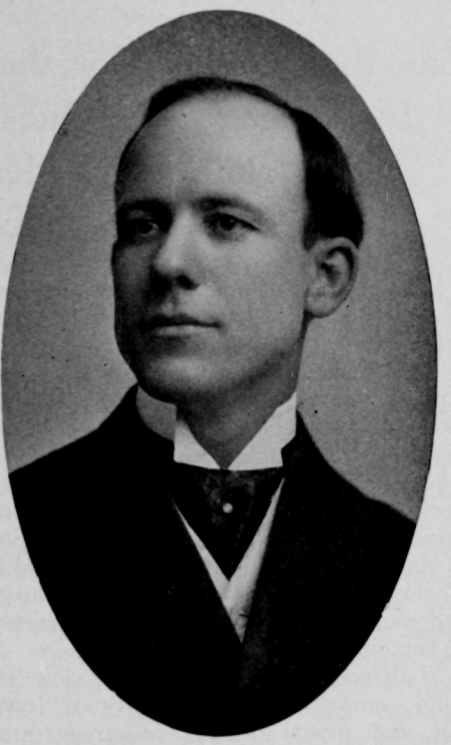
George J. Delmege, the able President and Manager of the Century, has had large experience in the field of insurance, and is conceded to be one of the foremost underwriters in the country.

John J. Bynon, the Secretary, is a capable business man as well as an experienced underwriter and splendidly qualified to discharge the duties of his responsible position.

E. A. Nye, the talented editor of the Des Moines Daily News, well known lecturer, successful business man, and Vice-President of the Century, gives a portion of his time to the business of the Company.

Homer A. Miller, President of the Iowa National Bank, the largest bank in Iowa, is the Treasurer.

E. A. NYE
Vice-President of Century Fire Insurance Co.



J. J. BYNON
Secretary of Century Fire Insurance Co.

John M. Read, the lawyer whose practice is governed by the belief "that law is a rule of action to enforce justice and to direct duty," is the Company's counsellor.

Chas. O. Goodwin, Adjuster, is in charge of the Loss Department of the Century, and as the result of his wise handling of claims only one loss, growing out of last year's business, is being contested.

Hon. Jerry B. Sullivan, the recent Democratic candidate for governor, one of the foremost lawyers of the country, is a member of the Board of Directors of the Century, as is also J. R. Hurlbut.

Chas. L. Beatty, of the Federal Land Co., H. C. Alverson, one of the best known insurance men in the country, and R. E. Jeanson, capitalist, are among the Century's stockholders.

With such a personnel back of it, the future of the Century Fire Insurance Company promises even a more rapid growth and development than it has had in the past.

Alverson & Montrose are the Century's local representatives in Des Moines.

Can the Indvidual or the State Afford to Carry Own Insurance? The Question Answered by George J. Delmege President of the Century Fire Insurance Company

Iowa, the queen of all the sisterhood of states, is admittedly the most prosperous section of all the nation. No section of our great country produces a higher type of manhood and womanhood than Iowa. The wealth and prosperity of Iowa are not founded alone on the values inherent in Iowa soil, or represented by her farms, her stock, grains, banks, insurance companies, mines, manufactories or dairy interests, but her chief wealth largely centers in the virile manhood and womanhood and sterling character of her citizenship.

With such a state as a base, rich beyond compare in the fertility of Iowa soil and great natural resources, and dominated by so grand a citizenship, any Iowa business enterprise, organized in strict conformity with Iowa laws and managed by Iowa men of tried and proved experience, ought not to fail to command the generous and loyal support of Iowa people. It is due to the loyal spirit of her citizenship, and their inherent pride in their state, in her institutions and her business enterprises, that Iowa has developed so many strong and reliable fire insurance companies, many of which have become financial institutions that are the pride of the state.

Iowa, as looked upon from the viewpoint of an underwriter, is peculiar in some respects as compared with other states, and the features that make Iowa peculiar causes it also to be particularly desirable as a field for legitimate underwriting. The character and hazard of risks in Iowa are relatively the same in all parts of the state. There are no large cities in Iowa; therefore the danger of great conflagrations is not a factor inherent to the Iowa business. The character of risks in Iowa is good. The citizenship of the state is prosperous. The moral hazard, which sometimes enters into the business, is reduced to the minimum here. It is due to these facts that Iowa property owners are so highly favored in the matter of rates. The Iowa farmer can now secure insurance, protecting him from loss caused by fire and lightning, for an annual payment of $4.00 on each $1,000 insured, a mere bagatelle to pay each year to protect $1,000 invested in perishable property from loss. The cost to the owner of town residence property in Iowa to secure $1,000 against loss from fire and lightning is only $2.50 each year. The rate on mercantile risks is correspondingly low.

As stated, Iowa is proud of its insurance companies. It is proud of its banking institutions, and why shouldn't it be? What state has made a better insurance or banking record than Iowa? Iowa has been loyal to Iowa home companies, and yet she might, with profit to herself, go farther than she has gone in the way of patronage.

Money exchanged in the state and kept circulating and recirculating within the state in its entirety is profitable to all the interests of the state, whereas money exchanged in the state and immediately sent out of the state, some of it never to come back, and none of it to come back unless it comes back in the payment of a loss, or in the form of a mortgage, is injurious to all the interests of the state.

The 38th Annual Insurance Report for the year ending December 31, 1906, by Hon. B. F. Carroll, Auditor of State, shows the relative proportion of the Iowa business written during the year by Iowa stock fire insurance companies, and other than Iowa companies, as shown by the premiums received therefor to be as follows: Iowa companies received in premiums during the year $2,547,175; other than Iowa companies received during the year $3,541,921. The report shows that the stock companies from the foreign field secured $1,000,000 more in premiums from Iowa property owners

JOHN M. READ
Counsellor of the Century Fire Insurance Co.

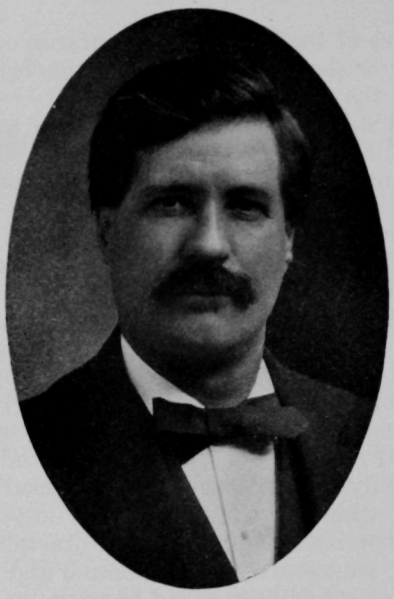
during the year than the Iowa stock companies received. That the state as a whole would have been benefited by the retention of this money in the state, is so clearly axiomatic as to need no demonstration. The management of Iowa fire insurance companies welcome outside companies to the Iowa field, but the Iowa property owner should bear in mind that it is in his interest to remember his home company first, and that Iowa business should not be turned to the foreign company until the resources of his home companies, as to lines, have been exhausted. That Iowa stock fire insurance companies, under conservative management and confining their business to their home state only, are as safe as any in the world, is unquestioned. This being true, it naturally follows that the Iowa property owner will serve his own, and the state's interests best, by insuring his property with his home companies and keeping the money paid for indemnity for use in his own state.

Fire insurance is a business where luck does not apply. A certain building may burn, or it may not burn, but the probabilities of the burning of a certain percentage of buildings of a given class, scattered over a wide area, is a matter ascertained and determined. Of a given number of risks, of a given class, it is a fact that a certain percentage will burn each year. Losses will occur. This is a certainty. Who is best able to take the chance of the hazard, the insurance company or the individual, and if one better than the other, why?

As stated the cost of insuring a town dwelling for one year for $1,000 is $2.50. The owner reasons that if the company can make money carrying his risk he can make money carrying it himself. He reasons that the probability of loss is remote. He therefore chances the loss of $1,000 in the expectation that he will save the $2.50. It so happens that during the year his is one of the buildings out of a given number, out of a given class, that burns. He is therefore compelled to suffer the loss of $1,000 and he has only the $2.50 saved by not insuring with which to make good his loss; in other words to him the loss is practically total, whereas, if he had insured and the company had been asked to settle, to the company the loss would only have been partial, proportioned to all the risks of like kind on their books and the premiums they received for carrying them; in other words the company's loss was protected by the law of average, whereas the individual, trying to carry his own risk, was outside of the beneficent influence of this law.

The same reasons that preclude the individual from carrying his own risk with safety precludes also the county or state from carrying county or state risks.

HOMER A. MILLER
Treasurer of the Century Fire Insurance Co



JERRY B. SULLIVAN
Director in the Century Fire Insurance Co.

CHAS. O. GOODWIN
Adjuster for the Century Fire Insurance Co.

In Iowa we have a $3,000,000 state house. before the state can afford to carry it's own risk on this building, scientifically speaking, it would need to own such a number of $3,000,000 buildings of the same class (and have them so widely separated that only one of them could be burned at a time) that the premium it would have to pay to secure insurance on all of them would equal the value of any one of them; in other words it would need to have enough buildings of like class before it goes into the insurance business to give it the benefit of an average on losses. This the county or state can never have, and consequently as a business proposition, they can never safely enter the domain of fire insurance. At a rate of 1 per cent it would take more than forty years at 4 per cent compounding the interest annually for the premium paid at the beginning of each year to equal the sum insured. Would the individual, the county or the state, care to stake a hazard of 100 to 1 against the chance of a single fire occurring in a period of forty years? Insurance is a scientific proposition and is based upon well known and well established laws. The element of chance is not considered in the conduct of the affairs of a well managed fire insurance company.

IF PLACES WERE CHANGED

Monopoly is a crime you say,
You'd like to even things some way—
But say,
I'd like to know what *you* would do
If *you* had shares a thousand or two
In any trust with golden hue?

You'd let competitors have a show?
You'd loosen your grip upon the
"dough?"
O, no!
There's no new virtue under the sun,
You'd do as always has been done,—
You'd just look out for "number one."

Today men scorn the "Golden Rule,"
They follow not the strict "old school."
O fool
Thou art who thinks that heart
Would e'er be put in any part
Of business that controls the mart!

The man who wears the "System's" collar
Is going to let the poor man holler.
The dollar
Is power,—it's the dollar that talks,—
It never blushes, never balks,
But makes men unfeeling hawks.

Your pardon if I seem quite rude,
I only want my lines close hewed.
You prude!
Look at your naked soul and say
Would you be different than they
If you controlled finance today?

—Alson Secor.

Any common dictionary of the French language contains the word "moine," meaning monk. "River of the Monks" was the name given to the Des Moines river by the old French traders who came down the Mississippi river, as many old residents, including Mr. Tacitus Hussey, tell us. The early Americans following the Frenchmen, left off the word "river," substituted a capital "D" for the small letter in "des," leaving the phrase or words simply "Des Moines River." The history of the city name was given in part in an article written in 1903 by Mr. Hussey, being an address to a gathering of pioneers in the Historical Building of the State.

When Captain James Allen of the First United States Dragoons in 1842 was sent to look over the grounds in respect to establishing a military post, he sent in a favorable report designating the post as "Fort Raccoon." When his general, Winfield Scott, came to consider the matter of the fort and its name, his dignified nature rebelled against leaving such a name as "Fort Raccoon" to stand for all time, and, learning of the name of the river, immediately changed the name of the fort to "Fort Des Moines." By act of legislature, February 16, 1857, the word "Fort" was eliminated (and therein lies the so-called French irregularity of the name when the first word of the original phrase "Fortress of the Monks" is taken away, according to a few critically inclined persons), leaving the name of the city simply "Des Moines" as it stands today. Such uses of the word is allowed, however, in the French language according to a native of France, just as American idioms and privileges taken in poetry are used in our language. It is due to the aristocratic old general who was called "Old Fuss and Feathers," General Winfield Scott, that we have the pretty French name for our city of today, as well as allowing the old name for the river to also stand as it was christened.

The opinion that it is or ever was an Indian name cannot be verified, as no meaning for the words could ever be obtained from any Indians, of whom there are large numbers in existence, and the meaning as a French name is common and simple. E. L.

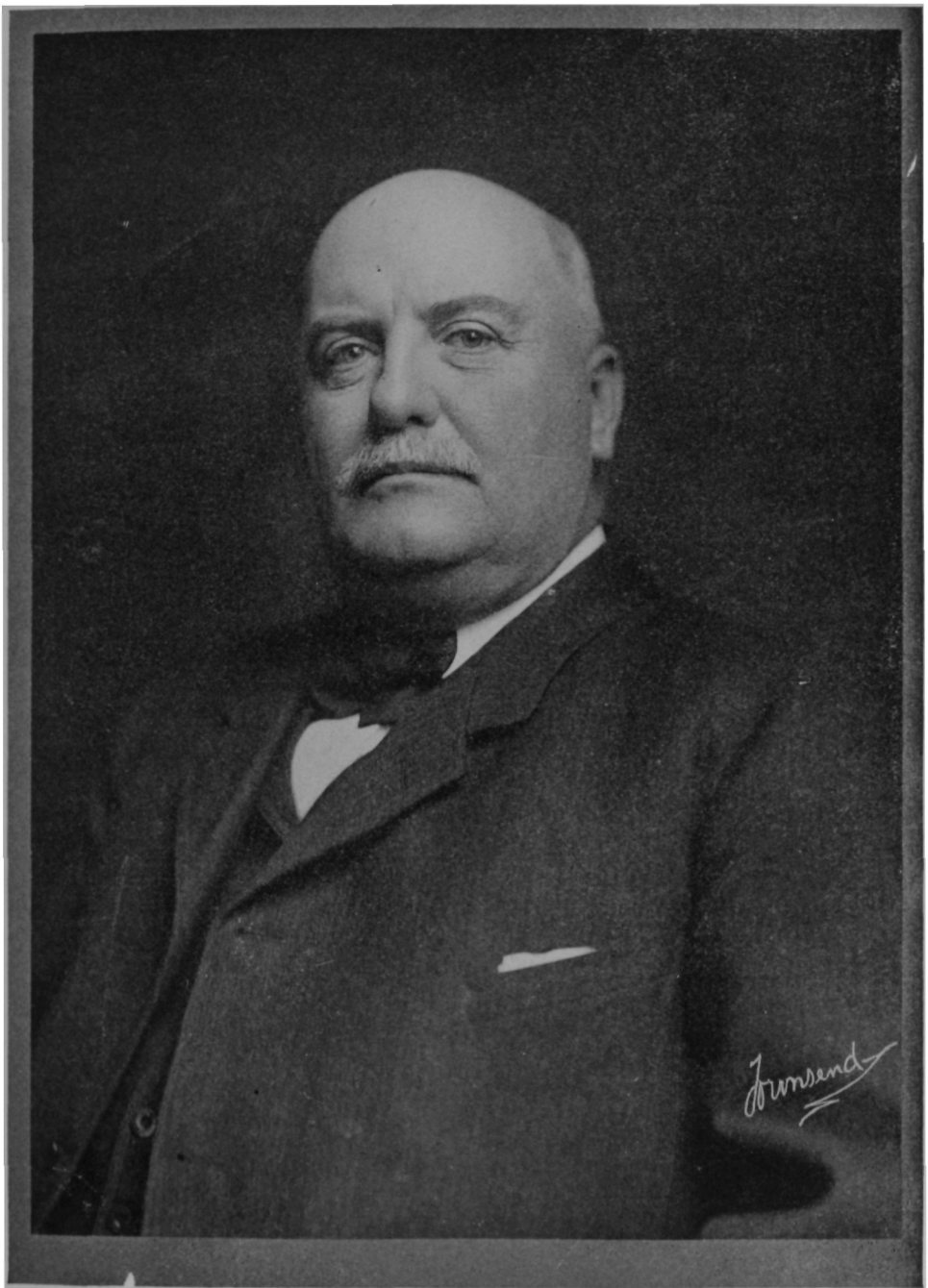
The Heights of Everywhere

Could I sing a song, out to the world,
To bring tears to the hearts of men;
Could I make a merry laughing tale
Flow, rippling from my pen;
I would sing, I would write, and send my heart,
As a brook to a river runs.
Not where the plenty of love abides:
I would sing to the lonely ones.

I would sing to lives that know not the smile
Of eyes that understand:
I would write to hearts that weep the while,
For the help of a comrade hand.
Out to the heights of everywhere,
Had I song at command,
I would send my laughter, smiles and tears,
To the dwellers of Lonely Land.
—*The Ladies' World for December.*

J. R. HURLBUT
Director in the Century Fire Insurance Co.

NEW FLEMING BUILDING, SIXTH AND WALNUT STREETS
The Royal Union occupies the tenth floor



HON. SIDNEY J. FOSTER
Secretary of the Royal Union Life Insurance Company

THE VALUE OF SECURITIES

W. H. White General Agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company

As has been well said, "to the making of books, there is no end." So likewise, we believe it can equally be said with as much truth, that "to the making of money there is no end." Fortunes are made and lost in a day. This is one way of dealing with finance. Another is on a scientific, industrious, equitable and ethical basis. To realize the need of conservatism, one only needs to take a review of the stock market of New York.

Wall Street, the busiest place in the United States, where, in a few minutes, fortunes are made or lost; where hundreds of thousands of shares of stock change hands daily; where all is uncertainty and speculation—it is to this in its relation to the life insurance companies of the United States that we ask your attention.

The facts in regard to stock speculation are too well known to bear repeating here. To realize the feverish excitement which pervades the financial district of New York City, one must actually stand in the stock exchange or mingle with the stock brokers and their clients. The spectator is amazed at the rapidity with which money is made and lost; the ordinary methods of gain seem absurdly slow. The habit of stock speculation, once acquired, grows upon a person until rarely is he able to break it.

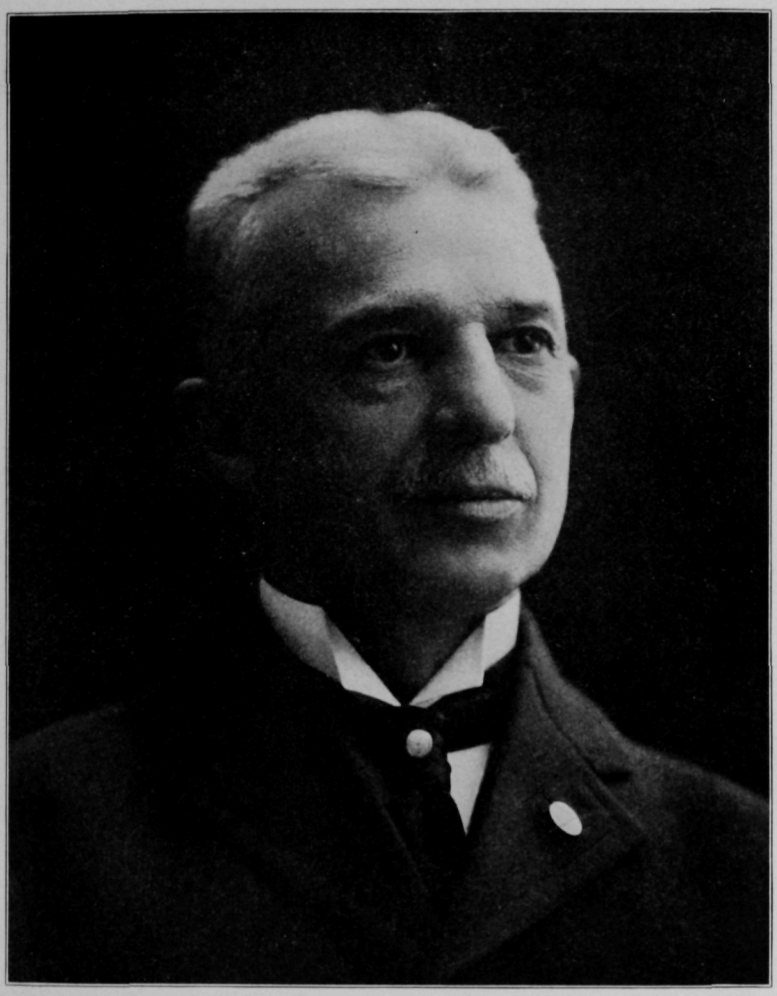
New York is the financial center of America. There financiers not only make their millions by the manipulation of stocks, but engage in "high finance," in exploiting huge enterprises, which involve large sums of money, in entering into all sorts of schemes where chances are taken, but where profits are correspondingly large.

Insurance Stands for Conservatism.—Let us consider, side by side, the speculative and financial enterprises of New York with the business of insurance. The two are opposites; risk, uncertainty, speculation, daring, aggressiveness, characterize the former; surety, certainty, conservatism, poise, unswerving steadiness, characterize the latter. On one side of the balance are business and stock speculation and high finance, with all their perils and failures; on the other side, preserving the equilibrium, is insurance, representing safety and indemnity in time of loss. The two are at extremes, and must ever be so. When, in the management of the business, conservatism and surety are replaced by risk and speculation, insurance will have departed from its true position in our political economy.

Is it not plain, therefore, that insurance must be conducted along the most conservative business lines? There never should be cause to question the strength and solidity of life insurance companies. They should have no connection whatever, directly or indirectly, with the world of finance or the stock market. They should not be under the direction of men who are themselves engaged in financial ventures or who are in the habit of dealing in stocks or of co-operation in schemes to make large profits by manipulation of securities. Insurance, to be sound, must be based upon fixed principles and must be conducted with the greatest conservatism, assuring the policyholders absolute safety and reliability.

The one indispensable requirement of investments for life insurance companies is that they shall be safe; that they shall earn a large interest return is very desirable, as a high rate of interest earnings helps to decrease the cost of insurance to policyholders.

If we deal on a scientific basis, we should also regard the moral welfare. Therefore, safety involves even more than securities from standpoint of mortgage values. The slow, conservative method is not under the excitement of "high finance," but the basis of constant interest earning at a moderate rate on a certain amount of retired surplus from year to year, as may be our fortune to retire. Shall we retire this, and have it invested in "high finance," or shall it be in solid securities? Have we a moral

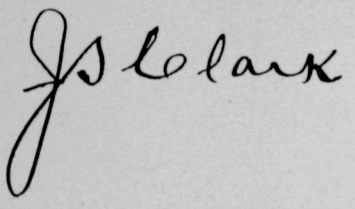


GOVERNOR FRANK JACKSON
President of the Royal Union Life Insurance Company

right to take a trust fund, and carelessly invest it, either by speculation or on imperfect title to mortgages? Again, good securities involve mortality. Have we a right to take risks in lands and countries annually visited by epidemics, deadly in their path? Have we not as good a right to invest $10,000 on a mortgage with an imperfect title, as to take a risk on an improper physical subject? The devoted husband or father cannot be overzealous to know where his life insurance premiums are invested. He has a right, and owes a duty to himself and family to know. If we would take the government standard of earning and learn to be satisfied with small profits and a high grade of securities, that even in financial stringences could be utilized, our life insurance would soon be brought to a higher realization of value.

W. H. WHITE.

Treasurer of the Royal Union Life Insurance Company



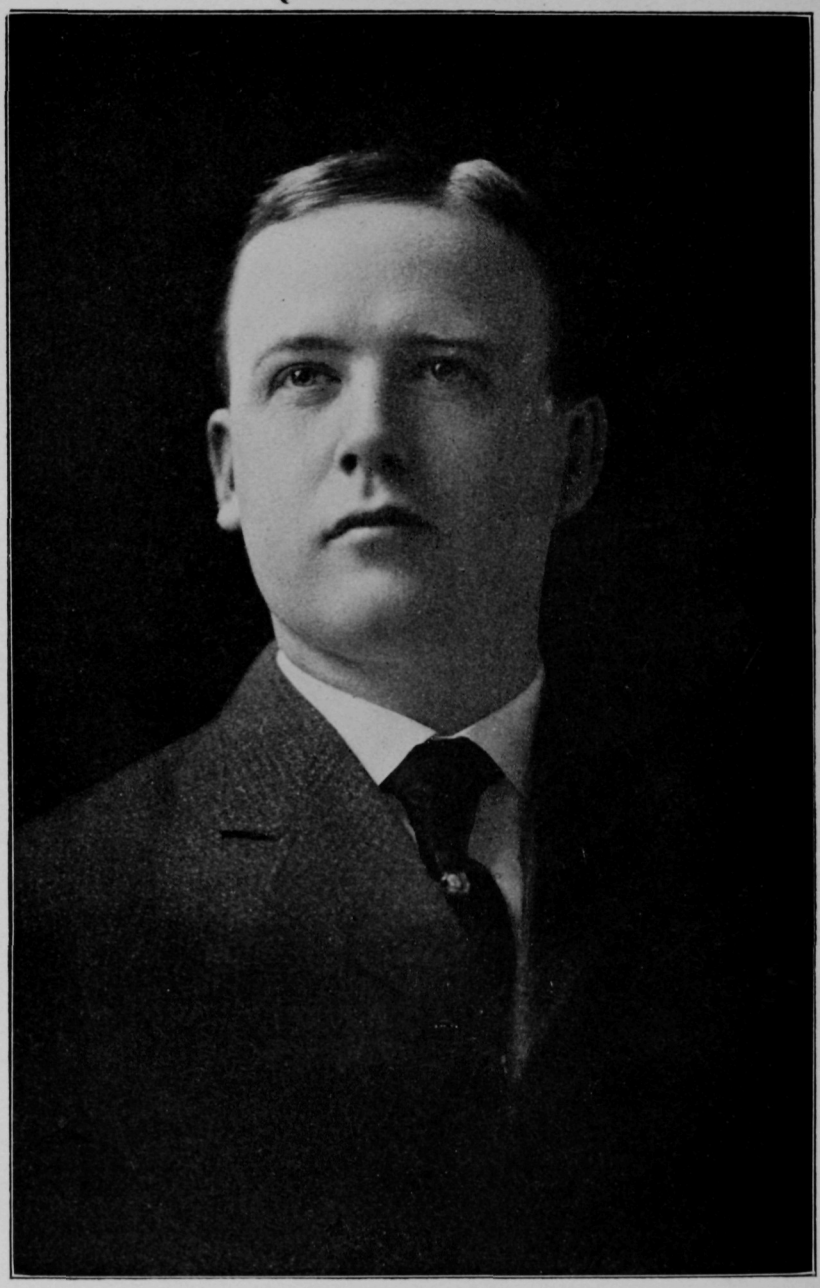
President of the Anchor Fire Insurance Company

THE FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS

G. A. HOLLAND

When a man has bought a policy in a good stock fire insurance, he has reached the limit of what can be purchased for the amount of money he paid for that policy. Nothing else having a commercial value can be bought for the price that will furnish him so much protection and comfort. Every one is striving to accumulate property and so long as buildings are built, in whole or in part, of combustible materials, fire insurance will be a necessity on the buildings and their contents. It is necessary in every business of a commercial nature, and enters into the business sooner or later, of every individual.

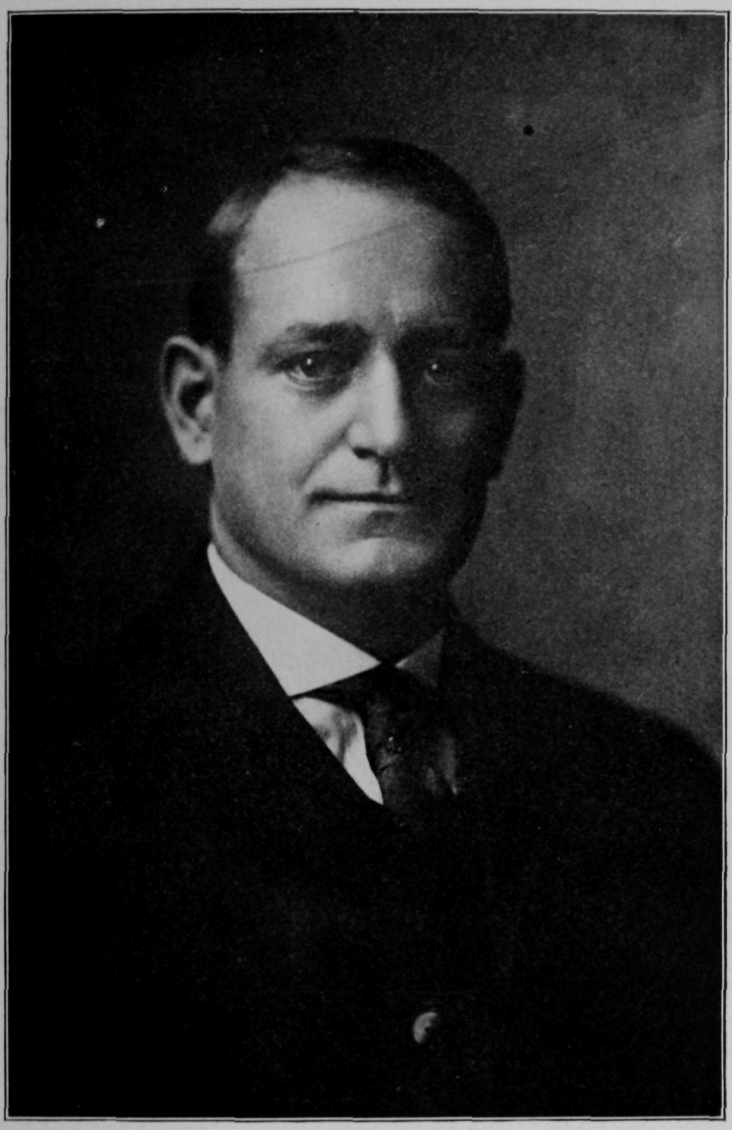
The first thing after securing property is to protect it, and good fire insurance is now so cheap that it is easily within the reach of every one according to his needs. A dwelling property costing $1,000 could be protected for over 400 years for what it cost. This low rate for good fire insurance makes



G. A. HOLLAND
Vice-President of the Anchor Fire Insurance Company

protection in stock companies within the reach of every one owning property, and they have no occasion to look for cheaper insurance, which is always expensive in the end. While fire insurance is not operated as a charity, it reaches and benefits more people than all the charitable institutions of the world combined. To the man of small property it is a safeguard against poverty. To the rich man, it is a protection to his larger interests and his credit.

We have just passed through another money panic, which has inconvenienced every one to some extent and caused a great shrinkage in values, but this panic was small indeed to the one we would have if it were possible to



L. E. ELLIS
Secretary of the Anchor Fire Insurance Company

stop the fire insurance business. It is absolutely necessary to our business life, as it enters into all transactions of a commercial character. Without it we would have more bankrupts than the world has ever known. Fire insurance policies protect the raw materials on the farms, or wherever they may be. They protect them on the way to our own factories, to the seaboard, on the wharfs, on the vessels, in the factories throughout the world, and then the manufactured product as it passes to the jobber, the retailer, and the consumer. Not only are the materials themselves insured, but everything that contains or handles them is protected—the wagons and barns on the farm, the platforms, the trains, wharfs, vessels, factories, warehouse, stores and dwellings. If your household goods are insured under a general form, even the eatables on your table are protected against loss by fire.

There is no business done on so large a scale, where the dealings are with so

many different men and so many conditions arise, where it is more universally satisfactory to all concerned than the fire insurance business. As a rule, the managers of fire insurance companies are men of large experience and good intentions, and the business transactions with the assured are carried on as between man and man.

Notwithstanding the universal benefit of stock company insurance, the kind that has rebuilt every city in modern times that has been destroyed by fire, and notwithstanding the exceedingly low rates at which fire insurance is carried, the small per cent of profit, and the great hazard of the business, the fire insurance companies have not, as a rule, been kindly treated by our legislatures. Laws concerning other lines of insurance have been more favorable. Laws have been made prohibiting life insurance agents from offering rebates, which is an advantage to that business, and laws have been passed in some states requiring fraternal life insurance associations to charge rates that have been found by experience to be safe, but we have in Iowa a law that prohibits fire insurance companies from combining their experiences and fixing rates on different classes of property that have been found to be adequate for the risk carried and a reasonable profit to the underwriters. A business that affects every one is entitled to fair play.

Iowa is forging to the front in all departments of the insurance business. One thing greatly needed is an insurance department, run on such lines as are prevalent in all business institutions. A man hires a practical farmer to manage his ranch; the manufacturer hires an experienced man as foreman, and experienced men as department managers. In fact, in every line of business, men of experience are sought. It seems reasonable that the state should use the same methods in choosing heads of departments. Under the present plan, these positions are rewards for political fidelity, and not for any peculiar adaptability the man may have for the office to which he aspires. The various insurance interests turn into the treasury of the state over $1,000 a day throughout the year, Sundays included, and as it has been estimated on good authority that the total cost of maintaining an insurance department would not exceed $18,000 a year, it would seem reasonable that the legislature would make this provision for the good of the business. Under the present system, the insurance business is liable to suffer, sooner or later, from Alton B. Parker's "untutored idealism."

THE SEA'S WITHHOLDING

The ladye's bower faced the sea,
Its casements framed a sea-born day.
She saw the fishers sail away,
And far and high
The gulls sweep by
Within the hollow of the sky!

She saw the laggard twilight come
And chased by rippling wakes of foam,
She saw the fisher-fleet come home—
Brown sails a-sheen
Against the green
With shadows creeping in between!

She saw when it was evening, all
Day's banners stream in crimson rout
Till night's soft finger blurred them out,
And high and far
A perfect star
Shone where the keys of heaven are!

"O far and constant star," she said,
"O passing sail, O passing bird,
O passing day—bring ye no word
Of winds that steer
His ships a-near?

W. G. TALLMAN
Manager of the Industrial Department of the Great Western Accident Association

Insurance With Fire Insurance

R. D. Emery, Secretary Great Western Accident Association

The impression that accident insurance is a branch of life insurance is so general that it has determined most of the laws governing that subject. Many of the most important measures governing accident insurance were enacted primarily for the government of life insurance organizations, and through the influence of this confusion of the general public mind which has been shared by our legislators and courts, these measures were made to apply to accident insurance. *A careful analysis of the underlying principles governing accident insurance by any competent legislative body would cause a revolution in, and recodification of the laws governing this subject.*

A single instance will serve to illustrate this point. Section 1820 of the code of Iowa provides as follows: "*Limitation of action.* No stipulation or condition in any policy or contract of insurance or beneficiary certificate issued by any company or association mentioned or referred to in this chapter, limiting the time to a period of less than one year after knowledge by the beneficiary within which notice or proofs of death or the occurrence of other contingency insured

IOWA LOAN AND TRUST BUILDING

against must be given, shall be valid." As restricting the limitations concerning notice and proofs of loss in life insurance the application of this law is radically different than if applied to accident insurance. The fact of the death of an individual can be established practically as well, or can be as well disproved after the lapse of one year as after one month. But the case is far different with a claim for temporary disability from accident, in which the cause as well as the character and extent of the disability is to be established. All external evidence of the injury might and probably would have disappeared. The right to have the man examined by a disinterested physician would thus be annulled. The company would be at the mercy of any scheme in which a dishonorable man might secure the aid of a dishonest doctor. *The primary difficulty lies in the confusion of accident with life insurance.*

It is to be greatly regretted that this misimpression has been encouraged by some of the people acting as vendors of accident insurance. They habitually quote their policies by the thousand, meaning the amount to be paid in case of accidental death. The impression is often left with the policyholder that he has increased his life insurance by the amount of the principal sum of his accident policy. A large per cent of the people who have been thus insured will, in answer to the inquiry as to how much life insurance they carry, give the sum of all their accident and life policies.

A distinct wrong has been done to the man who is thus led to believe that his accident insurance is in any but the most limited degree a substitute for life insurance. He is thus led to entertain an unwarranted feeling of security as to the protection he feels bound to provide for his family in case of his death. The chances are overwhelming that his death will be the result of disease or other so-called natural cause. *According to the records only 6 per cent of all the money*

paid for accident insurance is paid out for death benefits; yet all death accident policies provide their largest payment for the death loss. Many people fear death on a train, but only one ticket in over *two million* during the past year brought death to its purchaser. The ordinary average liability of an accidental death is so remote as not to be within the range of a business proposition. It partakes too much of the character of a lottery.

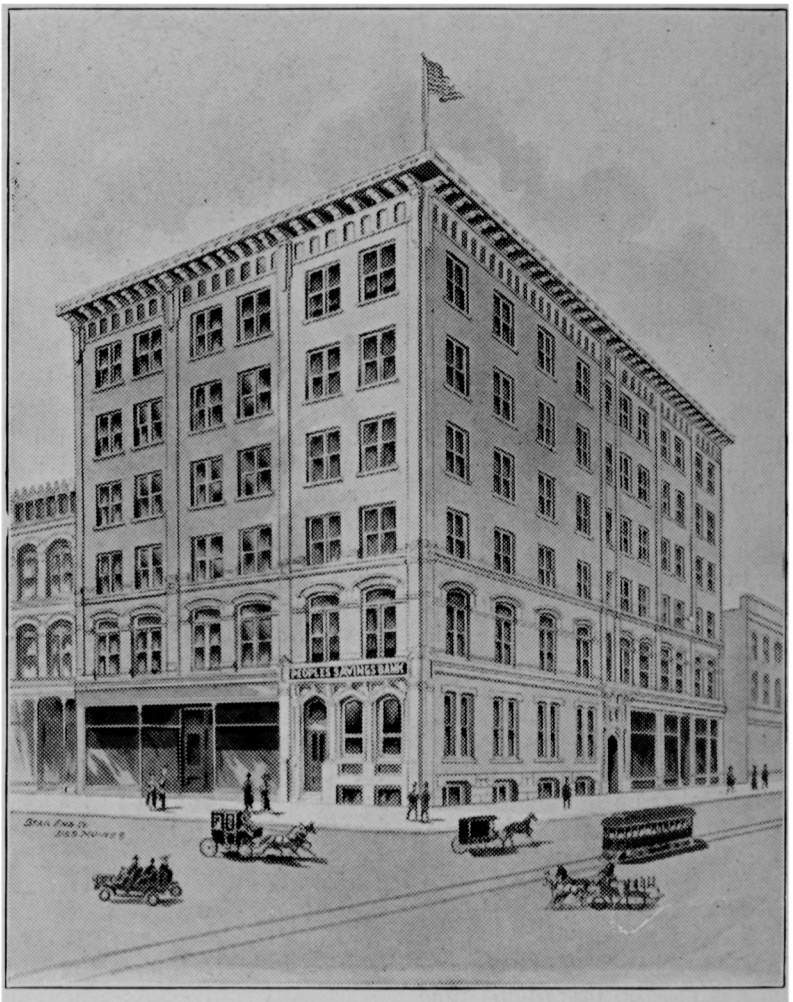
Eliminate the death benefit from consideration in accident insurance and you have a *property insurance pure and simple.*

Labor, service, employment, management are only different ways of naming *time* as a factor in commerce. The great value of time is axiomatic. It is the most vital thing with which we have to do. A portion of one's time is an actual segment of his life. That which has to do with our time affects us deeply as when a vital nerve has been touched. Intrinsically no other thing is so valuable except the human mind. It is the factor which taken together with the powers of the individual have produced all other things having a commercial value. His education has been sadly neglected who has not been taught the commercial value of time, who has never learned that habits of wastefulness or extravagance in respect to time are more to be condemned than recklessness in the expenditure of money.

The specific commercial value of time having been established, the right to protect the individual from loss of this valuable thing follows as a matter of course, and we have the first parallel between accident and fire insurance. The fire insurance company assumes the risk in case of the loss of the visible property of the individual. The accident company insures him against the loss of his time which is even more valuable and no less real, although invisible.

Both the fire companies and the accident companies arrange their classification of risks and their premiums for insurance to accord with the individual hazard incurred in each policy, and both recognize in the provisions of their policies that the degree of hazard in any particular risk may be changed; by changed surroundings in the case of fire insurance, or change of occupation on the part of the accident risk. Both limit the amount of insurance which they will write on any one risk. Both write their insurance for a limited term. The fire companies being older and riper in experience have, on many risks, extended this term to five years, thus saving expenses and lowering premiums, and pleasing their policyholders. *This plan should also be paralleled by accident companies.* In other words, the parallel is exactly what might be inferred when one comes to a full understanding of the fact that both are dealing with a purely property insurance which differs only in the character of the property insured. *Insurance as applied to visible property has become so common and is considered so much a matter of course that any person makes himself peculiar who does not protect his visible possessions by insurance against fire.* When the proper conception of the value of time has become practically universal; when our young people shall have become properly impressed with the immense importance of conserving their time; when laboring men, business men and professional men come generally to recognize the fact that the danger of the loss of their time from accidental injury or disease is a hundred times more imminent than the loss of their visible property from fire and lightning, then may we not reasonably expect that accident insurance will be *more sought and even more universally carried* than is the case at present in regard to fire insurance.

R. D. EMERY
Secretary Great Western Accident Company



FLYNN BLOCK, CORNER SEVENTH AND LOCUST STREETS

M. H. BRINTON
President of the American Life Insurance Company

LIFE INSURANCE SITUATION

A. D. Hindman, Auditor American Life Insurance Company

Measured by the changes which have been made in the laws of the various states, the repudiation of methods which had been approved by many years of successful experience, the departure from conservative management, the introduction of contracts which transcend reasonable limitations, the adoption of questionable methods in securing patronage, the organization of a multitude of new companies, the past three years constitute an epoch making period in the history of Old Line Life Insurance. Fully persuaded that time and experience will correct all errors and that no combination of circumstances shall be able to hinder the development and perpetuation of the benefits of life insurance, it is the purpose of this article to notice briefly some of the conditions which at present affect the life insurance situation more or less unfavorably.

A. D. HINDMAN
Auditor of American Life Insurance Company

The patrons of life insurance are not more keenly interested in the enactment of legislation which will place the institution on a sound and enduring basis than those who are charged with the responsibility of administration. The Iowa Deposit Law which has been such a bulwark of strength to the Old Line Life companies of this state and which has been adopted in whole or in part by several sister states was enacted at the suggestion of the president of an Iowa company forty-one years ago. Although this statute has been ridiculed by the representatives of outside companies who maintained that as the state was sovereign and could not be sued, its responsibility was in the nature of an honorable rather than a legal engagement, the fact remains that the interests of policyholders have been made more secure from possible fraud or deception because the state exercises this important supervision and has custody of its companies' securities.

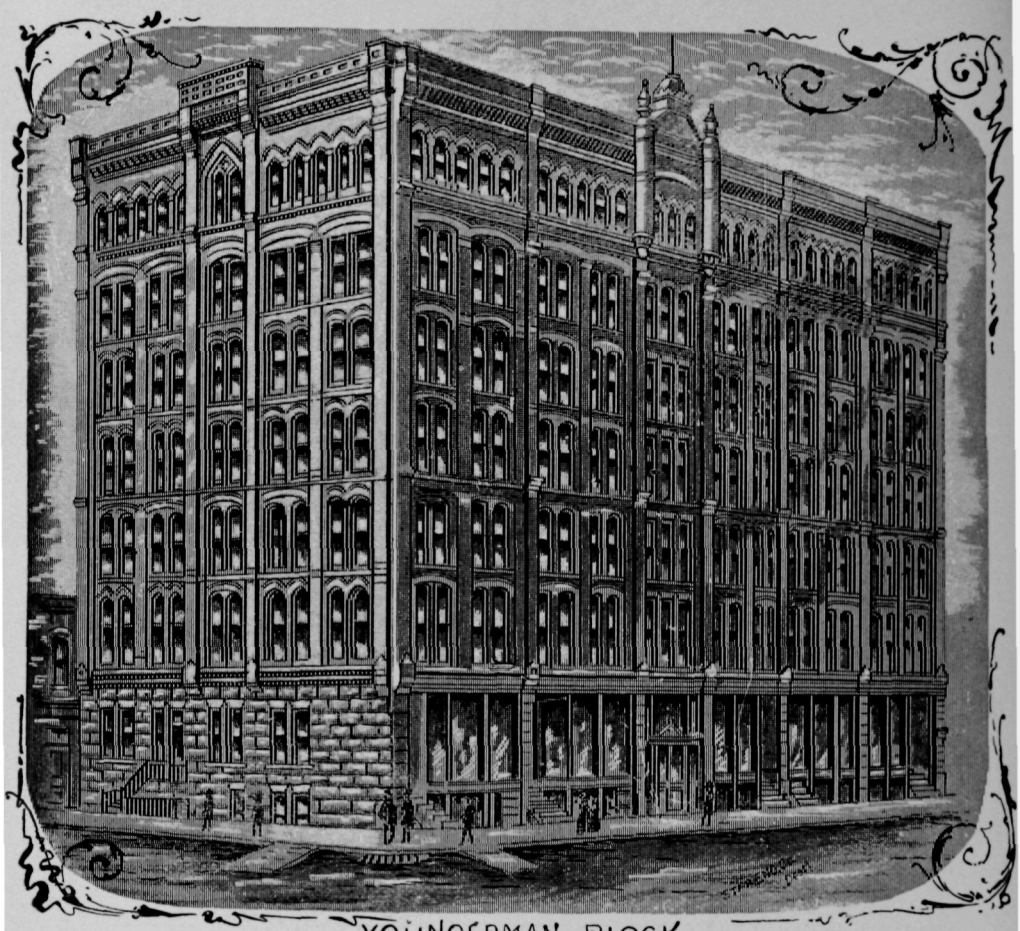
The fact that insurance corporations are the only ones required by law to publish a complete statement of their sources of income, the compensation paid to officers, agents and employees, dividends to stockholders, and all other disbursements, assets and liabilities, character of investments, etc., has the appearance of unjust discrimination and almost suggests that the business of insurance is viewed with general distrust until we

J. C. GRIFFITH
Secretary of the American Life Insurance Company

learn the important truth that the companies have demanded and secured this valuable legislation which has placed the insurance business above the level of any other American corporate enterprise.

Fifty years ago American life companies were permitted to value their policies on a five per cent reserve standard if necessary to show solvency. The companies were mainly responsible for the legislation which demanded a higher standard of accountability and experience has shown almost invariably that the companies have established a standard of liability in excess of legal requirements. Long before the Armstrong committee existed, in fact or in contemplation, the great life companies of this country had recognized their responsibility to the holders of deferred dividend policies and without compulsory statutes had for years set apart and carried in their annual statements as a liability many millions of dollars for the payment of future dividends. The companies have co-operated with the state legislatures in protecting insurance investments and so ably has this been done that money panics which have caused the collapse and ruin of strong financial concerns have not impaired the solvency of a single old line life company. Those who have been intrusted with the management of great insurance interests have always given their undivided support to legislative measures which were intended to make the institution of insurance worthy of unlimited confidence.

Insurance companies have, with good reason, protested against legislation which presumes to regulate details of management. Examples of such legislation are found in the laws recently enacted in the states of New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois and North Dakota. While a state legislature may have an unquestioned legal right to embarrass a life insurance corporation with all manner of burdensome restrictions, such action can not be successfully defended on the ground of benefiting the patrons of insurance. Life insurance companies are public service corporations,



YOUNGERMAN BLOCK
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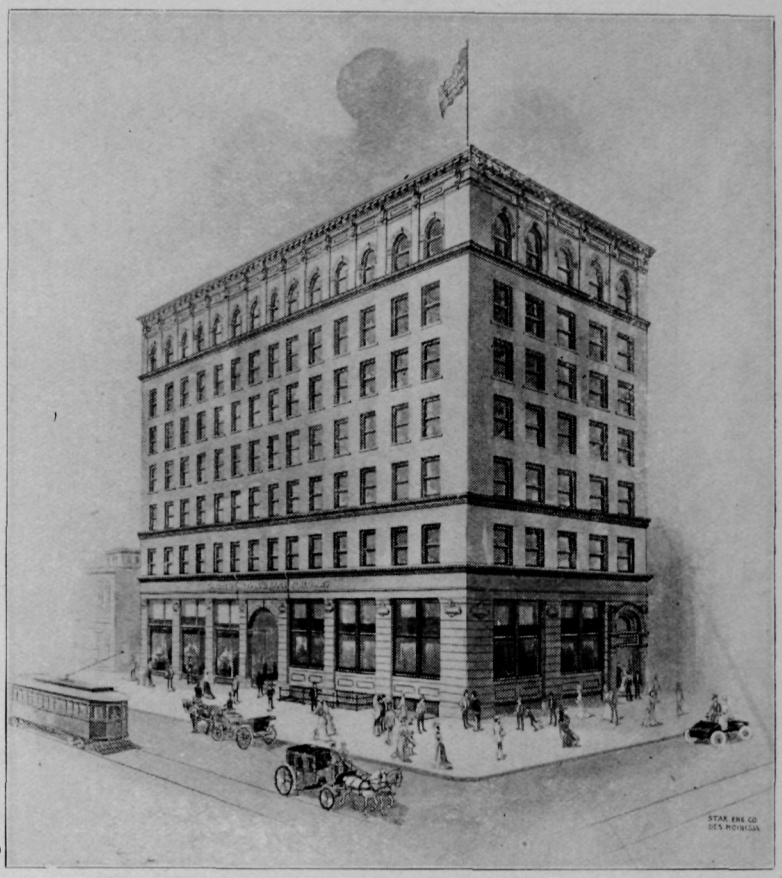
and as such they should be unhampered by legal restrictions in furnishing the service which the public demands. It would greatly alleviate the burdens of every insurance management if insurants were so situated and so fully agreed in their opinions that one form of contract would practically satisfy all demands. On the contrary, various situations and wide diversity of opinion demand the issuance of numerous contracts. The company which is not prepared to issue such contracts as insurants desire is certain to experience a loss of patronage. The hardship which a standard policy law imposes on companies subject to its provisions will be evidenced by the loss of business and prestige which they must suffer in competition with companies which are exempt from burdensome restrictions. The standard policy law is further objectionable for the reason that it destroys the company's initiative and forbids the improvement of its contracts.

It seems almost incredible that a committee composed of men probably above the average in judgment and experience, after due consideration should have decided that the institution of insurance was at fault for the errors of individuals and that insurance managements could be made honest and trustworthy if the law sufficiently circumscribed the patron in the kind of contract which he might purchase from the company. For a half century the managements of the great American companies had presumed that the important service of an insurance company was in affording protection to the largest possible number of insurable risks and that every premium rate being adequate for the company's safety, such minor details as the choice of a participating or non-participating policy, the selection of an annual dividend or a deferred dividend policy were matters which each applicant should decide for himself. Recent laws would seem to sug-

HENRY PYLE
Secretary of the National Life Association

gest that insurance protection is an excellent thing provided it is not too widely distributed, that men insure for profit instead of protection, that insurants generally are not capable of selecting the form of contract best suited to their situations.

The law which prohibits a company from issuing both participating and non-participating contracts restricts the service of the company and deprives it of a legitimate source of income without benefiting the public. The company which issues both forms of policies is in a position to furnish protection to more lives than its competitor which limits its field to one class of business. There will always be a demand for both forms of insurance and no legal enactment will change the situation. The matter of dividend earnings being wholly incidental to the insurance contract, and the protection afforded the first consideration, there is no valid objection to the issuance of both forms by the same company. The propriety of a purely mutual company's issuing non-participating contracts has been questioned, but even this is technical, and the right of a policyholder of a mutual company to waive dividends in consideration of a reduced premium rate can hardly be disputed. A law which provided that a railroad company should be prohibited from transacting both freight and passenger business and compelled a company now doing business to abandon one of its legitimate sources of income would be ridiculed by the public and in all probability declared unconstitutional by the



CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

courts, yet the people who would denounce such an usurpation most violently cheerfully acquiesce in the principle when applied to a life insurance company.

When the Armstrong Committee decided that deferred dividends were largely responsible for the irregularities which came under their observation, they were probably aware that three-fourths of all the old line life insurance in the United States had been issued on that plan. If there is anything pernicious or inherently wrong in a deferred dividend contract the American people have been "flimflammed" on a scale without precedent in all history. This plan of insurance numbered among its patrons the leading financiers, the best business and professional men in every city and village in the country, none of whom seemed able to discover its imperfections. Thousands of these contracts were matured and the results were so satisfactory that agents had no difficulty in obtaining a large volume of new business on the strength of the settlements. It is doubtful whether any other form of contract can succeed to the popularity of the deferred dividend policy. Regulation instead of prohibition was the proper remedy if the holders of such contracts needed additional protection. No life company could have reasonably objected to a law requiring an amount equal to the dividend on an annual distribution policy to be set aside each year on the deferred dividend policy and carried as a liability payable with interest at maturity of the contract. Since the Armstrong laws were enacted bills have been introduced in various state legislatures prohibiting deferred dividend contracts, but only a few states have decided to legislate against the most popular form of life insurance. In future it is to be hoped that such efforts may be in the nature of regulative rather than prohibitive legislation. The company which is not permitted to write a form of contract which

O. H. DAVISON
Vice-President of the National Life Association

is the voluntary choice of a majority of insurants will be seriously handicapped in competition with a company which is fortunately in a position to satisfy the public demand. No adequate reason has yet been offered why the company should be prohibited from selling and the patron from buying a contract which is satisfactory to both parties.

Theoretically the legislation to limit the expense of securing new business has more merit than any other reform measure, but it is not equitable in practice, because it discriminates against the smaller companies. The agents of the older companies have had ample time and opportunity to build up renewal interests sufficiently large to compensate any reasonable reduction in first year's commissions. The younger company is obliged to make more liberal commission contracts if it secures new business. Our western companies have solved the problem by valuing the first year of their policies at the preliminary term rate which enables them to pay sufficient commissions to keep their agents in the field. Any legislation interfering with this privilege would embarrass many western companies, and make the organization of new companies practically impossible.

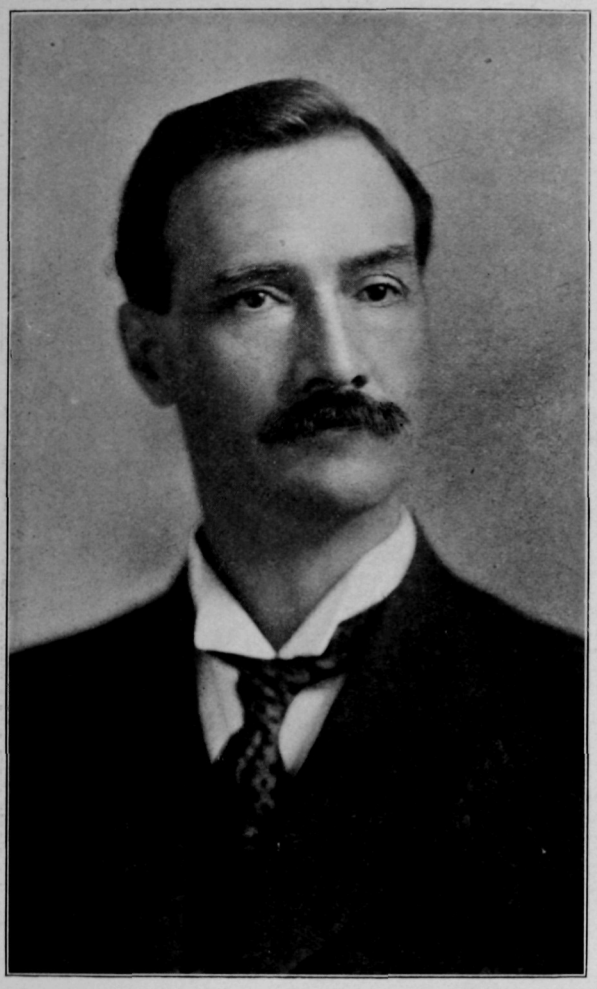
Enough has been said to indicate the crude and injurious character of much of the legislation which had its inception in the eastern insurance troubles. Fortunately none of these laws have been enacted in the state of Iowa. Ultimately such changes will doubtless be made in the states where these laws have become effective as will relieve resident com-

THE EQUITABLE OF IOWA BUILDING, SIXTH AND LOCUST STREET

panies from many of the hardships which are now unjustly imposed.

The discussion concerning legislation should not be closed without reference to the burdensome taxation which has been imposed on the business of life insurance by many of the states. State legislatures seem to be possessed with the erroneous idea that an insurance tax is a burden on the management which does not seriously affect the interests of policyholders. Exactly the reverse is true, because taxes like any other item of expense are paid from the income of the company. Excessive taxes have a direct tendency to increase the premium rates and diminish the earnings of the company. Insurance taxes and fees beyond the actual necessities of maintaining proper supervision of the business are a burden imposed on the self denial and prudence of thousands of public spirited citizens who are willing to make personal sacrifice that their families may be placed above want in event of death. The state derives a direct benefit from this prudence and forethought of its citizens, not only because life insurance inculcates habits of thrift and economy, but in numerous instances families would have been obliged to ask the state for assistance except for the proceed of life insurance policies. Those who are prone to consider old line life insurance a luxury which only the rich or well to do citizens can afford will experience surprise in learning that the average policy in all the old line life companies combined is less than two thousand dollars. Equitable insurance taxation cannot be secured until the patrons of insurance appreciate the situation and make their influence effective in state legislatures.

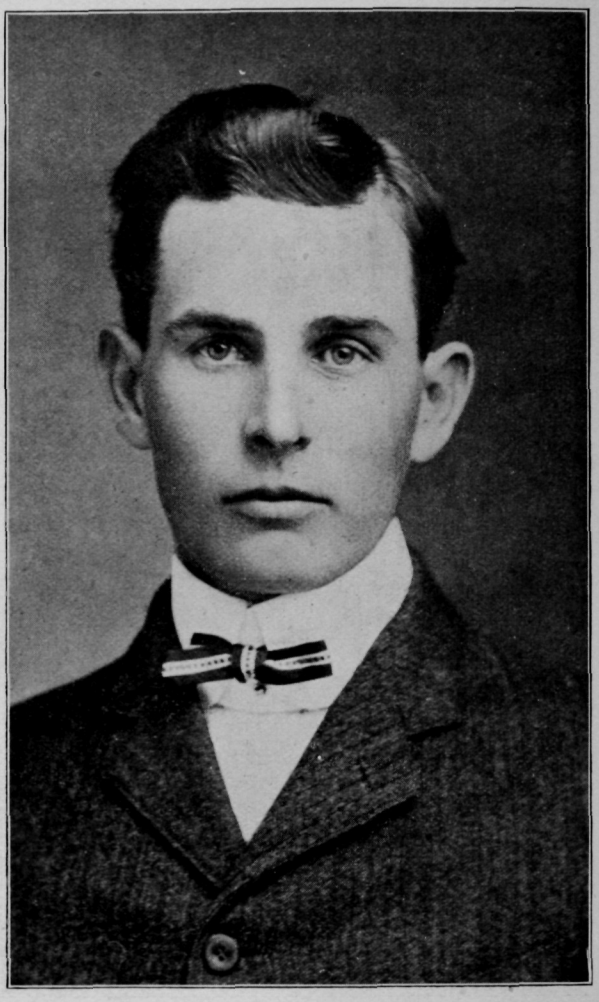
The present life insurance situation has been affected unfavorably by the large number of new companies which have been incorporated in nearly every



DR. WILLIAM STEVENSON
Medical Director of the National Life Association

section of the country. Many of these concerns have been organized by those who possess neither sufficient capital nor experience to promote the business successfully. A leading insurance journal recently stated that one hundred and fifty new companies were launched in 1907. Five years hence only a few of these companies will be in existence. The great majority will be absorbed by older companies and the promoters will appreciate the magnitude of their undertaking as they cannot at present. These companies will be sustained to a considerable extent by local pride and the business of older companies will temporarily suffer loss. Companies already established may await the issue with confidence, knowing that this matter will adjust itself in due time.

Other matters which affect the present situation adversely are the inadequate premium rates which some of the leading companies have recently published and the special contracts, board contracts, agency companies, etc., which many of the new companies have adopted to secure business. The history of the Equitable of New York affords a valuable lesson to insurance managements who are disposed to adopt questionable expedients for promoting the business. Incorporated twenty years after the Mutual Life and New York Life commenced business, the Equitable overcame the lead of its great competitors and became as formidable as either in the insurance field. The grandest growth ever made by any company was accomplished by the Equitable without



FRANK DOTY
"Boy Director" of the National Life Insurance Company

charging less premium rates than its competitors, or resorting to methods of doubtful legitimacy in securing new business. Companies which are now endeavoring to profit by these instrumentalities will sooner or later realize that they have injured themselves and brought reproach on the insurance business. Insurance commissioners who insist that every company shall maintain adequate premium rates and that life insurance must not be sold on the strength of any proposition foreign to the policy contract are performing a service of inestimable value to the companies and the public.

The Iowa insurance interests are of great importance to the future development of the state. The laws governing these companies should safeguard every interest of the policyholder without impairing the growth or usefulness of the company. In the future, as in the past, Iowa companies should steadfastly adhere only to such principles and methods as will maintain the respect and confidence of the public.

JAMES P. HEWITT
Director in National Life Association

Lincoln

On that long dead November day,
As though one whispered, "Let us pray,"
The silent circling mountains heard
The hero's humbly uttered word—
"Their deeds the world will keep, forget
Ere long the thoughts we speak," and
yet,
Though the name of nations pass away—
No word of that November day!

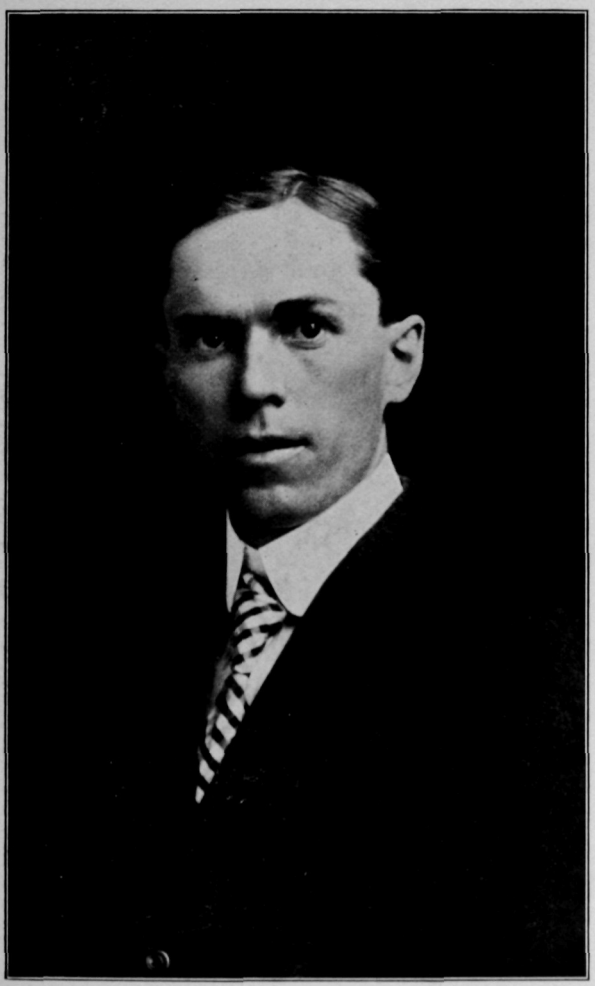
—Selden L. Whitcomb.

Now and Here

The voices of the Universe
Are whispering by your shore;
The elemental kiss or curse
Is waiting by your door.

Of long ago and far away
You dream in your cottage room,
But Eternal Will decrees today
Shall be thy day of doom.

—Selden L. Whitcomb.



E. A. READ
Treasurer of the Anchor Fire Insurance Company

THE CROCKER BUILDING FIFTH AND LOCUST STREETS

J. ROWE
Secretary of the Home Mutual Insurance Association

AMERICA'S GREATEST INSTITUTION

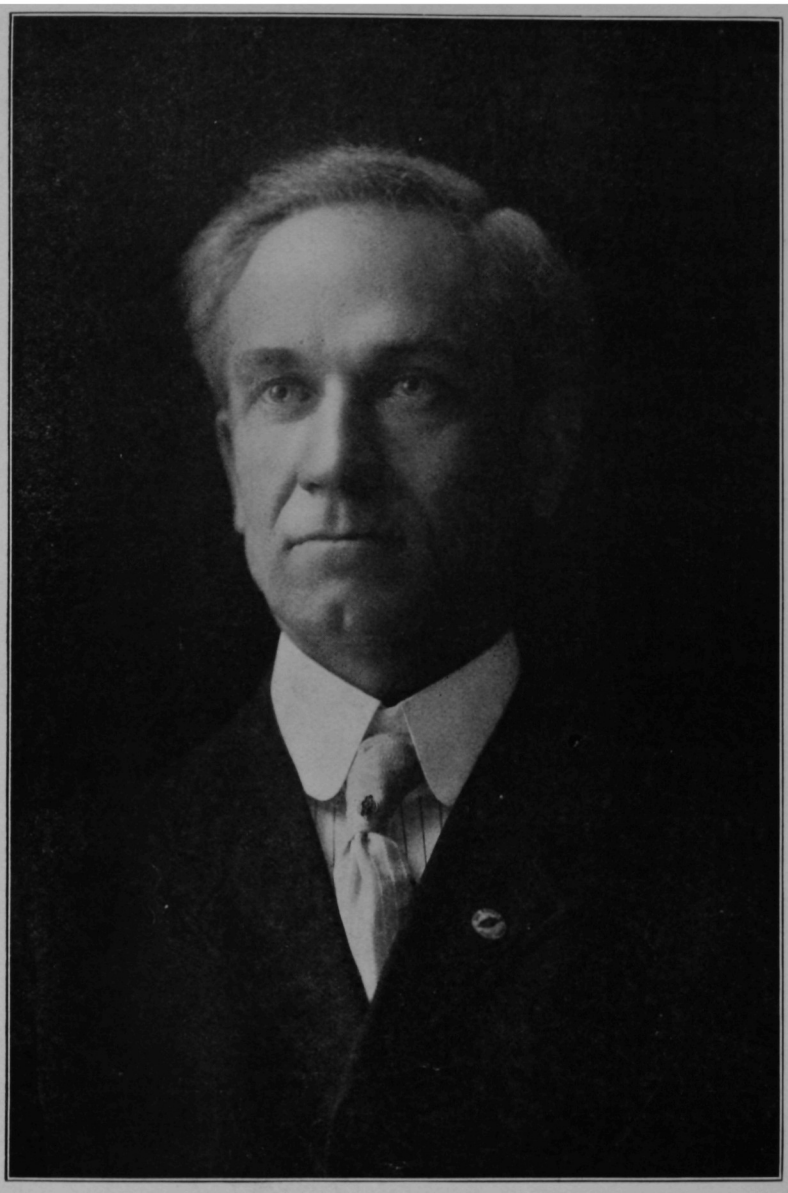
George B. Peak, President Central Life, Des Moines

The most comprehensive institution of the United States, if not of the world, is life insurance. Its patrons are in every community and its benefactions are in almost every home. It is the only commercial institution in which the small investor receives in exactly the same proportion with the large investor. The man who invests in a one thousand dollar policy will have his interest, for that amount, as thoroughly protected as he who buys a hundred thousand. The large buyer can not infringe upon the rights and privileges of the small. Life insurance means a "square deal" to all upon equal basis. It is designed to equalize the burdens of life and thereby protect the home against the misfortune of early death. It is also designed to provide a permanent fund for old age.

In life insurance the common interest of humanity unites. The officers of the companies, also the law makers are policyholders and their interest unites with the insuring public in providing every possible advantage and safeguard for the insured.

It is difficult to realize the magnitude of life insurance. The amount of money distributed annually to policyholders and the number of people employed in carrying on its work entitles it to a very high position, if not first place, among American institutions.

The reports for 1906 showed that the old line companies of the United States paid to policyholders that year two hundred sixty-seven million three hundred sixty-seven thousand and sixty-five dollars. The figures for 1907 are not yet



SILAS B. ALLEN

Only Candidate for Mayor who is not a Politician and who Worked for the Plan

Silas B. Allen, candidate for mayor under the Des Moines Plan, was born in Wisconsin, Nov. 18, 1862, where he lived until 1881, when he came to Des Moines. Mr. Allen studied law in Des Moines at Drake University, secured his diploma and was admitted to the bar Jan. 16, 1891. He immediately started the practice of law in Des Moines at that time, and he has been here ever since.

Mr. Allen has made municipal government a special study. He traveled throughout the United States and studied the various forms of municipal government prior to the drafting of the Des Moines Plan. He was in New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Albany, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis and other cities. After having given about two years to this study, he was appointed as one of the committee of five to draft the Des Moines Plan in January, 1907. He devoted a large part of his time with I. M. Earle in preparing the plan to be presented to the local assembly and in securing its adoption by the legislature and the people.

Mr. Allen never before run for office, nor has he held a public office by appointment or election. No one has ever heard of his being connected in any way with political affairs of any kind. He has assiduously attended to his business, incidentally helping without hope of reward, in trying to promote the welfare of the citizens of the great city of Des Moines.

He exemplifies the qualifications essential to a man for this position, according to the discussion that constantly prevailed in the Register & Leader, Des Moines Daily Capital and Des Moines Daily News at the time they were presenting the Des Moines plan to the people for it adoption.

UTICA BUILDING CORNER OF SIXTH AND WALNUT

accessible, but will certainly exceed this amount.

The above represents a payment to policyholders of over twenty-two and a quarter millions for every month, over five and a half millions for every week, and about one million dollars per day. To whom is this money paid? In the most part, to widows and orphans.

Illustrations are numerous in every community where the insurance is the only estate left, and often the ready cash from the insurance policy saves financial embarrassment and great loss in the settlement of an estate. The American people understand insurance better and appreciate it more highly since the thorough investigations than could have been possible under other circumstances. Life insurance has performed a great service in the past, and it is better prepared now, and will furnish more valuable service in the future.

The growth of life insurance is a compliment to the heart and brain of the American people. Its growth has been so rapid that in many states the laws were not adequate for its guidance and in some states the laws were faulty. The legislatures have given more time during the last few years to life insurance than to any other subject. In some states they may have gone too far and placed burdens and restrictions unnecessary to either the companies or policyholders, and, therefore, hurtful to the best interest of both. If experience demonstrates this to be true, the evil will be soon corrected for *the people can always be trusted and the pendulum will right itself.*

The student recognizes the fact that life insurance is upon a higher plane than ever before. It has come forth from the agitation and investigation purer and stronger, the companies are more conservatively managed, the agents are selected with greater care and are better men; the laws are better and the insurance departments are more watch-

CAPITAL CITY STATE BANK BUILDING

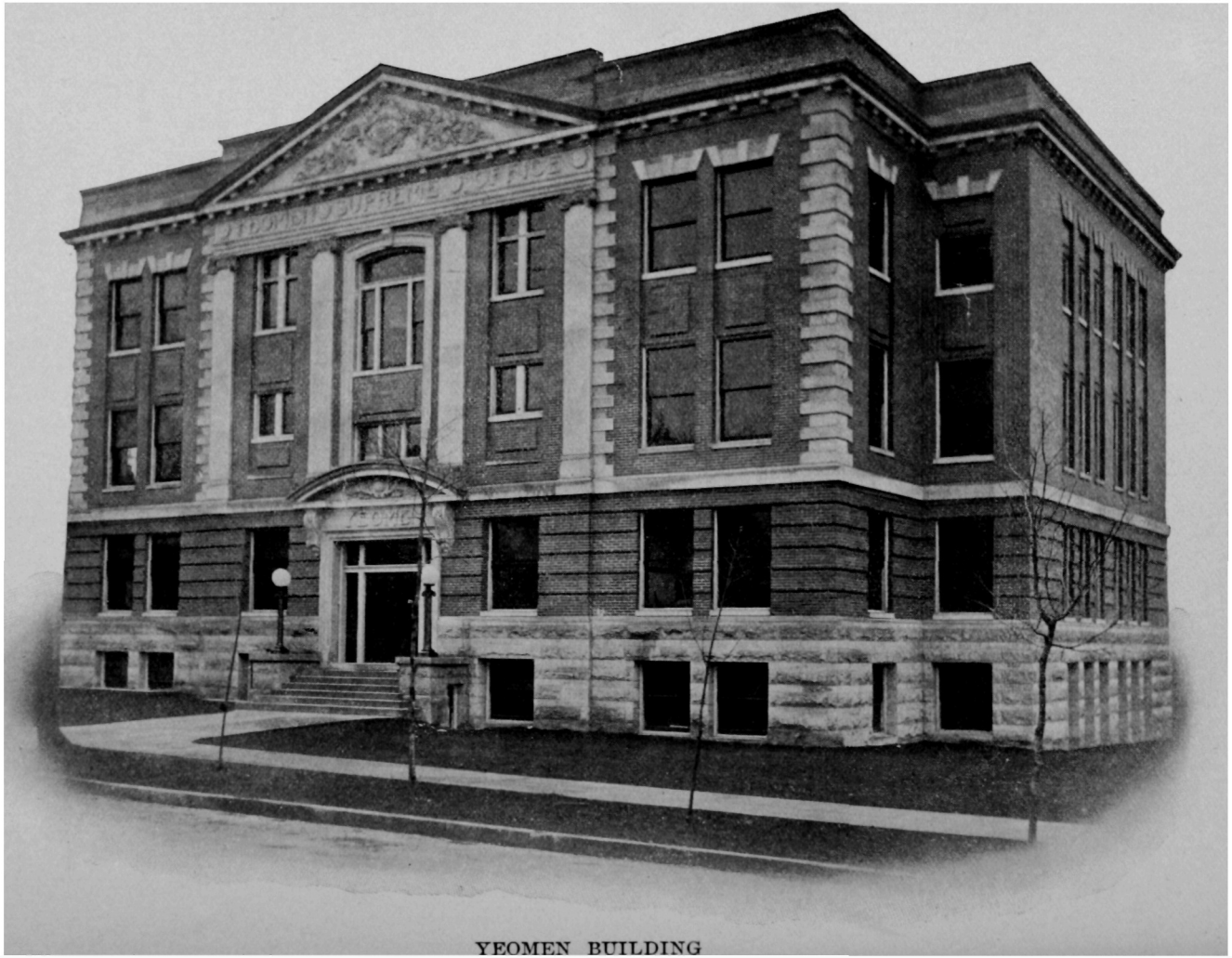
ful of the policyholders' interest; and the policy contracts are better.

But all this is the result of experience. We are indebted to the past generation for this achievement. The President of the United States, the governors, the attorney generals, and the insurance commissioners could not have written the standard policy but for the experience of the last fifty years. The standard policy contains no new feature. It is the combination of the good things that have been tested by many companies, and the elimination of many things objectionable. It is the clearest expression of perfect insurance. Such a policy issued by a company organized under the Iowa law combines every advantage possible with the safest security.

Des Moines is recognized as the Hartford of the West. The uninterrupted growth of its companies has surprised the eastern Hartford and many people have marveled at the great growth of the Iowa companies. There may be several causes for this growth but one of the most prominent is the *Guaranteed Reserve Deposit Law.* By this law the state safety vaults are made the depository of the companies. The company is compelled to deposit approved interest-bearing securities year by year equal to the full liability of the company to all policyholders and the state holds the securities as a trust fund for policyholders until the policy matures.

To illustrate: Mr. "A" invests in a ten thousand dollar twenty-year endowment policy. Mr. "A" pays twenty annual premiums. Each premium contains reserve and expense, the expense is used in transacting the business but the reserve must be loaned each year on approved securities and deposited in the safety deposit vaults of the state so that upon the day of maturity the state holds ten thousand dollars for the payment of Mr. "A's" policy. This law has done much to establish perfect confidence in Iowa companies and bring to them the good growth which they have enjoyed.

H. A. ELLIOTT
President of the State Insurance Company



YEOMEN BUILDING

THEODORE F. GREFE
Vice-President and Secretary of the State Insurance Company

FRATERNAL INSURANCE

William Koch

It has been truly said that "Fraternal life insurance is the product of the highest type of civilization." Fraternal insurance in the state of Iowa and surrounding states has accomplished much for the general welfare of the people.

About forty years ago, the first fraternal society was organized in this country by Father Upchurch at Meadville, Pa. The plans of the first fraternal society were crude and unscientific. The general idea, however, of banding men together in fraternities in order that they might have insurance at a minimum of cost has evolved a plan of life insurance which is equitable and which is on a permanent basis.

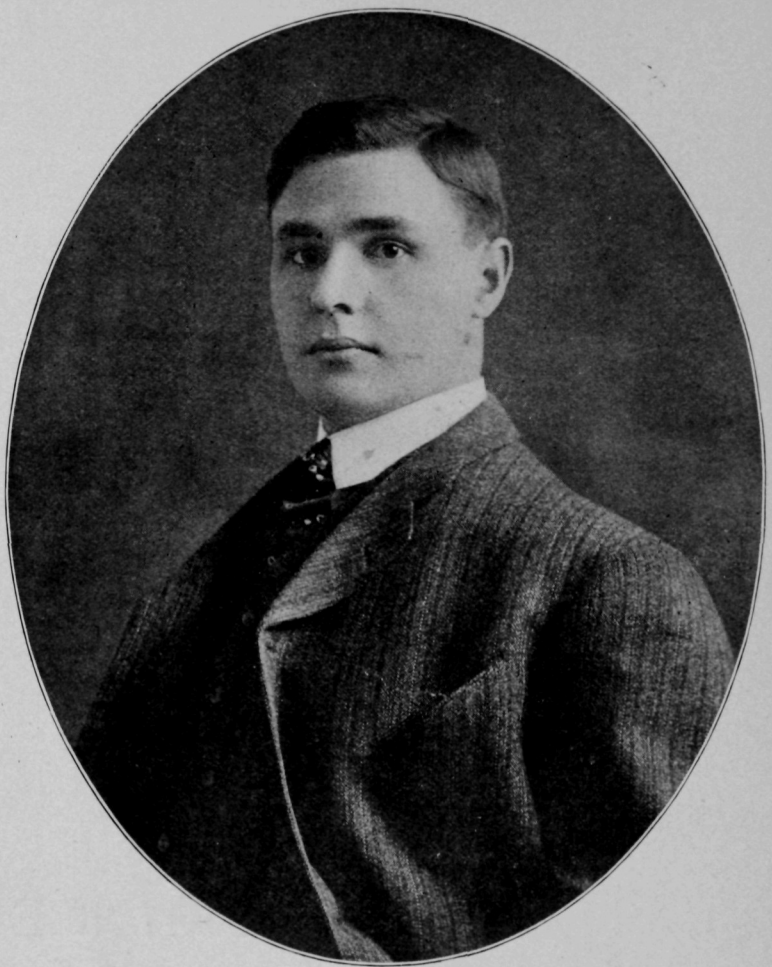
The societies first had no reserve fund, but during the last ten years, practically every association doing business has been placed on a reserve fund basis.

Haphazard tables of rates have been replaced with scientific tables, based upon the experience of thousands of lives, which have been considered in compiling tables of mortality.

Fraternal insurance being based upon a representative form of government, and being under the direct control of its membership, it follows that its representatives understand and are in harmony with its general and controlling purposes.

The principal feature which has made fraternal insurance so popular is that the societies have recognized that the principal elements of success i publicity. Every society sends monthly to its members complete and detailed statements of its finances and all of the details of management. This gives to the people confidence in the intitution.

More than 225,000 people in the state of Iowa carry protection in fraternal societies to an extent of more than $350,000,000.00. Over $2,000,000.00 was disbursed last year to beneficiaries of fraternal policyholders in this state alone.



JOHN ELLIOTT
Treasurer of the State Insurance Company

Iowa is the home of seventeen beneficiary associations, and about 90,000 citizens of this state carry protection in these companies.

The insurance statutes governing fraternal beneficiary associations in the state of Iowa have attracted the attention of legislators throughout the entire country. It is conceded that Iowa has the strongest laws of any state in the Union for the protection of policyholders. Especially is this true since the session of the legislature in 1906, when a new law was passed which regulates the investment of funds of fraternal beneficiary associations organized under the laws of the state of Iowa.

Iowa old line companies operating in other states have profited by the fact that they could advertise to the people that the reserve funds of their companies were on deposit with the state of Iowa. Realizing the benefit of such a law, the legislature, at the request of the fraternal societies, enacted a similar statute to govern the fraternals, and now the securities in which fraternals may invest their funds are specified in the laws of the state.

The law also requires that fraternals must deposit their reserve securities such as bonds and mortgages, with the insurance department of the state. This new law enabled the Iowa societies to secure an increased amount of business during the year of 1907. No organizations in the country were as prosperous as the Iowa associations.

The largest fraternal society organized under the laws of the state of Iowa is the Modern Brotherhood of America, whose headquarters are at Mason City, Iowa. This organization has a membership of 98,000 and has reserve fund securities

on deposit with the state of more than a half million.

The Brotherhood of American Yeomen, which has headquarters in Des Moines, Iowa, and which recently erected a handsome home office building costing $75,000, has a membership of 80,000 with reserve fund securities of more than $600,000.00.

The other Iowa societies have not so large a membership but are all in excellent condition. The societies especially prosperous during the past year are the Highland Nobles of Waterloo, the Fraternal Bankers' Reserve of Cedar Rapids; the Ancient Order of United Workmen of Des Moines; the Homesteaders of Des Moines; Modern National Reserve of Charles City, and Mystic Toilers of Des Moines.

According to the Fraternal Monitor, the recognized organ of fraternal societies, there has been paid up to 1908 by fraternal societies a total of $957,630,918.00 to the members' widows and orphans, beneficiaries of policyholders.

It is also estimated by the same organ that during the year 1907, more than a million people applied for membership in these associations. The total income during the year will approximate more than $90,000,000.00 and the disbursements will approximate $80,000,000.00.

It is estimated that on January 1st, the combined assets of the fraternals in the United States will aggregate $100,000,000.00. The total number of persons carrying protection in fraternal societies in the entire United States amounts to 5,567,663.

The First Apollo Club Concert

The first appearance of the Apollo Club for the season was met by an enthusiasm scarcely ever witnessed in Des Moines toward a local organization. The house was packed with an appreciative audience and a great success is assured for the May Music Festival. Mr. Higginbotham, as business manager, has done wonders for the club and proves the wisdom of the directors in placing the business affairs of the organization in the hands of one competent to handle them as the business of any and every organization is just as important as its artistic side.

Mr. Higginbotham is fired with a worthy ambition to see the club succeed splendidly and is sparing no effort on his part to make it do so.

Are You A Subscriber
To
THE MIDWESTERN

MADAM SEMBRICH
Who appears in Des Moines in April

The Tornado and What it Will Do

J. B. Herriman

Although tornadoes have occurred in almost every state in the union, east of the Colorado line, the states in which they are most likely to occur are Minnesota, and the states south to the Gulf of Mexico or the Mississippi Valley.

It is safe to believe almost any story that may be told about the peculiar freaks of a tornado. It will not move a boundary line, although the Mason and Dixie line was obliterated by a storm of a different character. It will, however, move anything that is movable. A good substantial building may be utterly destroyed, while beside it a very frail structure may not be disturbed. All the furniture in one room of a house may be all taken out through the window, and not disturb any other part of the house or furniture. All the substantial furniture may be smashed to pieces, and the looking glass not injured. A large section of a railroad track may be torn up and the rail twisted and bent in all manner of shapes, and some of them driven in the ground one-third their length.

Persons, animals and buildings have been carried considerable distance without injury. Straws have been driven through boards, shingles driven through one or two inch boards without marring the end of the shingle. One-half of a hay stack taken away without disturbing the other half. Chickens stripped of all or quite all their feathers, and hundreds of other queer freaks have been done. On the storm of September 22, 1894, in Hancock county, Iowa, a small one story house was picked up and carried one-fourth mile without injuring the house or breaking a dish or the occurring after night. The same storm aware of its being moved, the storm coming after night. The same storm started in Clay county and travelled the entire length of the state until it reached the west line of Mitchell county, where it divided, one part continuing straight east, and the main part of the storm going in a northeast direction into Minnesota, across the corner of that state, and for more than 100 miles into Wisconsin. In all, this storm travelled over 300 miles, destroying lives and property over its entire route. In Oklahoma two years ago, a tornado blew the roof off a house, in which two boys were sleeping in a bed upstairs. The bed, with the boys, was picked up and carried more than one-half miles, and dropped down without a scratch to either boy. In another storm in Iowa, a man was picked up and carried a considerable distance, and the only injury he received, was from the kick of his own colt while in the air.

In the awful storm at Rochester, Minn., a two-inch plank was driven through an oak tree, two feet in diameter, and a corner taken out of a large mill without disturbing the rest of the building. In the tornado at New Richmond, Wis., the entire business portion of the town was destroyed besides about one-third of the residence district. The track of the storm was about three blocks wide, everything in the track was literally ground to pieces. An iron or steel bridge across the river was carried several rods, and all twisted out of shape. The first business building in the track of the storm was a solid two story stone building, which was levelled to the ground as completely as the brick or frame, iron safes, weighing two or three tons were carried from 50 to 300 feet.

The condition of the atmosphere generally gives sufficient warning of the approach of a tornado. When the air is very oppressive, hot and sultry, it is very evident a storm of more or less severity is approaching, and we may be on our guard to save our lives, but not our property. The only protection to property against tornado is to insure in some reliable company. Tornado Insurance is too cheap for any one to do without. The satisfaction of being insured when a storm is approaching, is worth more than it costs.

FREEDOM FROM FEAR

Louise Everett Ralston

It would seem almost impossible that today there are still living good men and women who believe that pain has been mankind's greatest educator, that pain causes fear and fear breeds caution and caution is the mother of prduence. Such teaching is as false as is the belief that God punishes us for evil doing. If Mrs. Eddy's teachings have accomplished but one thing in the world, the elimination of fear from the human mind, they have done untold good. From time immemorial fear has dominated the human mind. It has colored all human thought, it has embittered countless lives, which might have been joyous and free without it; it has paralyzed human effort; it has brought upon us misery and death in place of our rightful heritage of happiness and life. Who are the men of gigantic achievement along the lines of science and art? Surely they are men of great hopefulness, of optimistic spirit, of a glorious audacity of purpose that knows not fear.

Fear engenders a brood of evils absolutely opposed to the beauty and spirit of the Christian life as lived by the one perfect example, Jesus Christ.

Montagne, in his essays, showed the world centuries ago that with us all, life is the one supreme thing, our chief business. And to fail in the pursuit of it through fear, is a pitiful and tragic thing. How to make a success of life in possessing perfect strength and mental health, needful human comforts, spiritual tranquility, and the development of whatever talent we may possess, is the problem for us all. Can we make it successful when handicapped by fear—fear of ourselves, God, or of imaginary evil?

Through the message of God, translated by Mrs. Eddy, we claim our heritage as God's own children, to happiness, to a share in all things that he has made—and all are good—to power, to success, to dominion and to perfect life.

The child of the Father should know no pain, and when the world awakens to the fact that every soul is the child of God, the transformation will take place that shall herald the dawn of the millenium.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL MAN

He failed, but why?
Did you or I
Do aught to help him on his feet,—
Or treat him coldly on the street?
Did we give him a helping hand
Or even scatter any sand
Upon the slipp'ry track he trod,
Or did we push him with a prod?

He lost, but say—
The other day
His wife told me how hard he tried
And how she bravely stood beside
The losing man to give him grit—
But "friends" closed in and said, "Remit,"
And like the coyote-hunted steer
This man went down—and now they jeer!

A man backslid,—
The snares were hid
Among the most religious folk
Who thought the Golden Rule a joke—
All right to preach about at times
But not to use when selling mines.
"Ill do as they do when I sell,"
And thinking thus the good man fell.

The good man fell—
But you know well
What might have been his Christian life
Had he not seen in business life
The deeds of men whose daily walk
Would not O. K. with Sunday talk.
'Twas natural that he went astray
When led in such a crooked way.

It strikes me now
I can't see how
That any man can e'er succeed,
Or follow any moral creed
While "bears" are camping on his trail
To pull him down and make him fail,
And "wolves" with lamb's wool for a cloak
Are living as religious folk.

Alson Secor.

HOW THE CAPITOL LOOKED WHEN IT WAS BURNING

Fire Protection in Des Moines

In December, 1903, the sub-committee of the public affairs committee of the Commercial Exchange of this city, requested the Insurance Survey Bureau of Chicago to send their manager and chief engineer, S. H. Lockett, to investigate and report upon the condition of the city of Des Moines from a fire protective standpoint. Mr. Lockett came. He stayed ten days and so thoroughly did he do his work that the "Lockett report" has been accepted as a valuable insurance document.

The fact that it was the judgment of an outsider freed it from suspicion of too easy approval of existing conditions. Its criticism was constructive criticism.

The Lockett report was in the main most favorable to Des Moines, closing with the assurance that "insurance companies have little reason for apprehension regarding either the water works or the fire department." At that time, 1903, the pumping station had been rebuilt and enlarged, fire proof coal sheds constructed, the Gaskill pump rebuilt to give eight million gallons per diem, a concrete wall built to protect from floods, and good yard connections made about the pumping stations.

The street mains were of good size and well gridironed, and the pressure ample for the demands of the city. The pumping machinery was in triplicate, any one of the three pumps in place having an average of almost double the daily consumption. The water works were found to be handled and managed in the most competent and intelligent manner. The water company had then 105 lines of pipe.

The history of any business enterprise in a growing city is a serial, hence it must be added that the company has now 150 lines of pipe, and has made extensions to the galleries.

Mr. Lockett found a fire department well equipped, with a personnel far above the average. He made the following recommendations: additional Gamewell boxes to be placed; an exclusive telephone exchange; that one more man should be added to the force of three at each station; hand chemicals on hose wagons; and improved hose nozzles. He found the city destitute of an adequate enforced building law, and said so with emphasis. He criticized severely the placing of voting booths in fire stations.

CHIEF WILL BURNETT, OFFICE HEADQUARTERS STATION NO. 1

In 1904, the citizens committee made a report on existing conditions, compiled by Mr. H. H. Lantz, which showed that these recommendations were being carried out.

At the present time many of them have been complied with. New Gamewell boxes have been installed; each station has not less than four men; there is an independent telephone exchange; there are hand chemicals on the hose wagons, and other details have been carried out.

In regard to voting booths in the fire stations, the situation is unchanged. They are still permitted.

Investigation at the present time shows that the building laws still rest under the indictment brought against them by Mr. Lockett. They are not adequate, nor are they rigidly enough enforced. While the city has an increasing number of fine new business buildings which meet every requirement of safety, it is due rather to the property-owners' instinct of preservation than to compliance with law. The sooner such laws are passed and enforced the better for Des Moines.

The fire department is under civil service, and under the control of Fire Chief Burnett commands the unlimited confidence of the public. The present force consists of 102 firemen. The equipment includes one aerial truck, five hook and ladder trucks, nine hose wagons, five combined hose and chemical engines, three chemical wagons, three chief's buggies, and fifty-two head of horses. There are 25,000 feet of hose in good condition. The appropriation for the present fiscal year for salaries and maintenance is $122,300. The building and real estate are valued at about $200,000, increased by value of apparatus and equipment to approximately $303,000. Fifteen fire stations serve the city.

Under the direction of a fire commissioner, the affairs pertaining to the welfare of the city in this direction are ably managed. The fire commission consist of three members, J. O. Meyers, John Bynon and George McCartney.

There are eighteen fire houses in the various districts of Des Moines. The alarm system is the latest improved system. When a signal is given, there is no alarm publicly, as in some places. The

rush of people "going to a fire" is thus avoided and there is less danger to all concerned than when the wagons must make their way through crowds of excited people. In a few seconds from the time of the signal, the men are dressed and the horses harnessed and all come dashing along at a mad pace to the scene of trouble. A round of visits to the different fire houses is a source of pleasure and profit to the visitor. In Des Moines the most noticeable thing is the fine class of men employed in the service. Many of them are Irish boys, and one cannot but call to mind how much we in America owe to the sons of Erin.

During the civil war, no soldiers fought more gallantly and more hopefully for the preservation of the Union than did the Irish boys, who wore the blue. Of brave heart, sunshiny disposition and unswerving loyalty to the cause they espouse in all duty demanding courage and enthusiasm the Irishman is pre-eminent. Other nationalities also are found among these brave firemen who so often are called upon to take their lives in their hands for the sake of the public. At home in the fire houses, the men are most comfortable and happy. The sleeping room, fitted out with single iron beds, the floor covered with linoleum and all as clean as a pin, are big, airy, sunny rooms, better than half the people have in private houses.

A big reading room, where the men may write, smoke, play cards, etc., and in some of the houses, a well equipped billiard room, a roomy lavatory, are all kept in perfect order by the men, who also care for the horses and the lower floor.

All Des Moines know and love Jack and Jack, and Black and Tan, and the other magnificent fire horses, which are familiar to us all. Chief Burnett is a well nigh infallible judge of a horse and he has bought almost all in use at the present time. The work is hard upon them, much as they love it and the average life of usfulness of a fire horse is six years. They are then sold and put to work in a different way. The horses are wild with excitement when the gong strikes and yet do not lose their heads, each one running to his place under the hanging harness, which is fastened upon them in a few seconds. Upon opening the doors, out they fly, the driver needing all of his strength and coolness to handle them properly.

STATION NO. 5. ANDREW RUNDBERG, CAPTAIN

The fire department is headed by Chief Will Burnett and Assistant Chiefs Drady and Taylor.

Chief Burnett has been at the head of the department for years and well deserves his honored place. He is a man of education and fine executive ability and is honored and loved by all who know him. The equipment in the fire service is of the very latest and best approved in all departments. This, added to the splendid body of men employed, seem to make the city proof against a fire panic such as is not uncommon in many places. The water supply also is exceptional in quantity and power.

Local sentiment regarding the fire protective situation in Des Moines is indicated in the following expressions of opinion from representative citizens:

H. D. Thompson of F. M. Hubbell Sons & Co:

"We have a most efficient fire department, second to none in its personnel and equipment. I consider the water protection ample, as good as in any city of this size, and keeping pace with the growth of the city in a manner that should be reassuring to property-holders."

C. E. Harsh, Sec'y Town Dwelling Insurance Company:

"As to the efficiency of the fire department and fire protection in the resident portions of Des Moines, I believe it very good, perhaps above the average of Iowa cities."

STATION NO. 2. "JACK AND JACK." CAPTAIN BROWN, JOE RIGGS, DRIVER

The life of a fireman may not look attractive to many, yet there is always a waiting list and first class men always available. Certainly the public owe a debt of gratitude to these guards of the public safety. Awakening in the dark of bitter winter nights by the clattering hoofs along the pavement and the ringing of the fire gong, hard must be the heart that does not go out in a swift prayer for the safety of the firemen who must fight the demon of destruction, valuable property and often human lives depending upon his skill and loyalty to his trust.

George A. Jewett, Jewett Lumber Co.:

"As compared with other cities, at home and abroad, Des Moines has good fire protection, and an efficient and reliable fire department."

Theodore Grefe, State Insurance Co.:

"With an efficient fire department and a well equipped water plant, Des Moines has no reason to fear the ordinary risks of loss by fire."

Aaron Younker, Younker Bros.:

"We want protection that protects. That is, that will be equal to the worst emergency. Personally, I have always advocated the addition to the equipment of the fire department of two or three steamers."

George A. King, Iowa Drug Co.:

"I believe we have as good fire protection as any city in the West. The water company and fire department are well equipped and well managed."

Robert R. McCutcheon, Hatton-McCutcheon Agency:

"We have a splendid fire chief, and there are no better firemen anywhere. Improvements might be made in equipment but they will come."

the city. Locust Street should have as large a main as Walnut, and all streets south of Grand Avenue should have not less than 12-inch mains."

W. J. Pratt, W. J. Pratt Co.:

"The city has good fire protection and the fire department renders prompt and efficient service."

J. W. Wickham, the Homestead Co.:

"I am certain that the Homestead Co. with the precautions taken in building and our efficient fire department feels its property interests protected."

W. L. Brown, Chamberlain Hotel:

"We have good fire protection in this city, as good as in any city of its class. The equipment for fighting fire is complete and service good."

STATION NO. 13. SECOND ASSISTANT CHIEF DRADY

N. F. McClure, McClure Real Estate Agency:

"We have good protection and efficient, as good as any. There are of course outlying residence districts which have no fire protection, but this is unavoidable in a growing city."

Robert Fleming, New York Mutual Life Insurance Co.:

"I am glad to see in circulation a petition for the purchase of steamers to be added to the fire department."

Krauth Witmer, Witmer-Kauffman Insurance Agency:

"In a general way there is no complaint to make of the fire protection of

Paul Sawyer, Edison Electric Light Co.:

"Under new and constantly improving methods of wiring, the danger from the electric wire is reduced to a minimum. All work of this kind is done in Des Moines under the code issued by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, which issues a supplement revised semi-annually. This gives the latest and most scientific methods. Adding the fact that the fire department has an electric inspector, Des Moines certainly has fire protection from the electric wire."

Organization and Personnel of the Des Moines Fire Department, Jan. 15, 1908.

STATION NO. 1.

West Second and Grand Avenue—Headquarters.

Will Burnett, Chief; B. W. Cavender, Secretary.

Hose No. 1.

J. A. Murphy, Captain
J. Martin, Driver
H. Anderson
W. Coughlin
C. Levich
J. Nichols
E. Ivory

Chemical No. 1.

J. E. Grows, Driver
E. Hogdson
W. Green

Aerial No. 1.

F. Minson, Lieutenant
J. Egan, Driver
B. Caraher
J. Griffin
Geo. Maher
H. Sanford
B. W. Weaver
M. W. Van Horn, Chief's Driver.
Wm. Scott, Watchman.
Telephone Operators—T. King, F. Myers, S. E. Parks.
Superintendent Fire Alarm System—J. E. Pearson.

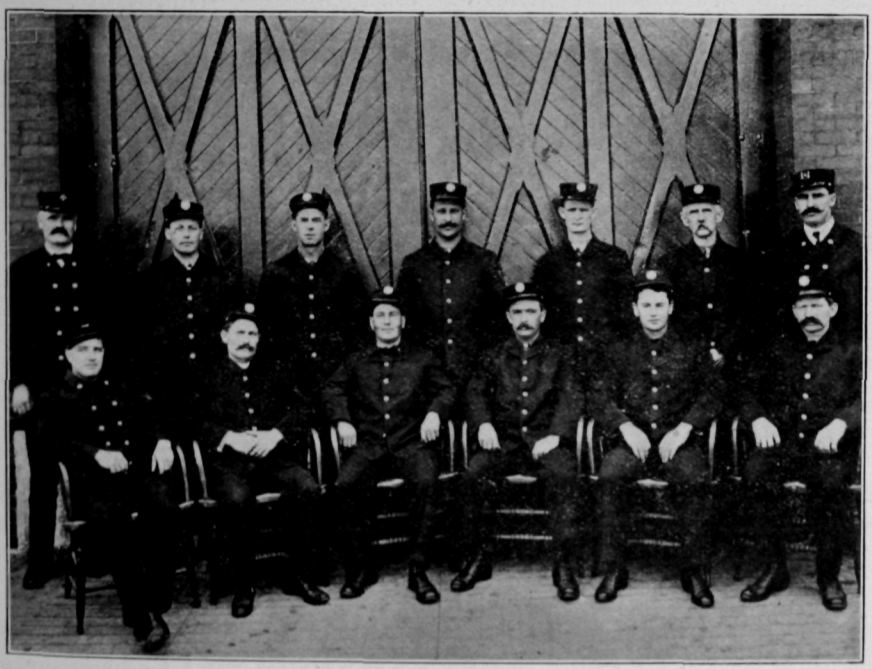
STATION NO. 2.

East Fourth and Walnut.

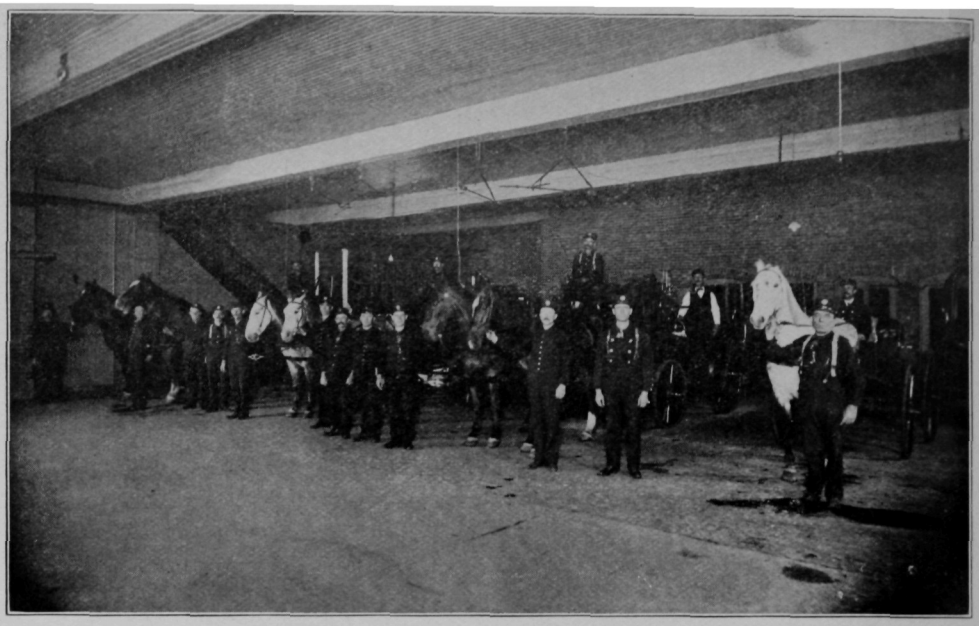
Warren Taylor, Assistant Chief.

Hose No. 2.

J. H. Brown, Captain
Joe Riggs, Driver
N. S. Edwards
W. Goff
C. Waller
S. Wilcox
W. Wilkins



FORCE AT STATION NO. 2



FORCE AT THE CENTRAL FIRE STATION

200 Youngerman Blk. H. S. Lantz & Co. Des Moines, Iowa

INSURANCE : REAL ESTATE : SURETY BONDS : LOANS

REPRESENTING

Norwich Union Northwestern National Spring Garden Insurance Co. State of Illinois
Buffalo Growers Buffalo Commercial National Iowa Manufacturers State of Liverpool
Aetna Life of Hartford Travelers of Hartford New Jersey Plate Glass Ins. Co.
Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company

AGENTS WANTED FOR PLATE GLASS INSURANCE

PHONE 687 MUTUAL

Insurance of All Kinds

GEO. W. TONES, Fire Insurance Agency DES MOINES, IA.

Employers' Liability a Specialty

OFFICE 201 IOWA LOAN AND TRUST BUILDING

INSURE WITH

Witmer & Kauffman

Both Phones 2d Floor Manhattan Bldg.

Hose and Line No. 2.

C. M. Staves, Lieutenant
J. L. Latimer, Driver
Roy Briar
C. S. Shannon
John Peel
J. Reynolds
E. Bartlett, Watchman

STATION NO. 3.

East Twelfth and Lyon.

Hose. No. 3.

C. W. Wilkins, Captain
S. W. Woolery

STATION NO. 4.

West Eighth and Laurel.

Hose Co. No. 4.

W. Holleran, Lieutenant
F. Jackson, (c) Driver
J. O'Donahue
T. H. McElderry

STATION NO. 5.

West Seventeenth and Crocker.

Hose No. 5.

A. Rundberg, Captain

HOSE TEAM NO. 1
Black and Tan, Jack Martin Driver, Joe Murphy Captain

D. A. Carper
S. Blackburn, Driver
T. Marshall

Hose and Ladder No. 4.

E. F. Marchant, Lieutenant
Fred Carlson
J. H. Sharp, Driver
V. R. Peel

W. Eaton, Driver
A. Himmelman
W. Bartholomew

Hook and Ladder Truck No. 3.

G. E. McClelland, Lieutenant
L. P. Sherman
J. Wickersheim
E. S. Everett
S. T. Shivers, Driver

ANCHOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

DES MOINES, IOWA

STANDS FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD IN FIRE INSURANCE

STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1908

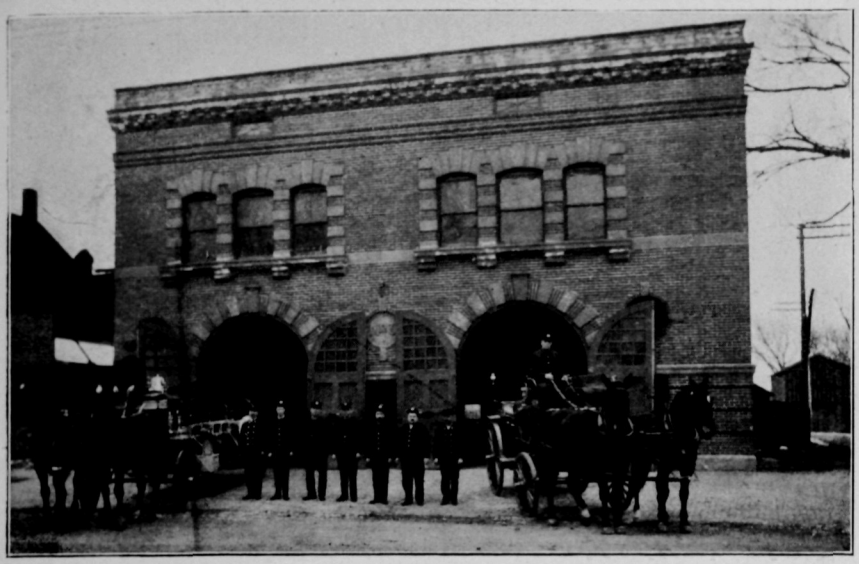
Cash in Banks and in Transmission	$31,718.35
Real Estate Loans (first mortgage)	52,200.00
Admitted Assets	$350,499.77
Premiums Written 1907	254,455.67
Gain in Premiums over 1906	41,078.67

PROMPT PAYMENT OF ALL VALID CLAIMS

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY

J. S. CLARK, President — L. E. ELLIS, Secretary

G. A. HOLLAND, Vice-Pres. — E. A. READ, Treasurer



STATION NO. 3
Captain Clarence Wilkins

STATION NO. 6.

South Eighth and Monroe.

Hose Co. No. 6.
Joseph Cross, Lieutenant
R. McConkey, Driver
W. A. Whiteside
J. Heffron

STATION NO. 7.

East Twelfth and Polk.

Chemical Co. No. 2.

Fred Parrot, Lieutenant
J. Hamilton, (c) Driver
H. Zenor

STATION NO. 8.

Southeast Sixth and Allen.

Hose Co. No. 8.

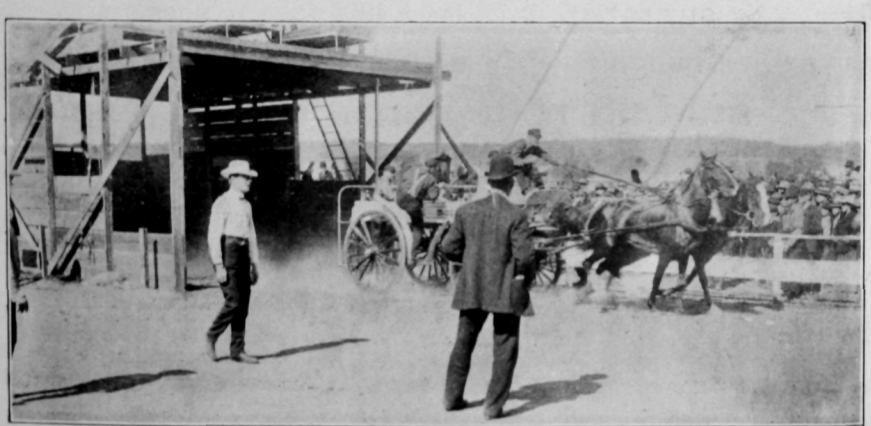
E. E. Johnson, Lieutenant
H. McNutt, Driver
Ben Inman
T. A. Wilson

STATION NO. 9.

East Eighteenth and Walnut.

Hose Co. No. 9.

Martin Riggs, Lieutenant



BLACK AND TAN IN THE TOURNAMENT AT COUNCIL BLUFFS

E. A. NYE, Vice-President
C. O. GOODWIN, Director
J. R. HURLBUT, Director

GEO. J. DELMEGE, Pres.
JNO. J. BYRON, Secretary

HOMER A. MILLER, Treas.
JNO. M. READ, Counselor
JERRY B. SULLIVAN, Director

Century Fire Insurance Co.

HOME OFFICE: 502-4-6-8-10 CLAPP BLOCK, DES MOINES, IOWA

ANNUAL STATEMENT, JAN. 1, 1908

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Bills Receivable	$195,902.56	Losses Adjusted and due	None
First Mortgage Farm Loans and Approved Stock Securities	112,980 00	Losses Adjusted not due	None
		Capital Stock	$105,000 00
Cash on Hand	13,477.05	Re-Insurance Reserve	183,202.54
Cash in the Hands of Agents, (secured)	3,731.92	All other Liabilities	6,211 07
Interest accrued Not Due	523.93	Net Surplus	32,201.85
Total	$326,615 46	Total	$326,615.46

Surplus to Policy Holders - - $137,201.85

CENTURY'S RECORD OF GROWTH AND PROGRESS

	INCOME		ASSETS
1900—	$19,144.55	Jan. 1, 1901—	$116,042.39
1901—	$83,636.93	Jan. 1, 1902—	$162,518.22
1902—	$95,160.52	Jan. 1, 1903—	$201,502.99
1903—	$111,121,48	Jan. 1, 1904—	$234,831.41
1904—	$117,507.51	Jan. 1, 1905—	$265,916.70
1905—	$119,133.20	Jan. 1, 1906—	$286,742.66
1906—	$133,151.71	Jan. 1, 1907—	$309,262.94
1907—	$164,058.00	Jan. 1, 1908—	$326,615.00

ASSETS OVER $325,000.00

FIRST ASSISTANT CHIEF TAYLOR, STATION NO. 2

R. A. Wilburn, (c) Driver
E. Abraham
J. Kraemer

STATION NO. 10.

Highland Park.

Hose Co. No. 10.

W. Van Hyning, Lieutenant
C. Eaton, Driver
E. H. Gray
Geo. H. Amend

STATION NO. 11.

West Twenty-fourth and University.

Hose Co. No. 11.

Joe Jones, Lieutenant.
B. Brindley, Driver
Phil Davis
W. Willberg

STATION NO. 12.

West Fortieth and Grand.

Hose Co. No. 12.

W. Griffith, Lieutenant
C. E. Corbett, Driver
B. E. Inman
David Nyren

STATION NO. 13.

West Eighth and Plum.

Wm. Drady, Assistant Chief.

Hose Co. No. 13.

L. H. Curran, Captain
S. S. Beedle, Driver
Geo. Clow
P. H. Dwyer
C. Kraemer
C. Sweeney
E. E. Maxwell

STATION NO. 14.

East Twenty-eighth and Dean.

Chemical Co. No. 3.

J. Howard, Lieutenant
Geo. Riggs, Driver
E. S. Capron

Merchants and Bankers Fire Insurance Company

STATEMENT, JANUARY 1st, 1908

ASSETS

First mortgage real estate loans and interest accrued thereon (not due)	$ 49,885.57	
Cash in bank	5,225.10	
Due from other companies	888 91	
Premiums due from agents	2,487.14	
Uncollected premium obligations (not due)	130,747.80	
Certified stockholders bonds	75,000.00	
Other admitted Assets	4,270.19	
Total admitted Assets		$268,504.71

LIABILITIES

Unpaid Losses, net (including all reported and supposed losses)	$ 4,745.07	
Reserve for reinsurance	132,403.84	
Capital (paid up $25,000.00)	100,000.00	
All other liabilities	4,041 30	
Total liabilities		$241,190.21
Net surplus over all liabilities		$ 27,314.50
Surplus to policy holders		259,718.34

As showing the growth of the Merchants and Bankers Fire Insurance Company since its re-organization in 1903, the following figures are taken from the report of January 1, 1904. At that date the showing was: First mortgage loans $9,050.00; premium obligations not due $999,980.97; total admitted Assets $191,284.87; reinsurance reserve, $56,902.35.

W. W. LYONS, President **CHAS. E. CAMPBELL, Secretary**

DIRECTORS AND STOCKHOLDERS

E. A. Alexander, Banker, Clarion
Barnes & Chamberlain, Att'ys, Cedar Rapids
E. H. Barrett, President Citizens State Bank, Dunlap
Clyde E. Brenton, cashier Brenton Bros.' Bank, Dallas Center
W. J. Burke, cashier State Savings Bank, Missouri Valley
Jos. A. Brown, vice president Chariton Loan and Trust Co.
W. I. Chamberlain, Attorney, Wyoming
A. E. Cook, prop. Brookmont Farm, Odebolt
E. A. Crawford, president Valley National Bank, Des Moines
J. A. Cutler, Osage
A. Q. Campbell, manager Hogansville, Quarry Co., Hogansville, Ga.
C. E. Campbell, (Secretary), Des Moines
P. S. Davis, capitalist, Eldora
J. S. Dewell, vice president State Savings Bank, Missouri Valley
W. L. Eaton, vice president Home Trust and Savings Bank, Osage
J. D. Edmundson, formerly president First National Bank, Council Bluffs
A. E. and C. D. Ellis, Bankers, Charles City
Judge S. M. Elwood, Sac City
F. W. Eversmeyer, Muscatine
E. E. Girton, Carroll (State Agent)
C. L. Gilcrest, Lumberman, Des Moines
A. H. Gale, cashier City National Bank, Mason City
J. M. Galusha, manager Western Newspaper Union, Des Moines
J. P. Hess, president German Bank of Carrol County, Carroll
F. M. Hopkins, vice-president First National Bank, Guthrie Center
L. E. Jones, of Ellsworth & Jones, Iowa Falls
P. M. Joice, president First National Bank, Lake Mills
L. W. Knowlton, Osage
A. L. Luick, cashier State Bank, Belmond
W. W. Lyons, President, Des Moines
C. H. McNider, president First National Bank, Mason City
J. H. McConlogue, Mason City
G. E. McMullen, cashier Bank of Irwin
John McCandless, Banker, Sheldon
Chas. Moser, Capitalist, Eldora
O. F Myers, Banker, Hampton
Dr. J. H. Mack, Macksburg
L. F. Potter, president First National Bank, Harlan
H. B. Pierce, Rock Rapids
Miss Neva B. Shidler (assistant secretary), Des Moines
W. B. Swigert, } Pubs. Sentinel,
W. C. Swigert, } Maquoketa
Mrs. Philena B. Swigert, Maquoketa
R. W. Sayre, president Farmers National Bank, Odebolt
E. L. Stilson, president First State Bank, Corwith
Lovell Swisher, cashier First National Bank, Iowa City
Willard Secor, Forest City (The Secor Co.)
E. W. Virden, manager Cedar Rapids Canning Factory, Cedar Rapids

FIRE STATION AND FORCE AT NO. 13

STATION NO. 15.

West Seventh and State.

Hose Co. No. 15.

H. Cree, Captain
C. Stickler, Driver
W. Britton
Geo. Newburn
J. Nuckolls

Hook and Ladder Truck No. 5.

C. Holland, Lieutenant.
J. Berens
J. Roddy
C. E. Warren

The total appropriation for the current fiscal year for salaries and maintenance was $122,300.00.

C. E. Campbell, Secretary Merchants & Bankers Fire Insurance Company:

Danger of a general conflagration in Des Moines lies mainly in our building construction, and the principal shortcoming in our building construction is the lack of wire glass windows or reliable automatic fire shutters to protect openings. Most of the buildings in Des Moines (whether substantially built or poorly built) are constructed with windows, or other openings, in three or four of the outer walls. These windows frequently open directly on to hazardous exposing structures. Without the protecttion of wire glass windows in metal frames, or standard automatic fire shutters, there is nothing to prevent the fire passing rapidly from one such building to another. If buildings in Des Moines were required by ordinance to be equipped with wire glass windows in metal frames, or automatic fire shutters for exterior openings, the danger of a general conflagration would be much reduced. The cost of an average window fitted with wire glass in metal frame is about $25.00.

MRS JOHN BRIAR
Chairman of the Social Committee of the Women's Club

The State Insurance Company

OF DES MOINES, IOWA

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CASH CAPITAL $100,000.00

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FOUR MILLION DOLLARS

FOR LOSSES SUSTAINED

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725 I. L. and T. Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa

MRS. FRANK McKAY
Chairman of the Social Committee of the Women's Club

FIRST "AT HOME DAY" OF THE WOMEN'S CLUB

On New Year's day Sherman Place was the scene of the most delightful social time ever experienced by the members of the Women's Club. From two in the afternoon to ten at night the members of the social committee kept "open house" with true old-fashioned hospitality. Mrs. John Briar and Mrs. Frank P. McKay were the chairmen for the day, and their efforts were crowned with most perfect success.

Mrs. Briar has for several years done most effective work in various departments of the club and her fine executive ability was tested on this occasion. Mrs. McKay is also an enthusiastic worker and their day was pronounced a thorough success by both club members and guests. A throng of callers, both ladies and gentlemen, filled the parlors during the afternoon and evening. During Mrs. Mitchell, the president's, term of office great things have been accomplished, and the general Des Moines public are beginning to understand that this club is an important factor in the upward moral growth of the community.

DR. EDMUND F. BURTON

Why I Became A Christian Scientist

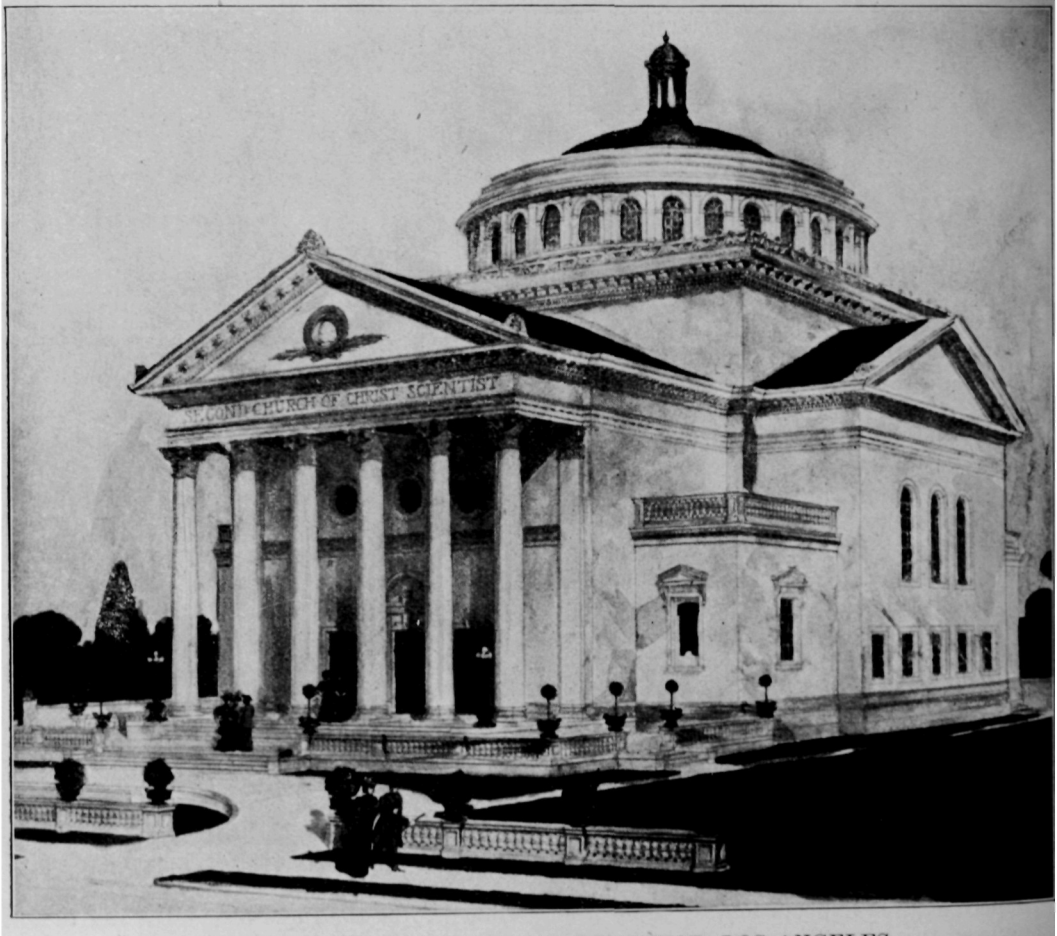
The author of this article is an alumnus of Rush Medical College of Chicago. He served an internship of eighteen months in Cook county Hospital, Chicago—one of the largest hospitals in the country—and at the termination of his internship was appointed a member of the surgical consulting staff of the same hospital. At the same time he received appointment as instructor of the faculty of Rush Medical College, and held these positions until forced by ill health to leave the north. In Arizona he was Acting Assistant Surgeon of the United States Marine Hospital Service for Arizona. He is licensed to practice in Illinois, Arizona and California and was a member of the American Medical Association until he left medicine for Christian Science work.

I HAVE been asked to tell why I gave up the practice of medicine and surgery to devote myself to Christian Science work. I might commence at the point at which my thought was first turned to the subject, on the morning when I awoke to find that I owed my life to it, but it will perhaps be better to go still further back in point of time and to tell of the occasion and necessity for the help which came to me through this system.

About six years ago I was obliged, on account of tuberculosis of the lungs, to abandon my medical practice in Chicago and to go to Arizona where it was hoped, against expectation, by those who advised this move that the disease might be overcome; but the prognosis was that I would not live more than a few months, I myself had discovered accidentally the presence of the disease more than a year before the time of my leaving Chicago, but had delayed following the advice which I would have given to anyone else, partly with the hope that I could overcome the trouble without the aid of a more favorable climate and partly through dread of the life at a consumption resort. However, during the last two months preceding my leaving for Arizona the hemorrhages became so frequent and profuse that it was no longer possible for me to go on with my work, and I accepted what seemed to be the inevitable. During the year previous to my leaving Chicago I

had been depending upon alcohol and opium in different forms to control as far as possible the symptoms of the lung trouble. It was believed both by the manufacturers and physicians at that time that in the form of heroin, (the diacetylate of morphine) opium could be taken without fear of the formation of a habit, and it was principally this preparation which I used. That this idea of immunity from the opium habit is a fallacy has been proven by thousands of cases, and today he who teaches that any form of opium can be taken with impunity and without danger that addiction to the drug may follow, is either inexcusably ignorant or criminally and wilfully negligent of the welfare of those to whom he gives this advice.

After reaching Arizona I made use of the best dietary and hygienic means possible, and although for about two months my condition grew worse, from that time on there was improvement and I was able to resume the practice of my profession. The use of opium was abandoned for brief periods several times during the next three years, but never for any great length of time, although the tortures incident to the giving up of its use would seem sufficient to prevent its resumption. It is the common story, however, that the memory of these struggles fades in the presence of the demand for the drug. To a physician who once allows himself to look to opium and alcohol for support the temptation to use them is particularly strong, since they are ever at his hand, in his case or on his shelves, and the demands upon his energies and vitality coming at all hours of the day and night give him excuse to himself for the use of some unusual stimulant. Frequently this is the story, the whisky is the first helper appealed to, and in most cases either whisky or strychnine or both are the only ones ever used. But when

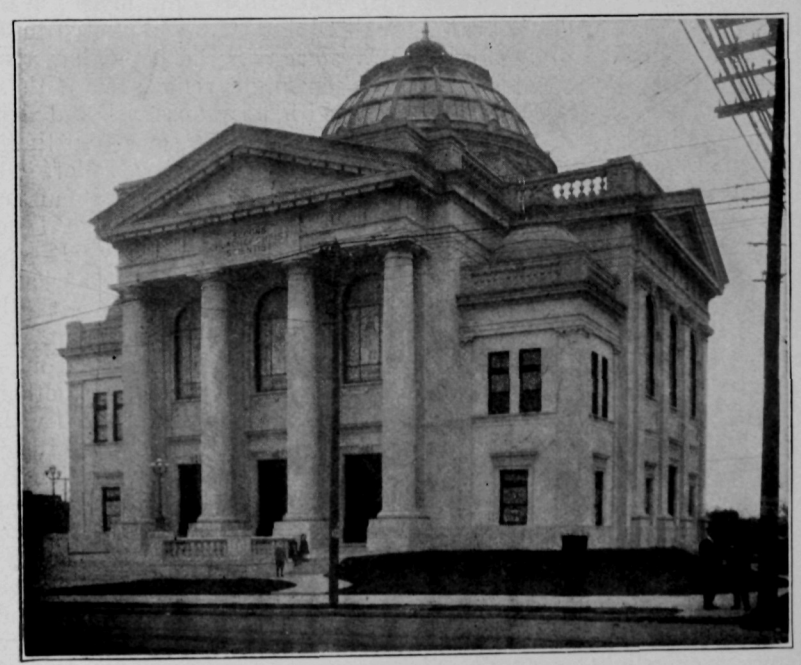


SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, LOS ANGELES

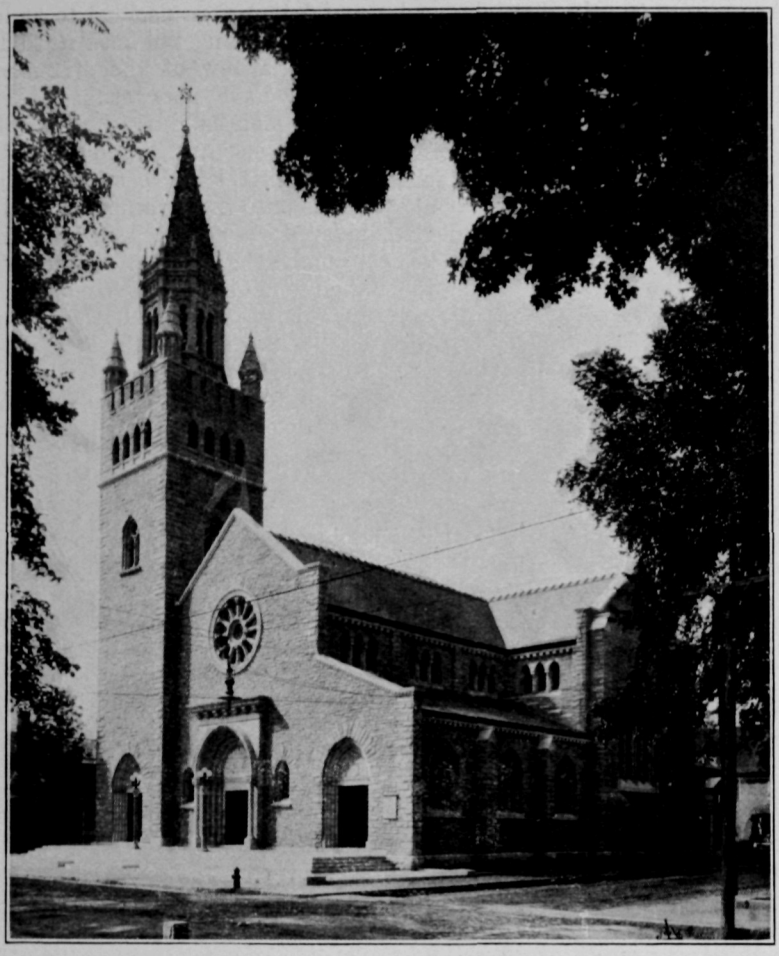
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, LOS ANGELES

there has been so much whisky taken that its effects are apparent or it is feared that such will be the case, it is easy to believe that it will be best to correct this overdose of alcohol with a little opium in some form. As in my case, the opium is often taken for its sedative effect upon some irritating symptom. When the indulgence in opium has been carried so far that it is taken for a narcotic effect and there is dullness and disinclination to mental or physical exertion, or there is produced a drowsiness which is noticeable, then there is the suggestion that a little cocaine will wake one up, and from that time on the story hastens to its finish —absolute irresponsibility, insanity and death. And it is recognized that there is no more hopeless task than the attempt to break this triple chain. There may be some method or formula which I did not try, but if so I believe it has been devised within the past three years. I experimented with every means which offered any, even slight, promise of permanent relief, including hypnotism. As a last resort I put myself in the hands of the best known hypnotist in Southern California in the hope that a new suggestion might relieve me of the old one. I lived in his house, ate and slept in his company and for some time there seemed to be some temporary relief, but the result was the direct opposite of that which I expected and for which I hoped. I went to him to regain my self-control but, as a matter of fact, I lost what little restraint and self-government I had possessed before this experiment. I had voluntarily attempted to yield myself temporarily to the control of another human mind, and that which I had yielded had gone from me entirely. After this my physical and mental condition grew rapidly worse, until within a few weeks there was no reason left. After a period of entire irresponsibility lasting about a week and followed by unconsciousness for something more than forty-eight hours, a number of physicians who had known me for several months, in consultation, pronounced me incurable and told

my friends that I had from a few days to a few weeks to live. A private sanitarium to which my wife applied refused to admit me on account of the hopelessness of the case, and they planned that I should be taken the following day to the state insane asylum. During the evening following this verdict a lady suggested with much trepidation the advisability of calling a Christian Science practitioner, and my wife consented that this be done, not with a feeling that anything could be accomplished, but in the same spirit of desperation in which any other harmless although probably useless thing would have been allowed. A practitioner came and remained with me three hours. At the end of the first hour I was sleeping quietly and when I awoke about eight o'clock in the morning it was with a clear mind and the absolute conviction, which has not changed since, that I was free and well. I asked what had been done for me, insisting that a radical change had taken place in my physical and mental condition. Naturally the conviction that I had been healed came very slowly to those about me, and it was months before it was fully acknowledged, but to me there was such a mental change that from the first there was no room to doubt. There is no need here to give figures, although I shall be glad to do so privately to anyone, physician or layman, but I will say so far as I know there is no instance in medical literature of the recovery of anyone taking the amounts of these drugs which I was taking up to the time referred to. And to one who knows the state of the nervous system and of the digestive organs which exists in such cases it is stating it mildly to say that the most remarkable feature of the cure was that there was no period of convalescence. From the time of my waking on the morning following the treatment there was no nervousness or twitching, sleep was natural and quiet, appetite healthy, digestive functions all in good working order and mind clear and composed. The same afternoon I drove my automobile for two hours without weariness or excitement of any kind. During the following thirty days I gained thirty pounds in weight. Within ten days of the time that I was pronounced incurable I undertook a most arduous trip across the Nevada desert, where unusual endurance and physical strength were obsolutely necessary and I found that I had an abundance of both. Moreover from the day of the treatment to the present time there has never been any desire for alcohol, opium in any form, cocaine or any other stimulant or drug.



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTSIST, KANSAS CITY, MO.



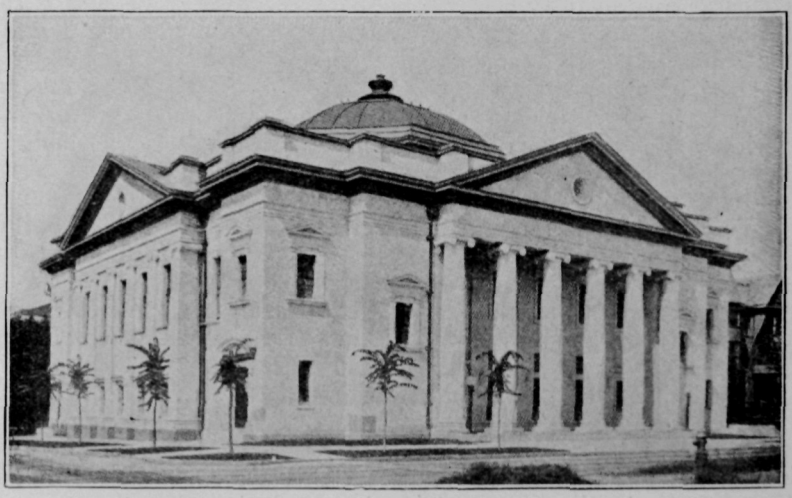
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CONCORD, N. H.

After learning that the condition in which I found myself on this red-letter morning followed treatment by a Christian Scientist I asked to see him again, talked with him and at once commenced the study of the text-book, Science and Health. I had not been able to read anything with any degree of understanding for weeks, but found that from that day my mental equipment was normal. Memory, which was practically gone, had returned to a great extent, although improvement in that respect continued gradually for several months. In short, I was not only free from the bondage of the drugs, but was physically and mentally restored to normality, and there has been no other condition since that time. Two months later I was able to lay aside glasses which I had been obliged to wear constantly for several years on account of compound astigmatism, and my vision since has been such that there has been no need to use them. About the same time and without any feeling of inconvenience I was able to abandon the habit of smoking which I acquired in early boyhood and with which I had had many a hard and unsuccessful struggle. At the time of the first treatment, although I considered myself practically free from the lung trouble for which I came to the Southwest, yet there was a quite large cavity involving the upper part of the left lung. Something over a year ago I learned that this cavity was no longer discoverable, but that so far as physical examination could determine there was healthy lung tissue filling the entire space normally so occupied.

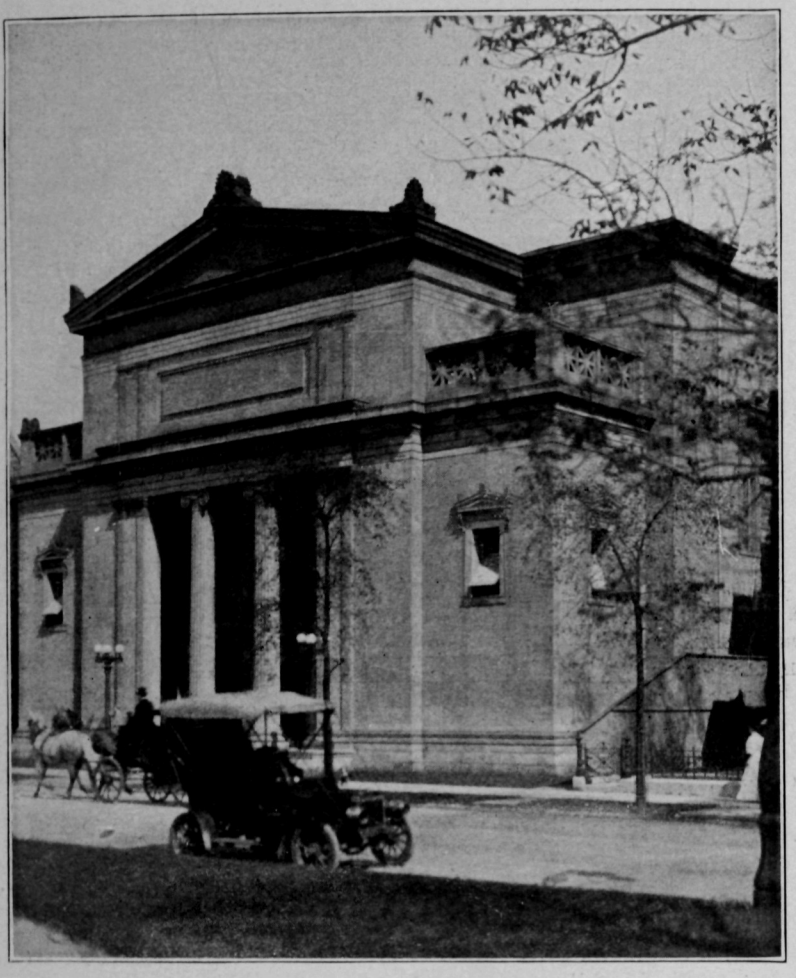
I was forced by my own healing to the conclusion that there was a power in Christian Science of which I had

never taken account. My own changed condition convinced me that there was something in the system, and I was determined to find out what it was, although I had no thought at that time that it could take me out of my profession. I believed it to be a variety of suggestion or hypnotism and that I would be able to incorporate it with my medical knowledge and experience and so bring to others who had come under the same bondage from which I had suffered the relief that I had experienced. Suffice it to say I did not find just what I expected and many times I put Science and Health away with a feeling of impatience that the grain of truth which I felt must be there was obscured and buried by what seemed to me a mass of nonsense, but each time there would come back to me the fact that I was alive and well — better mentally than ever in my life—whereas there was the certainty from a medical point of view that I would have been dead and buried except for something told in that book, and I was fairly compelled to go back and search for the secret of the power that had given me not only life instead of death, but a life which seemed of value in place of one which had lost all worth. It also came to me that there were thousands of people of intelligence and good judgment who had been through the process of investigating that which I was studying, and who had come to the conclusion that those things which I was pronouncing absurdities were really profound truths, and I therefore decided to at least postpone rewriting the book until I had disproved a few of the statements in it. This I have not yet been able to do. After months during which I studied nothing else and thought of little else I found that I had been trying largely to splice onto those things which I had considered essentials, this new thing, and to make the new cloth match the old. I then made the effort to come at it from a new point of view. I tried to put myself in an unprejudiced state of mind, to put aside so far as possible preconceived notions—to get the child-mind attitude —and to find whether this system would stand alone and stand the test regardless of other teachings, medical, religious or philosophical. This I am still doing, and so far it has stood all the tests to which I have subjected it. The true understanding or state of mind which is the power for the correction of evils is not a secret and mysterious thing which requires long search and severe mental application. The only requisite for its attainment is an absolutely open mind to Truth.

Entering upon the study of Christian Science as I did with the expectation of finding an addition to my medical armamentarium it soon became evident to me that if the claims of the system were well grounded, if it would do what the reported demonstrations indicated it had done, if it could be depended upon to produce similar results, there could be no hesitation on the part of anyone engaged in the healing art in exchanging



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, DENVER, COL.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CHICAGO, ILL

the old for this new way. Of the cases submitted to a physician—after eliminating the not inconsiderable percentage to which unaided nature would bring recovery where the doctor renders no assistance—there are a certain number which will seem to him to be hopeless and beyond his aid. In fact, of the whole list of diseases covered by the standard text-books, between thirty and forty per cent are supposed to be incurable by the time that diagnosis is possible. According to Christian Science this whole list is wiped out, for if its principle is true there are no incurable diseases. Even today there is authority for the statement that with the possible exception of a few diseases so rare that no examples of them have ever been submitted to Christian Science treatment there is no malady known that has not been healed by this treatment.

For about fifteen months I studied the theory of Christian Science and investigated its results from the above standpoint. As I read and investigated I found it not difficult to be convinced that it might do away with the use of drugs in the treatment of medical diseases; partly because I knew that medical men everywhere were coming to place less and less reliance upon drugs, that I myself had found their power most uncertain, and partly because from my own experience I welcomed the doing away with such dangerous tools. As to surgery I was much more slow in believing that mental treatment could be of any use, and it was not until I came to understand the real principle upon which Christian Science is based that I understood that it will eventually do away with operative surgery as well as the demand for it. I myself have seen

a broken bone and dislocated joint restored to normal condition and function within a few hours, and that without manipulation, splint or bandage of any kind. I have seen a child of five years freed instantly from a congenital deformity without touch of hand or instrument. I have seen a woman, who, according to the verdict of the best medical talent, was within a few hours of death from cancer, restored to good health and spirits within a few days. Today, however, it is not claimed that we can do without surgeons altogether; not because pure Christian Science will not go so far as to remove cancers and set broken bones, for it is doing these things every day, but for the same reason that abdominal and intercranial surgery was not done with the same freedom and safety one hundred years ago as they are today; for the same reason that Adam did not have a telephone and Noah a steamboat; not because the laws of physics and physiology are not the same in one age as in another, but because the understanding of them is not the same. It seemed to be considered worthy of editorial note by one of our leading serious periodicals lately that in one of the best surgical hospitals in the country, out of 3,300 patients operated upon during a given period there were three Christian Scientists. Christian Scientists are still in the kindergarten all of them—so far as understanding the Christian Science principle is concerned. One of the strongest evidences that the principle is Truth is, that with so little understanding of it, such far-reaching results are obtained. Christian Scientists have only commenced to work out the problem. They do many things every day which they recognize are not in accord with the pure principle which they believe; but because they are not able to "solve every life problem in a day" (Unity of Good) they are attempting first those which seem most important to harmonious living today, meantime trying to know the truth about those which they must leave to the future for actual demonstration. And so most of them go to the dentist still, sometimes to the surgeon, daily to the butcher and baker, to the tailor and the coal man. But because they are still busy learning the multiplication table does not indicate that the problems of Euclid will not be solved in due course; rather the contrary.

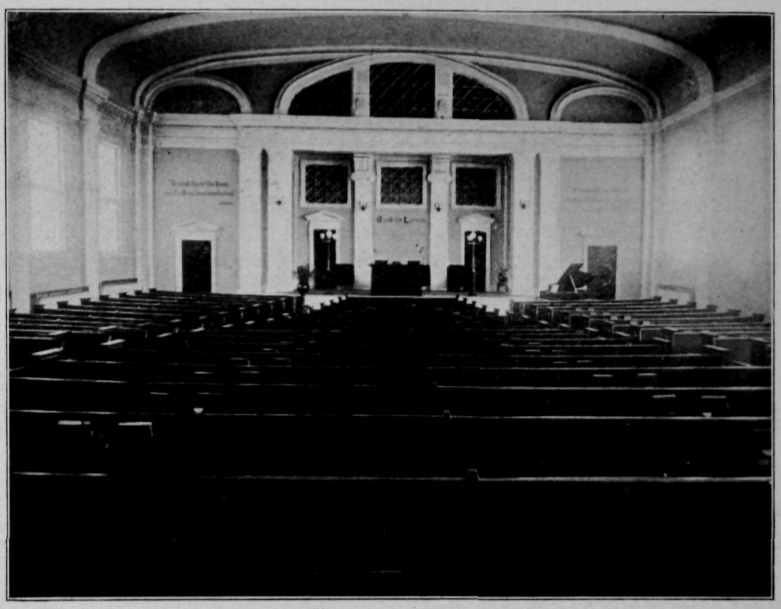
However, one does not go far in his investigation of Christian Science without learning that the healing of individual attacks of sickness is considered of minor importance and may almost be said to be incidental, but that its real purpose is the permanent healing of all disease, mental, moral and physical, in the individual; the immunizing, so to speak, of the individual to all forms of illness and evil. One learns early in the study that under the heading of disease Christian Science includes ills not mentioned in medical text-books, at least not in those published before Christian Science influence began to be felt in the world's thinking. Its list covers such diseases as worry, selfishness, jealousy, fear, hatred, mis-called love, poverty, dishonesty, avarice, murder and in fact all the brood of happiness-assassins that make it seem impossible to obey the command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And one learns that these diseases are amenable to Christian Science as well as measles and cancer, and by it are being eliminated from human consciousness. Also whereas the physician expects that his patients will come to him and will have occasion to come to him as long as they live and that the beloved "family doctor" will always be a welcome visitor in the home, at the fireside as well as at the bedside, the Christian Science practitioner seeks to bring it about that those who come to him for aid shall cease as soon as possible to be patients.

It is thought in all branches of learning that empiricism is being done away with and that conclusions are being based upon principle as a result of an advance in the understanding of physical science and the influence of this scientific thought upon philosophic speculation in all lines. And yet in theology, I believe, those who are regarded as the most advanced thinkers are basing their conclusions as to what is truth upon the reply to the question: "According to the sum of human experience, does it work?" Empiricism has been the rule in medicine for centuries, and although in that branch there is a thought that it is passing away, still all conclusion based upon material premise must be empirical, for that which is called premise is the result

of fallible experiment and can not therefore be strictly principle. When a surgeon administers an opiate to a person with a broken arm, he stops the pain. His colleagues will say it is more scientific to set and properly dress the broken limb so that it will heal, and so do away with the cause of the pain. But is the cause of the broken arm done away with? Is there any less possibility of the arm being broken again than there was before the surgeon came? When theologians agree upon the truth of a certain proposition because it accords with human experience, have they removed the possibility of human experience being fallacious, as it has been proven to be more often than otherwise? There is no recognition in either case of a fixed principle — a straight-edge by which all propositions can be tested as to truth or falsity. Christian Science promises to remove the possibility of a broken limb and the necessity for the reliance upon human experience in the search for truth, by implanting an understanding of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God (Good), in an understanding which is not merely a belief in a theory, but a knowledge which is actual power.

Christian Science takes away from us nothing but ignorance and dependence upon falsities. It shows us that we have been making ourselves the slaves of the things for which we have been spending our lives, that we have belonged to them and not they to us. It makes us possessors of real things, not possessed by unreal things. It is not a system of medicine, nor a drug; not a something to be taken when we are sick or in trouble and to be kept on the shelf between times. It is the understanding of true values as dintinguished from the false and of how man is governed by the former and not by the latter. It is a thing to be lived. It is the way to live, the scientific way to live, the only way to live right and the way in which all men sooner or later must come to live, for it is the Christ-way, and "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow * * * and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord." It is the Science of Being, the Science of Life. It is the Truth that makes men free.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, DES MOINES, DEDICATED JAN 12, 1908



INTERIOR VIEW OF FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, DES MOINES

The author of "Under the Crust," Thomas Nelson Page, is a Southerner and comes of an old Virginia family. The Nelsons and Pages have lived in the "Old Dominion" for generations and played prominent parts in both the Revolutionary and Civil wars as well as in times of peace. In this new book Mr. Page writes of love and adventures abroad as well as at home for the first time in his literary career.

These stories are some of the best that he has ever written and show the same larger hearted sympathy and kindly humor that have made his previous stories beloved by both North and South.

"Days Off," by Henry van Dyke, is full of the mellow, genial spirit which has made its author's other books so beloved. In speaking of this new book the *Chicago Evening Post* said: "Days off are always cheery with Henry van Dyke. If it rains it only makes the grass and the trees greener; if it blows there's always a tent and a shack and a fire, and cold,—why, frost turns all the world to purple and gold and scarlet. 'Days Off,' just published, breathes the same joyous optimism that pervades all the sketches and stories of this Princeton professor who loving his neighbors dedicates his book to the other Princetonian, who loves days off with rod and gun, Grover Cleveland."

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W. F. HARSH
Candidate for Commissioner under the Des Moines Plan.

Among the candidates for commissioner under the Des Moines plan, no one will be received with greater favor from all parties and classes than W. F. Harsh, of the Board of Public Works. Mr. Harsh is of the type of man who honors the office he fills. He has made a host of warm friends during his residence in Des Moines, who love and honor him for himself. His public record has been such that he has won the confidence and regard of all who knew him. Mr. Harsh has proved himself to have a great capacity for hard work, his duties as member of the Board of Public Works being most taxing. He is intelligent, well posted, and has great executive ability. If he is chosen commissioner, he will be faithful to the trust and lend all of his energies to making the plan a success.

JOHN B. LUCAS

Candidate for Commissioner under the Des Moines Plan

I desire to call your attention to my candidacy for membership on the Council or Commission under the Des Moines Plan.

I realize the importance of the position, and in support of my candidacy refer you to my record as a public official. I point with pardonable pride to the fact that, as City Auditor, I waged continuous warfare against the illegal expenditures of the city's funds and against the attempted increase of the city's indebtedness for current expenses; also that I was able to prevent the dissipation of the Water Works Fund; that fund is still intact, belongs to the city and is drawing four per cent interest. It now amounts to over Ninety-Two Thousand Dollars.

Please examine my official record. I believe it will bear close scrutiny. If you are satisfied that it shows honesty, fidelity to duty, and a reasonable amount of competency in civic affairs, I ask that you assist me in securing the nomination.

If elected, I pledge my best endeavors toward a practical administration, conducted on a strict business basis and divorced from politics.

I am not a candidate of any man, movement or faction, and in this contest each candidate should stand on his own merits.

A. K. STEWART
Candidate for Councilman under the Des Moines Plan City Goverment

The people of Des Moines are certainly to be congratulated on the fact that such splendid men and citizens are offering themselves as candidates for commissioners under the new Des Moines plan. Among these candidates no man stands higher in the regard of the general public than does A. K. Stewart of east Des Moines. Of honest intention, fine ability as a lawyer, level headed in business, of especial familiarity with municipal affairs, and of the finest personal integrity, certainly Mr. Stewart should have the support of all loyal citizens.

Mr. Stewart has held but one public office, that of school director from 1902 to 1907. This office he filled with distinction. No man will more faithfully devote himself to the betterment of existing comditions and to bringing about a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," then will A. K. Stewart.

Annual Meeting of the Iowa Humane Society

On the evening of January 8th occurred the annual banquet and meeting of the Iowa Humane Society, in the ordinary at the Savery Hotel.

There was an unusually fine attendance and after the dinner a program of reports and speeches.

Vice President J. W. Hill presided during the program. Mr. James Watt, president of the organization, read a report of great interest, which we give in full.

Mrs. Elizabeth Baird, the long-time and efficient secretary, in her report showed that more work was accomplished during the past year than in any previous year of the society's history. Mr. Hazlett Clark's treasurer's report was full of interest and showed the finances to be in good shape.

Rev. Dr. Cathell, Father Mulvihill, Frank Shankland and Mrs. George W. Ogilvie gave brief addresses. The election of officers and directors closed the meeting. The president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer were re-elected.

President's Report

In reviewing the work of 1907, we will take you back to our last annual report, concluding the same you will remember we anticipated good results, and we have not been disappointed, receiving about all that we asked. We were assisted by other societies of the state, and the Woman's Club of this city. Most important of these were placing maternity hospitals under surveillance of law; punishing husbands for deserting their families, and prohibiting giant firecrackers. Our society was prompt in applying the remedies provided, bringing to justice some of the most notorious characters, and exposing methods and practices too awful to specify in this report, but familiar to all. We believe that in prosecuting these cases we had the support of all good citizens, as well as the press.

Humane societies generally are expected to give especial attention to animals and in preventing cruelty to all dumb creatures, but as stated in former reports, this society has for its object not only the prosecution of cruelty to animals and children, but relieving the suffering of all helpless persons. It is as broad as the sympathy of the most noble and sympathetic human heart. We must not only speak for and defend the dumb animal, but the helpless child, the wayward boy or girl, and the sick or hungry mother, or invalid father. A day never passes that our officers are not called upon to assist some of these, scattered as they are over the fifty-four square miles of our city. Many of our good citizens no doubt feel provoked when they call us up and do not get prompt response, whereas if they could see and realize the extent of the work devolving upon so few active officers, they would be slow to complain of unavoidable delays. There are seasons when it would require five devoted people in action, instead of two. I would say here that each year we try to benefit from the experience of previous years, and for next year we are making plans which in conjunction with the assistance of our mayor and chief of police, we hope to increase our efficiency. Situated as we are now, in the heart of the city, on the ground floor of our grand courthouse, with our door wide open, we are easily found, and we believe if our members would call at the office and stay for an hour, they would be convinced that *they all found us.*

One thing especially I must mention, as it gives us special pleasure; this is the friendly feeling and united action of all our benevolent institutions; the county officers, the Associated Charities, and our judges and courts now so interested in juvenile delinquents, and inebriates; our Schools of Correction and State Boards, the Salvation Army and Volunteers, have all been working in harmony, seeming to vie with each other in accomplishing the greatest amount of good.

We cannot conclude without saying a word about our best friend, and noblest of all animals, the horse. We are more than ever distressed to see this year, the great number of poor looking horses on our streets, good, sleek and happy looking horses on our drays, hacks and deliv-

ery wagons are now the exception. It is most unfortunate as nothing will attract the attention of visitors to our city more than this. It should really receive the consideration of our Greater Des Moines Committee, and call from them some effort to better the present conditions, if for no other motive than civic pride. Nothing advertises a business better than a well fed, well harnessed, and carefully driven team. Our successful and enterprising firms of the East are fully alive to this, and are calling for and paying the price which attracts all of our best road horses, and heavy Normans and Percherons. Hundreds, yes thousands, of these have left our city the past season (all of you who attended the State Fair *know* we have them in Iowa). Let us all compliment and patronize those who are broad enough, and liberal enough, to appreciate and help our city in this most gratifying and patriotic spirit, adorning our streets with the best horses our state can produce.

As we have always said, the development of this work is largely due to the education of the heart as well as the head, and we are making progress. When the noble and high-minded Lork Erskine in the British parliament in 1811, voiced a most temperate protest against the atrocious abuses of domestic animals, which then existed, he was howled down by his fellow peers, who were supposed to represent the highest culture of the realm. When Henry Berg began his famous work in New York City forty years ago, he was lampooned, caricatured and shamefully abused. Cruelty is no longer as good form as it once was. We not only have now organizations in every state, but in all of the larger and many of the smaller cities; we also have national associations which take in broader fields and work for national laws, to improve the methods of transportation and to correct if possible, the condition of the great herds of cattle in the Northwest, where thousands of them annually perish from starvation, and exposure to the dreadful storms. They are also trying to restrict and control the methods of vivisection, and other cruel practices.

The work is only imperfectly performed, as yet, but it marks the dawn of a brighter day; and the times are ripe for the next step towards the realization of a true and complete civilization.

THANK YOU, MR. DING

Some one has aptly said that the daily paper of the present day might well be named "The Daily Saddener," as it generally is a calendar of crime and misery. To pick up the Register and Leader at breakfast, just starting out for the day's work, and glance over the first page, is enough to cause biliousness, nervousness and distrust of the whole universe for the day. Knowing that the day belongs not to the individual, but is God's day, in which the individual is to do God's work—for do we not all believe that "Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory"—knowing this, does it not seem a pitiful thing to have the day thus darkened by printers' ink?

It is thus with especial delight that we give our attention to the one bright spot on the page, the cartoons of Mr. Darling, so full of intelligence and of humor, and so free from maliciousness. His daily picture does much to offset the horror of those headlines. There are doubtless many who wish the pictures might cover the whole page. For all of which our thanks are due to this young artist.

W. C. T. U. MEMBERS--Everywhere

This is the **White Ribbon Coupon,** which you will find in every **White Ribbon Shoe.**

SALESMAN MUST RETAIN THIS COUPON FOR COLLECTOR

"White Ribbon"

TRADE MARK

W. C. T. U.

REGISTERED

The New Shoe for Women

No. 4966 A

Lot .....

EVERY SHOE HELPS

No. 54 Fine Soft Kid Lace, ⅜ vamp, pat. tip, medium low military heel welt sole; pure oak belting sole

Very flexible, stitched belting top piece on heel, antiseptic covered soft cushion inner-sole WHITE RIBBON process.

Price, $4.00

THE PLAN IN SIMPLE

Every one of these good-looking, comfortable shoes contains a **coupon** as shown above, **good for 5 cents.** When the shoes are sold, the dealer removes the coupon and holds it until someone appointed by the local or State Union calls for it. These coupons are sent to the State President, who stamps them and forwards them to the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Lincoln, Neb., who sends the money to the *proper officials.*

The Shoes are all right. Thousands of letters attest the satisfaction of the wearers.

Made over last especially designed and graded for *the* WHITE RIBBON *line*

If your dealer does not have the shoes, send for Catalogue, prices and full description of our plan.

WHITE RIBBON SHOE CO., Sole Mfgrs., Box 632, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Family Washing Done at 6c a Pound

If you would be rid of the work and bother and muss of wash-day, send the clothes to *Munger's* we will do the entire family washing, rough-dry, for 6c a pound, and iron all such flat pieces as sheets, towels, tableclothes, handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. We will be no harder on your clothes than the wash woman is. Everything will be washed with soft water and pure soap—nothing else.

Call 597 on Either Phone for a MUNGER'S Wagon.

MUNGER'S LAUNDRY 1109-1111 WEST GRAND AVENUE

CUT FLOWERS

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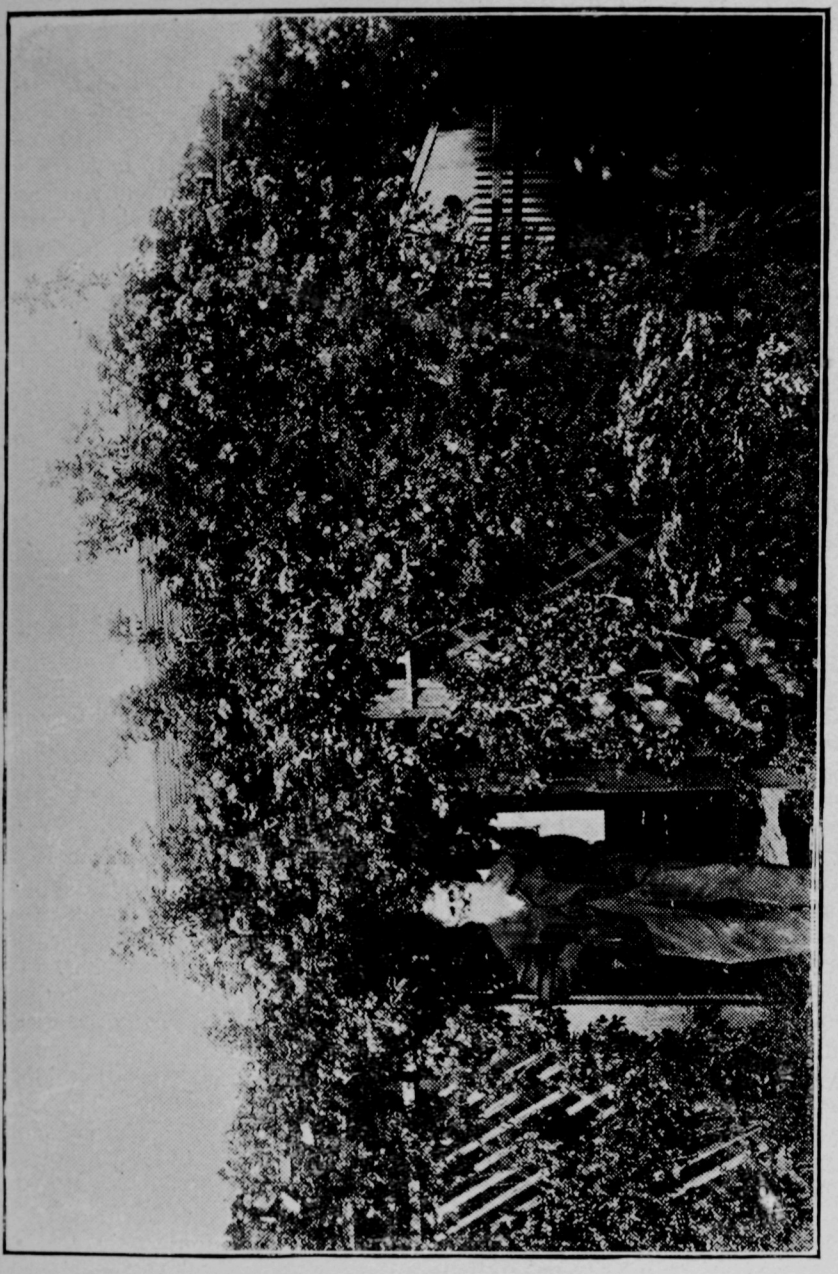
FUNERAL DESIGNS
IOWA FLORAL CO.
DES MOINES IOWA.



AN ECHO FROM LINCOLN'S TIME

The passing years have added new luster and glory to the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln, patriot, statesman and martyr. At the same time the love of Lincoln, the man, has been cherished with sacred fervor. Every characteristic of this noble son of American soil has become a precious memory in the hearts of the people—"The common people," whom he loved. Little by little volumes of worthy deeds and remarkable sayings have outranked the crude stories first chronicled as instances of the humor of Lincoln. His "jokes" were merely a thin covering of words intended to convey soulful truths and deep meanings. The goodness, the tenderness, the world-reaching sympathy which made him the emancipator of three million slaves was manifest-

ed in manifold ways throughout his eventful career. For this reason alone much interest attaches to the testimony of the survivors of his time, to the accounts given by those who were in any way associated with his daily existence.

Des Moines has an honored resident, Mr. T. G. Wheeler, who was employed on the Treasury building in Washington when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President. In 1862, Mr. Wheeler entered upon a position in the public grounds or gardens, about the Capitol and the White House. While engaged in this capacity Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler often attended the White House receptions and were both much impressed with the ease and freedom with which President Lincoln received and dealt with the throngs of visitors. As frequently seen in the public grounds the President appeared always ready and willing to extend a helping hand to all who asked it.

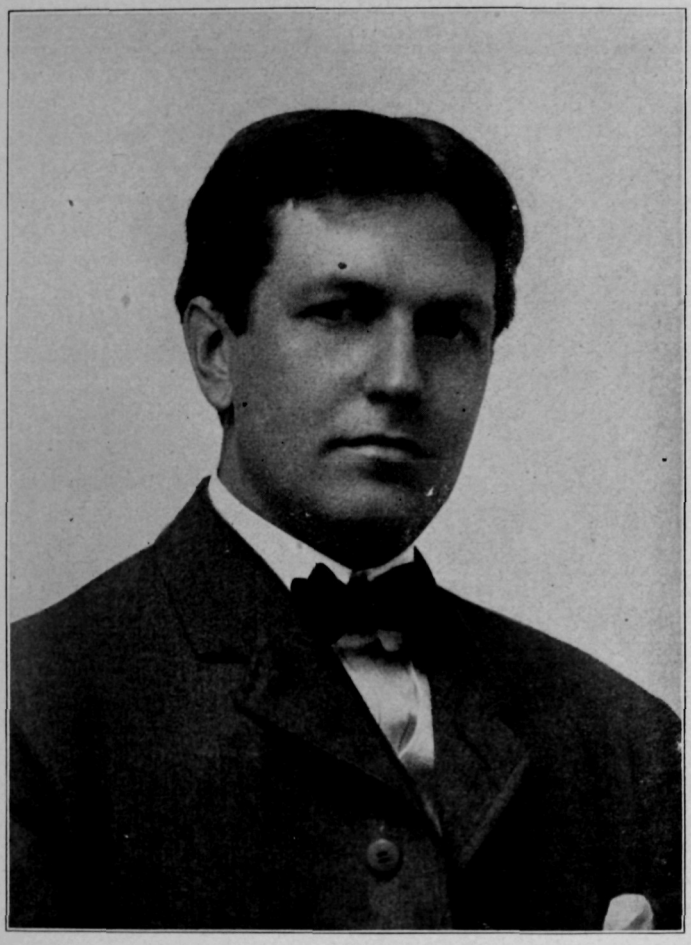
Mr. Wheeler found his occupation as gardener very congenial. The grounds comprised about fifty acres in all and were laid out in fine designs of landscape gardening. Great varieties of flowers were grown, the beds being laid out in stars, circles, and other designs. The gaudy designs produced by massive beds of single color, and beds and borders of foliage plants and cannas had not then come into vogue. The main object was to beautify the grounds, but gradually the gardens became resorts and were furnished with seats for visitors, like the parks of today. Another purpose served by the gardens was the distribution of seeds and plants, through the direction of members of Congress, to all parts of the country. Cut flowers were furnished to Congressmen also, and from the outside gardens as well as the greenhouses vast quantities of foliage and bloom were used for the decoration of the White House and for the Senate and Hall of Representatives.

Mr. Wheeler was sometimes assigned to work in the greenhouses at the White House; in this line of work he saw the President and his family at times on the grounds. Many orders for flowers were filled for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals, and Mr. Wheeler believes these to have been dictated by Lincoln personally. He does not remember to have seen Lincoln wearing a flower on any occasion and can not recall his special favorite, if he had one. But the tenderness attributed to Lincoln in his conduct toward children and the instance where he paused to replace in its leafy home a young bird that had fallen from its nest betoken a nature that would hold communion with the flowers.

When the great calamity came that robbed the nation of its chief the city of Washington was draped in mourning and Mr. Wheeler was among the force that hung sable colors in and about the Capitol. Later he joined the multitude that moved in solemn procession to take a final look upon the face which even in death bore evidence of the sweet spirit that once lodged within.

After the war many military men were employed by government. Under these conditions Mr. Wheeler did not find his position as gardener as pleasant as in former years. In 1868 he tendered his resignation and came to Iowa to reside. In 1882 he moved with his family to Des Moines and bought two lots on Fifteenth street near Crocker, that were then just cleared of timber. They are still living on this site and to the natural shade, Mr. Wheeler has added choice varieties of trees, shrubs and plants. More particular attention has been paid to rose culture than to other flowers and the home is embowered with the vining branches of the Crimson Rambler, while about two hundred rose bushes on the lawn lend their fragrance to the summer air. Mr. Wheeler lives among his flowers and loves them as friends. His children are settled near him and a short cross street runing east from Fifteenth is named Maryland Place, a reminder of his native state and of the years when his life ran in parallel lines to that of the great and good Lincoln.

PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT



W. A GRAHAM
Attorney for the Bell Coffee Company in case of State vs. Lane

SAMPLE ADS NOT REFRESHMENTS

A Further History of the Brown Civil Rights Case Against Mr. Lane of Bell Coffee Co.

Since writing the account published in THE MIDWESTERN last month, under the title "Sample Advertising and Civil Rights," the case of *State vs. Lane*, has been decided by Justice Cope, who filed an opinion in the defendant's favor.

The grounds of the Justice's decision, I am glad to say, are identical with those set forth in the article referred to, and fully uphold the position of the defendant at all points.

The court, in discharging Mr. Lane, never once mentioned the color line, which had been harped upon so freely by the press and pulpit, but rested his decision purely upon the firm foundation that the laws of Iowa are for the benefit of all alike, and that no man, because of his color or the lack of it, has any right to demand more than any other man. And whether the complainant belongs to the 400, white or black, the law makes no distinctions.

The court held that the samples of liquid coffee given away at the Bell Company booth were not refreshments, but advertising donations, which nobody had any right to demand, and that no

CALUMET

Baking Powder

Pure in the Can--

Pure in the Baking

Recommended by Leading Physicians and Chemists

Calumet Baking Powder

is the only high grade powder sold at a moderate price.

Every can is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

It complies with all pure food laws in every respect.

FRED J. BEANER
Secretary Retail Grocers Association Des Moines

duty was imposed upon either the Bell Company or Mr. Lane to serve anyone unless they saw fit to do so.

The Browns have not let the matter drop, however, and are still insisting upon satisfaction in some form, and to that end have instituted a civil suit for $1,500.00 damages, claiming both an infringement of civil rights and an assault upon Mrs. Brown. This suit, it is hoped upon the part of the J. H. Bell Company and Mr. Lane, who are made defendants, will be brought to issue and tried at an early date.

The claim as to infringement of civil rights turns upon the same legal question argued and decided in the case before Justice Cope; while the claim of assault will raise a probable issue of fact upon which a jury may be called upon to pass. Neither claim, it is believed, has any foundation either in fact or in law, and the issue will be met with confidence.

A tempest in a tea-pot is often heard of; but I believe this is the first instance of cyclonic disturbances over an after dinner coffee cup.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH

There are all sorts of insurance in vogue, but none of them offer for stipulated premiums to insure health to policyholders. And yet we have right here in Des Moines a business concern which puts out one of the necessities of life, whose purity is absolutely necessary not alone to health, but to life itself. The whole country is aroused as never before as to the necessity of a pure milk supply. Numberless diseases, many of them especially fatal to the human family, are traceable to filthy and impure milk. This business concern—there is but one in Des Moines which guarantees its milk and cream—by a special method of heating and cooling and straining, to be absolutely safe for even babies to take in any quantity. Everybody who reads the papers knows the name of this process and everybody who has any care for insuring his or his family's health, will insist on having served daily upon his table, only Pasteurized Milk and Cream.

PATRONIZED BY INSURANCE MEN

In the short time of its establishment in the city the Boston Lunch has attained great popularity with the best class of business men. A man who has but an hour at noon well knows how foolish he would be to stuff himself at that time. His dinner hour is at six, after which he has leisure for the digestion of a good meal. All he wants at noon is a bite or two, and he wants it appetizing and well served. He hasn't time to wait long either, and as he finds all these wants met at the Boston Lunch, that is the place he patronizes. His light luncheon is delicious. Everything is clean as a pin. He isn't kept waiting a minute. His coffee warms him and he goes back to his office leisurely, feeling fine and in good trim for the afternoon's duties. More depends upon the good quality of one's luncheon than some people think, and every business man who wishes to be insured against dull afternoons should at once make the acquaintance of the Boston Lunch. The patrons include men of all businesses, any many insurance men are regular patrons.

AMERICA'S BEST

We wish to assure the Coffee Drinking Public that

THE BELL COFFEES

are the kinds of coffee **they should drink.** They have a delightful taste—and you can always depend on having a **Uniform Blend.** **Dirt and dust** are entirely foreign to our Coffees because they are put up in

AIR TIGHT PACKAGES

Order any of the Bell Coffee Brands and you will become a regular customer.

The Bell Brand	20c	Imperial	35c
Santovar	25c	Crown	40c
Banner	30c	Old Government Plantation	45c

J. H. BELL & CO.

62-64 Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Merchants Transfer and Storage Company

Main Office, Union Station
Des Moines, Iowa

Warehousemen and Forwarders
Household Goods Moved, Packed or Shipped

Special Rates to the Pacific Coast

Storage in Separate Locked Rooms a Specialty

Main Floor East

ASSURANCE AND INSURANCE AT YOUNKERS'

You are assured the choicest assortments of smart styles in men's haberdashery at this popular store; and the reliability of this house insures every penny you spend. It's a great favorite

"A STORE FOR MEN"

Now showing the new 1908 styles, up to the minute in "niftiness" at prices which you'll know are right

Neckwear, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Hosiery, Gloves, Kerchiefs, Suspenders, etc.

Seventh and Walnut

YOUNKER BROTHERS

If You Have Been Tied Up with High-Priced Tailors—**BREAK THE BONDS.** Let

The GLASGOW

make you a Spring Suit at

NO MORE **$15.00** NO LESS

You will never go elsewhere for Clothes

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DES MOINES, IOWA

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Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Oysters, etc.

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

New editions of two books that have long been loved of all those who might delight in studying the environment and personality of their favorite authors, are brought out by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, in Theodore F. Wolfe's "A Literary Pilgrimage" and "Literary Shrines." The former takes the reader on pleasant pilgrimages through the homes and haunts and scenes of Dickens, Burns, George Eliot, the Brontes, Lord Byron, and a score of other English authors, while the latter is devoted to the scenes in which lived the American authors of the Concord and Boston group, or which they portrayed in their books. The two volumes are printed and bound in uniform style, and are both illustrated.

* * *

One of the most remarkable of recent books "Father and Son; Biographical Recollections," has just been published anonymously. It is a striking, powerfully written account of the relations between a father of strictest religious views and his son during his development from a boy to a man. In the preface the author says:

"At the present hour, when fiction takes form so ingenious and so specious, it is perhaps necessary to say that the following narrative, in all it parts, and so far as the punctilious attention of the writer has been able to keep it so, is scrupulously true. If it were not true, in this strict sense, to publish it would be to trifle with all those who may be induced to read it. It is offered to them as a document, as a record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return. In this respect, as the diagnosis of a dying Puritanism, it is hoped that the narrative will not be altogether without significance."

* * *

In 1816 no English lady ventured to waltz. The Duke of Devonshire returned from a tour in Germany, and observed one evening at a large ball that a woman was never seen to better advantage than when waltzing. I do not know whether he was anxious to play a trick, but he repeated this assertion several times. It was passed from mouth to mouth, and at the next ball all the young ladies were waltzing. The Duke admired them greatly, said that it was delightful and gave proper animation to the ball, he then added carelessly that he at any rate had decided to never marry a lady who waltzed. It was to the Duchess of Richmond and at Carlton House that he saw fit to make this revelation. The poor duchess, the most clumsy of match-making mammas, nearly fell off her chair with horror. She repeated the statement to her neighbors, who passed it on, and consternation spread from seat to seat. The disinterested and malicious spectators laughed loudly. The young ladies continued to waltz with clear consciences; the old ladies were furious, but the unfortunate dance was concluded. Before the end of the evening the good Duchess of Richmond was able to announce that her daughters felt an objection to waltzing which no persuasions of hers could ever overcome.—*From the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne," 1815-1819. Vol. II, just published.*

* * *

Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon, who has just written "The Domestic Adventurers," was born in Stamford, Conn. She was graduated from Smith college in 1898, and in 1900 published her first book, "Smith College Stories." Mrs. Bacon has come very quietly and yet very definitely into public favor as an author who possesses a sureness of touch and a distinct individuality such as are seldom found united in the work of so young a writer. Humor, a keen perception of character and now and then true emotional power are all at Mrs. Bacon's command.

THE
DUCHESS TOILET CO.

is offering

SAMPLE BOTTLES of their

HAIR TONIC

for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Their success has been so great that testimonials will be sent to any who desire them. Drop us a card.

The formula comes from a noted woman in England whose family has handed it down for many generations.

A permanent cure for falling hair, dandruff and thin hair will be effected in a few days.

Early grayness of hair will also be prevented by its use. Put up in 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Address DUCHESS TOILET COMPANY

P. O. Box 574 - Des Moines, Iowa

FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT, Jan. 1, 1908

of the

Ætna Life Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT — MORGAN G. BULKELEY, PRES.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH AND LIABILITY INSURANCE

ASSETS

All Securities being valued at Market Prices, December 31, 1907

Real Estate aquired by foreclosure	$ 156,795.01
Office Building	460,000.00
Cash On Hand and in Banks	5,255,409.87
Stocks and Bonds	29,373,825.78
Mortgages Secured by Real Estate	41.239,753.50
Loans on Collateral	1,363,499.81
Loans Secured by Policies of this Company	6,335,407.89
Interest Due and Accrued December 31, 1907	1,341,377.17
Premiums in course of Collection and Deferred Premiums (net)	879,403.86
Total Assets	**$86,405,472.89**

LIABILITIES

Reserve on Life, Endowment and Term Policies, by the 3½% standard	$74,879,393.00
Special Reserve, not included above	884,633.00
Premiums paid in advance, and other Liabilities	65,586.15
Unearned Interest on Policy Loans	163,225.32
Accrued Taxes	80,655.24
Surplus reserved for special class of Policies and Dividends to Policyholders Payable on Demand	955,846.36
Losses and Claims awaiting proof, and not yet due	689,507.60
Unearned Premiums on Accident, Health and Liability Insurance	1,699,285.99
Reserve for Liability Claims	1,400,331.85
Surplus to Policyholders	5,587,008.38
Total Liabilities	**$86,405,472.89**

RECEIPTS

Premiums	$15,188,557.90
Interest, Rents, etc	3,574,211.54
Total Receipts in 1907	**$18,762,769.44**

DISBURSEMENTS

Payments to Policyholders	$9,858,289.27
Taxes	462,300.54
All other Disbursements	3,896,179.55
Total Disbursements in 1907	**$14,216,769.36**

RECORD FOR 1907

Receipts exceeded Disbursements in 1907	$4,546,000.08
Increase in Assets	2,375,720 80
Increase in Life Insurance in Force	9,664,590.00
Increase in Accident Insurance in Force	15,968,117 00
Total paid policy-holders since organization in 1850	172,493,633.33

HENRY FARMER, Manager

401-2-3 Iowa Loan & Trust Bldg. — DES MOINES, IOWA

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The Midwestern

"and help a good cause along"

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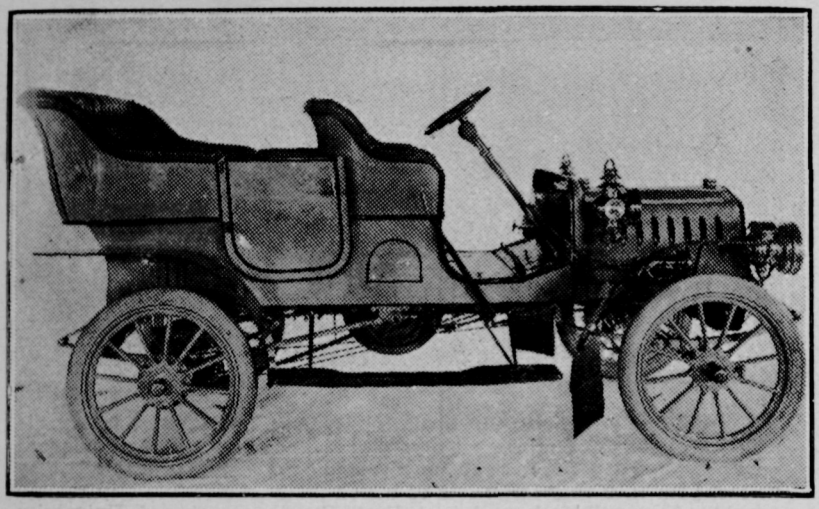
THE MASON

The swiftest & strongest 2-cylinder car in America

The Mason Has Never Met Defeat in its Class in Any Public Contest of Speed or Power, and Has Won a Number of Contests Against Four-cylinder Cars. Why Say More?



If you haven't had a ride in the MASON, you have not as yet realized the vast possibilities of the Motor Car. Take a ride in all the other cars, then ride in the MASON. We will guarantee it to do everything any other car does regardless of horsepower, and do it better. Try the MASON, especially on hills---It will surprise you.

Price of Touring Car - - - - - - $1,350

Price of Runabout - - - - - - - $1,250

Mason Motor Car Company

East Fifth and Vine Streets, - Des Moines, Iowa

One of the new homes in beautiful Hyperion Park, the fashionable new addition extending from University Avenue to Kingman Boulevard on Forty-Fourth Street. This nicely timbered ground was platted by us last year into very large lots of which many choice lots still remain unsold. You will find a plat at Forty-Fourth street and University Avenue and also at Forty-Fourth street and Kingman Boulevard showing the sold and unsold lots and each lot is numbered so the unsold lots can be easily picked out. Several of the lot purchasers are now having plans drawn for homes costing from $4,000 to $6,000.

Do you know that asphalt pavement is now ordered to be laid this spring on Kingman Boulevard to Hyperion Park, that the contract for sewer was let last year and is already partially completed and that the gas and water companies have both assured us that their pipes for gas and water will be laid to Hyperion Park before the new paving now ordered is laid?

You should purchase a lot now in Hyperion Park for three reasons:

First: The lots are high and beautiful and large enough to give you all the barn, garden and tennis ground you need, and the location is as healthy as can be found in the city.

Second: The increase in value of the lots is unquestioned, as no home can be built costing less than $2,500, and the new homes built and to be built this summer will cost very much more. It is worth something to own a lot where your neighbor's house will cost as much or more than your own, where you can have good street car advantages, asphalt pavement, gas, sewer and water, and at the same time the fresh and invigorating air of the country.

Third: Because while we prefer to sell these lots for cash, we are in a position to sell to desirable parties on easy terms. We will be glad to show you these lots in Hyperion Park at any time and will advise that you see us at once if you contemplate purchasing a lot either for present or future use.

PERCIVAL-PORTER CO.,
205 Fifth St.
HATTON-McCUTCHEON AGENCY,
308 Fifth St.

THE MIDWESTERN

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The bonds are payable, interest and principal in gold at the office of the trustee, W. W. Lyons, Valley National Bank, Des Moines, Iowa.

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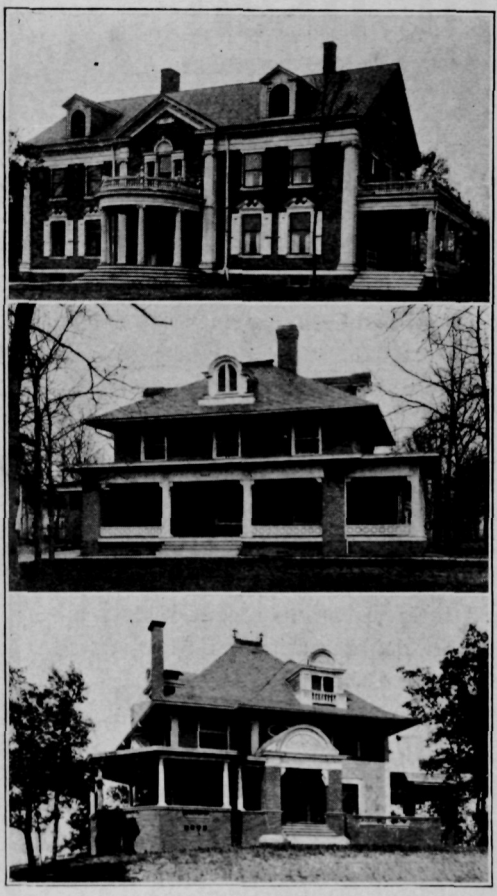

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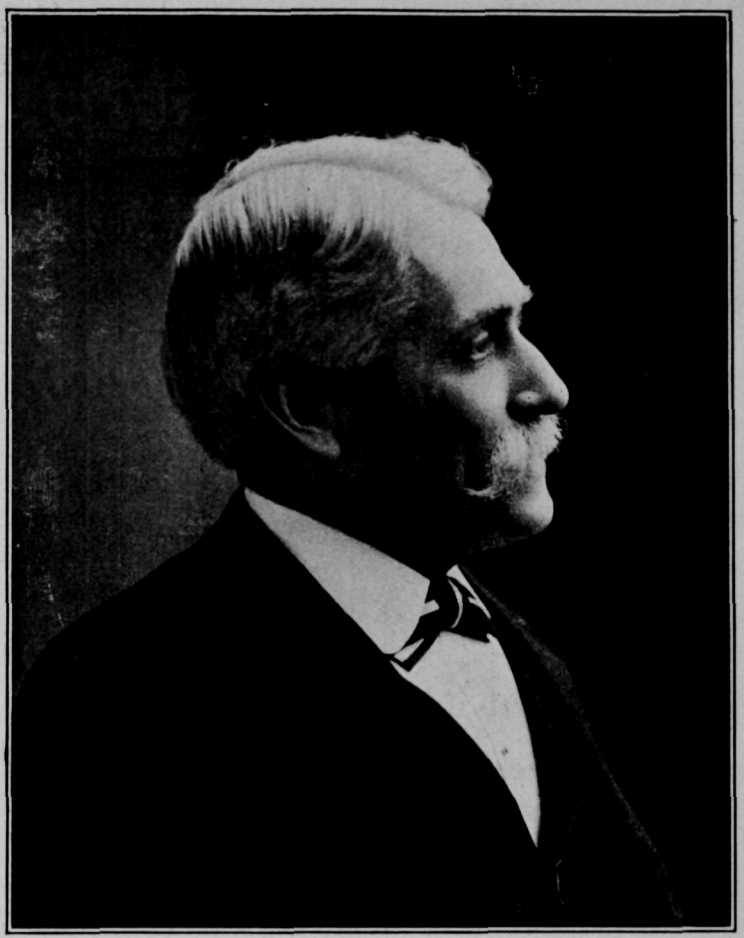

GEO. H. LEWIS

The Des Moines Realty and California Land Company

Money is made in real estate by judicious buying in the right place at the right time. If a locality exists where prices are comparatively low, and where for commercial reasons a great city is a certainty, there is the place to invest.

An opportunity of this kind presents itself in Des Moines today. Des Moines has the three absolute essentials of a great city: cheap fuel, cheap food, and plenty of transportation. The second requisite, cheap food, arises from the fact that the state of Iowa agriculturally is one of the richest in the world. The general public is just beginning to find out in the last few years that cheap fuel is an assured fact to industries locating around here, this being due to the existence of almost inexhaustible coal deposits underlying the whole of this part of the country, near the surface and capable of being easily and cheaply worked.

The third essential, transportation for freight and passengers at equitable rates, is now for the first time becoming probable of realization. There is a strong movement on foot, headed by the Greater Des Moines Committee, and re-inforced by the best legal talent, to obtain at once for Des Moines all that is rightfully her due in reasonable freight rates. Those who are familiar with the facts and some of the remarkable figures presented by Mr. Guernsey know that we have not been treated equitably in the past. We are determined to secure such treatment in the near future.

With these three elements all present, Des Moines will begin to grow at a rate never before hoped for. The chance of a lifetime is offered in this city, especially in down-town business property, which is held from one-fourth to one-tenth as high as relatively the same property is held in Los Angeles and Seattle, and is far cheaper even, although perhaps in not

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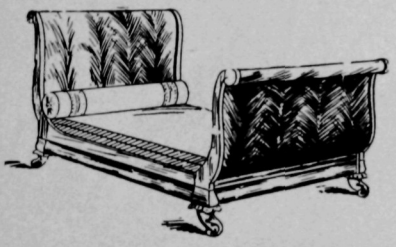

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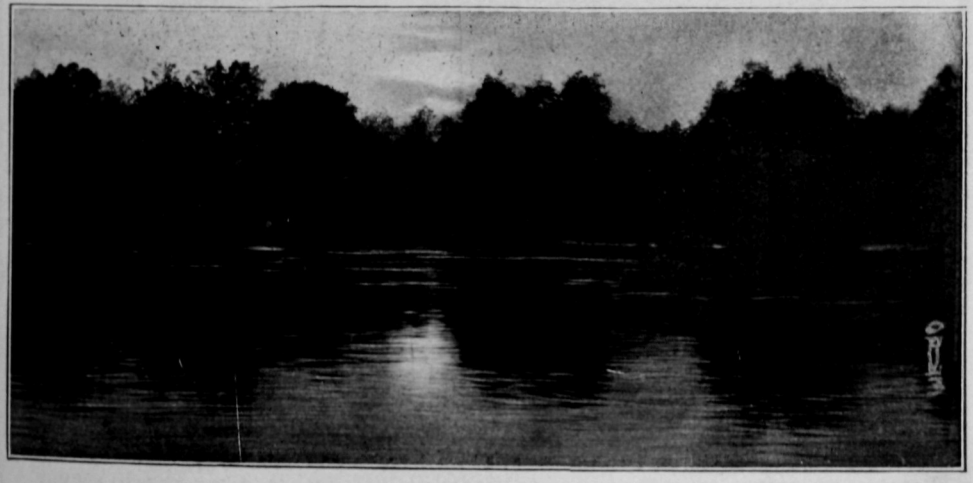
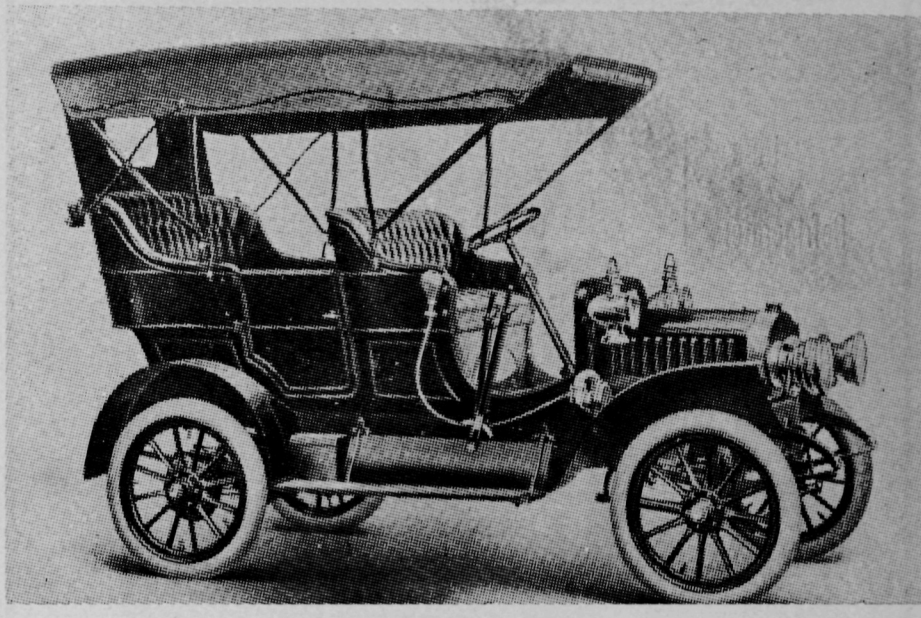
such a degree, than in *any other city in the United States of the same size,* but without the prospects of our own.

Mr. R. C. Surbridge, the manager of the Des Moines Realty Company and California Land Company, has associated with the firm a corps of well-known business men: G. S. Chambers, M. X. Jackley, and C. F. Gittins. Their attorney, Hon. Geo. H. Lewis, has for thirty-five years been a prominent member of the Des Moines bar, and has had for many years the handling of the Des Moines investments of many well-known eastern corporations and personages. In fact, no inconsiderable amount of the eastern capital which has become invested here, and has helped to build up our present city, has come through Mr. Lewis' agency.



Scene on the Des Moines River

The "Maxwell" Touring Car



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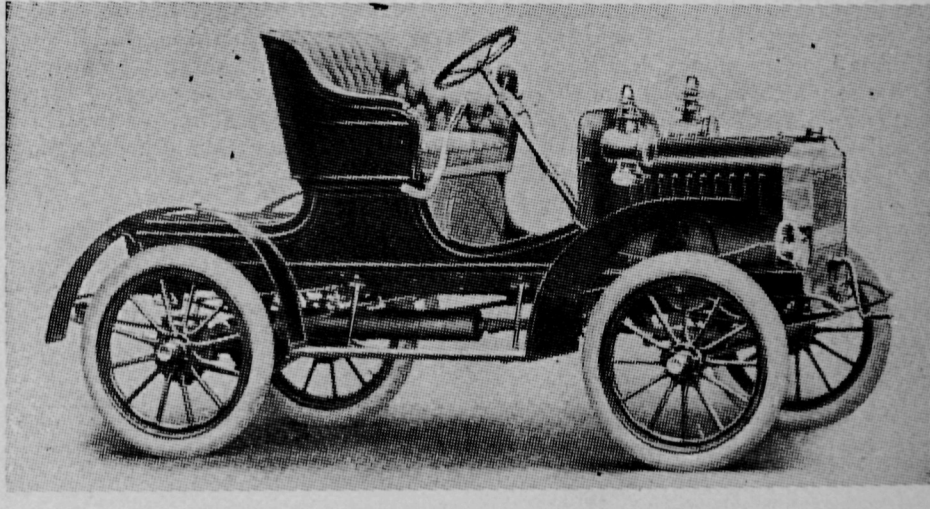
"Maxwell" Speedster Runabout



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Very popular for all uses—a ladies favorite

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3408 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
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Mortgage $2,500, payable Nov. 15, 1909, at 6 per cent.

PRICE $5,000

Lot alone worth $2,500. Home cost $3,500 to build. Possession at once.

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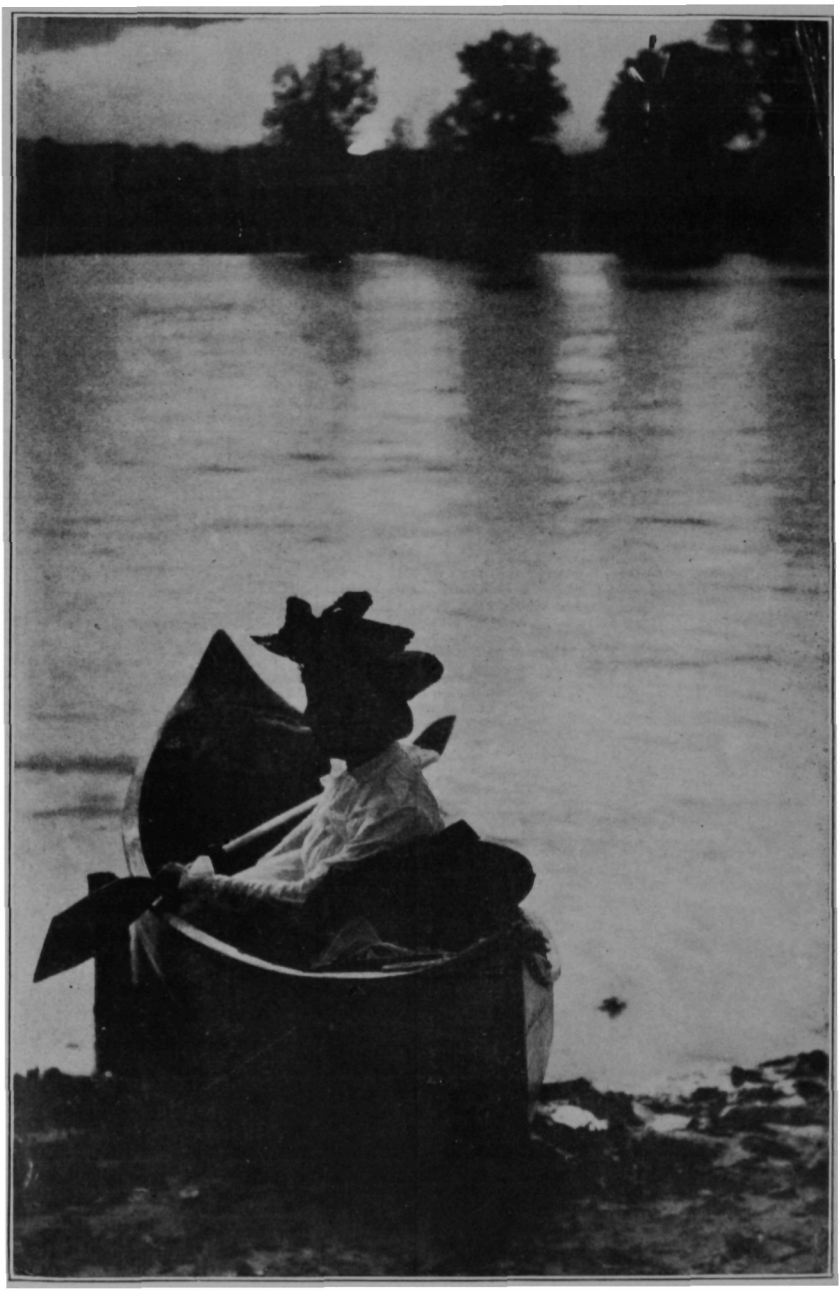

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When purchase price is paid I will build you a home on monthly payments not greater than rent.

B. S. WALKER,

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WITH THE

No Des Moines publication was ever showered more lavishly with congratulations upon the success of a single issue than was THE MIDWESTERN last month in its annual insurance number. Every prominent insurance company and agency of Des Moines was represented.

The fine articles on a wide range of topics pertaining to insurance were especially pleasing both to home and foreign readers. For this success we thank the insurance companies of the city. They certainly are good boosters for Des Moines.

It pays a line of business to boost Des Moines through the columns of THE MIDWESTERN. In no other publication in the state can the illustrating be done so beautifully. With our halftones made by the Register & Leader Engraving Co., our art press-work by the Campbell-Russell Printing Co., our pictures taken by Des Moines photographers, we can do something which our most critical patrons delight to praise.

It pays to boost Des Moines in THE MIDWESTERN. We have given her patrons positive proof of the fact. Last month we carried the news of our city into every state in the union, to many places in Canada, to Frankfort, Germany, to Liverpool, to Dublin, Belfast, Paris and Rome.

The leading feature this month is the Real Estate business in Des Moines. We thought, in setting out with this number, that there were enough progressive real estate men in Des Moines to get out a big book devoted entirely to real estate. We were somewhat disappointed to find there are a few real estate firms very much lacking in the progressive ideas which ought to prevail in the city. However, we present a fine offering of reliable real estate firms and the interesting articles on the topics will be enjoyed by all of our readers. This number of the magazine was unanimously endorsed by the real estate exchange at their last meeting. We extend our thanks for this courtesy.

EDITOR

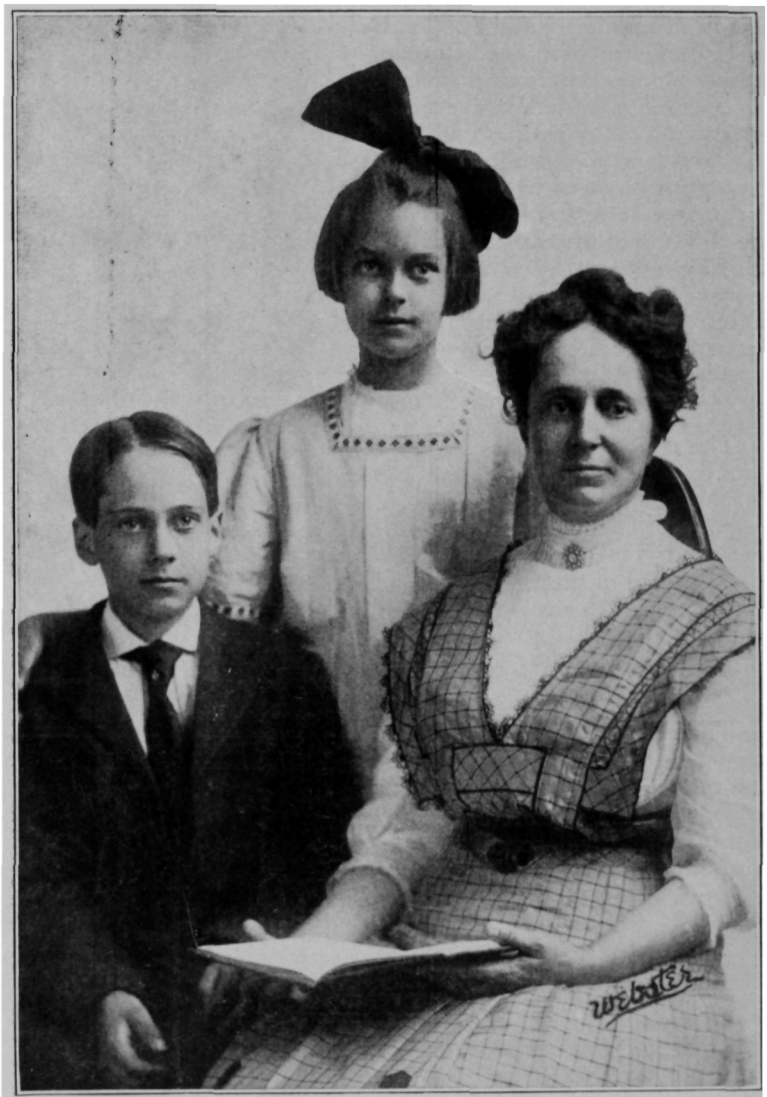
We are adding an Art Department in this issue, edited by Mrs. Calista Halsey Patchen, well known in art and literary circles all over the country. Our readers will enjoy this department, which will be illustrated each month with photographs of master paintings owned in America. Our Washington letter by Lorraine, a long time resident of the capital, will attract wide attention and be a regular feature from now on. This is just the beginning of the good things we have in prospect for the coming year.

The splendid articles along real estate lines in this issue cannot fail to win favorable attention. The business men of Des Moines are men of ideas and THE MIDWESTERN is indeed proud of the fine things from their pens which have appeared in our columns.

The repetition of the wonderful testimonial of Dr. Burton in our last issue met with favor everywhere. We are putting this testimonial in pamphlet form and will soon be ready to supply them to the public. Write us for terms.

In this little talk to you, our readers and friends, the editor speaks from a full heart of gratitude for the bountiful kindness shown us from everywhere. Each month brings letters from far and near which are a joy and inspiration to us in our work. To every reader we extend the wish that you may come into a knowledge of the truth which ensures success, health, happiness and a long life of usefulness.

Carolyn M. Ogilvie.



MRS. WALTER S. BROWN AND CHILDREN

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II MARCH 1908 NUMBER 7

MOTHERS CLUBS IN CONNECTION WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Mrs. Walter S. Brown

The Iowa Congress of Mothers is an organization of mothers, now associated with like organizations in sixteen states, which, federated, compose the National Congress of Mothers.

The National Congress of Mothers had its inception in 1906 at Chautauqua. The direct object of such an organization is to make of every household a home by leading the father and mother in thoughts of true parenthood, to help create higher ideals and to make them seem attractive, to study the true relation between physical, mental and moral growth.

The National Congress of Mothers of the United States has been studying the needs of childhood for the past ten years, and through its local circles and annual conferences, has endeavored to unify the best thought of the nation on the wisest measures to be adopted and through organization and its facilities carry this inspiration and suggestion directly to the home and the parent.

That the reform may be tangible it has devised methods of organization, through which to come directly in contact with mothers who are beginning to realize what they need but who have not time, experience, money or method to develop their own ideas. It appoints state organizers of Mothers' Circles and Teacher-Parent clubs, and furnishes printed material to assist in organization, to inspire, direct and maintain clubs already organized, the State Congress of Mothers to act as a counting house, receiving the best from all the clubs and imparting help wherever there is need.

To organize a meeting of mothers requires no special preparation, great intellectual power, or genius, but a deep appreciation of the need of such work is necessary.

The Congress, besides having much helpful literature designed especially to aid in organization and continuing the work, publishes a National Congress of Mothers' magazine, issued to correspond with the school year, calculated to unify the work, to keep the workers to the highest standard and the organization in perfect dignity.

The Iowa Congress of Mothers has its officers, directors and friends, who are ready and glad to assist in this work of organizing and carrying on Mothers' clubs, advising that whenever possible it be done in connection with the public school, thus bringing the two factors of education into a working unit.

The Iowa Congress of Mothers declare for its creed:

"The purpose for the organization of Mothers' clubs is to raise the standard of home life, to bring the home and school into closer relation for the sake of intelligent co-operation between parents and teachers, to assist educators and legislators in matters pertaining to the ethical, mental and physical development of children, to better appreciate the methods of modern instruction and keep pace with the growing philosophy of education."

The desire has been so well expressed by Mrs. Schoff, president of the National Congress of Mothers,—"To teach the children that character is what counts, that to do and to serve are greater than all material possessions, that to be brave and true and fearless, to live for the right, to be pure and unselfish and to

carry those qualities into every relationship of life, whether in the home or business of public service. That is the greatest ideal we can instill into the mind of childhood, for what 'the boy admires, to that the youth aspires and the man acquires.' "

We would assist in the creation of Mothers' clubs in order to bring to the mothers, for their consideration and concern such teachings as this of Wm. Allen White (expecting that from the mother the truth would reflect through the home and the community): "If our free schools and our colleges and universities do not teach man the economic value of kindness, then these institutions merely turn upon society each year a horde of armed vandals to work for the destruction of society. Western civilization is in just as much danger from the vandals in high hats as it is from the Huns in red shirts,—for the vandals and the Huns are equally ignorant of God's basic law of kindness."

We would assist in the organization of Mothers' clubs in connection with our public schools to carry out the suggestion of President Seerley, who says, "It is apparently not realized that schools without good homes are rather weak affairs in developing and training children, and that schools without the hearty co-operation of these homes are incompetent to do the work that civilization and enlightenment expect and that the needs of the pupils demand." He condemns the disregard for health condition in the majority of schoolhouses, "bad because of the entire lack of ventilation and absolute indifference of the people to rectify this condition." We would be glad to recommend to Mothers' clubs for study and discussion books and treatises of good authority on this subject, expecting desirable activity to result. It would not be too much to predict that had we a Mothers' club in connection with each public school in the state of Iowa, both city and rural, our schoolhouses would not long continue the desolate and neglected and unsuited places that they now are, for they certainly look very forlorn as seen from the train in crossing the state. Trees, flowers, fences and internal improvements would soon express an interest, the absence of which is almost or entirely unpardonable in us as parents.

Dr. Bolton says, "If educational means are ever to become of the highest efficiency, it will only be through co-operation of teacher and parents. Undesirable conditions of importance must be investigated by Mothers' clubs and they will not be alleviated until some such organizations give them consideration.

If a teacher or mother would organize a Mothers' club in connection with her school, it would be well to interest and secure the help of one or more women who can readily appreciate the good to result and who would have the ability to enlist other workers. Then

Call a meeting and secure the attendance of the parents, teachers, and, if possible, the members of the Board of Education.

State the object of the meeting as outlined above.

Make it thoroughly understood that the movement is a common sense effort to bring the home and the school into close touch.

Elect a president, choosing a mother, if possible, secretary, and treasurer, and adopt some simple rules for conducting the business of the circle.

The program committee may properly consist of two mothers and one teacher. The teacher member should be excused from active duty on the committee, but she should always be consulted as to topics for discussion. No subject should be chosen that would not be in harmony with the school curriculum, and no factional discussion should be permitted.

It is hoped by the state organization that all clubs organized will appreciate the great importance of federation with the parent organization. Only through the association with the State Congress can the work continue to prosper. As the National organization extends help, the state Congress would act as a distributer and apprise each club of all possible help, and also that all reform work might have a state uniformity and strength.

Every home, every school, every community needs the aid and inspiration of organized motherhood. We urge upon you who love children to form a Mothers' club, if possible, in connection with your school, and that you may keep in touch with the motherhood of your state and your nation. We do earnestly ad-

vise and solicit that you federate with the Iowa Congress of Mothers.

At the meeting of the National Educational Association at Los Angeles in July, an affiliation between the National Congress of Mothers and the National Educational Association was established At the recent meeting of the Iowa Teachers' Association this same relation with the Iowa Congress of Mothers and this State Educational Association was consummated.

You are invited to correspond with the state organization relative to all matters pertaining to the cause, and in order to make strong the general movement, we do earnestly solicit the cooperation of all earnest parents and educators.

Resolutions Adopted by the County Superintendents of Iowa

Resolved, by the County Superintendents of schools for the state of Iowa, in convention assembled: That they do hereby express their thorough appreciation of the purpose and service of the Iowa Congress of Mothers, and recognize in said Congress the organized effort of motherhood to promote intelligent, sympathetic co-operation in the great cause of education.

Some Opinions of Notable Persons on the Work of the Congress

A new day dawns for childhood when father and mother clasp hands the world around to study childhood's needs and to help every child to his birthright.

Parental ignorance of proper child-care is at the root of many wasted lives.

Community neglect and disregard of childhood's requirements supplements lack of parental knowledge.

Eternity cannot compensate for the wrongs against childhood committed in the years of infancy and youth throughout the world.

The Mother's Congress is the twentieth century recognition of the greatest trust God has given to men and women. It is the organized effort to guard and lead every little child in safe, wholesome ways, because He has said, "It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones shall perish."

On the tenth of March, 1908, by invitation of the National Congress of Mothers, representatives of many nations will meet together in the first international congress in America to consider the welfare of the child.

The coming together of educators, statesmen and parents to consider the child marks an epoch in world progress.

Iowa's help is needed. In many ways Iowa has evidenced its appreciation of childhood, but in none more than in its liberality to school. Let her show her interest in this movement by sending a large delegation of those who will stimulate others, and who cannot fail to receive new ideas for benefiting the children of Iowa.

The Iowa Congress of Mothers should include in its membership all who are interested in the broad culture of childhood, and the protection of the helpless and unfortunate little ones.

Hanna K. Schoff,
President National Congress of Mothers,
3418 Baring St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mothers club at Audubon is a live organization. It is useful, energetic and enthusiastic. The average attendance for the past year was seventy-five. Meetings are held at the schoolhouse and every one invited. Announcements of meetings are made through the newspapers and the schools. One of the pleasant features of the meetings is the absence of formality and the democratic atmosphere that pervades the assembly.

Women meet together on common ground to discuss subjects of vital importance to both rich and poor. Distinctions of society are eliminated. All work together for the betterment of home and the welfare of the child.

We are a healthy organization because we are active. We have plenty of work to do.

A Boys' club was organized last spring. It has proved a success. The boys are interested, their parents are pleased and the community enthusiastic.

The Mothers club took hold of the park about five years ago. It was in bad shape. One-half was used as a ball ground by the small boys. The trees were untrimmed, the grass mowed twice a season for hay. We banished the ball and the bat. The grass is kept neatly trimmed, trees pruned and a number of beds of beautiful flowers attract the eye each summer. Strangers

who visit our little city remark that we have the prettiest park in Iowa. It took just a small continued effort in the right direction to do this work. Municipal tidiness stimulates the private citizen to make improvements on property. Trees are pruned, weeds mowed on vacant lots, walks repaired and the whole town wakes up. This is the result of talks on village improvement at the Mothers club. We are not a money making organization, but manage to be helpful to the community without soliciting funds.

A committee looks after the poor, distributing clothing that might otherwise go to waste. A great deal of good may be done in this way in small towns where no regular charitable organization is maintained. At our next meeting we will discuss the question "How shall we control the social functions among the pupils in the Grammar and High School."

A Mothers Union has been suggested. The teachers are strongly in favor of some action being taken on the social question. They are heartily in sympathy with the work of the Mothers club.

May Terrill Watts,
President of Mothers Club of Audubon, Iowa.

The Mothers' Circle of Charles City was organized two years ago by a few young mothers who took for their consideration the nursery age. The first year a few general subjects were taken up, such as "Froebel's Life," "Kindergarten Principles in Home Life," "Early Virtues," "The Value of Play," "Story Telling" and "Moral and Religious Training." This led to a desire to take up "Froebel's Mother Plays" which became a course of study for the second year. Commentaries by Susan E. Blow and Dr. D. J. Snider were used extensively and also "Letters to a Mother" and "Symbolic Education," by Susan E. Blow, "A Study in Child Nature," by Elizabeth Harrison; "Love and Law," by Emily Poulson; "Lectures to Kindergartners," by Elizabeth Peabody, and "Psychologic Foundations" by Dr. Harris, all of which helped to reveal to us the spirit and philosophy of Froebel.

This year we have taken up a course in Home Economics, using the library of twelve volumes, published by the American School of Home Economics. The study of child life as outlined in the course form a basis for our child study work this year. Our circle, which holds weekly meetings is a study circle. Its function is to observe and study child life, to learn to guide and direct the children which have been entrusted to our care. The realization of the need of laying the foundation strong and sure has banded together a few earnest young mothers for the study of the child to make of ourselves not personal mothers, but universal mothers, to learn the universal truths, and the application of these to the individual child. We believe that we cannot trust to instinct. We must make it insight—an insight that implies a wisdom that is the result of knowledge. We endeavor to get this by contact and acquaintance with the best of child study thought.—*From Mrs. Allen O. Ruste, Charles City, Iowa.*

No one who has even a superficial acquaintance with the work of the Mothers' clubs of Des Moines will hesitate to endorse them. The principals and teachers who are the co-workers with the mothers are the most ardent supporters of these clubs. The benefits are reciprocal. Parents become acquainted with the teachers and their work and the teachers become acquainted with the parents and home conditions. This mutual acquaintance begets a mutual interest that did not before exist. Out of it grows closer and kindlier relations and a surer confidence. Parents feel more closely the daily work of the school, often studying lessons with their children at home.

The sum of it all is *interest.* Indifference is always a menace to the schools. The indifference of a mother when her child shows her some work which he has brought from school or tells her of some incident of school life is not only discouraging, but is almost pathetic and is paralyzing to future interest of the child in its work.

The work of the Mothers' clubs is to replace indifference with interest. This they are doing as nothing else could do it.

W. O. Riddell,
Superintendent of Schools, Des Moines, Iowa.

I commend the work of the Congress of Mothers in the highest terms. I look for the salvation of the race through thinking mothers and women. Only through the efforts of mothers and women can we hope to see the social vices and the effects of the use of stimulants and narcotics wiped out. These are sapping the life blood of our nation.

W. M. Stevens,
Superintendent of Schools, Sioux City, Iowa.

It is with interest that I observe the good work of your organization and it affords me much pleasure to commend it.

It is a long time since we first had mothers. It is a short time since we first had a Mothers' Congress. It was not, however, until we had a Mothers' Congress that we began to realize our possibilities and opportunities for the betterment of child life.

Your organization, national in its character, now has its branches in nearly every state.

In this state the Iowa Congress of Mothers has been especially active and is entitled to great credit for its excellent work. While the schools with their teachers and truant officers and the juvenile court with its probation officers and detention homes are accomplishing much, it is, after all, to the Mothers Congress that we look for that thorough and systematic organization upon which the success of the work ultimately depends.

Every mother in Iowa ought to be a member of your organization, and if they would only co-operate with it in carrying out its purposes the work of the teachers and truant officers would be greatly lessened and the need of a juvenile court, probation officers and detention homes practically removed.

Judge James A. Howe,
Des Moines.

A lady, not a Mothers' club enthusiast, was once heard to remark, "I ought to go to a Mothers' meeting every week. I always go home from one determined to do better by my children, but with the press of home cares I soon get back into the old rut." This is the test of the virtue of Mothers' meeting—the effect upon our ideals of child culture and home life. With regular and thoughtful attendance at the Mothers' club our good intentions will strengthen into good habits—we will become better mothers.

Mrs. Wilbur H. Bender,
President of the Mothers' Council, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

"Our Mothers' league will help to develop all that is noblest and best in woman if she goes into it in the right spirit." So said one of our mothers.

Forgetting self, reaching out to help others is a sure way of receiving strength.

The love of childhood is the strongest tie that can bind mother and teacher together and with that love in our hearts there is no limitation to the good we can accomplish for motherhood and childhood.

Our club is beginning to realize its possibilities and its many avenues for growth. Our city superintendent of schools talked to our club on the importance of manual training in our schools, the one great obstacle was the lack of money. Our club "entertained" and contributed to the fund fifty dollars. We have also donated to our small city library thirty-five books and fifteen dollars and have made a pledge of further help.

This activity strengthens our club in every way.

It is our highest aim and purpose to get the very best and most practical lessons out of life by co-operating with the teachers and by acting each in harmony with the other in this greatest of all work, the training of an immortal soul for eternity.

Mrs. C. H. Beckett,
President of Mothers' League, Northwood, Iowa.

A Rural Mothers' Club

The Evergreen Mothers' club was organized December 18, 1906. Subjects for discussion, with one exception, have arisen from the immediate needs of the school. This feature is prominent. Two evening sessions were open to the fathers and friends this year.

The enthuiasm and motives for general good will assure the organization success. The teachers are helpful and genial as the club is in their behalf. At-

tendance of the young women, former teachers, and girls of high school age has widened the range in discussions.

Miss Stella E. Smith, Organizer.

The first purpose of our club is, to bring into closer touch, the mothers and teachers, then to "do what our hands find to do."

This year we are working for a piano for our school—and the good will and hearty co-operation shown in this venture gives us courage to hope for greater things in the future.

Mrs. R. D. Emery,
President Park Avenue Mothers' club.

Since becoming acquainted with the work of the Des Moines Union of Mothers' clubs my enthusiasm concerning its usefulness constantly increase. I know of no principal who has an active Mother's club working in connection with her school who is not enthusiastic in her approval thereof.

It is rumored that there are principals who object to Mothers' clubs, but they are new ones who have no such clubs connected with their schools.

I have discussed the matter with nearly every principal in Des Moines whose school has a Mothers' club and they heartily endorse such clubs. Each school has its own environment, different in a way from all others and each club has its own methods, activities and objects, varying in certain particulars from those in the other wards. One characteristic common to all is, in my opinion, a most important feature and that is the fact that each club is a *social center.* A common interest brings women together here whose church and other relations vary most widely. The interests of two children being the most vital, and owing to our methods most democratic in their tendencies, have, in the Mothers' clubs, drawn together the mothers, all of whom have been helped by this most salutary contact.

It is most desirable for parents whose children are daily thrown into such close contact to know each other. Such acquaintance often obviates many a difficulty and misunderstanding. In order that a school may really be successful it is necessary that teachers and parents shall become acquainted, and try to get each other's point of view, especially in cases where friction is liable to arise. The Mothers' clubs meet this necessity through the evening receptions and meetings at the schoolhouses where the fathers, mothers and teachers mingle informally. Since problems vary in the different schools, yet more often, principals, teachers and patrons have questions and conditions which seem to be common to all, it naturally follows that unions of such clubs are very helpful. By comparing methods and results, all who participate are benefited. The meeting of the union is a convention on a small scale in which people having similar interests, experiences and problems can talk things over and thus assist each other. If in every town where there are ward schools there were Mothers' clubs in connection with each school, a union of the clubs would be beneficial to the town and a source of much pleasure. In Des Moines the city union of Mothers' clubs meet the first Tuesday afternoon of each month in the city library building, and have delightful and useful sessions.

During the opening exercise the roll call of clubs is responded to by a report of what the club has been doing since the last meeting of the union. Many a diffident little woman in her enthusiasm forgets self and gives such an eloquent talk that every one is delighted and she sits down surprised at the enthusiasm she has aroused. The delegates to the city federation of Women's clubs always report the meetings of that body, and there is, besides report, an address from some specialist, or from a member of one of the clubs who has a message of interest and helpfulness to the mother in managing their families.

Women from different localities of the city, from all societies and churches thus meet on a common ground and are mutually benefited. Broader views and deeper sympathies result and the contact generates a new civic spirit and interest.

I would like to urge the patrons of every school in the state to organize a Mothers' club in connection with their school and where there are two or more ward schools, to form a union and experience the pleasure and profit such an organization would surely bring.

Mrs. Wm. H. Bailey,
President Des Moines Union of Mothers' Clubs.

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Dr. E. G. Linn

(Continued from December)

On our way to the train we stopped in the square in front of the Kaiser's Palace to witness a religious procession of considerable importance. Well, the soldiers lined up on both sides of the street surrounding that square, and we were strictly in it. We asked an important looking officer if we might pass the lines as we were to take a train leaving the city very soon. He told us that as we had enjoyed our breakfast there we could just stay for dinner. For two hours we stood there in the hot sun, cheered with the comforting thought that it would not last all day, and that four or five thousand natives stood around looking quite as idiotic as we felt.

We took a late train and stopped for the night at Payerbach. It was a rather windy, cold night in the foot hills and at a midnight hour Robinson and I were shown our room. I looked at the two beds and supposed of course that the old lady would stay and make them up. No, she went out, shut the door and then we discovered that they were already made up; had probably been made for a week. We removed our outer wearing apparel (that's where we made our first mistake), blew out the candle (that was our second mistake), and endeavored to adjust ourselves to those beds. A man usually has cold feet with such surroundings so I got under the thin sheet, and pushed the plump little square feather tick down over my feet. They soon warmed up, then I pulled the tick up over my shoulders. My shoulders got comfortable just before my feet began to freeze, so I pushed it down to protect them again. As the tick was a little more than half a man's length, a space about as wide as a ribbon, midway between the extremes was constantly covered by it and was always too warm. We were to take a long walk in the morning and I must save my feet from the wreck if everything else froze up. The chills

Hyperion Club House

chased up and down my spine. How would it do to place the tick along amidship and then double up like a jackknife? Brilliant idea. My shoulders continued to chill. I crouched down and shifted the tick, then my knees stuck out. I pulled the tick a little forward and then, Oh grief, if we could but forget some scenes behind us. Might as well try to cover your two-year-old darling with a pin cushion. Well, we have a motto here, "Des Moines Does Things;" people are supposed to draw their inspiration from that motto. I drew mine from necessity. You know that if you bend your knees every little while you will be sure the joint water is not frozen. I meditated on getting up but I was too cold, so too, was the room, and then I did not want to disturb Robinson, who is hot-blooded and a very short man, besides he had lived in Austria two years and had slept in such beds on other occasions; he was tired from prolonged exertion and he had just gone round the curve into slumberland. I thought if I survived the first few hours I might live to see Semering. It is wonderful the influence a cheerful outlook affords. If we can't overcome our troubles, best thing is to disregard them, and then its well enough at times to be thankful it is no worse. An old woman who had only two teeth thanked the Lord because they were opposite each other. I was thankful because we were to be there only one night.

The morning meal in many countries is served in your room. Each morning we had two biscuits about the size of ordinary buns, two eggs, a side dish of butter with jam, and a cup of coffee. The buns, or simmels, were always good; they were baked at a bakery, supplied fresh to the homes each morning and were much the best bread I have ever eaten. Our noon meal was a good substantial one and was gotten regularly at a pension or boarding house. I never ate so much or gained in weight so steadily as while taking my noon meals at the Pension Welser. Our evening meal was lighter and was frequently rounded out with that kind of cauliflower or cabbage with which the poor fill their stomachs to deceive them into the belief that they have had a full meal.

We in this country do not know what it is to be put on short rations or to eat some sloppy stuff for filling. I am told it is quite the rule for the head of a poor family to have a little meat once a day, the rest of the family never tasting it.

Mr. John Wallbank used to tell of a well-to-do neighbor in Trenton who was so stingy that he would go to his store, buy a dime's worth of brown sugar, carry it in his pocket, and at the table sweeten his own coffee with such an amount as would lay on the point of his pocket-knife; the other members of the family took their drinks with no sweetening. This is an example of miserly economy, but the poor householder of many continental cities eats meat once a day because of the strength it affords him, and his family is deprived of it because his meager earning will not enable him to procure sufficient for his wife and growing children.

You will remember this applies only to the poor; but I would have you remember too, that there are many, far too many poor. At the same time I would have you know that the men are not the only members of the family who work. Women work right alongside of the men; boys work, girls work, yes, and so too does the dog. A small wagon pulled by a man and his dog, or a man and his wife, or the wife and the dog, is so common a sight on the street that one passes by such a conveyance without giving it a thought.

It seemed a little odd to see women carrying mortar up ladders to workmen, laying brick for the third story of a city building. A fine new city hospital is being built to take the place of the old one which has made Vienna famous the world over as a medical center. Women are doing much of the manual labor on the building.

Three inches of snow had fallen the morning we went to see the "Crown Jewels." A gang of women were shoveling the snow from the street car tracks as we walked along; and they paused from their work only to allow the cars to pass or to step aside for a company of uniformed soldiers. At the treasury of the Empire armed guards stood sentinel over one of the richest collections of jewels in the world. It is useless for me to attempt to describe all or any of them and I shall not do so. There were three or four rooms full of large cases

THE ROYAL THEATRE, VIENNA

in which were displayed rich plates of heavy gold; crowns of gold adorned with hundreds of rare diamonds and precious stones of great value; rich robes of beautiful design trimmed in gold lace; large bowls of solid gold and cups innumerable. Gold staffs to be carried before the Kaiser on occasions of state; weapons highly ornamented, among them the sword of Charlemagne; the cradle presented by the city of Paris to Napoleon in which to rock his infant son; ornaments, badges, a supposed fragment of the original cross and one of the nails that pierced the flesh of the Savior; single stones worth more thousands than many of the poor subjects will ever see of pennies; rings rare and beautiful; in fact enough wealth stored up in those rooms to have raised from poverty many thousands of the Kaiser's poor countrymen who know too well the sense of prolonged hunger.

I went from the Crown Jewels to see the Kaiser's stables where two or three hundred of the finest horses obtainable are constantly kept, all well groomed and on state occasions driven to a string of splendid carriages. The Kaiser is immensely wealthy, one of the richest men living, and his people delight to honor him. They think he is a good ruler and it is freely predicted that when he dies the Empire will fall to pieces. He drives about the city, visits the hospitals when any of his people are there sick, and no doubt has some virtues.

His nephew, who will succeed him on the throne, is unpopular and is said to be as much of a rascal as the Kaiser's son was when living. The Kaiser owns the theater and opera house, both of which are very fine. One will hear in this opera house some of the very best music that is rendered in all the world. All through the opera season the program for the week is published in the Sunday morning papers. It is also posted Saturdays at places where lovers of music may go to see what is to be on the stage and that they may get in line Sunday morning and secure their tickets. All the seats to the most popular operas are usually sold early, for the Viennese are great lovers of music and appreciate good music more than any other people I have ever seen. They go early and must be in their seats before the curtain raises. Besides they want to hear the first strains from the splendid orchestra of over eighty pieces.

I do not know the number of voices usually in their strong chorus (to be sure it is not always the same), but I have never appreciated music as I learned to there. Near the middle of the opera they rest long enough to allow the people to go out into the corridors and get a light lunch, and this many of them do. A box directly opposite the stage is known as the Kaiser's box and very often some of the royalty occupy it. I was never in the theater but usually buildings owned by the Kaiser are very substantially and handsomely built. The opera house is certainly a very beautiful and well constructed building and should stand for many generations.

It is much to the credit of the people

of Europe that they erect their public buildings with an eye to the beauty and proportion of their exterior; in harmony with other near by permanent structures, with a thought as to their location in the municipality, with a studied regard as to their interior design, ornamentation and adaptability and a never failing purpose that they shall endure.

In Chicago they have just wrecked the condemned county court house which, at a cost of many millions of dollars, had been erected thirty years ago. Such an outlay of money, expended by any of the foreign governments, would have produced a building which would have been a source of pride to the community and at the end of some centuries would still be serving its purpose.

Graft, such as we are familiar with in all of our important cities, has no place in the municipalities of Europe. I hope we may see the day when it will be less common here. But while we have good cause to condemn the acts of many city councils and are almost despaired because of the bad influence of the political boss and the corrupt methods he employs, it is in no sense as bad as the moral standard as set by the average royal prince of royalty-ridden Europe. I suppose a man need not be a moral renegade because, through his veins there flows blue blood, which has trickled down through generations from some man who has worthily worn a crown; but it seems to be conceded and understood by all concerned, that when a man is born with a title he inherits a license to become a moral reprobate. Some of them no doubt fail to live up to their opportunities but it is rare that a man with an inherited title is accused of being good.

I ought to tell you a little of the city of Vienna. They spell it Wien and pronounce it as though spelled Vien. It is a very old city and was an outpost of the Roman Empire. A portion of an old Roman arch is still standing in the beautiful grounds of the Kaiser's summer home at Schonbrunn and the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius died and was buried here. Resting upon the right bank of the beautiful Danube, it was fortified and used as a military camp when Rome gave orders to the world.

In our country the court house or post-office marks the center of the town. In Europe a church or cathedral or tower is reckoned as the starting point from which all else is gauged. In Wien, Stephen's Kirke, with its splendid spire rising well above every other point in the city, is the substantial old church from which distances are always reckoned and directions always fixed. You would be deeply impressed with the solemn grandeur of this fine old cathedral. I do not know how old it is but it has stood there for centuries. It is so large that a regiment might easily stand within its walls. Its roof so high it would seem that anthems from the lips of the devout parishioners might echo and re-echo like a trumpet blast upon the side of Mt. Low above Pasadena.

In our churches on either side are great numbers of windows which admit an abundance of light, so that one may easily read though it be in the twilight of evening, but in Saint Stephens, massive pillars rise everywhere within to support the great arches of the roof. Soft lights of many colors fall through the beautiful stained glass windows, but they fail to reach many recesses in their fullness and it gives to one the impression that the grand paintings upon the walls, the beautiful altars all about, the richly jeweled images of the Savior, and the splendid pulpit are dimmed by shadows

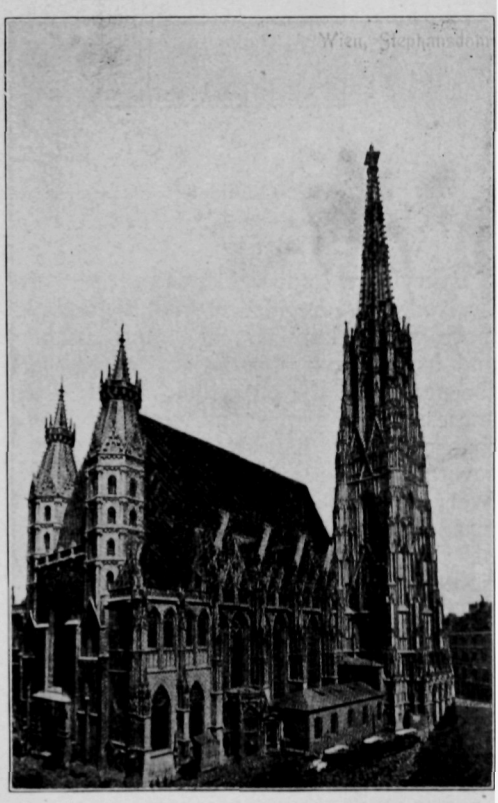
because of the falling curtain of the night.

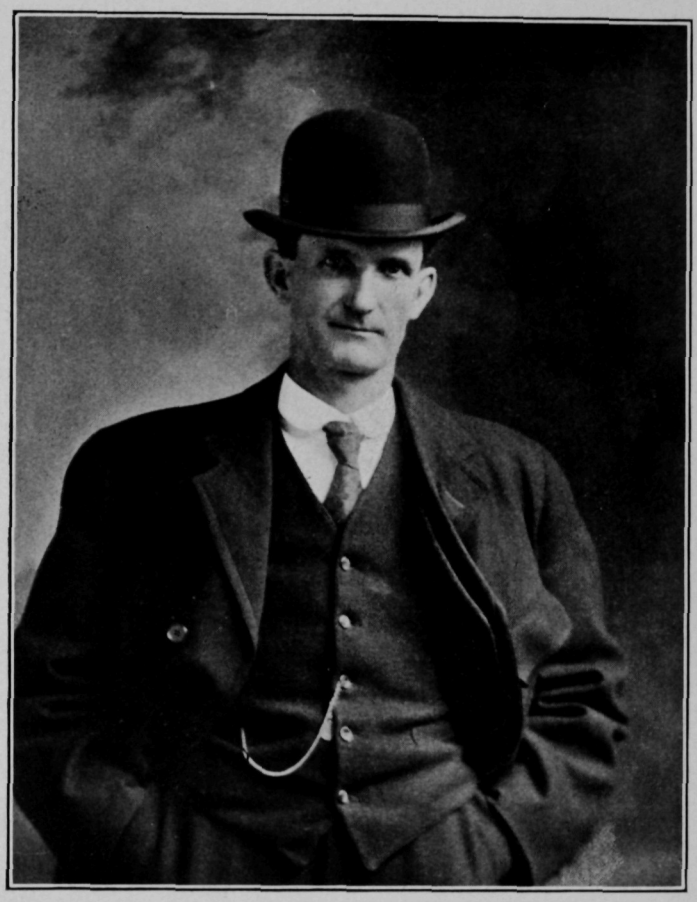
You may mount the lofty belfry and look over the city, the country, the hills surrounding you and upon the rippling waters of the beautiful Danube. You may in your fancy slip back two hundred years, look out over the old wall and see the moslems two hundred thousand strong, ranged in a great crescent for the last time facing the helpless city. You may too, after many days see the oncoming Polish army which, under the leadership of Soieski, drove back the Turks and saved the city from destruction. You may look across the Danube and see the village of Aspern where one hundred years ago Napoleon met his first defeat at the hands of the Arch Duke Charles, and where a few weeks later he won the terrible battle of Wagram. You can see the great broad Ringstrassa with its splendid buildings. You can see the beautiful churches everywhere about indicating the devout attachment of the Austrians to the religion of the Popes. Beautiful parks spread out before you and hills rise just without the city limits all covered with heavy growths of beautiful green woods. Upon the summits of many of these hills you may see the gardens and eating houses where the Viennese so dearly love to spend a Sunday afternoon.

But it is not alone by the tall spires and the melody of morning, midday and evening chimes that they are reminded of their never-ending obligations to the church. I told you in my letters from Vienna of some of the long walks we would take through the country on Sundays. It must seem strange to one who has not met such conditions that men and women, old and young, in countless thousands should go strolling through the beautiful woods, along well kept and well trodden paths, over the hills and through the valleys all through the long hours of Sunday afternoons. And everywhere you go, in the little towns, at the crossing of the highways, where the foot-paths diverge, on the hill tops, by the bridges, beneath the spreading branches of a tree, anywhere and everywhere you find in splendid keeping, emblems of the crucifixion. Not some cheap device crudely arranged and cheaply constructed like a sign board at an Iowa cross-roads, but a well designed cross neatly trimmed, well housed and bearing the sorrowful form of the crucified Christ. Some of these are made of wood and stand in the open fields; some are more pretentious and are provided with protection from the storms; some, beautifully carved of marble and housed in substantial stone structures, have stood there for a hundred years and may continue to shelter the penitent for dozens of generations yet unborn.

No subject of the Kaiser is allowed to forget that he is, in a broader sense, a subject of the Pope. He may wander in his hours of meditation to where no church spire stands against the sky line and no tolling bell recalls to him "Sweet hour of prayer," but close beside the path he aimlessly pursues there rises before him the emblem of the crucified. We feel at times that in our own free land we are making heroic efforts to rescue the perishing and to carry the light into the lands of those who dwell in darkness; and we should feel so; but there, centuries of unquestioned allegiance to a single faith have brought them to believe that it is a sacred duty and a blessed privilege to keep before them ever and always the external evidences of that faith.

(To be continued.)





ED CRAWFORD

Candidate for Commissioner Under the Des Moines Plan

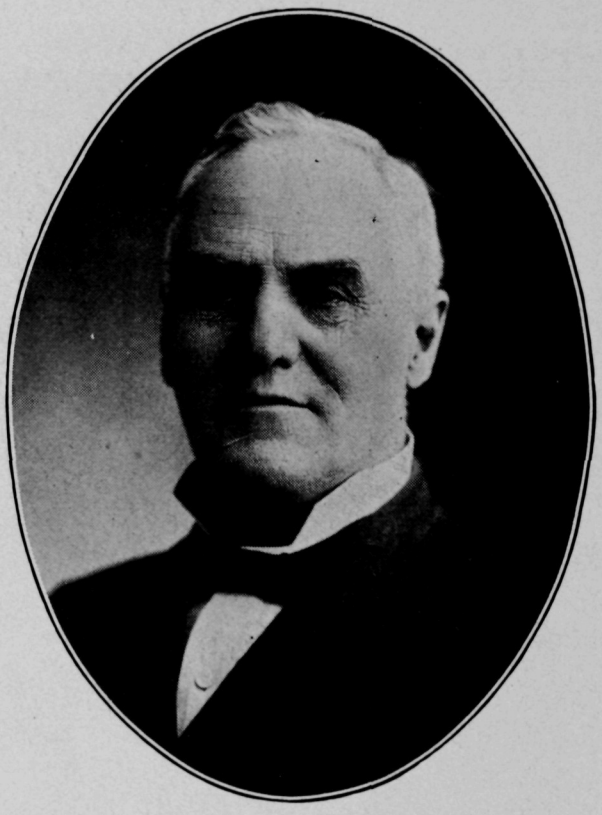
Everybody knows Ed Crawford. In twelve years' residence he has become more widely known, made more friends and had finer opportunities to know all the people of the city, their needs, their successes, their joys and their sorrows than most men have in a life time. For several years Mr. Crawford was in the livery business in East Des Moines, afterward with the Humane Society, where his fine work attracted state-wide attention.

Mr. Crawford is an enthusiast in support of the Des Moines plan. He thinks the plan itself is the platform to stand on and that the citizens should spare no effort to make it a grand success. Mr. Crawford in his six and a half years' work for the Humane Society learned the life of the masses of the people, whom the working out of the new plan will mainly benefit. If elected, he will do his duty as commissioner conscientiously and well.

S. B. GARTON

Candidate for Commissioner Under the New Des Moines Plan

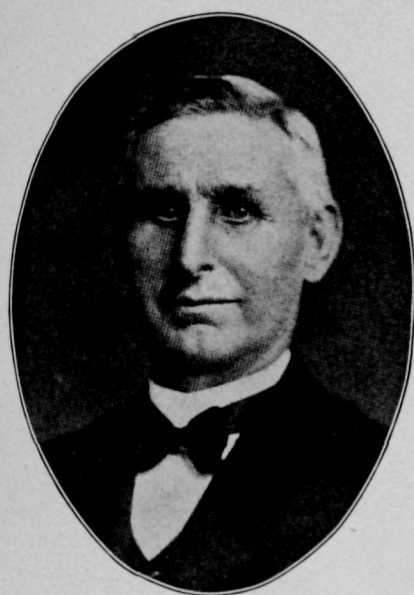
At the solicitation of his many friends, S. B. Garton announces himself as a candidate for the office of one of the four councilmen to be elected under the Des Moines plan at the coming election. This announcement will be met with pleasure by residents of Des Moines in every quarter of the city. Mr. Garton is a forty-year resident of Des Moines and for thirty years has been in the bakery business in East Des Moines. During this long residence he has proved himself a good and loyal citizen, intelligent as to the needs of the municipality, and active in behalf of the best interests of all. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of conducting a wise business administration under the new plan, and if elected will prove a strong factor in the life of a Greater Des Moines.



D. H. KOOKER

East Side Candidate for Commissioner

D. H. Kooker is among those who will appear as candidates for the office of commissioner under the new plan of government. His announcement was received with pleasure by his many friends and acquaintances in the city. During a long residence in the city, Mr. Kooker has become closely identified with all of its interests. He has the greatest faith in the future of Des Moines and is and always has been ready to use his personal effort for the advancement of every cause devoted to the growth and prosperity of Des Moines. He will be a positive force for the betterment of all conditions pertaining to the city's welfare if elected commissioner. He is the stauch friend of the working man. He will be supported by a host of friends who value him for his splendid qualities as a citizen and as a man.



JOHN McKAY

During a long residence in Des Moines and service as the postmaster of the city, beside close association with all of the progressive movements of our municipal life, John McKay has won a host of friends and a high place in the public regard. His integrity in business life is beyond question. His business judgment is superior. His loyalty to the best civic interests is known to all.

In private as in public life, he is a man with a clean record, of lofty ideals, of great sympathy with the laboring classes, of absolute honor and honesty. He will make a commissioner worthy to lead Des Moines to the high place she deserves and to faithfully serve all the people of the municipality.

VOTE FOR **W. POWELL HARVEY** FOR COUNCILMAN

At the Primaries March 16, 1908

It is vital to the interest of Des Moines when under the rule of the new plan, that its affairs be handled by business men of good sound judgment, as well as those having a deep and loyal desire for the highest welfare of the city.

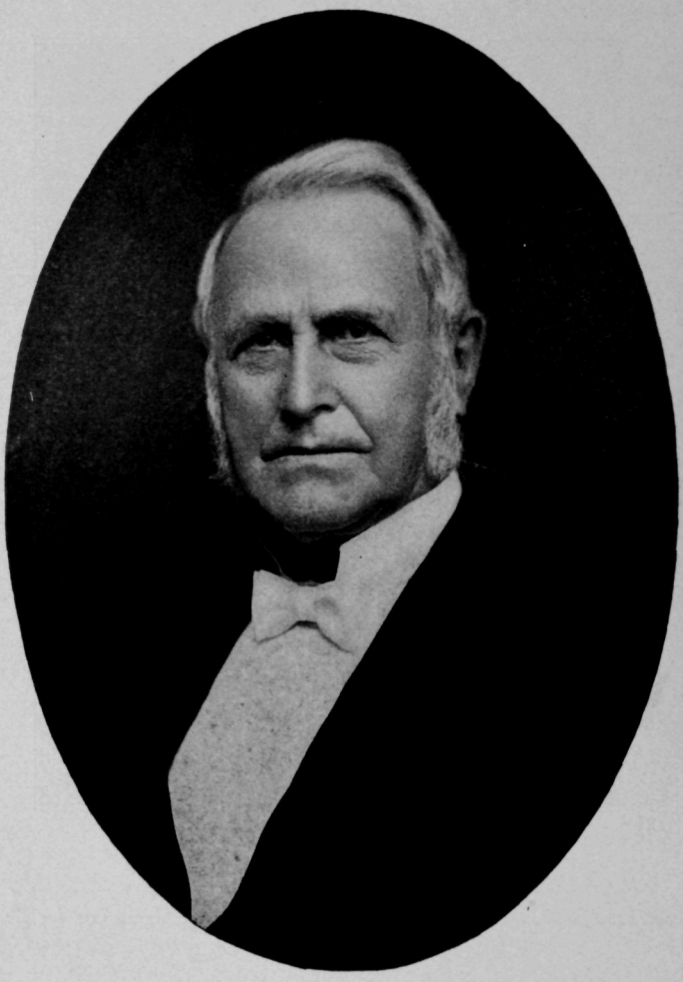
Belonging to this class of men is W. Powell Harvey, well known to all Des Moines citizens. He has been engaged in business enterprises that tested his good judgment as well as executive ability. He is capable of handling any department of civic matters. He is enthusiastic about the possibilities for Des Moines, and believes we shall reach the 150,000 mark in five years. He believes in conserving the best interests of the people. He thinks taxes can and should be reduced. He is heartily in favor of building the city well and thus avoid constant expensive repairs.

While never a politician, Mr. Harvey has been a thoughtful student of civic affairs and has the courage of his convictions. If elected a councilman the public will find him capable, devoted and thoroughly alive to the highest interests of the community at large.

M. H. PICKERING

Residing at 1388 Penn, a Lifelong and Active Republican. Candidate for Commissioner Under the Des Moines Plan.

M. H. Pickering, if elected commissioner under the Des Moines Plan, will make an ideal guardian of the public welfare. He has been a resident of Des Moines for thirty-five years and no man is more highly qualified to know the needs of the public than he is. In sympathy with the people, with excellent business judgment, a successful, self-made man, and of unquestioned integrity of purpose and of character, Mr. Pickering stands for all that is best in the citizenship. He has a host of friends in Des Moines who know his true worth and who will stand loyally to his support.



ISAAC BRANDT

Candidate for Commissioner Under the New Des Moines Plan

Few men have been so universally loved and honored in any community, both on his own account and because of public services well rendered, as is Isaac Brandt, candidate for commissioner under the Des Moines plan.

Mr. Brandt's record is an open one, well known to all. Des Moines has been his home for a lifetime. All of his interests belong here, because it is his home and the home of his children. Loving Des Moines as he does, it is but natural that he should take pride in seeing the city reach its highest possibilities, which he believes it will be enabled to do under the new plan of government.

With the wisdom of long experience, of sound business jurgment, of a high order of intelligence and an especial executive ability, there can be no question of the value of the services of Isaac Brandt if elected to the office of commissioner. Among the splendid men whose names are presented for this office, none rank higher than Isaac Brandt. He is of the type of the Roman senator of old and of the type to help make a Greater Des Moines.

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee

LUCIUS WILSON, Secretary

GOV. FRANK D. JACKSON

The Des Moines Plan

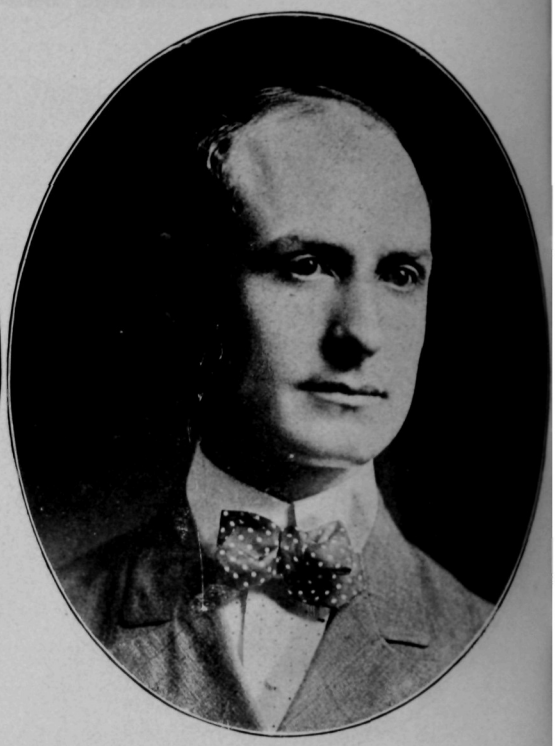
Des Moines has the last word in municipal self government. And this, not because it is to be governed by a commission, for other cities, notably Washington, Galveston and Los Angeles, have been governed by commissioners, but because the Des Moines plan is essentially a business plan, with original features which differentiate it from all others.

It has been thought out by clear-headed, clean-handed business men, who had no other motive than the highest good of the city they sought to serve. The Des Moines plan was first suggested by Mr. James G. Berryhill, who had made a thorough study of the Galveston plan of city government, and believed it adaptable to Des Moines. On November 19, 1905, at a public meeting, Mr. Berryhill made an eloquent exposition of the plan, and a committee of two hundred was appointed to draft a bill for presentation to the Iowa legislature, authorizing cities to adopt the plan. Certain political interests strongly opposed it, public sentiment was not yet roused, and the bill never got out of the committee.

Mr. Harvey Ingham, editor of the Register and Leader, continued the idea of the plan. On the platform, in his paper, in committees, and certainly in one historic and strenuous day at the polls, he led the fight which secured the necessary legislation and the city's adoption at a special election of a commission plan of government. For a time it was known as the "Indianapolis plan," recommended by Gov. Cummins in one of his messages, but gradually, under the pressure of public opinion, and affected no doubt, by the national wave of civic reform, new and radical features were added, and after a long and determined struggle, in which the Regis-

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee

F. M. HUBBELL



FRANK D. PARRITT

ter and Leader and the Des Moines Capital joined forces, the bill was pushed through both houses of the legislature.

The primary motive for the adoption of the Des Moines plan was the conviction of the best citizens that the evils of the body politic required constitutional treatment; that nothing but a radical change in the city government would be of any use.

The salient features of the plan are, a business management; non-partisan primary and election at large; all appointments under civil service; publicity in public business; the right of recall and the initiative and referendum.

The governing power is vested in a mayor and four councilmen. To these men the city pays a living salary, which, with the honor of the position, should attract the best type of American citizen. The publicity clause will keep them in the lime-light; the civil service clause will relieve them from the burden of petty political patronage, and the recall will hang over them like the sword of Damocles. This power, however, will naturally be exercised by the people only in extreme cases, the probability being that men so elected will be men of ability and integrity.

It has been objected that the Des Moines plan, while professing to be democratic, is really aristocratic; that it tends to centralization of power, and is capable of grave abuses. But it is essentially democratic. The primary is non-partisan, each voter votes for all the candidates. With ward lines blotted out, some of the most vicious possibilities of city politics are eliminated and the kingbolt drops out of the political "machine."

The protest and referendum is an absolute protection to the public against measures obnoxious to the majority and the public is in turn protected against itself by the fact that 25 per cent of the voters need sign the protest which goes to the council, thus making it impossible for a small political clique to get a hand on the lever.

The plan has attracted national attention and comment. The leading newspapers of the country have sent here special correspondents and given it frequent editorial discussion. Such magazines as the *Outlook*, *The World Today*, and the *Civic News* have not allowed their

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee

JANSEN M. HAINES

W. G. AGAR

readers to forget it. A few days since the dean of political science in George Washington University wrote to Des Moines for a copy of the plan, for use in a German magazine.

There is every reasonable hope for the success of the Des Moines plan. As has often been said, its success lies with the character and ability of the commissioners. But beyond that, it lies largely with the people.

It needs the aroused civic conscience and the co-operation of all good citizens.

Des Moines
Church Spires

The Geo. A. Boody Home, Tenth and Forest

THE HOMES OF DES MOINES

Each city has its own shape. Washington radiates like the spokes of a wheel; Philadelphia is, by original plan, a checkerboard; Des Moines, had it been confined to its first location in the fork of the two rivers, would have been a fan, one sided to be sure, but still in a general way a fan. But no city can ever be held to the original intention. The price of real estate, the changing tastes of the people, business interests, pull it this way and that. Washington, which was intended to grow to the east, which way the capitol fronts, years ago took the bit between its teeth and galloped madly to the northwest. Grover Cleveland went out to the west end and built Red Top, and the price of real estate soared all along the right of way.

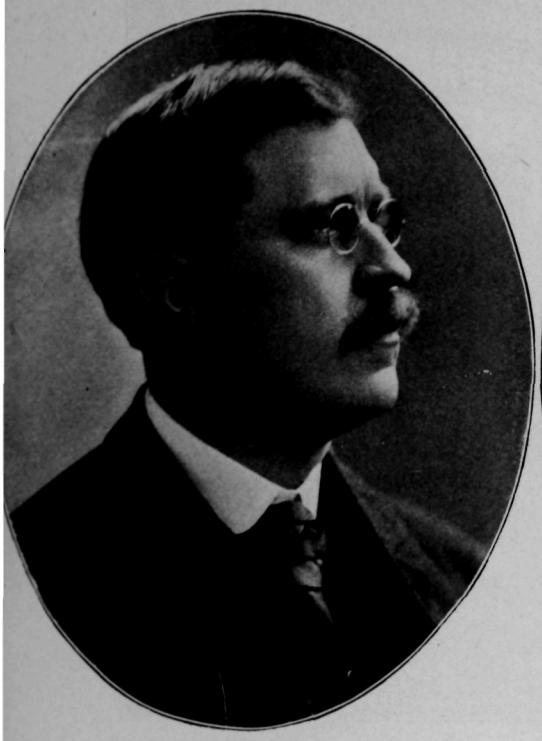
And so in Des Moines the extent and contour of the city has been dominated and controlled by the home-builders, because it is pre-eminently a city of homes.

The handsomest and most expensive houses in the city are, architecturally, country homes, and this because of the ground room. The city house, built to front on the sidewalk, scarcely exists here. The "row" is the exception; the detached house the rule.

Twenty years ago, many of the notable homes of the city were on Pleasant Street, which, as the second bluff from the river, can never be built out of a view. The residences of Judge Wright, Ira Cook, B. F. Kauffman, Dr. Rawson, Ex-Governor Sherman, S. S. Ethridge, John Runnells, Thomas A. Wright, Ex-Governor Merrill, J. H. Windsor, George E. King, and the J. B. Stewart home, which, on the east end of the site now occupied by the Methodist hospital, had great natural beauty of location—these and the absence of street cars, made Pleasant a handsome and dignified residence street.

Colchester Place, the A. J. Rawson, Dr. Dickinson and Judge Nourse homes on Fourth Street, F. M. Mills, George H. Lewis and Judge Cassidy, on Chest-

Members of Greater Des Moines Committee



E. G. WYLIE

D. B. FLEMING

nut, and the N. B. Collins place on Fifth Street, struck a stranger coming to the city at that time as an unusual example of an exclusive residence atmosphere, close to the business district. So, also, did the location at 7th and Grand Avenue of the residences of the Hon. John A. Kasson, W. S. Pritchard and G. M. Hippee. At a somewhat earlier date, the J. S. Polk home was still at 7th and Mulberry, and Judge Mitchell's not far to the west on Mulberry.

The Callanan Place seemed very far "out" in those days. Terrace Hill had long since set the pace for Grand Avenue, and Grand Avenue responded by becoming the show street of Des Moines. Then people who cared for the outlook south of the avenue climbed the hill to get it, as in the L. B. Abdill home. The growing love for outdoor life, the desire for more land developed Park Lane, Ridge Road and Center Drive. Golf and the Country Club drew people out in that direction.

Des Moines felt a strong pull to the north when Lowry Goode boomed "Sunny Oakland;" the value of sentiment in advertising was clearly demonstrated. When Highland Park College was set out on the open prairie, the city, which, like nature, seems to abhor a vacuum, hastened to fill in the empty space. The river, which has never had the effect it should have had on residence Des Moines, still is probably responsible for the picturesque corner where are "The Oaks" and the Jesse Wells home, and on the east side for the residence of W. L. Reid and the Ankeny's. The east side residence district grows mainly to the east.

Almost universally, cities grow to the west. Des Moines has done this, and also like all western cities, has yielded to the suburban impulse. The desire of a man —and a woman—to own their own home is one of the healthiest tendencies in American life to-day, and is strongly characteristic of this city. The average man who wants a home must go out to get beyond the prohibitve price of real

Interior of the Geo. A. Boody Home

estate, and so the city grows around the edges. The land-hunger "grows with the eating." The man who has a lot wants five acres, and the man who has five acres wants a farm. Statistics show that the thriftiest and most prosperous communities are those with the largest percentage of owned homes. The permanence of the home gives dignity and stability to the life of the city, as nothing else can. The apartment house, while it has its place, and will always be a necessity of city life, never can and never should have the hold on people that the family home has. It is the one thing for which young people may prudently go in debt, for the payments are pretty sure to be met, and it is one way of saving money.

An estimate based on the issuance of building permits gives the city an expenditure of approximately $700,000, to which should be added 15 per cent to cover houses for which permits were not taken out; and 25 per cent more to cover the fact that the prospective builder usually names a much smaller sum than he intends to expend. This would swell the amount to a total of $980,000. It is rather too early in the season to forecast with accuracy the volume of residence building to be done in Des Moines this year. While the panic has not seriously affected the city, the general financial uneasiness has the effect to postpone the spending of money, and affects building to a certain extent. Plans are in embryo. Women are still making up— and unmaking—their minds; men are counting the cost, and Des Moines architects manifest a dignified reluctance to talk about plans not yet settled.

It is already apparent that owing to the tightness of money, there will be a great decrease in building from last year, which was a banner year in Des Moines. In 1907 the architects were crowded with work, and neither labor nor materials could be secured. The conditions this year are reversed. Skilled mechanics, who last year had $2 and $2.25 a day, will this spring probably not get more than $1.25, because there is no indication that even when the building season opens up there will be work enough for all. Lumber prices have come down. On the coast where lumber prices have been abnormally high, they have dropped 33 per cent. In Des Moines it is estimated that the fall in price has been 15 per cent. It is also said that brick will be sold at

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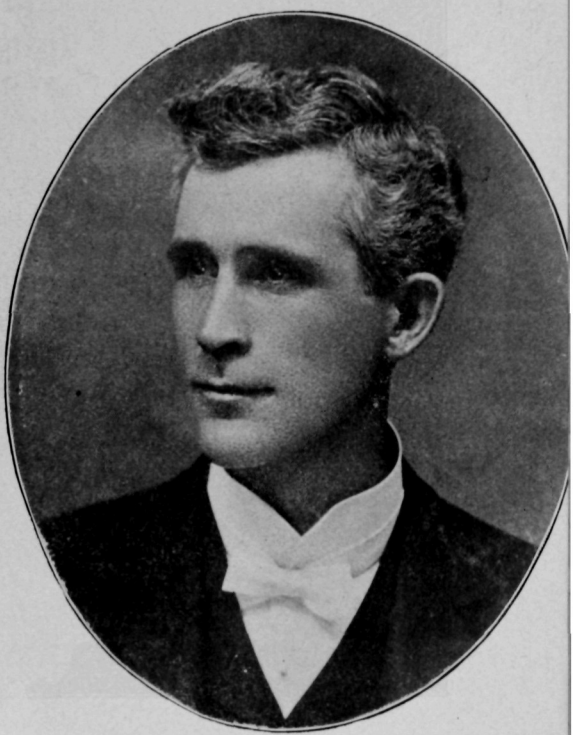
H. H. POLK



F. A. MATHIS

a lower price. All in all, prices are lower than they have been for five years, and this spring would seem to be the time for the man who has saved money for a house of his own, to build it.

A group of people who are doing a charming thing for Des Moines, which should be to this city what Vanderwater Place was and Westmoreland Place now is to St. Louis, have bought ample grounds south of the old Denman homestead, on Grand Avenue, where this spring artistic homes will be built by N. T. Guernsey, Chas. S. Denman, Pleas Mills, Morris Rosenfield and Mrs. B. Frankel. The Guernsey house, now building, is old English in architecture, and is the first fire-proof residence to be built in Des Moines. Metal lath is used in the wall, with concrete veneered with red sand brick. The foundation and porches are of concrete, the material expressing admirably the spirit of the architecture. The Denman residence, which will be built this spring, is on 36th street fronting west. In construction it will be re-inforced concrete, with plaster outside. Certain exterior features, such as hoods over the west windows, to tone down the light, and the shelter look of the entrance, with seats on either side, are suggestive of the "craftsman" though it is by no means a craftsman house. There will be first and second story porches, a large living room and dining room opening on a porch enclosed in glass.

The Pleas Mills house will be in design an English cottage, fronting west on 37th street, and with grounds two acres in extent, so planned that the entrance is from the garden. Among the exterior features are a loggia on the south side. Inside, it is to be planned for simplicity of living; that is, that the care of the house shall be made as easy as possible. As this is the problem that confronts the American housewife it should be interesting. Mrs. Frankel's house will suggest the Mission architecture, so popular in California, with grey plaster exterior and green roof. Mr. Gardner Cowles will build in this locality this spring, and Mr. C. S. Walker will build on Grand Avenue, from plans not yet fully decided.

Mr. Carl Kurtz will build a handsome residence on the lot east of the Frederick

Dining Room in the Geo. A. Boody Home

Field home on Greenwood Avenue. Mr. Geo. E. King, former city engineer, will build on High Street near 25th.

Architects say that the only real American type of house is the shingled house that one sees throughout New England. It is rare in Des Moines, but Mrs. Zoe W. Seevers, of the faculty of Drake University, has the courage of her artistic convictions, and will build a house in this style on University Avenue near Drake.

The same exterior finish will be used by Mr. H. L. Ware, in the house which he will build this spring on 40th and University Avenue—and which will stand a hundred feet back from the street among the trees on the site of the original farm house.

Mr. Ralph Jones, of University Place, is building at 2808 Cottage Grove Ave., a house with craftsman features—the large living room and den with big fire place.

Mr. D. F. Witter, vice-president of the Marquardt Savings Bank, will build a handsome residence on an acre and a half of ground on University Avenue, between 36th and 37th Streets, during the coming season.

The J. D. Whisenand residence on Center Drive, is charming in the color scheme, which was worked out by the architect to harmonize with the surroundings. Of colonial type, with Gambrel roof, no third story and low foundation, the house is brought down by heavy unbroken horizontal lines. The walls are in silver gray, side board and shingle to match the grey bark of the white oak trees. This color note is repeated in the roof.

The prevailing type of house in Des Moines is the modified colonial. Craftsman ideas have had more influence on the inside than on the exterior—resulting in the dull finish of woods, and absence of superfluous ornament.

And the one thing which has had more influence than any other on the color scheme of interiors seems to have been the German exhibit at the St. Louis Fair.

Brown's Woods, east of Park Lane, which was bought some time since by a syndicate of seventeen prominent business men, is to be landscaped and put upon the market as residence property. M. J. Wragg, the well-known nurseryman and landscape artist, and former

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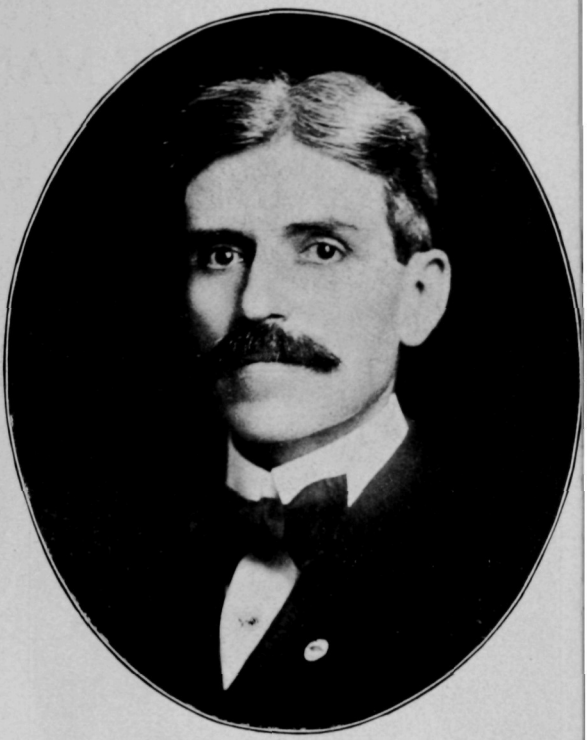
HARVEY INGHAM



E. W. CRELLIN

City Engineer John Budd, will work jointly on practical plans for beautifying the grounds. A large portion of the tract will be divided into lots 200 by 400 feet, and these will be occupied by the residences of the owners.

Mr. Clinton R. Dorn will build a residence in Hyperion Park this spring, from plans not fully matured. Some of the old pine trees will have to be sacrificed to make room for the house, but the natural timber which remains make the site most attractive.

Among owners of residence lots in Hyperion Park who will build in the future are Bruce E. Butler, E. E. Crawford, C. S. Craddock, P. E. Taylor, Dr. U. S. Branson, of Irwin, Iowa, Rev. L. B. Wickersham, Wade K. Wickersham and Mrs. Mamie K. Emmons.

Dr. H. A. Hurd will build a residence this spring on Kingman Boulevard, between 42d and 43d streets, from plans not yet fully outlined.

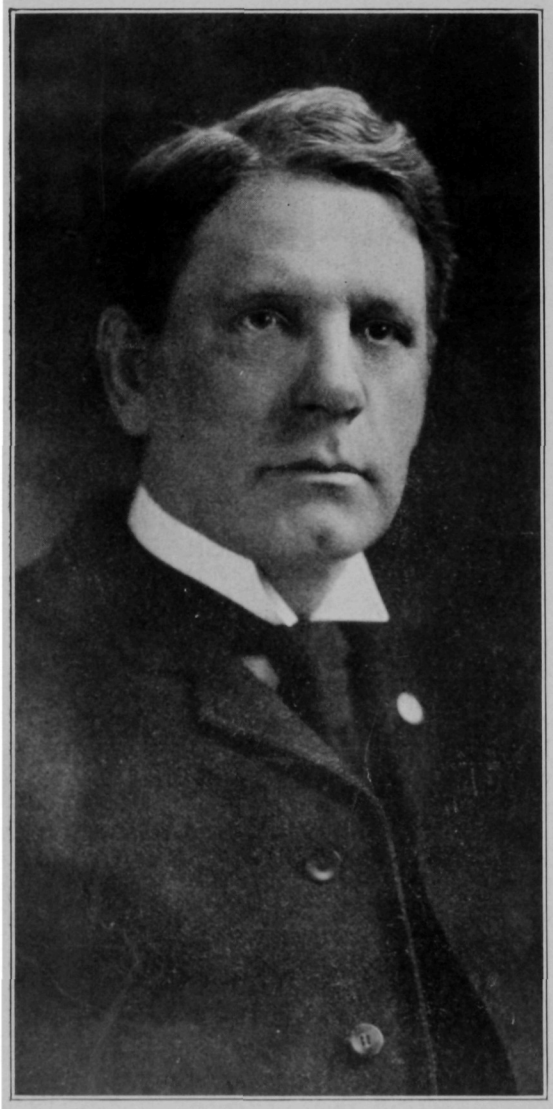
Mr. W. B. Martin, ex-secretary of state, will erect a handsome residence in Gil-Mar Park, the beautiful suburb which real estate enterprise and landscape art have evolved from the old Bradway farm. In style the house will be colonial, modified to suit the taste and convenience of the owner. A feature will be the central hall, and the forty foot front of the house will open on the park.

Mr. G. S. Gilbertson, ex-state treasurer, will build a residence in Gil-Mar Park, opposite the Geo. E. King residence, during the coming season.

The Urbandale Interurban is drawing homeseekers in that direction. Judge McVey's handsome residence is a notable objective point and much of the land along the route is already taken up.

SHOULD THE MAN OF MODERATE WAGES TRY TO OWN A HOME

B. S. WALKER



B. S. WALKER
President of the Commercial Club

A question that comes to thousands of Des Moines workers earning from $50 to $75 per month is, shall I try to buy a home? Can I do it, or is it better for me to rent?

The writer, after many years' experience in the sale of moderate priced homes, feels competent to offer an argument in the affirmative on this proposition.

The building of houses for rent involves the same questions of risk as any mercantile business, the loss of rents through vacancy, non-paying tenants, excessive expenditures for repairs caused by frequent changes in tenants and fixing the rent at a sum that will cover all these items and leave a sufficient profit on the original investment.

With houses renting from $10 to $15 per month, these items of expense are greater than with properties commanding a larger rental; and consequently the man who rents the $10 or $15 per month house pays a high gross rate on the value of the property.

The man who pays his rent also pays, in part, the rent of the man who does not pay his own.

The man who is buying his home, on the other hand, gets the full benefit of all his payments. If he buys on the monthly payment plan, the interest he would pay, during the years he is paying for his home, would amount to less than one-third of the monthly rental of such a property.

The great financial failing of the average American is to live up to the limit of his income, he is a "free spender."

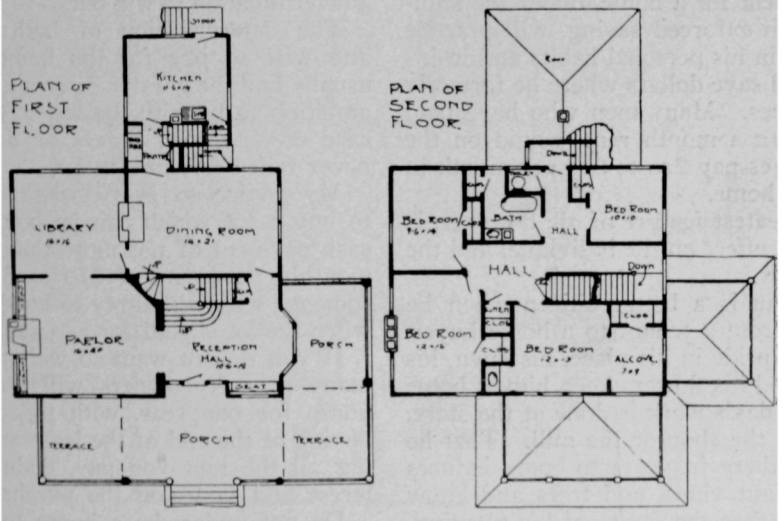
An increase of $10 per month in wages too often means an increase of at least $10 in living expenses.

This is well illustrated by one of Governor Shaw's stories in his recent speech in this city. He said: "Last fall I called one of the bank employes into my office and told him I intended to raise the salaries of a number of employes on January 1st, but as he had been especially efficient I intended to raise his at once.

"When the panic came in October I called him in again and told him I was afraid I could not raise the salaries of the rest of the boys on January 1st and would have to put his back to the old wages.

"The man replied:

"'You can't; I have rented a bigger house'."



Courtesy of C. E. Eastman

Square House and Plans

View of Grand Avenue Looking West

This disposition is common to us all and is not confined to New York bank clerks

In my experience, the man who contracts a debt for a home, under the stimulus of an enforced saving, will practice economy in his personal habits and in his living and save dollars where he formerly saves dimes. Many men who have paid $10 or $12 a month rent, would on the same wages pay $20 to $25 per month in buying a home.

The greatest feature of all, however, is the moral effect on the individual and the community.

The man is a better citizen when he changes from a tenant to a home buyer. He has a pride in his place, his lawn, his garden and his flowers keep him at home when the day's work is done at the store, the office, the shop or the mill. That he will live there in years to come induces him to plant vines, and trees and know he will gather the fruits of his planting.

Pride in the appearance of his home, neatly trimmed lawns and well kept parkings add to his civic pride and patriotism, and he is a better citizen because he has a direct personal interest in every public expenditure and will be a zealous guardian of the city's welfare.

In my experience, any man who pays his debts and saves $10 to $15 per month can buy and pay for a modest home, but it means hard work, close economy and a determination to win out.

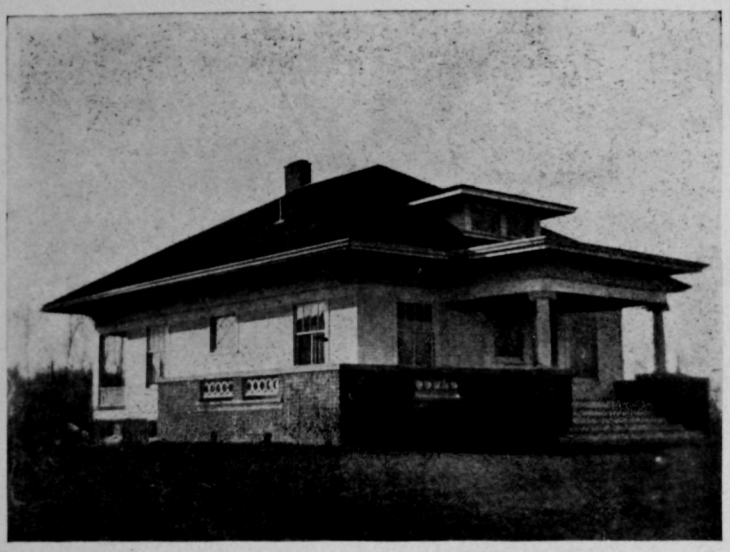
The determination of both husband and wife to pay for the home (and I usually find the greater determination and ambition to be with the wife), except in case of continued illness or death, has never failed to win out.

My advice to every wage earner is to buy a lot which can be bought on a cash payment of not more than $25 and monthly payments of $10 to $15, from someone who will agree to build for you when the lot is paid for.

If you do not want to wait this long, many property owners will rent you a house for one year, with the option of buying at the end of the lease and applying all the rent you pay, deducting interest and taxes on the purchase price.

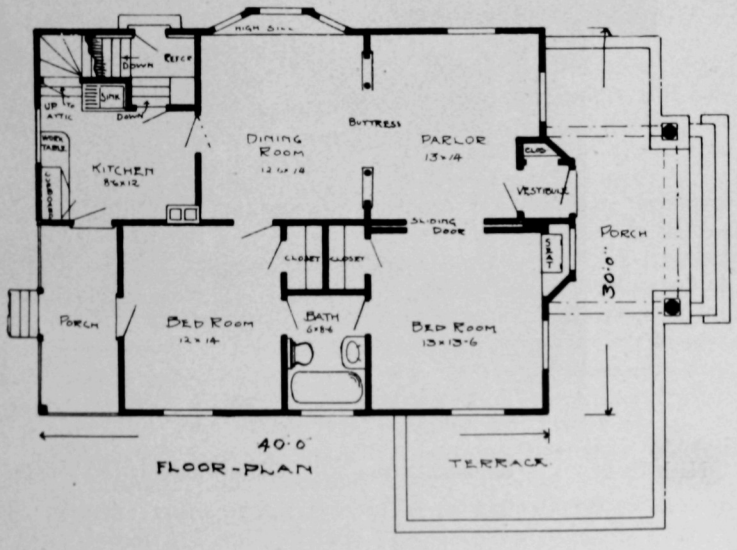
Do not undertake a house too expensive. It is better to be a little crowded in your own home, than to have a big place you may never own.

Des Moines offers greater opportunities than any city of its size in the United States to the wage earner in buying a home on the monthly payment plan.



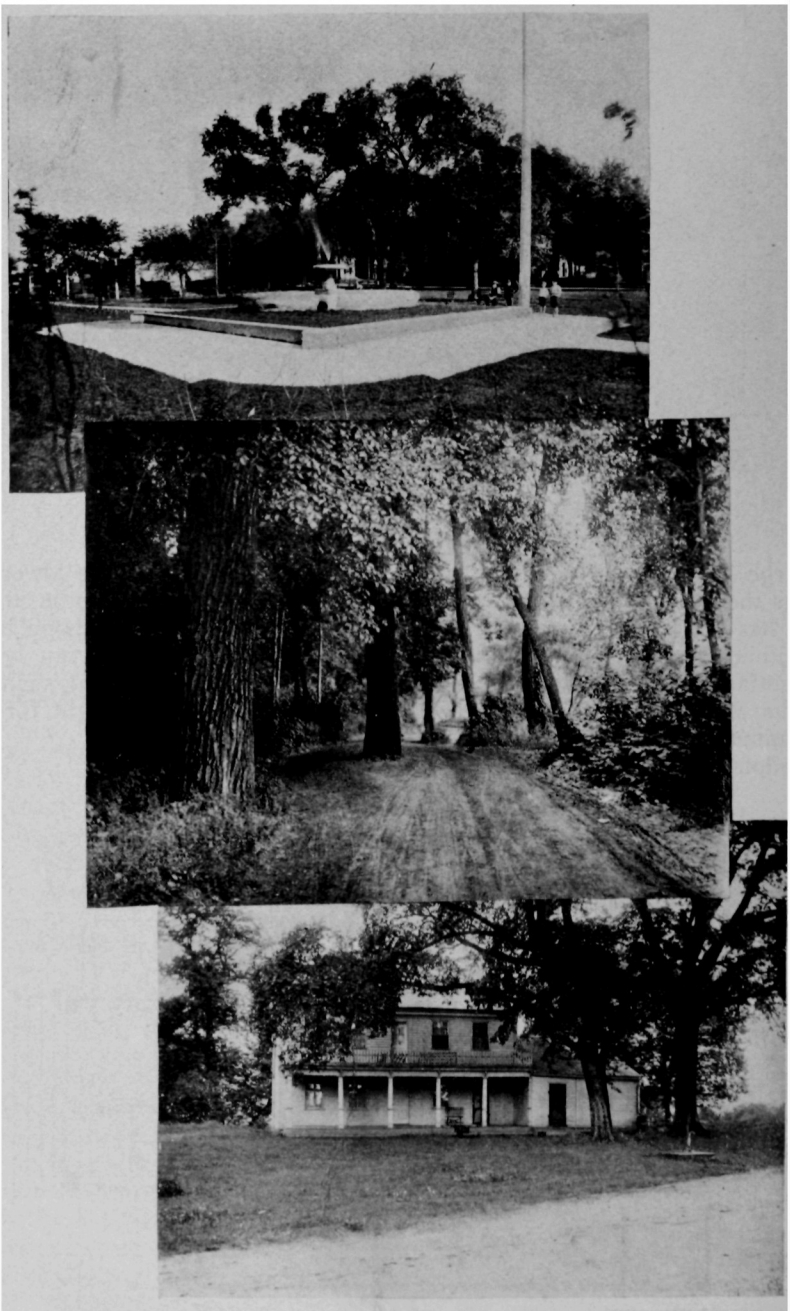
Its large area is a boon to the home buyer, as the development of the electric car line has brought thousands of home spots within easy access to the business and manufacturing districts.

On the South side, within fifteen to twenty minutes' walk from Walnut street, building lots can be bought from $200 to $300. Building lots are lower priced in Des Moines today than in the country towns of 3,000 to 4,000 population. Cottages of 4 to 6 rooms can be built for $900 to $1,300, and many such places already built can be bought for $1,000 to $1,500, including lot.



Courtesy of C. E. Eastman

An Ideal Bungalow



Nash Park Birdland Drive Oldest House in Des Moines

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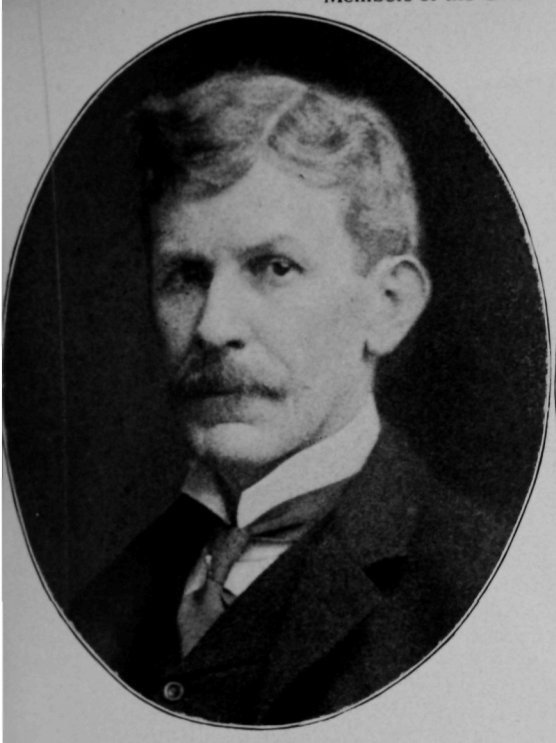


SIMON CASADY

T. B. SHARPNACK

Comparative Values of Real Estate in Des Moines and Other Cities

Hervey M. Porter

The rise of real estate values in cities throughout the United States has been rapid in the past ten years. This increase has been confined to no particular section or locality—North and South, East and West, similar advancement has resulted. Especially has this been true of commercial or business property, whether for use as trackage or for wholesale, retail or manufacturing purposes.

In proportion to her population Des Moines has shared this increase to as great an extent as any city in the middle West and perhaps more so, for ten years ago the value of business property in Des Moines was less than it should have been, considering population and business returns. Conditions have changed since then and while real estate values are certainly not excessive in Des Moines at the present time, they are more in accord with values in cities of similar location and population. The value of real estate, if residence, depends upon its desirability; if business, upon its earning power present and prospective. Values in Des Moines are not inflated, we have not at any time experienced a boom or its results. Our wholesale territory is in a way limited, but not our manufacturing. There is nothing to stop our growth short of 200,000. We have the railroad facilities, both steam and electric interurban; a very large, rich and populous surrounding territory, extensive coal fields at our door supplying cheap fuel, and sufficient distances intervening between other cities to warrant and allow of a Greater Des Moines, and consequently higher and higher real estate values.

It is a fact undisputed that Des Moines residence property is and has been lower in value than in smaller cities in Iowa and adjoining states. Our business property commands higher prices than any other city in Iowa because it brings more revenue, but is very much lower than in Indianapolis, larger but in many respects similarly situated to us, and even lower than reported sales of business property in 1907 in smaller cities in the Mississippi Valley. Our taxes are reported by some as higher than other smaller and larger places with similar conditions, but after much investigation along this line, I am convinced that taking into consideration the cash valuations fixed by our assessors, that the actual net tax expense per $1,000 of real value is as low or lower here than in Omaha, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Peoria, Memphis or Indianapolis.

J. R. CARPENTER

INVESTMENT VS. THE GAMBLER'S CHANCE

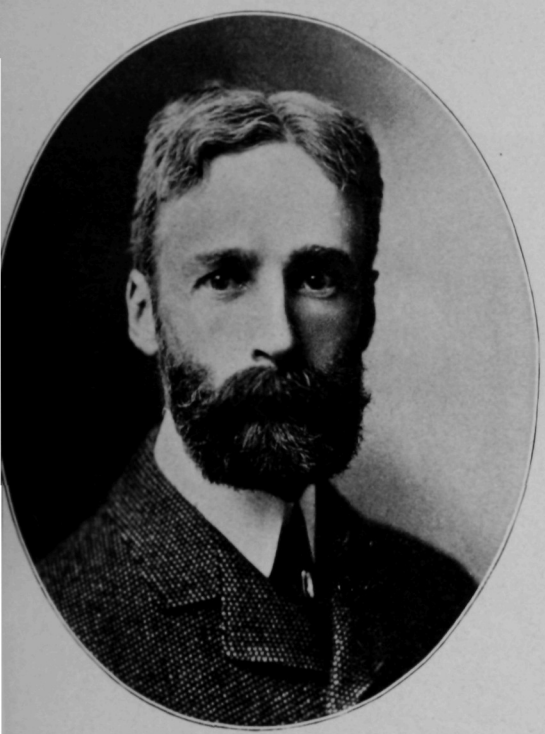
By J. R. Carpenter, President of the Federal Land & Securities Company

Every man is or should be a producer, while under our present economic conditions many women are enlisted in the army of toil directly, while each woman who cares for a home, whether it be humble or an abode of wealth, should be credited with her just share of the labor of the world.

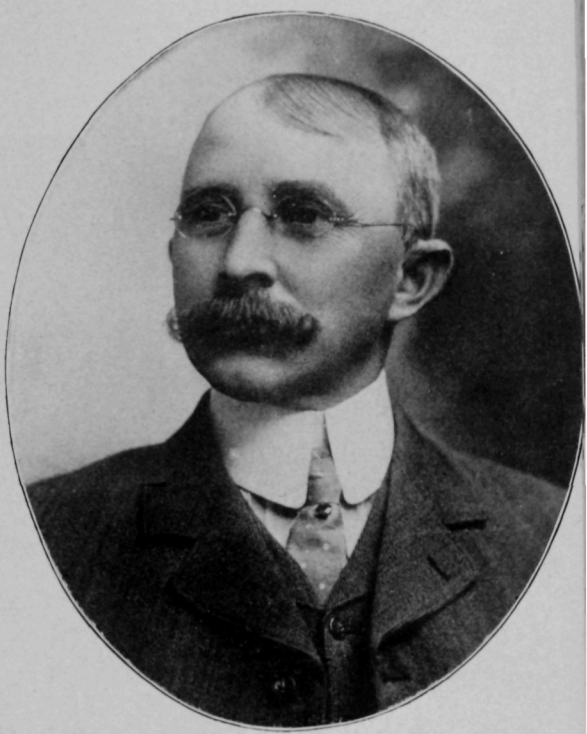
Food, clothing and shelter must be provided, while the ever present certainty of old age and the risk of illness or accident, impel the prudent to increased energy and forethought that these exigencies may be properly met. Therefore, after having provided the necessaries of life for the present moment, and having acquired a surplus, the question arises of how this surplus can be best invested, securely and profitably, and where it can be readily reached in case of need.

The happenings of the past few months have been so emphatic that the proverbial "way-faring" man can have no further excuse for taking the gambler's chance. The people of this country, and especially of New York, Boston, Pittsburgh and the other eastern centers, had poured their aggregated millions

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee



GEO. B. HIPPEE



A. C. MILLER

into the coffers of Wall street, receiving in exchange alleged securities and so-called industrial stocks. Rich and poor, lured on by the promise of something for nothing, of gain without the exchange of value received, poured in their contributions, and even the banks accepted these wholly fictitious or highly inflated imitation securities as collateral for loans with which the borrower continued to gamble until, when the inevitable crash came, the eastern banks were full of the junk, and had not the government come to their aid and had they not resorted to the wampum, coon skins and clam shells of clearing house certificates, it is doubtful whether a single New York bank could have withstood the storm.

As it was, numerous bank failures occurred, sweeping away millions of depositors' money, while suicides and general distress and oppression followed.

But while the rich gambler was walking the floor, wondering where he could sell his automobile, and the poor speculator was begging the second hand man to buy some of his furniture, and while thousands of distracted depositors were lined up in front of broken banks, the man whose money was invested in real estate or in real estate securities, never lost a wink of sleep.

Listed Wall street stocks and bonds have suffered an enormous shrinkage and consequent loss to their holders, while real estate and real estate mortgages are in greater demand today than ever before. Those who wish to make permanent investments and wait for a natural increase in value, are investing in lands and city property, while others who desire equally as good security but prefer to have their funds more easily avail-

ALEX HASTIE

Sixth Avenue Looking North

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee

E. N. HOPKINS

T. E. HURLEY

able, are placing their savings in real estate mortgages.

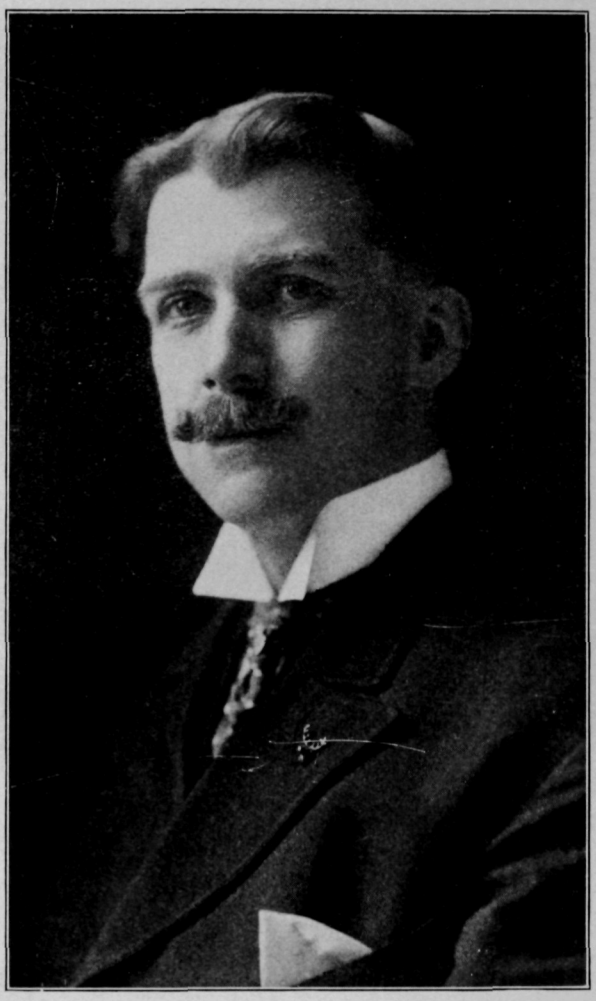
Heretofore it has required quite an accumulation of money to invest in a mortgage loan, but under a new plan now established, the possessor of small holdings is able to invest on as favorable terms as he of larger means. As a concrete illustration:

Mr. A. applies to me for a loan of $1,000 on his residence in University Place. He reports it worth $2,500 and upon investigation I find that it is. I make the loan, charging him the usual commission, taking a mortgage on the property, he assigning as additional security, insurance on the improvements in an amount equal to the loan. But instead of his executing a single note for $1,000 I have him execute ten notes of $100 each.

Now Mr. B. comes in. He holds a responsible position with a local concern and has accumulated a little surplus which he wishes to invest profitably and safely. I call his attention to the mortgage of Mr. A, showing him the abstract with signed approval of a competent attorney, and give him the street number of the property so he can look it over if he desires. He writes me a check and I endorse to him one of the $100 notes.

Next, Mrs. C, a widow with a family of small children, calls. She has saved $200 which must be securely invested and which must bring a good rate of interest for she does not know when sickness or other misfortune may come. I sell her two of the notes and the others are taken by different parties so that I have my money back, ready to loan to some other applicant, while the holdings of each investor are securely and profitably placed. This plan applies, of course, to loans on farm lands as well as on city property.

The one great lesson of the panic was indelibly written upon the minds of the people. The wise and prudent, realizing the rising and steady growth of population with the consequent enhancement of land values, are investing in real estate and real estate securities. But for the ignorant and foolish who are always with us, and who prefer to take the gambler's chance even though they realize that the dice are loaded and the cards are stacked, Wall street, the most infamous gambling hole on earth, would be now and forever closed.



MACK OLSEN

Vice-President Des Moines Real Estate Exchange

THE DES MOINES REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

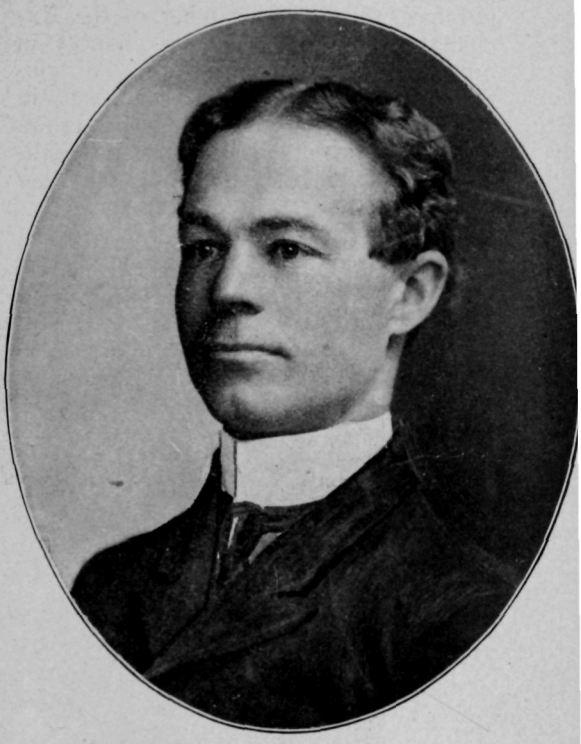
Mack Olsen

The Des Moines Real Estate Exchange was started on the 24th day of September last, for the purpose of raising the standard of the real estate business in Des Moines and to put the business on a business basis. This is set forth in Article 1 of our by-laws as follows:

The object of this Exchange shall be to secure from all persons representing real estate interests in the city, co-operation in all efforts having for their object the general welfare of the City of Des Moines, to provide a place for auction sales, to promote just and honest methods of conducting the real estate commission and exchange business, to work for and encourage any enterprise or association that will promote the progress of the city, to engender a more friendly feeling among those who represent the different business interests, and to assist any other association organ-

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee

R. R. McCUTCHEON



F. C. HUBBELL

ized for the purpose of standing up for Des Moines and working to advance its interests.

Previous to this time, owing to the lack of uniformity of charges and of methods of conducting the real estate business, there had been a great many misunderstandings between buyer and seller and between agent and seller, owing also to this lack of uniformity a great deal of dishonesty had entered into the business, and real estate dealers who tried and did conduct a legitimate and straight business, were forced to suffer by comparison with the unscrupulous or dishonest dealers. Recognizing this condition, several of the leading dealers of the city got together and talked over the situation, and recognized that some such organization as this was absolutely necessary. A meeting was called of representative dealers, at which a temporary organization was effected, following which articles of incorporation were filed and by-laws were written and adopted. Those responsible for the organization sent to similar associations of real estate dealers in all the larger cities and obtained copies of their articles of incorporation and by-laws, and guided by the experience of these older organizations, a set of by-laws were perfected which we think are a model of their kind.

The first annual meeting was held on the second Saturday in January, at which the following officers were elected: L. M. Mann, president; Mack Olson, vice-president, and E. G. McIntire, secretary and treasurer, with the following as the board of directors: H. M. Porter, R. R. McCutcheon, J. C. Mehan, Louis A. Jester, and N. Fay McClure.

The Exchange meets each Saturday noon at a luncheon, and matters of interest to the dealers and the business generally are discussed. Several reforms have been made in the conduct of the local real estate business; principal of which was the abolishing of "For Sale" signs on improved city property, the adoption of uniform legal papers of all kinds, and the classification of the different lines of business, and the recommendation of uniform charges to be made in each line represented. The Exchange has already raised the standard of the real estate business in Des Moines and is gaining more and more the confidence of both the buyer and seller. The method of the Exchange is to so conduct the

business that the buyer will prefer to purchase through a member of the Exchange, rather than to run chances in buying direct from the owner. An honest broker can save any buyer money in the purchase of property. Through a broker the buyer does not pay for sentiment or run the risk of getting a poor or bad title.

The Des Moines Real Estate Exchange has started out with high ethical ideas and from the class of members, composed at the present time of thirty-eight of the most prominent dealers in the city, bids fair to become one of the most important organizations tending toward the improvement and development of all interests of the city of Des Moines.

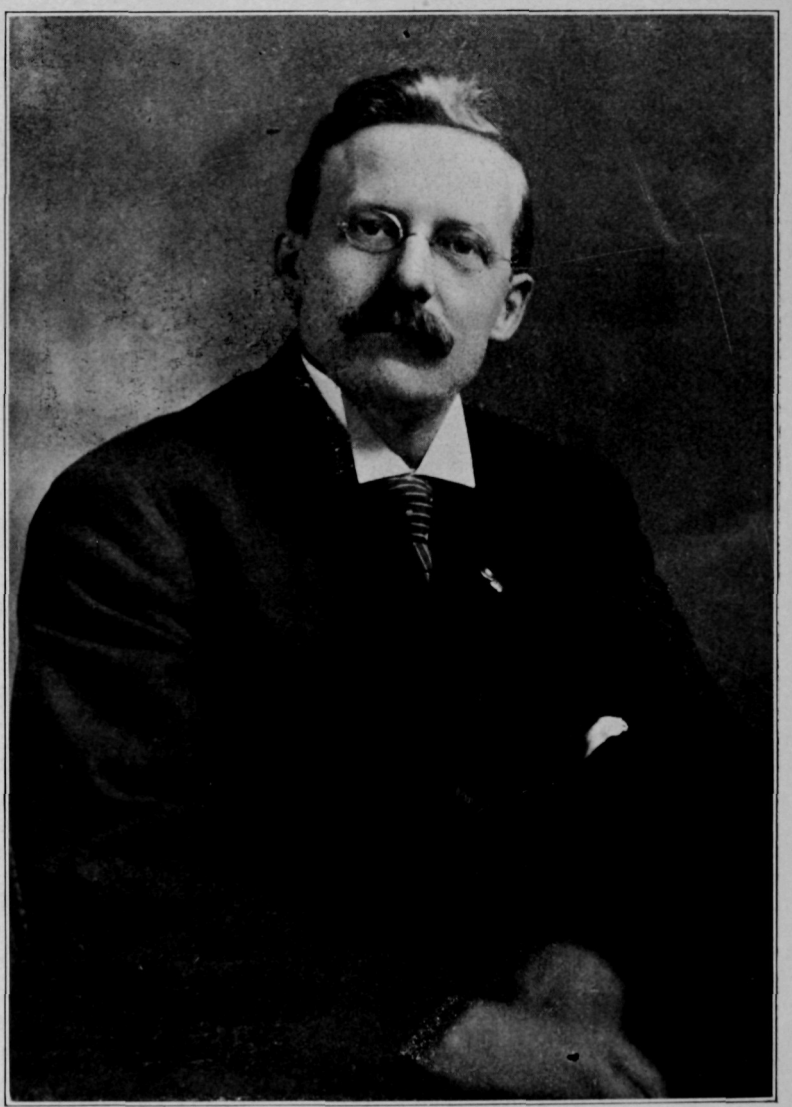


Photo by Webster

GEO. A. BOODY

A Popular Business Man

George A. Boody, who has the distinction of being chairman of the Executive Committee of the Des Moines Plan Campaign, was born July 13, 1868 and brought up on a farm in Benton county, Iowa. He had the advantages of a high school and commercial college education. Commercial life attracted the young man and he soon became assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Belle Plaine. Removing to Des Moines, he traveled on the road, then took a position with Holland & New. He began at the bottom, learning every detail of the business and worked his way up to the top and is now at the head of the concern, president and general manager of the Holland & New Company. He is also secretary and general manager of the Geo. A. Boody Company, doing a wholesale business.

These two companies are practically o[illegible]ed by Mr. Boody.

He is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Polk County Sunday School Association as well as treasurer, and is Superintendent of Plymouth Sunday School.

Mr. Boody is of the broad type of men who have faith in the progress of the city and are willing to help in the upward movement. He has been closely identified with the Greater Des Moines Plan movement since its inception, and has done much toward its adoption. Such men as Mr. Boody make Des Moines a city with an assured future of success in every way. He has the highest place in the regard of all who know him and the confidence of the general public.

FURNISHING THE DINING ROOM

Geo. A. Boody

Let us first consider the object of the dining room: This is the place in the home where a well regulated family and their friends gather for the most enjoyable hour of the day, so it is clearly understood at once what we should aim at in furnishing and decorating the dining room. The light and location relative to other rooms and the points of the compass should be carefully considered. The dining room must be cheerful above everything else and will always admit of a great deal of character in its treatment. If a *period* idea is to be carried out, don't hint at the period which you desire but make it strong. For instance; if it is to be mission, don't make it part Mission, part Moorish and the balance 20th Century, but make it mission in color, woods, furniture, plate rail, furnishings, etc.

In working out a color scheme either harmonize your colors throughout or contrast them in such a way that one color will complement the other and bring out its beauty. The true decorator should always respect the individuality of the home owner and not throw his own into it, for the home owner's taste will constantly be suggested in little hints throughout the home and the inconsistency will constantly worry your friends, who have good taste. To make myself clear I will take a concrete case: Mrs. Brown admires geometrical figures and strong straight lines in her carpets, sofa pillows and the gowns she wears, her decorator has worked out his own individuality in her dining room and they are just opposite from what her friends know to be her individual taste.

I find it extremely difficult in all the years of my experience as a supervising decorator, and especially in the middle West, to get a home owner to make suggestions and then allow the decorator to work them out.

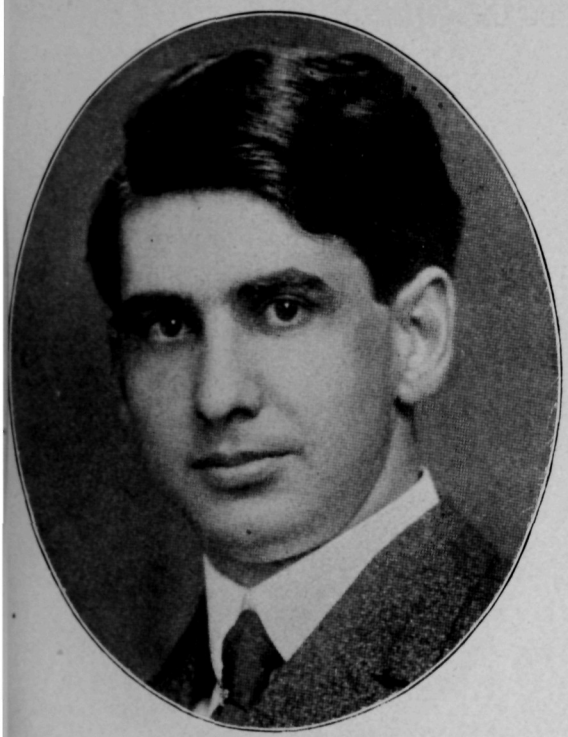
In selecting a color basis for your dining room always consider walls first, then harmonize or contrast your ceiling and balance up the room by considering woodwork, art glass and then the car-

Dining Room in the Hervey Porter Home

pet and furniture and finally minor details. To make this specification clear and workable I will describe the order in which to proceed in decorating a Moorish dining room: Select a Moorish design in browns, reds and greens, with a crown pattern for the lower wall; harmonize the upper wall and contrast a ceiling of vivid tan or cream. The design of panel in the ceiling conforming to the general architecture or contour of the room, stain the wood in Mission of Weathered oak finished in Dead-lac. The art glass should be designed to conform with design in wall decorations, principally straight lines in coppered French beveled plates with a very slight touch of lower tones of green and rose in opal. The colorings and designs in the rug to harmonize closely, carrying out the Moorish idea. The furniture very dark rich golden oak with plate rail fixings of heavy, old odd pieces, steins, etc. If the dining room opens into a library with large archway dividing, the general color scheme of these two rooms must be closely related. Do not have them the same color, but give them variance enough to give both rooms life, tone and individuality. The reds for dining rooms are a thing of the past and the period idea is being used more than anything else and will be for some time to come.

I wish to name a few points to observe in furnishing any room and you cannot go far wrong: 1st—Select a competent supervising decorator, not a building architect. 2nd—Give him your ideas and let him work them out. 3rd—Select your general furnishings to harmonize with your color scheme of decorating.

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee



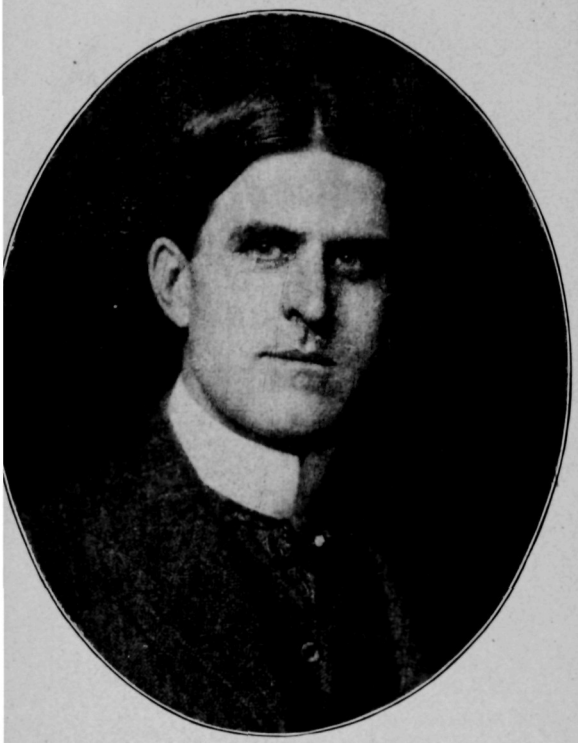
LAFE YOUNG, JR.

MEL UHL

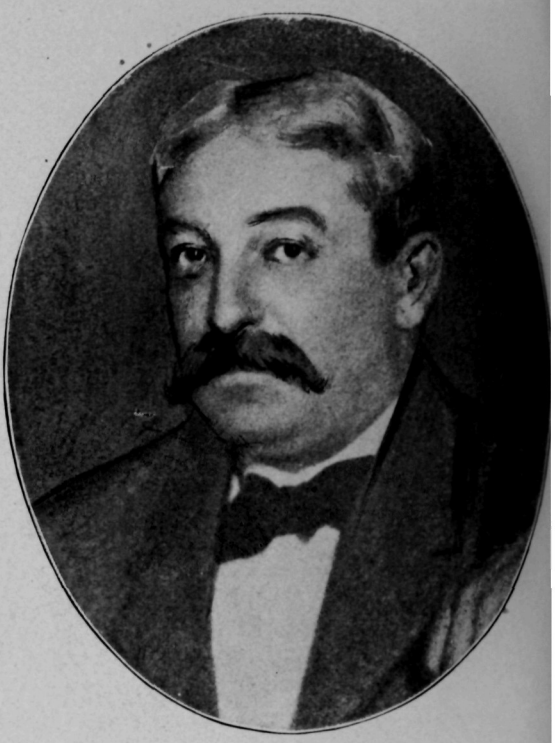
The Hervey Porter Home on Ingersoll Avenue

DOES THINGS

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee



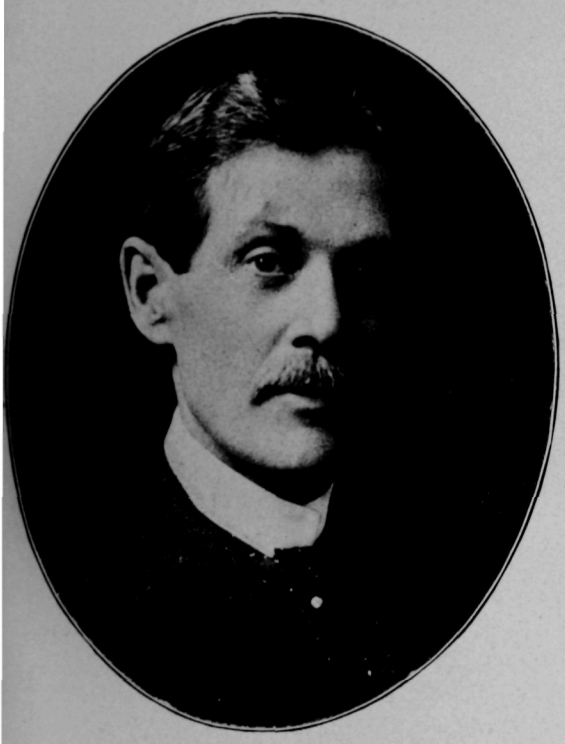
GILGER E. MacKINNON



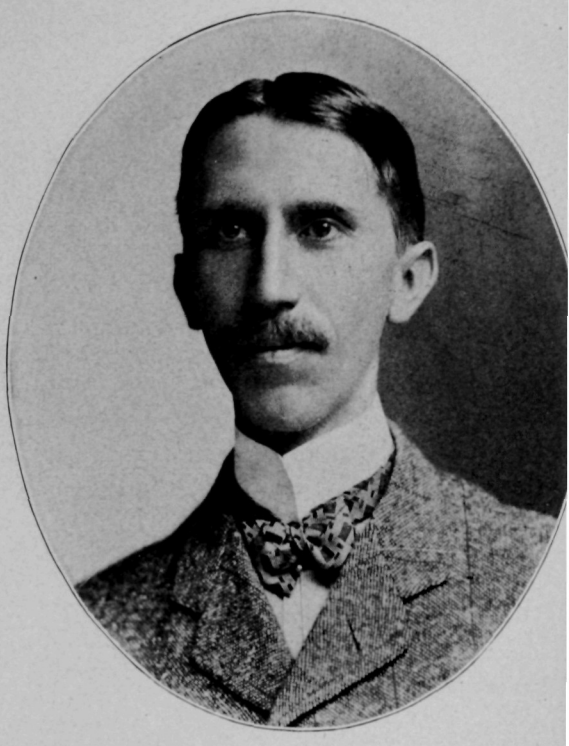
AARON YOUNKER

Interior of the Hervey Porter Home

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee



PHILO C. KENYON



CHARLES S. DENMAN

A SET OF RESOLUTIONS

The following resolutions were passed at a recent meeting of the Real Estate Exchange:

Whereas, Unscrupulous parties are from time to time, brought before the courts, charged with fraudulent real estate transactions; and

Whereas, Investigation shows that, as a rule, these parties have no office or fixed abode and are no more entitled to be recognized as real estate men than the traveling "patent pill peddler" should be classed as a physician; and

Whereas, The shady transactions of these parties posing as real estate men are injurious to legitimate dealers;

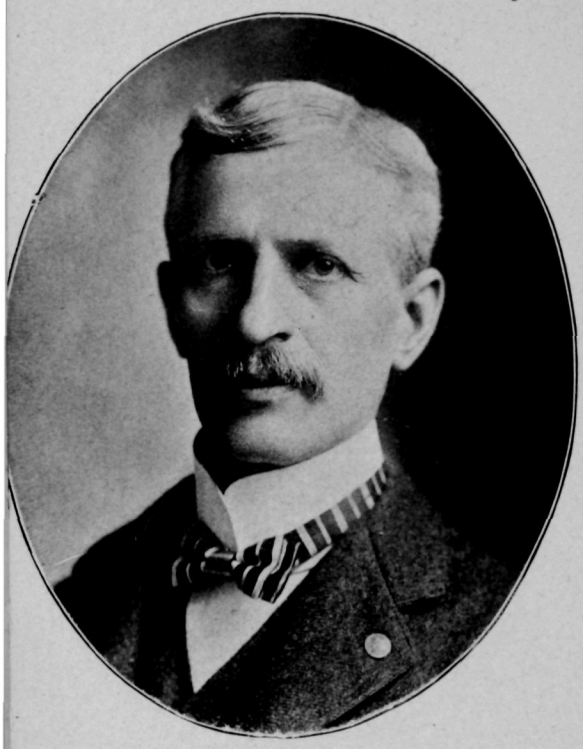
Resolved, That we, the members of the Des Moines Real Estate Exchange, recognizing the need of establishing and maintaining the business upon a high plane of integrity, hereby pledge ourselves as individuals and as an Association, to use all legitimate efforts to prevent such irresponsible parties from operating their illegal business and to bring them to justice whenever possible to do so.

Resolved, That we favor the enactment by the Legislature of Iowa of a law prohibiting any person or firm from operating and dealing in real estate of any description without first having an established office.

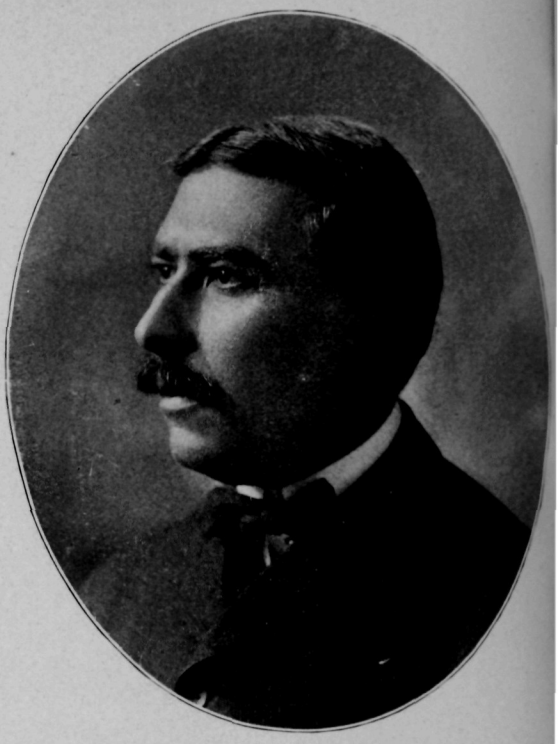
Resolved, That we favor the enactment of a state law providing a bond for real estate dealers and a reasonable annual license fee.

Resolved further, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to each of the four daily papers of Des Moines with request to publish same.

Members of the Greater Des Moines Committee



MILO WARD



C. S. WALKER

A. K. STEWART FOR COMMISSIONER

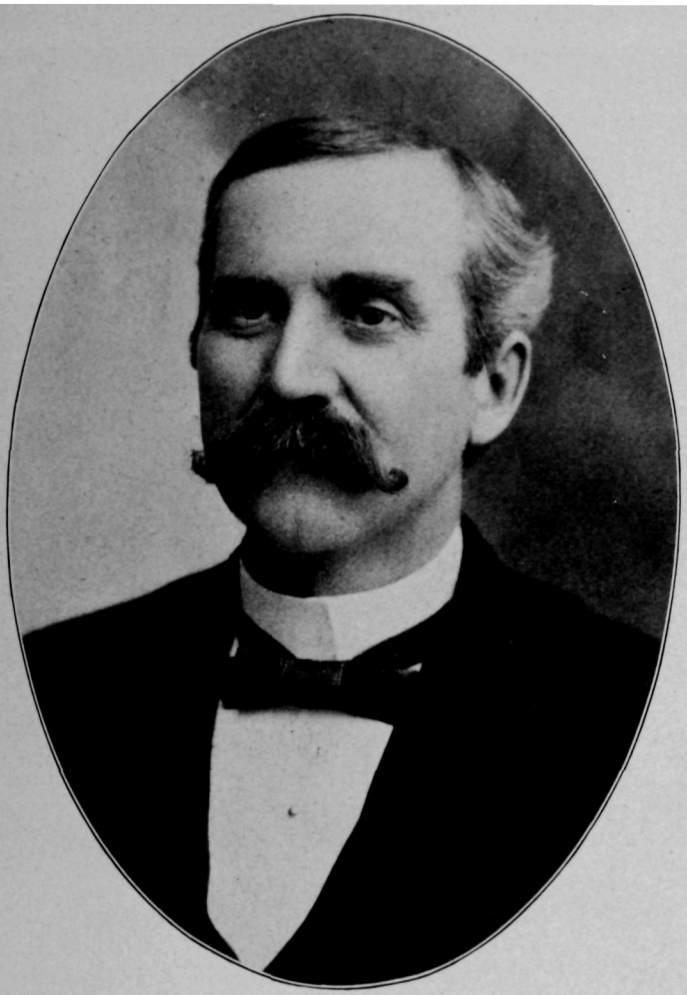
Mr. Stewart is a native of Iowa. His ancestry is Scotch-Irish on one side and German on the other. His ancestors fought in the revolutionary wars.

His father was a farmer, and he was brought up to know all about the farming business. He was a law graduate of the State University of Iowa in 1879. Mr. Stewart has been a great success in his profession. He is public spirited to a degree, and is a member of the Des Moines Commercial Club and a director in the East Des Moines Commercial League. He has taken an active part in upbuilding our churches, schools and municipal organizations. He has an immense law practice, and has the absolute confidence of his large clientage. In 1897 Mr. Stewart closed his connection as school director, having served six years.

He lent a powerful influence in securing consolidation of the school districts. He is especially intelligent in regard to civic affairs. His energy is unfailing and he will be a commissioner "who does things" if elected.

A GREAT WESTERN SCHOOL AND ITS SUCCESS

The splendid success of Highland Park College is most gratifying not alone to those immediately connected with it, but also to its many friends all over the country. The attendance is larger than ever before in the history of the school. Big improvements have been made recently. A complete sewer system has been inaugurated, connecting each of the nine buildings with the larger intercepting sewer. Highland Park College now has a complete and perfect sanitary system. Large additions have been made to the library and the fine Physical and Biological laboratories have been completed, giving the college the finest system of laboratories in the West. Students are enrolled from all parts of America, and its popularity grows each year. It is an institution of which Iowa certainly has cause for pride.



L. M. MANN

Pioneer Real Estate Dealer in Des Moines and Iowa

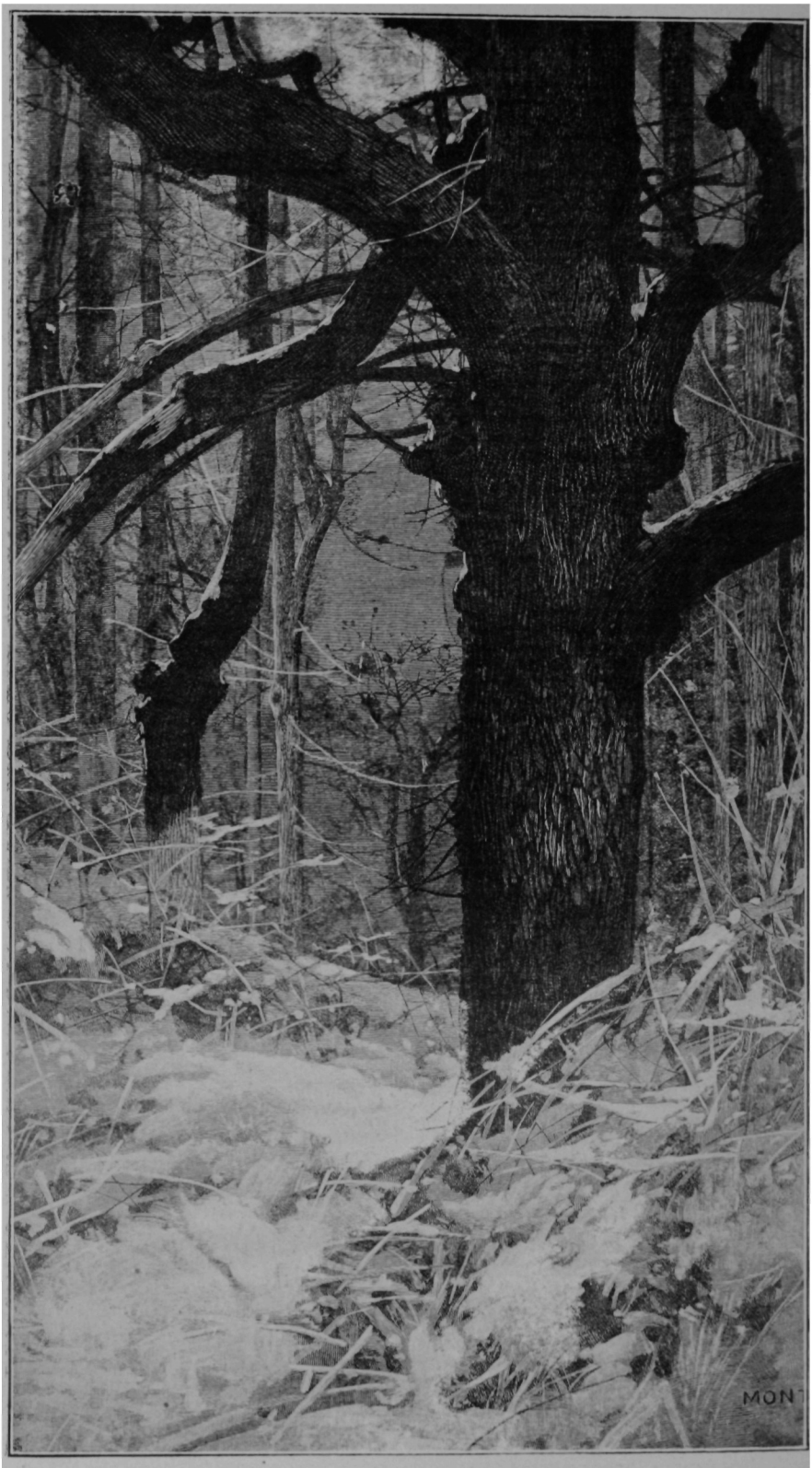
L. M. Mann has been in the active real estate business in Des Moines for over twenty years. He does not do a commission business, but handles his own property, which is principally in Des Moines and Iowa. but also has property in other states. He has faith in Des Moines property, as it is surrounded by the best and richest agricultural lands in the United States. He has built hundreds of homes here, and laid out a dozen additions to the city.

He makes a specialty of selling improved or vacant lots on the monthly payment plan, and each year he issues dozens of deeds to people who have bought their homes by this easy and saving plan. He considers this plan equal to or better than any savings bank plan, and advises those who are renting, to buy homes. Many that have rented from five to ten years have already paid for a home and are now on the way paying for another one, but never will become its owner. He has leased to one man a house for fourteen years and has received about two prices for this one house.

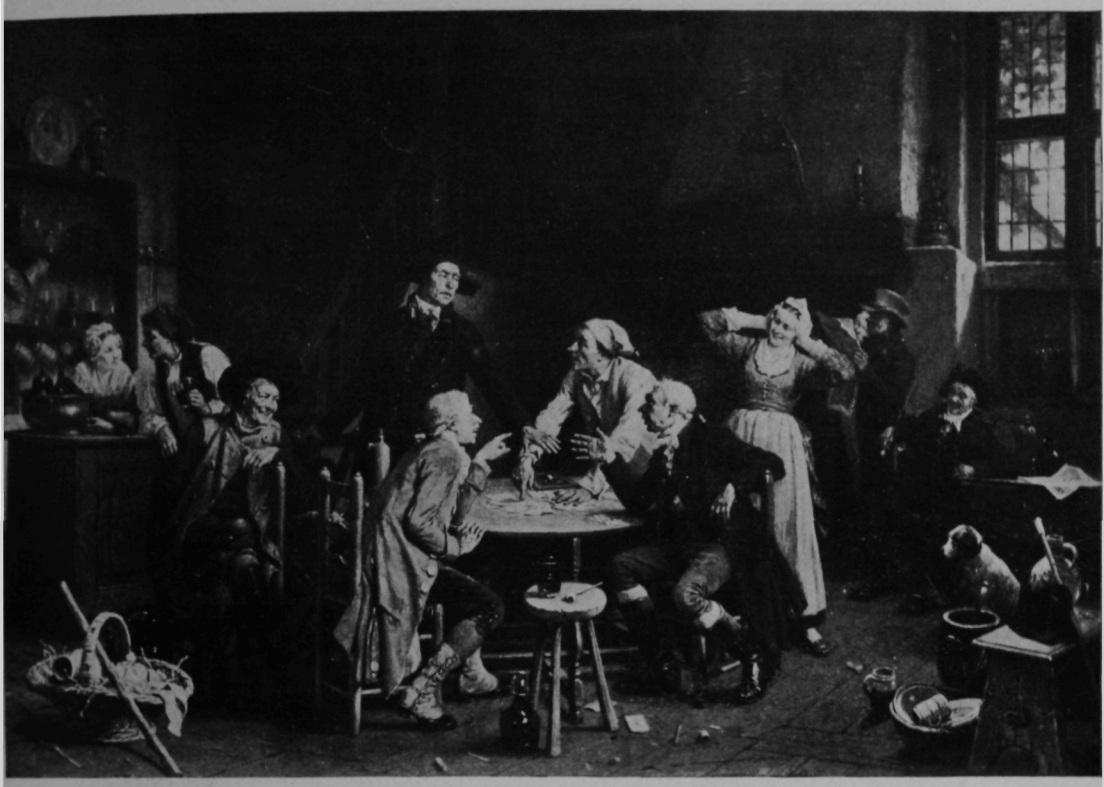
Besides the savings by buying on the payment plan, one gets the increase in value of property, and in this period of twenty years the property of Des Moines generally has doubled in value or more.

If a man puts his money in the bank, he can get 4 per cent on a savings account. But this same money, invested in a home, brings him 7 or 8 per cent.

Mr. Mann is one of the well established and reliable business men of the city and state, and a pioneer in the real estate business. His judgment comes of long experience and he is deferred to by his business associates. Mr. Mann is one of the progressive citizens to whom Des Moines owes much of her growth and prosperity.



Iowa Forests in Winter



WRANGLING OVER CARDS
Loaned by Chicago Art Institute By David Col, Belgian Genre-Painter, 1874

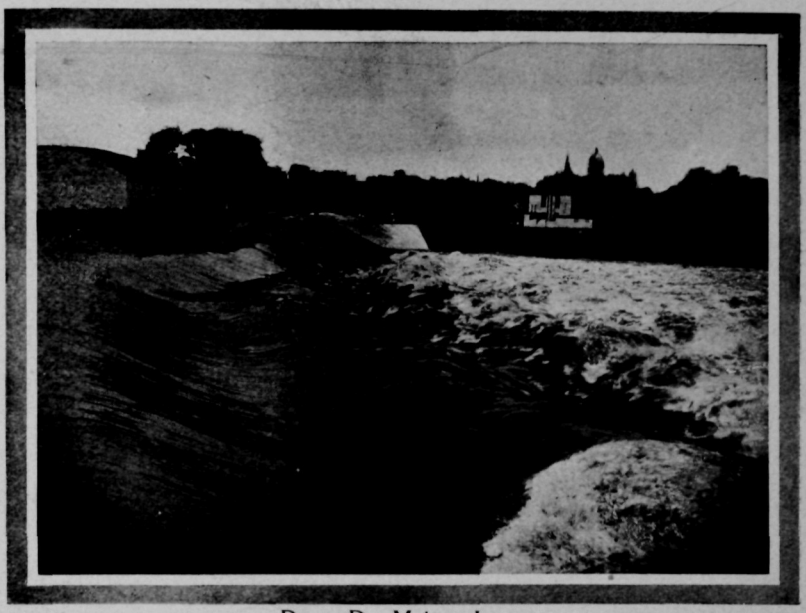
Art Notes and News

Calista Halsey Patchen

There is historical dignity in the announcement of the 103rd exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, now in progress in Philadelphia. This is the "Mother Church" of art in America, and offers to-day, as it has always done, the strongest and best picture exhibition in the country.

In spite of which, a New York exhibition is always better known and more talked about. Just because New York is New York, and its newspapers go anywhere and are everywhere quoted. But it is rather a wail that comes to us from the national academy exhibition this year. The report of the *International Studio*, which, with a New York date line, has figured as a despatch in the western press, says that "one turns from the weary waste of canvass to the twenty odd pieces of sculpture," without finding one that is marked "by even a flattering stroke of genius," and wonders whether the sculptors are too busy with decorations to send something to the exhibition which will interpret the spirit of the time.

There is a word of praise for Louis Potter, who does Indian studies, though his work this year is not so good as last, when his "Spirit of the Night" and "Spirit of the Taku Wind" were two of the finest pieces of imaginative sculpture ever executed in this country. The *Studio* critic ranks the landscape painters in the exhibition far and away above the figure painters, classifying as the "painters of prose" such men as E. W. Redfield, Arthur Groll, Ernest Lawson and Chas. H. Ebert. Redfield's "February" is like all his work, laid in the Delaware Valley, and one of those absolute truthful interpretations which he has been steadily forcing upon a public which has finally accepted them. He paints winter in its most sordid aspect. He



Dam—Des Moines, Iowa

shirks nothing. If it is a January thaw, he paints dirty blue-grey snow, and great patches of the most realistic sort of mud. And yet, in the "Lowlands of the Delaware," which was bought by the Corcoran Gallery last winter, there were soft violet shadows; there was the warmth of brown that is in the winter woods, and under the broken ice one could hear the water run. So he is the poet as well as the painter of winter and an artist whose pictures might profitably be exhibited in Des Moines, as a revelation of the subtleties of winter landscape.

The Carnegie prize this year went to W. T. Smedley for his large canvas "The Book Lovers," a family group out of doors under the trees on a summer day, with an atmosphere in which the figures are alive.

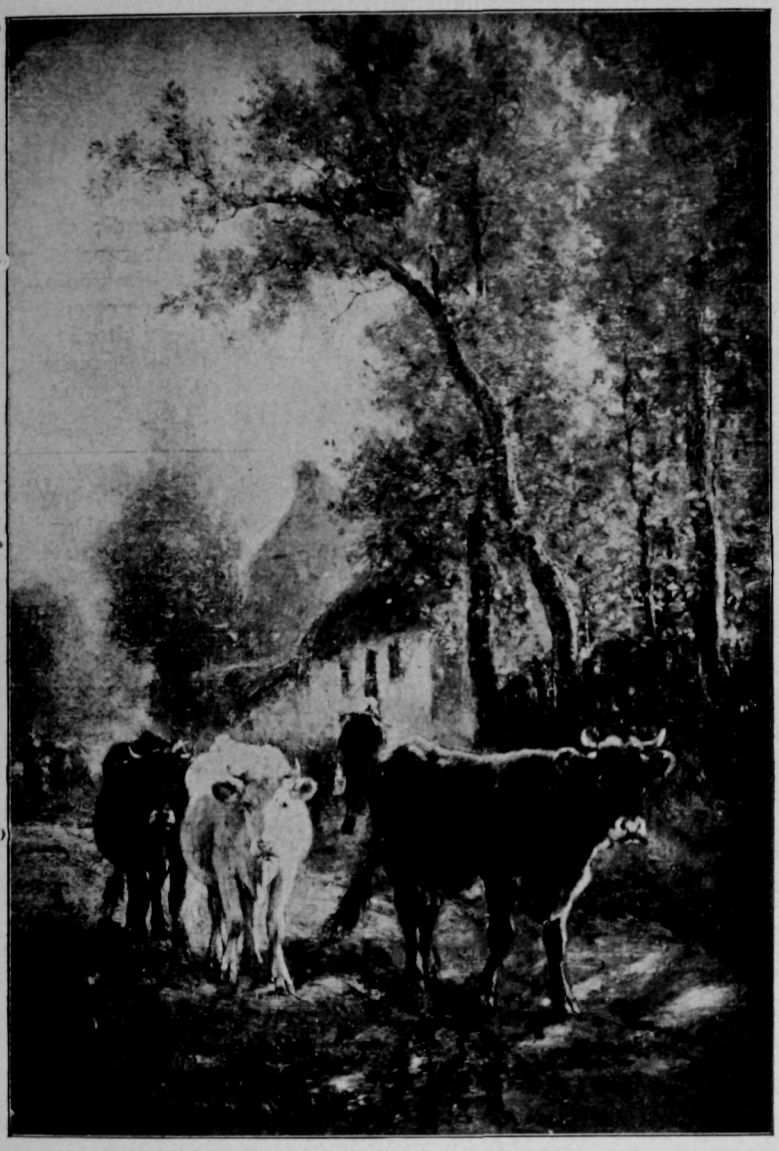
The one Alexander canvas in the exhibition, entitled "Portrait," is dismissed by the critic as "poster art." All the same the noble and dignified figure of the old artist—a sort of Rabbi personality—was one of the figures which drew one in the exhibition.

In appears that in the Women's International Art Club in London, English women artists have resolutely "set their faces against the feeble device of making faces and scenes too pretty." Also that American women do not appear to take an active interest in the society. In this country, women artists go into the exhibition with men. In art, at least, there is no sex.

In the recent exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen at its studios, 119 E. 19th St., New York, the largest single display was jewelry, much of it made by women. There were necklaces of Tomaline and topaz, and blister pearl with silver; brooches of amozonite rose quartz and crysoprase, and copper belt buckles in Egyptian design, and old Navajo jewelry. More than 70 craftsmen and women were represented. There was work from "notable weavers," women all. There was artistic book binding, beautifully tooled and illuminated leather. There were some new glazes in pottery, and a use of American motives in decoration, which is as it should be. How charming must have been the tea set in grey, the decoration suggested by scenes about Marblehead! How glad we should be to trade off a blue delft windmill for a quaint little Marblehead house!

The Copley Society, of Boston, will give a loan exhibition March 10, of works by naturalistic and romantic Frenchmen known as the "Men of 1830."

Dr. Halsey C. Ives, director of the St. Louis School of Art, giving a lecture on French impressions recently, in an art gallery, found some fine examples of the "men of 1830," at hand. Why should



A GOLDEN UATUMN DAY

Loaned by Chicago Art Institute

By Emile Van Marcke, French Landscape and Animal Painter

not art lectures be given in an art gallery?

St. Louis has voted a special tax of 1-5 of a mill on all its taxable property for the St. Louis Museum and School of Fine Arts, thus giving it an income of $100,000 a year.

Perhaps the most genuine and interesting thing in that monument of shoddy and graft, the Pennsylvania capitol, is the Moravian tiles, copied from specimens brought over by German colonists from the Black Forest in the 18th century. In country places these specimens were collected, the ancient process studied and in 1891 and 1892 perfected, by which a mosaic was made consisting of pieces, multiform in shape, to suit the design, glazed or unglazed, burned, and set in cement at the pottery, with the effect of leaded glass. The quaint design and strong primitive colors give the effect of a rich rug thrown on the floor.

There is no reason why art tiles should not be made in Des Moines. That we have here clay suitable for fine wet pottery was demonstrated some years since by Mrs. Mary Taylor, since deceased,

who came here from Cincinnati, built a home on 19th and Woodland, and built an art kiln, making the Limoges ware, modelled under the glaze, so much of which has been done in Cincinnati.

Among the art exhibitions to be given in Chicago, from March 5 to 25, are a "Loan Exhibition of Japanese Prints," and an exhibition salon of Federation of Photographic Societies of America.

A petition for the removal of duty on imported works of art has been sent to congress.

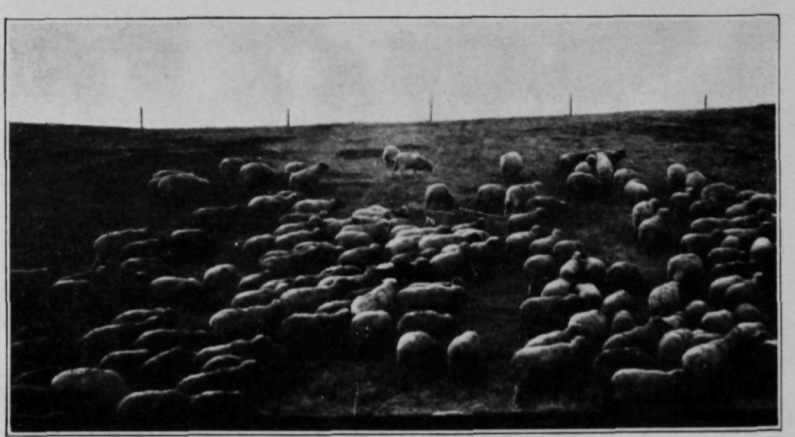
An art event of unusual interest is the coming lecture on March 12th, 8 p. m., at the Y. M. C. A. hall, of Prof. H. H. Powers, who comes under the auspices of the Cumming School of Art. The lecture is on Michael Angelo and the ceiling frescoes of the Sistine Chapel and will be illustrated by the stereoptican. It is similar to those which Prof. Powers delivers abroad in the presence of masterpieces, and of which Lorado Taft says, "It was the greatest art lecture I have ever heard." It will be a rare educational opportunity.

The Saturday night talks at the Art School, in which Professor Cumming criticises the sketches made by pupils on a subject announced the preceding week, are, as they have been for several years, a most attractive and profitable feature of the school life. Few teachers advance their pupils more rapidly along the line of original composition than does Prof. Cumming. They learn to think in paint; and these criticisms, conversational, kindly, caustic, whimsical and always stimulating, are enjoyed by a crowded room full of people—not all students.

In the private studio the strong personality of Ex-Governor Larrabee's portrait dominates the room, with Mrs. Larrabee a gracious presence in the background. To the visitor, the governor's portrait seems quite finished, though it does not yet satisfy the artistic conscience of the artist.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW STORE

All beauty lovers in Des Moines have given a welcome to the new flower store at 420 Sixth avenue. Its windows are most beautiful in the dull street, and the new store promises, with its fine modern equipment, to be one of the most attractive in the city. The proprietors are well known not only in Des Moines, but all over Iowa. Miss L. E. McMillen, for many years connected with the Des Moines Savings Bank; Mr. K. H. Guthrie, fifteen years in the employ of the Iowa Seed Company, and Mr. Oliver Lorenz, long with the Baker-Trisler Co. Their many friends will wish the new firm unbounded success in their venture. Cut flowers, seeds, plants and poultry supplies will be their specialties.



Picture from Life, of Sheep on Ranches of the Federal Land Company

Loaned by Chicago Art Institute

THE WATER MILL

By Meindert Habbema, Dutch Landscape Painter, 1638-1709

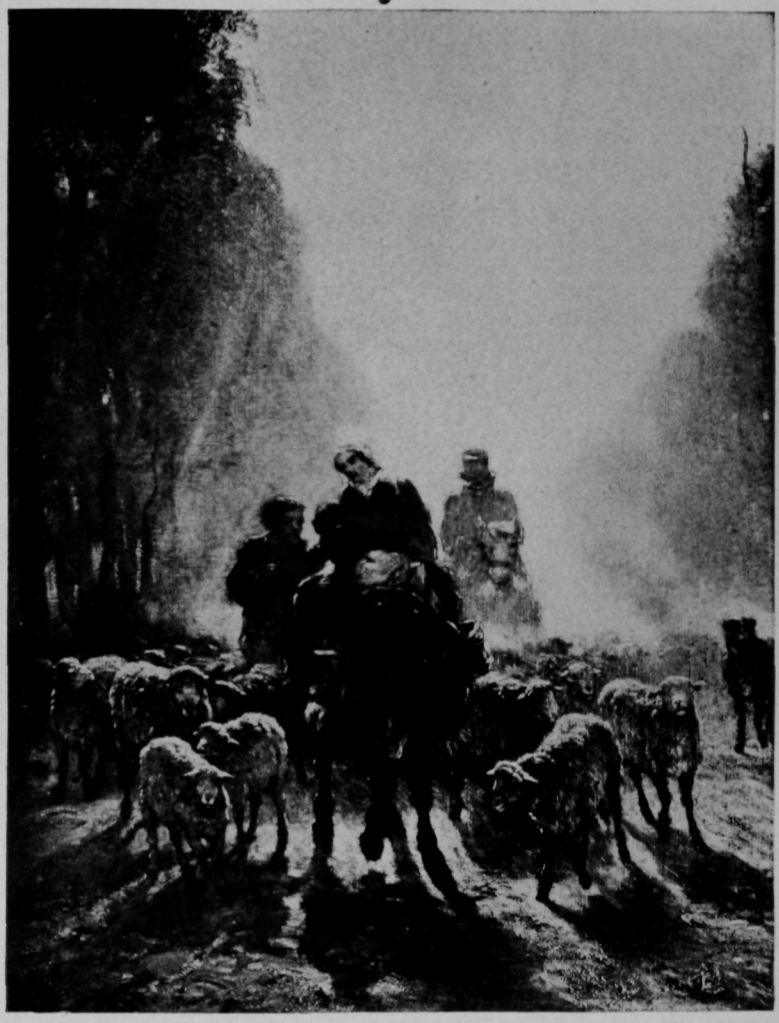
New Things in Wall Decorations

The Women's Club and kindred organizations, as well as individuals of splendid taste and homey dispositions, of which there are a great many in Des Moines, will be glad to learn that the Holland & New Co. have secured control of the line of wall hangings of the Robert Graves Co. of New York, as well as three other leading lines. Those who know the reputation of the Robert Graves Co. for fine wall hangings know this puts the Holland & New Co. out of reach of competition on high art combinations. On practically all snappy crown effects and new ideas you will find the name "Robert Graves" printed on the margin of the hanging.

Some of the newest and most beautiful things are now being shown in the Holland & New Co.'s store at 608-10 Locust St. Des Moines people are proud of and appreciate the fact that Des Moines has the largest retail wall paper and decorative store, as well as the most complete line of metropolitan wall hangings west of Chicago in the Holland & New Co. Mr. Boody, the president of the company, has been asked for suggestions on the newest things for 1908. These suggestions follow:

For a chamber effect you should see No. 5229 gold applique 22 in. frieze cut out with a chambray stripe sidewall and a four band ribbon border and a plain chambray effect on the lower one-third of the wall with a ribbon border. Also another beautiful effect shown in a panel figure with a chambray hanging No. 6517, wreaths cut out of crown, five band panel border printed on chambray.

For the library, crown hanging on the lower wall No. 6362 tapestry or textured style printed on raw silk, match ceiling or upper wall No. 6361. Another library effect which is probably the most beautiful thing that has ever been shown in Des Moines is a one band processional frieze printed on raw silk, gold grounds. This frieze has a repeat of 10 ft. 4 in. "The Triumph of Ceres" is the title, the sidewall is panelled with a five band binder No. 5507 in colorings to harmonize with the general furnishings of the room.



RETURNING FROM MARKET

Loaned by Chicago Art Institute

By Constant.Troyon, French Landscape and Animal Painter

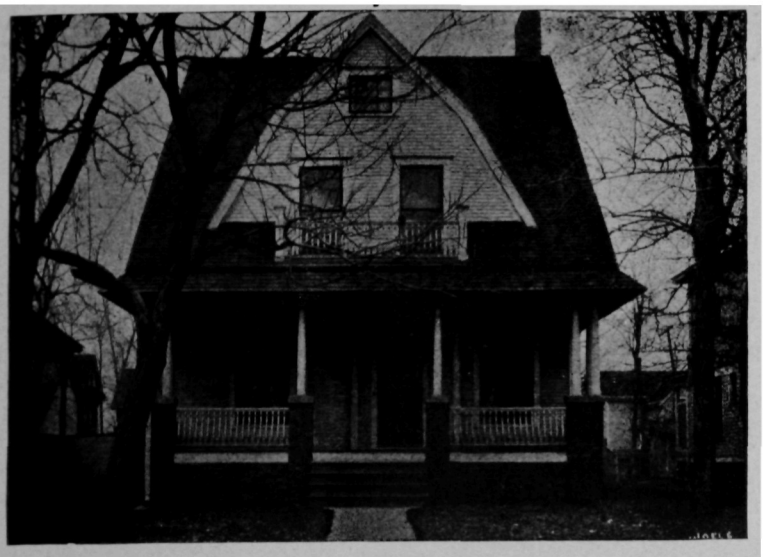
One of the handsomest parlor effects shown this year is a panelled parlor side wall, using a hand printed pressed paper, styling and dado No. 6357. Also a beautiful effect that has been especially admired by the most cultured is a forest frieze 20 in. wide, two tone stripe sidewall to match printed on plain and duplex ground.

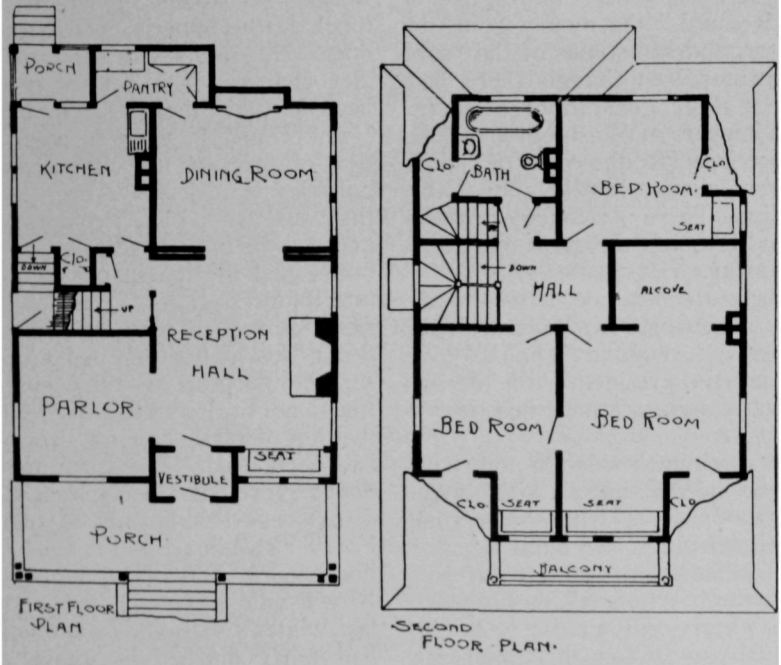
Dining rooms that have surpassed all former productions are shown in the "Prince of Babylon" decorations printed by hand in two parts, caps or ornaments with extensions.

For a nursery frieze No. 5283 is shown, which is 23 in. wide printed on white stock and ingrains, hanging No. 6354 used as base panelled in a small stripe.

For a reception hall the most unique thing shown is the Warwick decoration printed on white stock, hand printed on raw silk with or without gold with a panel ceiling effect and crown dados.

In order to show this high grade line of decorations and induce trade to start early the Holland & New Co. are making an unusual offer until March 15th. On the newest and latest goods that are shown they are offering 25 per cent discount on orders placed before that date.





Courtesy of C. E. Eastman

Medium Priced Seven Room House

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, 1908

If we have a court of chancery in this country, it must be the court of claims in Washington. "The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly small," and probably not many people in this country realize that the government is still paying for damages done by federal troops during the civil war. The bill passed by the House the other day contains a number of allowances for persons in the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia. Some of them are war claims by Virginia churches for damages done them during the civil war, the trustees of "Four Mile Creek Baptist Church, Henrico County," got $800 the other day. When it comes to personal restitution, the amounts seem to vary from $300 to $3,000, though the large sums are the exception. The original is usually "deceased," the money going to the executor, and sometimes of the "surviving executor," as though there had been two or three generations of them. There are lawyers in Washington whose sole practice is before the court of claims and congress always loyally allows any proven claim. There is a touch of pathos in it all, and it makes the great war seem not so far away.

Congress, as the headlines have already assured us, is getting down to hard work. It was a clever touch in "Ding's" cartoon showing the president with the big stick pulling congress out of bed, to set the clock at 11.

It is 11 o'clock in the session now, congress always adjourning at high noon.

A new senator whom visitors always ask to have pointed out is the blind Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, in spite of his handicap, a man rarely equipped for his work and whose oratory will one day be heard, though he has not broken that unwritten law which rules that the new senator shall not begin by making a speech. Senator Gore says that he has been a candidate for United States senator ever since he was eleven years old, which breaks the record of senatorial ambition. He says of Oklahoma: "We have there everything requisite for human happiness, I think, and we don't get anything from the East except the sunrise."

Another new senator who is asked for is "Fiddlin' Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, whom the popular imagination almost expects to have his fiddle with him. Senator Taylor lectured to a large audience the other evening for the benefit of a fund to erect a monument to Confederate veterans at Arlington, and his audience followed him as though he had been the Pied Piper of Hamlin. He sang negro songs inimitably and told stories which convulsed his auditors, and while he built his "castles in the air," he ransacked human experience for illustration which moved his audience to laughter and tears.

There is no trace of defeat in Senator Foraker's manner. There is always a touch of the imperial in what he says or does. He speaks with the haste of a cavalry charge. It is not for nothing that back in Ohio they call him Fire Alarm Foraker, and so, when he rose to a question of privilege the other morning the galleries leaned down over the rail in the usual way, those senators who happened to be in their seats sat up and took notice and the newspaper men swarmed into the press gallery. He had seized the first moment to reply to the president's denial that he had used federal patronage for the purpose of influencing the national political contest, and he did it by reading letters showing that patronage had been used. The story of the president's reply has already been told in the dispatches—this is only to suggest that Foraker still interests the Senate. Everybody remembers how he sprung the Brownsville affair the first morning of last winter's session as soon as Dr. Hale had fairly finished his prayer, and the antagonism developed then is still in the air. Just as Mr. Foraker was saying, "this is only one of a hundred cases in Ohio," the familiar form of Secretary Latta (never so familiar as during this administration) appeared at the door, and Vice-president Fairbanks said, "The senator will suspend while the Senate re-

The Des Moines Auditorium

ceives a message from the President of the United States." All the "dignity of the Senate" broke up in laughter, in which Senator Foraker himself joined, and Vice-president Fairbanks forgot to call the Senate to order.

Never before has Congress received so many messages from a president as during this administration. There is a live wire between the capitol and the white house. And often the messages contain a warning note of more to follow; there is always a green flag on the rear platform.

We have had Mr. Bryan with us, and large audiences have listened to him, and followed patiently his recital of the wrongs of the people, and his ideas as to how they should be relieved. But somehow the sheeches seemed more like lectures than speeches. Something of the old fascination and thrill is missing. We have heard so many of the same things said lately in a more vigorous way. It is the president who has taken the Bryan theories, and vitalized them by action, and so, by a sort of sarcasm of destiny, Mr. Bryan seems to echo President Roosevelt, though he really said these things first.

With the near advent of Lent, the social season draws to a close. The mid-winter ball at Ranscher's early in February is considered the climax of social affairs.

Of all the white house receptions, the reception given by the president to the senators and representatives is largest and most democratic. It is the people's party. Not so brilliant in a spectacular way as the diplomatic reception, with its varied foreign costumes and regalia, not so exclusive as the army and navy, it is in many ways more interesting than either. If the new corridor which was built for business purposes, served no other purpose, it facilitates wonderfully handling of these official receptions. There is no crush, no waiting outside. The long "line" creeps at a snail's pace, to be sure, yet it is through a well warmed and lighted corridor and half the chatting of the evening is done here. The other night, a lady who is a veteran in the game, left the line, walked ahead, dropped down on a settee and rested till the line caught up with her. It takes a good while to get around through the vestibule, through the private dining room, more simply furnished than that of many a private home, then into the ample dignity of the state dining room. So suddenly does one come upon the receiving line at last, that it seems as though the president had been

Bridges Across Lower Des Moines River

waiting behind the door. He catches the name accurately, and gives each guest a temperamental hand shake. Mrs. Roosevelt has never shaken hands at public receptions, but manages to convey the impression of cordiality without it, and the public understands. It is said that Mrs. Cleveland used to have to have her gloves cut from her hands after going upstairs.

Mrs. Fairbanks has more of vivid personality, more magnetism. If the country should conclude that Mr. Fairbanks is the best man for the place, Mrs. Fairbanks will give the country a brilliant social administration. She does not mind the limelight, and she has always, in her approachability, her unfailing good temper and her quick and accurate understanding of things been a boon to the reporters. When the newspaper men were reduced to their lowest terms of despair by Senator Fairbank's speechlessness on the acceptance of the vice-presidential nomination, they appealed to Mrs. Fairbanks and she told them what to say. The hospitality of the Fairbanks home has known no bounds and it is always a matter of regret when Mrs. Fairbanks' health suffers an eclipse, though her place is ably filled by her daughter, Mrs. Timmons.

Probably no president's wife has ever kept herself so persistently in the background as has Mrs. Roosevelt. It was said from the first that she would do this, and the lack of photographs, interviews and anecdotes prove that she has been able to carry out her intention. She had little to learn when she came to be the first lady of the land. She knew her Washington, having been there as a young lady, and again as the wife of Mr. Roosevelt when he was assistant secretary of the navy. One of her private pleasures now is to keep up the little reading club to which she then belonged And then, when it came to the endlesss detail of her new position, she had Miss Hagner, the most accomplished social secretary in Washington. Belle Hagner deserves a paragraph of her own. Belonging to an old Washington family, she knows what is what and who is who, and rarely makes a mistake. With an attractive personality, which makes her sought for her own sake, aside from her official position, she is a charming addition to the white house family, though she does not live there, as many suppose, but preserves the dignity of residence in her own home. She assists Mrs. Roosevelt at the teas and musicals which have been so frequent, officiates at the white house in Mrs. Roosevelt's absence, and by virtue of her position is a sort of arbitor of social destiny.

The Vanderbilt wedding did not interest Washington half so much as did the recent marriage of Miss Theodora Shonts. For the "Shonts girls" were very popular during the brief period of Mr. Shonts' official residence here. Western born, they had kept the breezy individuality that we have learned to expect. Eastern boarding schools, foreign travel and presentations at court had not spoiled them. They were just sweet, wholesome, interesting young women; fond of outdoor life, and democratic in their tastes. "You can't tire them out," said a gentleman who met them down on the Isthmus. "They can ride horseback in the morning, play golf in the afternoon, dance half the night and be fresh as a rose the next morning." The popular belief that Mr. Shonts' well known opposition finally gave way confirms the public impression that it is a love match, and since the days of Nellie Grant no American bride has ever sailed away to her foreign home with warmer congratulations from the public.

The gowns were not all Paris made, as a woman, Mrs. Gertrude Schumann Whittlesey, is painting some beautiful gowns for Miss Theodora Shonts' trousseau, and for Mrs. Shonts, and Miss Marguerite Shonts. One particularly beautiful gown has a border of peacock feathers around the bottom of the skirt, and about three yards of the design for trimming on the waist. This one and one with an exquisite design of roses in a beautiful shade of pink were for the bridal trousseau.

Mrs. Shonts had one with a gorgeous design of mauve orchids and maiden-hair fern, and Miss Marguerite Shonts two, one with a border of autumn foliage and one in morning glories.

Every year about this time, the newspaper men in the press gallery of the House have a unique oyster supper. When Harry Libbey was a member of congress from Norfolk, and then and now in the oyster business, he used to give them an annual stew of Chesapeake Bay's best. He keeps it up, and the other day Doorkeeper Mann, in a white apron and be-

hind an improvised bar in the room in the rear of the press gallery, ladeled out a hogshead of the bivalves.

Washington is to have another equestrian statue, the Sheridan statue to be placed on Sheridan Circle in the exclusive west end. Done by Borglum, best known by his "Mares of Dromedes," now in the Metropolitan Museum, it is said to be not nearly so good as Milligan's Chicago statue of the great cavalry leader. Sheridan is turning and waving a salue to his men, and the pose is more sensational than dignified. Something seems to be the matter with the horse, especially with his legs, perhaps because he has been reined up so suddenly. It is painful and awkward, and even the casual observer can see that, no matter how true the pose may have been for the moment, it could not have been permanent. There is an intimation, grateful when one remembers how the Sherman statute down by the Treasury seems to hang in mid-air that this will be placed near the ground where equestrian statues really belong.

The Corcoran gallery has recently had a gift of a painting entitled, "The Brush of our Flag," by Henry, so well known here, and who has the honor of being the first American artist to sell a picture to the French government, his "Le Retour" being purchased by the Luxembourg Museum in 1879. This picture idolizes the flag, which seems to materialize in the brilliant art. At the recent exhibition of water colors in the Hemicycle, more pictures were sold than in many years when money has been more plentiful.

Lorraine

THE STORY OF THE FIRST RED HERRING

Not everybody knows the story of the first red herring. In Yarmouth, England, many years ago, there lived a poor fisherman, who, having caught more herring than he knew what to do with, hung them up in the smoky roof of his shed to dry, and immediately proceeded to forget all about them. It was bitter weather and the fisherman built up his fire well, so that plenty of smoke was soon curling up among the rafters, and presently it came about that the herring, from being "white as whalebone" when they were hung up became "as red as lobsters." Some days passed before either the fisherman or his wife thought of their herring, and when at last they did so and discovered what strange colored fish they had become, they were struck with amazement, and fell down on their knees and crossed themselves, and cried, "A miracle, a miracle!" Then they hastened off to the king's court, then assembled at Burgh Castle, and presented their treasures to his majesty, who was so impressed at the sight of them that he gave the pair leave to hawk them up and down the country as strange monsters. This was not the end of the story, either, for the king, on the strength of the miracle that had been worked at Yarmouth, granted the place many privileges, so that from the very first herring brought good to the old town.

Expert Makes Food Comparisons

Dr. Franklin W. White, in a lecture to the students of Harvard medical school, makes some rather startling statements to illustrate the comparative nourishing properties of different foods. Some of them follow:

A slice of bread and butter equals in nourishment:

Three good slices of beef.

Twenty cups of beef tea made from beef extract.

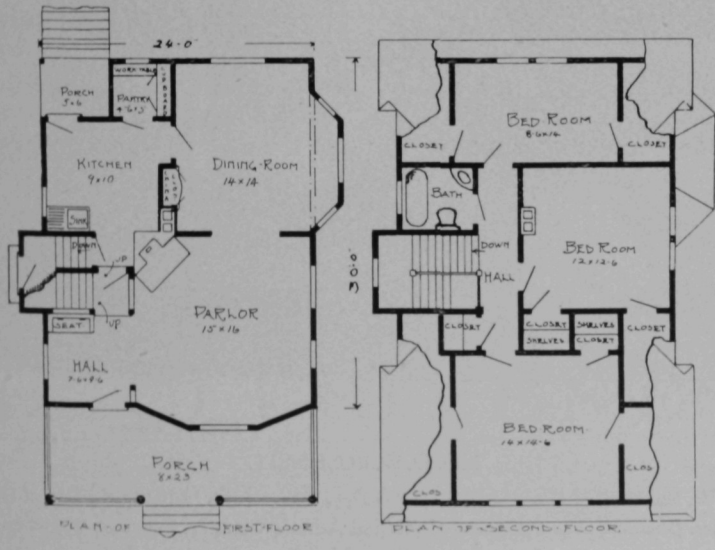
Half a glass of milk.

One and one-half eggs.

Small plate of baked beans.

Sixteen oysters.

Eleven cups of home-made beef tea.



C. E. Eastman

Modern Priced Six Room Cottage

Photo by Webster

Mrs. D. W. BUSHNELL

Mrs. D. W. Bushnell of Council Bluffs, Vice-Pres. Gen. of the National Society of D. A. R. Mrs. Bushnell was the guest of Abigail Adams Chapter, February 10, when she read a paper on "A Trip to Jamestown."

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MADAME MARCELLA SEMBRICH

Who Appears in Concert at the Auditorium in April

MUSIC AND THE PLAY

Heinrich Pfitzner's Recital

Thursday evening, February 13th, Heinrich Pfitzner appeared in recital at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The program was as follows:

1. Prelude and Fugue in D major... .....*Bach-Ffitzner*
2. Sonata, Op. 31, No. 1....*Beethoven*
3. Six Moments Musical, Op. 94... .....*Schubert*
4. Phantasie Impromptu, Op. 66.... Nocturne, Op. 72.....*Chopin* Scherzo, Op. 20.....
5. Two Rhapsodies, Op. 79....*Brahms*
6. Ad Memoriam .....*Liszt* Mazeppa .....

It is a program which excels not only by its size, musical significance and technical difficulty, but also by its judicious compilation. Its execution calls on the musical and technical capacity of the pianist to the utmost; and Mr. Pfitzner surely stood the test. The classicity of style required by Bach and Beethoven; the intimacy and delicacy characteristic of Schubert and Chopin; the dramatic pathos essential in Brahms and Liszt; as well as the acute shading and phrasing, the variety of tone production, and the tremendous amount of technic required by such a program in general; all this was manifest. Particularly it may be mentioned that the closing number, Mazeppa, by Liszt, is a selection of such unspeakable difficulty, that only the elect can even attempt to play it.

The whole affair had a dignified aspect. There was evidently a select audience, who appreciated the artist and his program; a solemn silence prevailed, only interrupted by the applause between numbers; and the artist, who played the whole program without intermission, did not disturb its harmony by repetitions or encores, until, after its close, he was forced to give an additional number, the audience remaining seated until he returned to the piano.

The size of the audience was large for a Des Moines recital, with admission charged, but not nearly adequate for the occasion. This was the fifth time Mr. Pfitzner appeared here, but it was the first time that the importance of the event was realized to any degree. Those who have heard him before, are convinced that this was the first time that his appearance in this city has been sufficiently advertised and that he was furnished with an instrument of any power and quality of tone. Even this time he had to be content with a half size grand piano But it had at least enough tone to let the player show the possibilities of his touch; which he did in such a manner that one could guess at what can be expected of him when he handles a real concert grand piano, as Paderewski and the other traveling artists do.

When will Des Moines be so fair as to furnish an artist with a concert grand? And when will Des Moines realize what we have in Heinrich Pfitzner? Let us do so before it is too late.

Musical journals and indeed the daily press still echo with reminiscences of the genius and personality of the late Edward E. Mac Dowell. Among other things, this, that he was contemporary with Dr. Dvorak in demonstrating that native folk song elements were capable of use. In a collection of folk songs he found such themes as "A Harvest Song of the Iroquois," and a "Love Song of the Iowas," which he incorporated in his most important orchestral work, "The Indian Suite," produced in 1896.

A notable feature of the month has been the series of lectures on musical history, given by Mr. Sidney Silber, director piano department, Des Moines Musical College. Especially valuable to students of music, the lectures were not so over-weighted with technical information as to be unintelligible to the laity. Mr. Silber brings to his subject the treatice of culture which relates music to life. He shows how the great classic and romantic movements in music were contemporary with the classic and romantic movements in literature, and how, in both instances, the moods of men were inflected by world events. He de-

WADE DRENNAN

scribes operas, makes vivid the personality of the greater and lesser composers, and gives a wealth of biographical and personal reminiscence. A second lecture course on similar topics will be given during the spring.

The first musical event of the past month at the Drake Conservatory of Music, was the faculty recital given at the Drake auditorium on Monday night, Feb. 3, by Mrs. Anna Rosen-Kerr, soprano and Frederick Vance Evans, with Miss Iva May Morrison and Miss Harriet Spangler at the piano. Mr. Evans was assisted on the English ballad "Danny Darer," by the Howard Hall Male Quartette.

On Monday night, Feb. 10, the Girls' Glee gave a concert at Drake Auditorium, under direction of Miss Kerr, Mr. Wendell Heighton, cellist; Mrs. Paul Volkmar, reader, and the Trier Concert Company also contributed to the program.

The Junior recitals at Drake began with the program given February 10th by Doris Van Meter and William Clifford, vocal; Miss Cassandra Wallace, violinist, and Miss Esta Sharpnack at the piano. The program will be given at half past four on successive Mondays and Thursdays throughout the remainder of the term.

Music Day, always popular in the

Woman's Club, brought out a record-breaking audience on Wednesday, February 5th, in the auditorium at Sherman Place, when the Woman's Club Chorus, under the direction of Dean Nagel, gave a most attractive program of entirely American music. The soloists were: Eugene Hahnel, violinist; Wendell Heighton, cello; T. Fred Henry, horn; W. C. Hullinger, flute.

Miss Rose Reichard, head of the violin department at Drake, will appear in recital at the Drake Auditorium early in March, in a series of Grieg and Beethoven sonatas. A Bach concerto for two violins will be given, in which Miss Reichard will be assisted by her talented pupil, Wade Drennan, who graduates this year from Drake Conservatory. Miss VanAaken will be at the piano.

Mr. Drennan has overcome unusual difficulties, owing to his blindness, in gaining his musical education. The music is read to him, note by note, and he puts it down, a few measures at a time, according to the notation for the blind. His memory has developed remarkably, he being able to learn in one afternoon what a pupil usually requires several days to learn.

"Week-end" concerts arranged not to interfere with their school work, were given during the latter half of February at points outside of Des Moines, by Mr. Drennan, accompanied by Wayne Sawtelle, baritone; Lilian S. Sawtelle, pianist, and reader, Miss Mabel Forester, pupil Drake School of Oratory.

Eighteen children from Mrs. Charles S. Hardy's private classes, captivated their audience at the Guest Hall on February 8th, in a program which rippled and sparkled. A second recital by members of the juvenile class was given February 22d, and in March, on a date not yet set, a recital will be given by more advanced students.

In the Near future Mrs. Hardy will announce recitals by Miss Grace Dewing, and the brilliant young pianist, Miss Josephine Sharp.

On Wednesday, March 4th, Miss Ailsy Thomason, post-graduate pupil of Dean Howard, will give a recital, and on the 11th, Dean Howard will present his pupil, Miss Legge, in a recital.

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chorus, is being rehearsed twice a week at Drake, to be given on Monday night, March 23d, at the Drake Auditorium, under the direction of Frederick Vance Evans.

The Twilight Recitals at the Unitarian Church, under the direction of Mr. Wendell Heighton suggested by the moral-musical motive of drawing people away from the Sunday theater, have been most enjoyable. Two artists of note, from this and neighboring states, appear at each concert.

The annual patriotic memorial service for Lincoln, given at Plymouth church, February 16th, included a musical program of unusual interest, under the direction of Mrs. Margaret Lovejoy Weber, with the church choir of ninety voices. Soloists, Mrs. Grace Clark-DeGraff, soprano; Miss Helen Hall Saum, contralto; John Hopkins, tenor; J. N. Darling, basso; Mrs. J. S. Barnett, organist. Among the numbers rendered were Kipling's Recessional, The March of the Nation by Geibel, the new Hail Columbia by Chadwick, and the national hymn, during the singing of which the Governor's Guards stood at attention, as is the universal custom abroad whenever a national hymn is sung.

Mrs. Amelia Schmidt-Gobble, of Davenport; Miss Olga Junge, pianist, of Rock Island; Mrs. Bertha Lincoln Heustis, of Dubuque, and Henry G. Cox, violinist, of Iowa City, will appear at the Twilight Recitals the first and second Sundays in March.

In a piano recital on February 13th, Mr. Heinrich Pfitzner of the Midwestern Conservatory gave a brilliant and varied program, including numbers from Liszt, Schubert and Beethoven.

It is only in her spare moments from opera, that Mme. Sembrich may be heard in concert, and her appearance at the auditorium, April 6th, will be a rare opportunity to hear one of the world's greatest sopranos. Her portraits show the charm of a personality which captivates her audiences.

Madame Louise B. Voigt, who comes in select Artists' recitals at the Unitarian Church on March 5th, is a beautiful wom-

J. N. DARLING

an, of commanding presence, with a voice possessing the rare combination of a colorature and at the same time dramatic soprano.

Playing on a violin which was made by Stradivarius in 1712, in memory of his deceased son, Herr Skovgaard, the Danish violin virtuoso, gave a concert at the Y. M. C. A. hall, on Feb. 22nd, and in a brilliant and varied program maintained the high musical reputation which he brings from European musical centers.

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LITERARY DIGEST

THIS WEEK

at the News Stands

The many friends of Miss Rachel Steinman, the talented young violinist, are delighted to have her at home and to be able to hear her in a benefit concert on the evening of March 4th at the Unitarian Church. Miss Steinman has been on a most successful tour, and is now preparing to go to Europe for a year's study in April. Her talent for the violin is rare indeed, and much may be expected of her in the future. In the benefit concert she will be assisted by Wendell Heighton, George Ogden, Frederika Gerhardt, and Miss Irma Day, accompanist.

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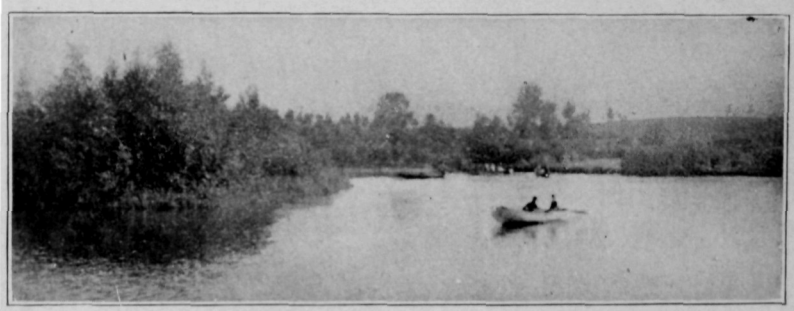

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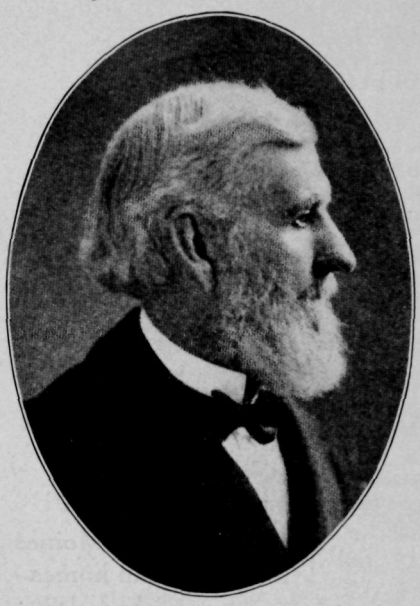
IN MEMORY

JUDGE GIVEN



Full of years and covered with honors, the voyage of life nobly made, in the full glow of a glorious sunset, there was only peace and beauty in the passing away of this beautiful spirit. By the best use of great gifts, Judge Given had attained to a full measure the successes warranted by the talents given him. To him great value lay only in truly great things—he made no effort in false directions—truth and duty were supreme with him.

His spirit of justice and charity for all made him friends in all classes, rich and poor, the high and the lowly. That beautiful, kindly old face, with its high intelligence and the look of love and gentleness was familiar to everybody in Des Moines. For many months the hearts of thousands here turned toward him as he lay upon his bed of pain. In his death the world loses one of the noblest of men. To his dear ones whom he loved with a true heart's great devotion, the sympathy of thousands is offered.

Blessed be his memory.

W. E. STATLER

The last forms of *The Midwestern* were on the presses when the sudden news came of the death of one of our best friends, W. E. Statler, of the Bankers' Accident Ins. Co. Just in the flush of early manhood, the noon-tide not yet reached, full of energy and ambition, with success crowning his efforts, well loved in his family and in a wide circle of near friends and honored in business circles, the loss of such a man came as a great shock to the community.

Although a young man and comparatively a new resident of Des Moines, Mr. Statler had built up for himself an enviable reputation in the city in business circles. He was loved and honored by his near associates for his splendid qualities as a man. He was of the type that go to the making of a splendid citizenship, and Des Moines can ill afford to lose such a man. The blow has fallen most hard upon the wife and young daughters in a home which was his dearest place on earth. In their loneliness and grief may they be comforted by the hand that wipes away all tears and soothes all our sorrows.

MRS. KAHLER

To very many friends all over Iowa, the news of the death of Mrs. Kahler came as a great surprise and grief. It was unexpected to all but a small circle of those nearest to her. Hers was one of the sweetest and noblest spirits in the world. Loving her own with an intense devotion, she also reached out to all of the homeless, the sorrowful, the needy about her. She was the exemplification of true charity in a noble and beautiful sense. A wonderful optimism made her look upon the bright side, even when the skies were darkest. Griefs came to her, but she conquered them. She was equal to severe trials and true to every test of her loyalty and love. So useful in her circle of family and friends, such a source of inspiration to all with whom she came in contact, her passing way is especially sad. To the lonely ones left in the home the loving sympathy of many who loved this sweet mother and friend, is extended.

Who I Am and Where I Came From

By a COFFEE BEAN

Lying in a package of coffee with a great many others like me and labeled The Bell Coffee, it occurred to me whether the Bell People who pack a very fine grade of coffee, knew anything about my ancestry, and to set myself right before the world, I had my ancestral tree prepared through the medium of a learned scholar, who writes me the following facts:

"Your name was derived from the Arabic Khawah, there were fifty to sixty species, but the list is now restricted to twenty-two, of these seven belong geographically to Asia, and of the fifteen African species eleven are found in the West Coast, two in Central and East Africa and two are natives of Mauritius.

"The tree on which you grew is an evergreen plant of from eighteen to twenty feet high; when flowering you produce dense clusters of pure white color with a rich fragrant odor. Your use was known at a period placed at 875 A. D. You were first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia by a learned and pious Shiek. Down to 1690 the only supply of coffee was from Arabia and in that year the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies received a few coffee seeds from Arabia and Java, and these seeds he planted in the Garden of Batavia where they grew and flourished so abundantly that the culture was immediately commenced on an extended scale in Java. One of the first plants grown in that island was sent to Holland as a present to the Governor of the Dutch East India. It was planted in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam, and young plants grown from its seeds were sent to Suranam where it was cultivated. Ten years later the plant was introduced in the West Indian Islands and gradually the culture extended throughout the New World, till now, the progeny of the single plant sent from Java to Holland produces more coffee than is grown by all the other plants in the world. As we judge a woman's beauty by her shape, size and color, so your commercial value is determined. You belong to the medicinal class of food valuable from the stimulating effect upon the nervous and vascular system, you produce a feeling of buoyancy which does not end in depression, increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe exertion. Your value under the rigors of arctic cold has been demonstrated by all arctic explorers, and you are scarcely less useful in tropical regions where you stimulate the action of the skin."

I see, Mr. Bell, that you print on your package South America Mocha and Java. You are certainly right in this, this being a trade name for me, because I am a Mocha and Java descendant. I am proud of my birth and proud that the American people appreciate my qualities in the various brands you use me in.

Wishing you the best of success in the matter of supplying the people with pure goods, I am,

Yours, very truly,
A Coffee Bean.

In connection with the above, we desire to state to our trade that we guarantee all our goods to conform to the Pure Food Law if sold in our original package and seal unbroken.

J. H. BELL & CO., Chicago, Ill.
November, 1906.

CALUMET

A High Grade BAKING POWDER

CALUMET is a pure, wholesome and perfect baking powder, always giving satisfaction.

The best proof is that of the oven.

Give *CALUMET* a trial. Lay aside your prejudice for just one baking.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money refunded.

THE LEAVENING POWER ALWAYS REMAINS THE SAME.

You cannot experiment every time you make a cake or biscuits, or test the strength of your baking powder to find out how much of it you should use; yet with most baking powders you should do this, for they are put together so carelessly they are never uniform, the quality and strength varying with each can purchased. Therefore, at one time a baking powder will produce less leavening gas than at another.

If you base your calculations on the strength and results of a previous can, you may use too much or not enough of the new; your cake or biscuits will not rise; they will remain heavy and your materials and time will be lost; or else you will have a harshly acid or strongly alkaline cake or biscuits.

Avoid the cheap and "Big Can" baking powders. Cheap baking powders leave bread sometimes bleached and acid, sometimes yellow and alkaline, and always unpalatable, they are never of uniform strength and quality.

Calumet Baking Powder is made of chemically pure ingredients of tested strength. Experienced chemists put it up. The proportions of the different materials remain always the same. Sealed in air tight cans Calumet Baking Powder does not alter in strength and is not affected by atmospheric changes. Yet it is only one-half the price of the Trust baking powders.

In using Calumet you are bound to have uniform cake or biscuits. Calumet contains no cheap, useless, or adulterating ingredients so commonly used to increase the weight. Food prepared from it is free from Rochelle Salts, Alum, Lime, Ammonia, and the cost is moderate.

TO BE FOREWARNED

The disbelief in the usefulness of medicine is growing among all classes of people, and the belief that preventive is better than cure is growing just as rapidly. Acting upon this theory, state boards of health are everywhere looking into the causes of disease and providing, so far as possible by wise legislation, for prevention of disease. It is only within a few years that our impure milk supply has been generally accorded to be one of the most serious causes for fatal disease, such as tuberculosis and typhoid. The investigations along this line, led to the perfecting of a plan to purify and absolutely disinfect milk and cream. So, nowadays, the sickness caused by impure milk is inexcusable, especially in a community where a pure milk supply is offered as in Des Moines. The method of pasteurization is a wonderful one and has proved the salvation of thousands, both young and old. Everybody in Des Moines may use it. All reliable dealers keep it. It costs no more than other milk. It is clean; it is pure; it is free from disease germs; it is delicious to taste. Ask your dealer for Pasteurized milk and cream and take no other.

A BOON TO BUSINESS MEN

Business men are more prone to dyspepsia than any other class of people, especially those of sedentary habits. For this very reason they should take good heed that their noon-day lunch is both palatable and of easy digestion. To eat a heavy dinner at noon and then plunge into work of an absorbing nature, is something no wise man will do. All that one needs at noon is a light luncheon, and all the requirements of such a luncheon can be met at the Boston Lunch. Clean, convenient, quick service, home cooking, the best coffee in town and ridiculously cheap in price when the excellence is considered, no wonder the Boston Lunch is considered a boon to the business men of the city.

Chas. Ebersole's Market
419 Sixth Ave.
Fresh and Salt **Meats**
FISH, OYSTERS, &c.
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For SPRING WEAR are now being shown and they are extremely UP-TO-DATE

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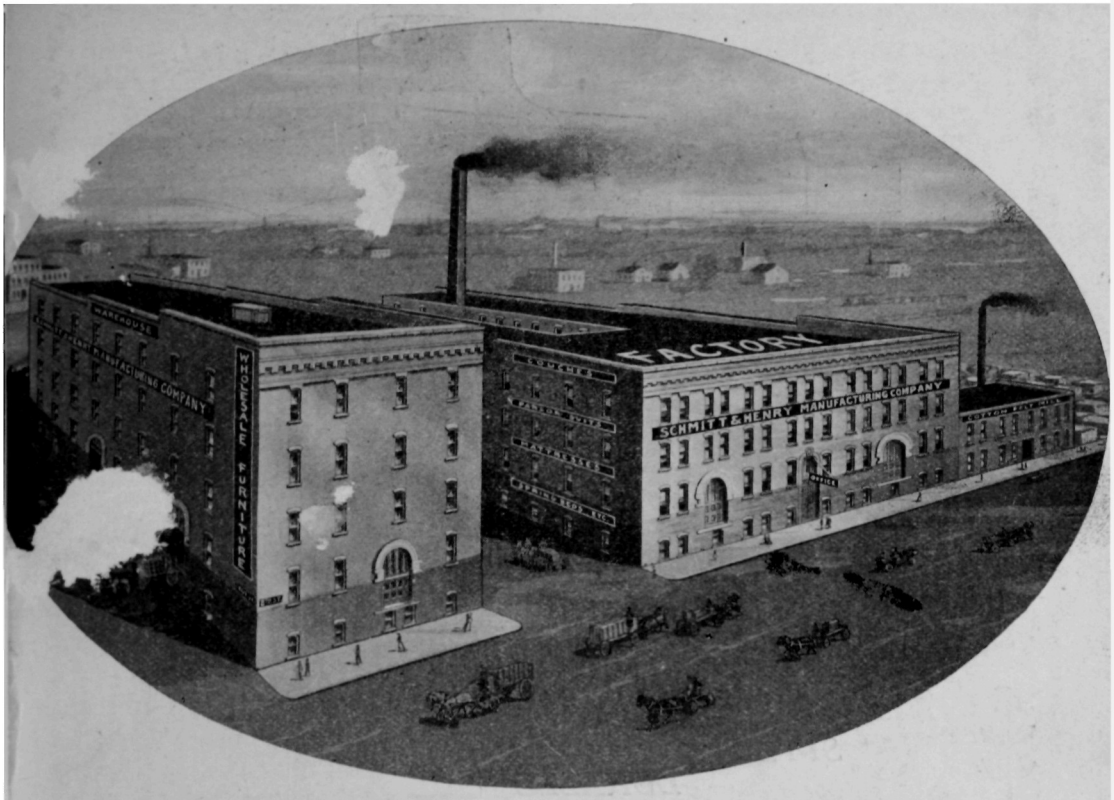


HOME OF THE SCHMITT & HENRY MFG. CO.

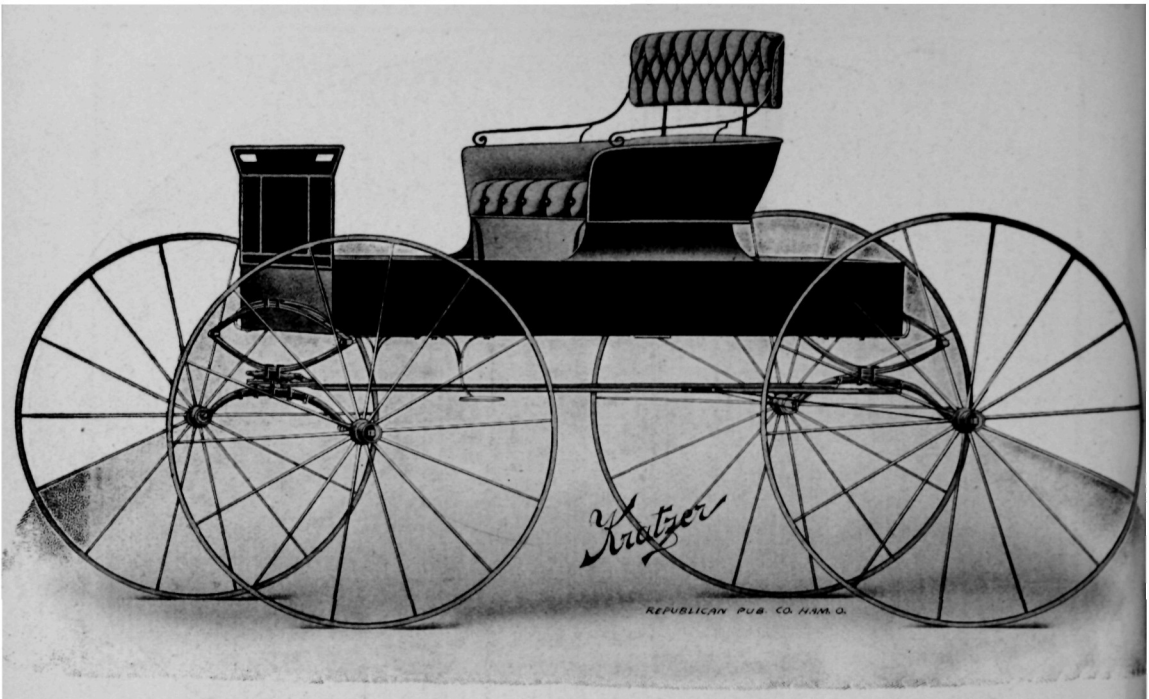
The Largest and Most Modern Plant of its Kind in the West

The business was started twenty-two years ago, and has always gone ahead, a little bigger and stronger each year. We have always aimed to lead and not to follow.

We now employ twelve traveling salesmen and about one hundred and twenty-five workmen.

Our goods are sold and known as "The Quality Kind" in the following states:

Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arizona, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Colorado.



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DURABLE
SATISFACTORY

KRATZER VEHICLES

Driving Wagons
Light Surreys
Buggies
Carriages

MADE IN DES MOINES
Sold by the best dealers

A beautiful Book of Styles sent free upon request

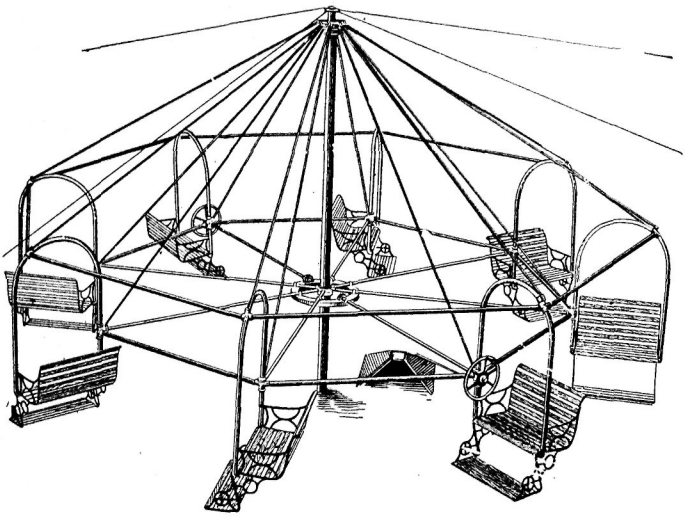
KRATZER CARRIAGE CO.

MANUFACTURERS

DES MOINES, IOWA

PARK AND LAWN FURNISHINGS

This pattern is hand - driven. Carries 25 passengers, weighs 2600 lbs., is 25 ft. in diameter, can be operated by two small children when fully loaded. Is absolutely safe substantial and sold under a full guarantee, the most sensible and best drawing card to place in the public or private park.



This same pattern with power attachment for commercial use, carries 40 passengers, weighs 4800 lbs., is 34 ft. in diameter, can be operated by any kind of an engine, is quickly set up or taken down is very strong, and one-fourth the price of other swings of same capacity; either pattern being fitted with ball bearings of best quality.

The greatest feature of the Public Park and Childrens' Play Grounds

We solicit your inquiry for the following goods in large or small quantities, and offer only good substantial articles in this line: Circle Swings, Lawn Swings, Porch Hangers, Park and Lawn Seats and Settees, Advertising Seats, Folding Tables, Teeter Totters, Waste Baskets, etc.

Correspondence will have our careful and prompt attention.

Address, DES MOINES PARK SWING CO., Des Moines, Iowa.

MUSGRAVE FENCE CO.

MANUFACTURERS, JOBBERS AND BUILDERS

Ornamental Fences and Gates
Iron Hitch Posts
Flower Guards
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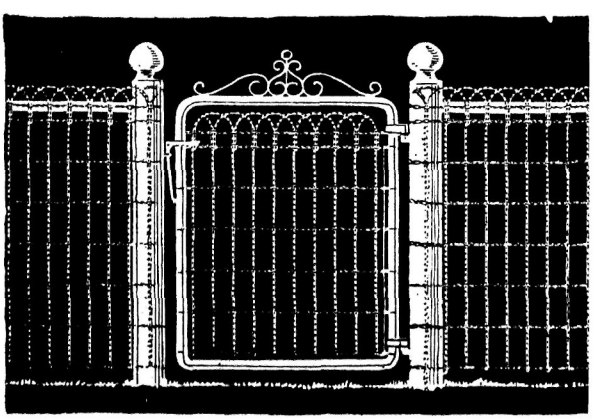

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Wear "Sheuerman" Skirts

Made by

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Capital City Woolen Mills

Des Moines, Iowa

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HEYWOOD CANDY CO.
DES MOINES, IA.

Heywood's Chocolates

are delicious and sweet,
CLEAN AND PURE and mighty hard to beat,
And the chap who buys them the girls will jump to greet,
For she knows the best of fellows would not consider others a treat.

HEYWOOD CANDY CO., Des Moines, Iowa

Designed by Claude Patterson

THE MIDWESTERN

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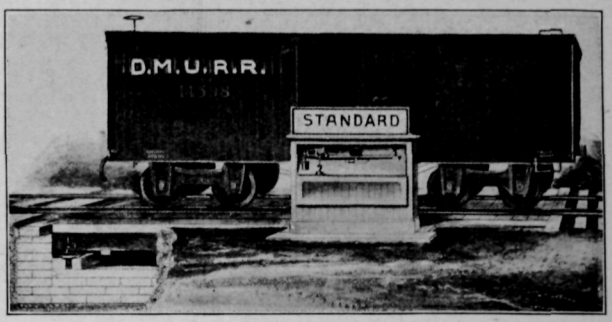
Manufacturers

Standard Scales . .



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DES MOINES, IOWA

Builders of Coal Mine Equipment

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When in Colfax stop at the

CENTROPOLIS HOTEL

The Handy Place---where you get good Beds, Home Cooking & Reasonable Rates.

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Fresh and Salt Meats

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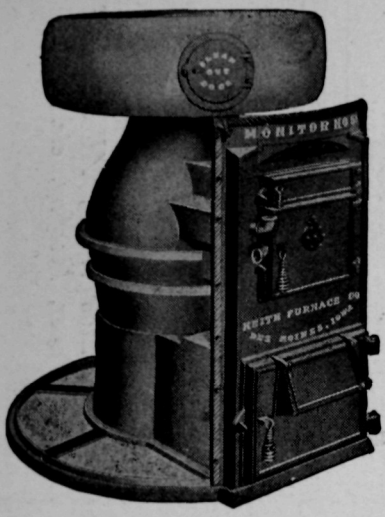

Made in the Middle West
FOR
MIDWESTERNERS

There are other heaters, of course! But none so perfectly adapted to the economical and successful use of the fuel that is in common use thru-out the territory tributary to this market.

It has no superfluous parts, but is constructed along lines and in sizes that are in keeping with the requirements of the modern homes of today.

" The Proof of the Pudding," etc.

We point with pride to the thousands of homes that are today successfully and economically heated by **Monitor Furnaces**, as a sufficient proof of their practical utility.

We are prepared to show you wherein they meet your every requirement as a dependable, ever-ready, uniform source of artificial heat.

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The Keith Furnace Company,

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BECKMAN BROS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

NEW AMERICAN STEEL FRAME

Pitless Farm Scale

THEY ARE PIT OR PITLESS

ALL BEAMS ARE BRASS — NO LOOSE WEIGHTS
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Our scale differs from all others. It is in a class by itself. It has no rigid cast iron bearings, the platform swings and hangs on eight steel faced clevises.

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BOTH PHONES — FIFTH AND RACCOON STS

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DES MOINES, - IOWA

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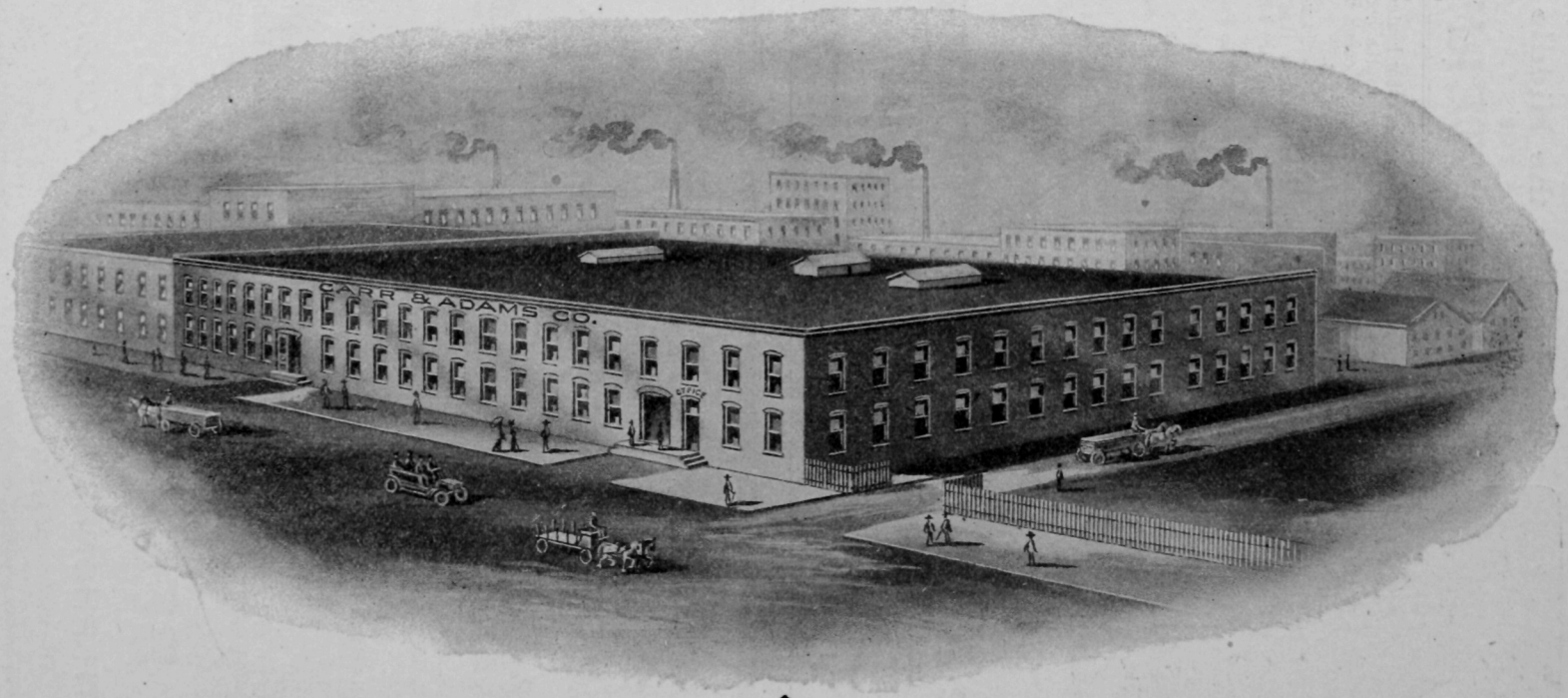

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Fine Interior Hardwood Finish

SASH DOORS AND ALL KINDS OF MILL WORK

Veneered Doors, Stair Work, All kinds of
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Our Motto:
You never take any chances in ordering from us, we always make good.

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CAPITAL CITY ROOFING

When you have to rely on your Grocer to send you your meats

Just insist on him sending you

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They can always be depended upon

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Your customers are attracted as much by the appearance of your store and its furnishings as by your stock in trade.

Let us furnish you a sketch of what you need by a thoroughly up-to-date designer, and an estimate of the cost.

The doors and trim of your building are as important an item as your furniture.

We are specialists in the art of getting out high grade finishing as well as fixtures.

Estimates promptly made for everything in woodwork

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THE GLASGOW WOOLEN MILLS CO.

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Invite you to inspect the largest stock of

WOOLENS
For Men's Garments for Spring and Summer

EVER BROUGHT TO DES MOINES

Leave your order for coal with us, if you want it filled promptly, with fuel that will make good in stove or furnace. Our coal comes from the best mine. Has a large percentage of burnable material. Is carefully cleaned and screened. Is full weight to the ton, and is delivered where and when you want it.

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611 GRAND AVE.

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Get Home Grown Stock

The Grand View Nursery and Orchards Co. of this city have their nurseries at Hull and Delaware Ave. Their packing house and sales grounds are at the end of East Ninth St. The Union Park cars take you within one block.

We sell good trees, hardy, thrifty and sure to grow. We have the right varieties—the kind that will bear fruit. We know what you should plant and have the goods. Try 'em. We list a few items :

Fruit Trees	Small Fruits	Ornamentals
APPLES	GRAPES	ROSES
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PEACHES	GOOSEBERRIES	LILACS
PLUM	BLACKBERRIES	SPIREAS
PEAR	RASPBERRIES	CLEMATIS
MULBERRY	DEWBERRIES	CUT LEAF BIRCH
APRICOT	STRAWBERRIES	CATALPA
QUINCE		MOUNTAIN ASH
NECTARINES		

We not only have nursery stock, but we have a whole lot of it—not a few trees, but thousands of trees. They are the very best. The prices are right, too.

Take Union Park cars—By the way, the shrubbery beds in Union Park came from our nursery. If you buy from us, we will refund your car fare At any rate, a visit to our grounds will interest you.

GRAND VIEW NURSERY AND ORCHARDS CO.

Mutual Phones 117 and 319 E. **500-508 Capital City Bank Bldg.**

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BY A DEFEATED CANDIDATE

I have been out-classed as a candidate for councilman, but did you know that I was proprietor of a Des Moines industry that cannot be beat in any city in the country? I don't bar Galveston with the commission plan of government. Send your Spring Clothing, Curtains, Tapestries, etc., to **THE NEW WARDROBE** and have them Dry or Steam Cleaned. Work is always satisfactory.

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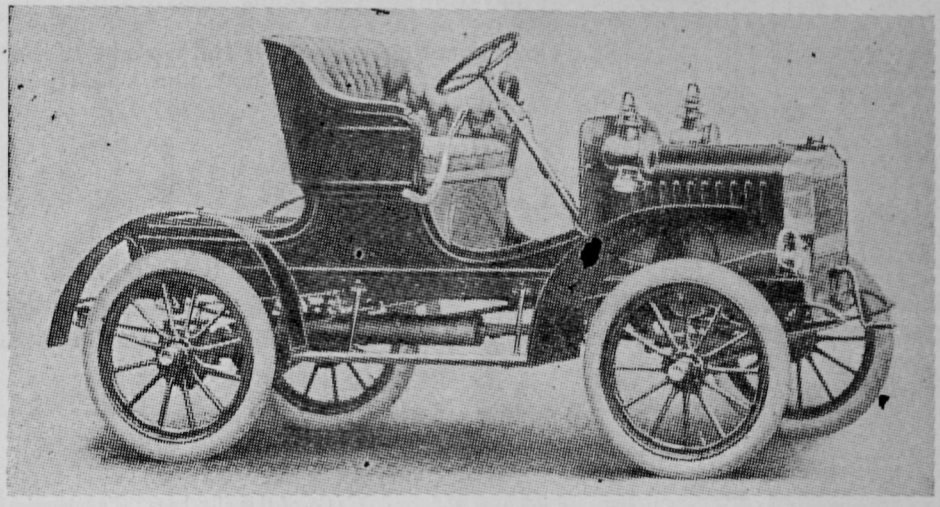

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Capital, $100,000.00
Surplus, $ 75,000.00
Deposits, $1,540,000.00

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Asst. Cashier

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DES MOINES, IOWA

CAPITAL, $100,000.00 SURPLUS and PROFITS, $23,000.00
DEPOSITS, $1,375,000.00

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DES MOINES, IOWA

THE CENTRAL STATE BANK

DES MOINES, IOWA

AUDITOR'S CALL, FEBRUARY 14, 1908

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Loans . . .	$ 760,532.98	Capital Stock	$ 50,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00	Surplus and Profits	52,137.39
Cash and Due from Banks	265,125.75	Deposits	924,521.34
	$1,026,658.73		1,026,658.73

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J. G. OLMSTED, Vice-President

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FRED S. RISSER, Cashier

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May soon be planted out of doors, Sweet Peas should be planted at once. Why not have the home place more beautiful than ever this year? Our catalogue illustrates and describes hundreds of varieties, their cultivation is very simple.

Garden Seeds

A good garden saves lots of money and affords pleasant and healthful exercise for long spring evenings. It is surprising how much "garden truck" can be produced in small space, and it tastes better than if grown by someone else. See our catalogue.

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We illustrate and describe all best standard kinds of farm and field seeds in our large, handsome, illustrated catalogue.

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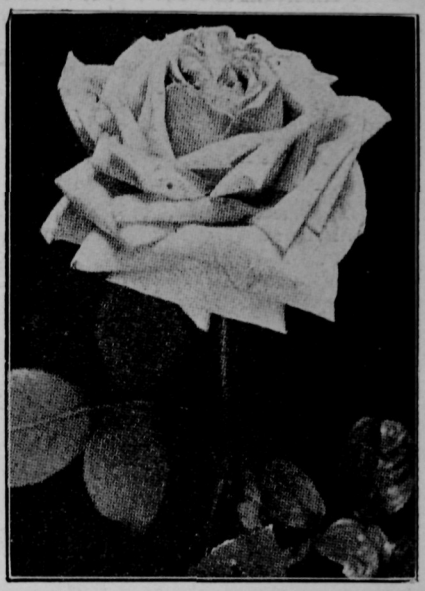
Please call and see our store 615 Locust Street, or let us mail you a special catalogue we issue for this department.

Iowa Seed Co.

613-615 Locust Street.



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For Cut Flowers and Plants,
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"Best that Grow"

318 Sixth Ave., and 408 East Sixth St.

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Fresh Every Day

Commercial
10 CENT
Cigar

Men

In all stations of life, smoke them.

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Insist on having their pasteurized milk and cream.

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Now is the time to look over your Garden and decide what you want to plant in

HARDY ROSES, SHRUBS, VINES, ETC.

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Cut Flowers of all kinds a Specialty.

THE MIDWESTERN

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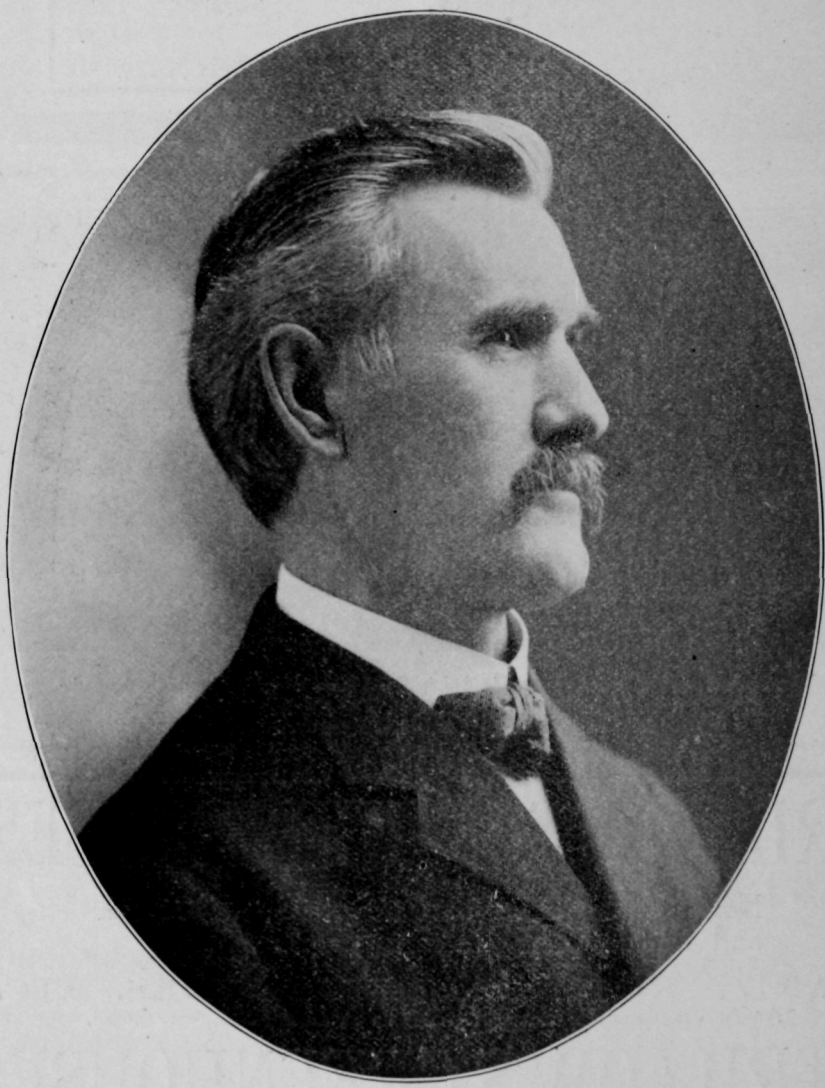


HON. B. F. CARROLL

HON. B. F. CARROLL

Auditor of State of Iowa and Candidate for Governor

It is not many years since the first question one person asked another in Iowa was, where he was "from." All grown up people were from somewhere else. Sixty years of statehood have changed all that, and given us a generation of native Iowans to serve the commonwealth. Now a native Iowan seeks to be governor. Beryl F. Carroll was born on a farm in Davis county, Iowa, March 16, 1860. His parents, Willis and Christina Carroll, came from Perry county, Ohio, to this state in the fall of 1853. The father died in March, 1867, and the mother in February, 1903. The former was of Scotch, Welsh and Irish ancestry, and the latter of English and German—a splendid inheritance of race traits.

In a family of thirteen children, eleven of whom are still living, Auditor Carroll was twelfth. He went from a country school in what is known as the White Elm School District to the public school at Agency, Wapello county, later to the college at Bloomfield and finally to the North Missouri State Normal at Kirksville, Mo., from which he graduated in 1884. During these years he taught, during vacations, and after his graduation taught five years in the graded schools of Missouri. In 1886 he was married to Miss Jennie Dodson, who was also a student at the normal. They have two sons, Paul and Jean, the former eighteen and the latter six years of age.

From 1889 to January, 1891, he was, with a brother, engaged in the business of buying and shipping stock. At that date, he became editor of the Davis County Republican, the home paper which recently announced his candidacy for the governorship. Well known men have graduated from the editorial chair of the Republican, notably, Col. S. A. Moore, Gen. James B. Weaver, Hon. J. A. T. Hull and John J. Hamilton.

As in many another instance, journalism led straight into politics. The following year he was district elector from the sixth congressional district, and in 1893 was nominated for the lower house of the legislature, being defeated in a county usually strongly democratic, by only eighty-six votes. In 1895 he was elected to the state senate from the Appanoose-Davis district. He served in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh general assemblies with distinction and ability. He resigned from the senate to become postmaster at Bloomfield, and this position he relinquished after he was nominated for auditor.

He is now serving the last year of his third term as auditor, and has administered his department with signal ability. More important matters have had to be dealt with in his office, during his term, than in any like period of time in the history of the state.

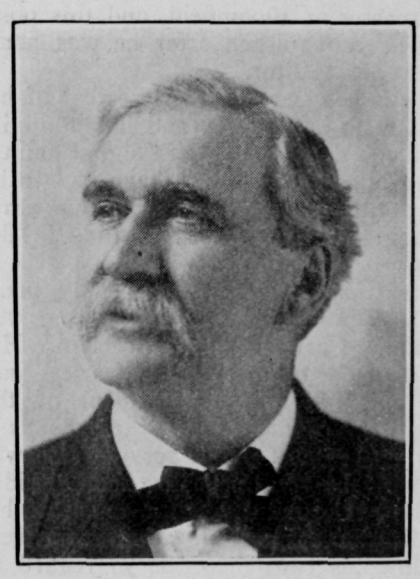
The insurance situation, badly managed by a previous administration, was Auditor Carroll's first problem. His grasp of the conditions, his fearless justice and his firm enforcement of the laws, is recognized by the people as a brilliant piece of public service, and will probably be the one thing most vividly in the public mind when it considers his candidacy. It should not, however, overshadow his capable action in regard to the banks, and his support of such measures as the bill for the annual distribution of insurance surplus to policy holders. He is charged with the regulation and supervision of more important interests than any other official of the state, and has fully met these responsibilities. He is universally recognized as one of the most capable and conscientious men in the service of the state.

Mr. Carroll is a man of high moral standing, an active member of the Methodist church, and a Sunday school worker. When in Des Moines, he, with his family, make their home in the east city, and Mrs. Carroll is prominent in social and club life. A firm believer in fraternalism, he has been for more than twenty years a member of the A. O. U. W., and grand lodge officer and Supreme Representative of the M. W. A., also a member of the Brotherhood of American Yeomen, and the Modern Brotherhood of America.

It is perhaps characteristic of the man that he has kept himself aloof from the entanglements, and by singleness of purpose, avoided the pitfalls of Iowa politics. No clique can claim him; no one stands as his political sponsor. A loyal republican, he has been actively engaged in every state campaign for twenty years. On this record he goes to the people.

LIEUTENANT GOV. WARREN D. GARST

Candidate for Governor of Iowa



HON. WARREN D. GARST

Fourteen years of public service had made "Senator Warren Garst" a well known and honored name, before the day when, at the hands of one of the biggest, and most bitterly contested republican conventions ever held in Iowa, he received the nomination for lieutenant-governor. The bitterness had concentrated in the nomination for governor; it had been a campaign dominated largely by the personality of one man, and was, in popular estimation, a Cummins victory. But to people who knew and could remember, there was a sense of the fitness of things in the fact that the man who had all along stood for progressive legislation should be on the ticket. Fourteen years ago, in 1900, Governor Garst had already accomplished valuable preliminary work which had made possible the aggressive reforms of recent years. He was elected lieutenant-governor in November, 1906, and inaugurated January 17, 1907.

Governor Garst was born at Dayton, Ohio, December 4, 1850. His father, Dr. M. Garst, was of Holland and his mother of Irish descent. He was one of a family of six sons and two daughters. One brother entered the navy, and later became president of the Annapolis Academy. Another graduated from West Point, served in the army, and then went to Japan as a missionary. A third brother is a physician, and the remaining sons, including Governor Garst, chose business careers. He came to Illinois with his parents in 1858, and in 1869 established himself in Boone, which was then a newly established town. After remaining in business here for a time, he went to Coon Rapids, Carroll county, where he and his brother opened a general merchandise store, to which business he has devoted himself, adding to it interests in land, farming and banking. He was married at Boone in 1889 to Miss Clara Clark. Mrs. Garst during her years of residence in Des Moines, has been prominent socially and in club work, although devoted, as is Governor Garst, to her home and two children. His political career began with his election to the twenty-fifth general assembly. Re-elected twice, he served through the twenty-sixth, twenty-sixth extra, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth and thirty-first general assemblies, an uninterrupted term long enough to develop his splendid legislative capacity.

There is this advantage in continuous service; it enables a man not only to carry his own measures to completion, but to take up those dropped by others. Thus his first legislation related to railroad questions, and it was he who, in the matter of the Temple Amendment, carried on the work which Colonel Temple dropped. Senator Garst was also influential in carrying out Senator Cheshire's legislation on similar lines, which was not completed when the latter's term expired.

In the legislature Senator Garst quickly rose to a position of leadership and was chairman of the appropriations committee during five sessions. Probably no man has so good a chance to make enemies as the chairman of an appropriation committee. It seems always to the tax-payers that the appropriations are excessive, while to the department or institution they seem too small. In that

position Senator Garst was always firm in holding down public expenditures, and yet the state's expenses in the last ten years have been so large, that he has sometimes been accused of extravagance. But Iowa has been building for the future, and doing, practically, all at once, what should have been done gradually, during the previous twenty years. And for this wise and liberal expenditure of the public funds, Governor Garst is, more than any other one man, responsible. Among legislative measures which Governor Garst has actively supported are the Temple Amendment; the board of control bill; the measure taxing foreign insurance companies, which brings hundreds of thousands of dollars of revenue to the state; collateral inheritance tax; the pure food law; the bill removing the limit on fees for incorporation articles; the law forbidding the issue of corporation stock in excess of capital; measures to eliminate corporation influence from politics; the anti-pass law; 2-cent passenger fare bill and primary election bill.

Such a record identifies Governor Garst with much that is best in Iowa legislation, and gives hostages for his political future.

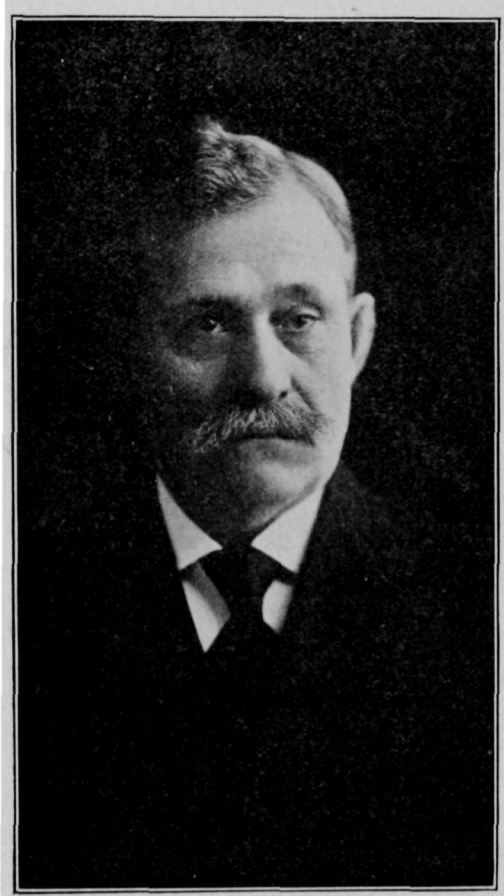
He was first in the field with a formal announcement of his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor at the primaries June 2d, and up to the present time there is but one other candidate. The indications point to a campaign on high lines, and should Governor Garst be elected, he will bring to the executive office integrity and devotion to the interests of the people, administrative ability, and political convictions which will ensure, in so far as a governor may, the progressive legislation which the people have at heart.

ELIZABETH PRAY

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pray

SKETCH OF THOMAS PAINE

J. B. Herriman



J. B. HERRIMAN

Who was Thomas Paine? What great service did he render this country that we should revere his memory along with that of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln and other great men, and what crime did he commit that ninety per cent of the people think of him, if they think of him at all, as being a bad man? These are questions I hope to answer in this article.

In a political meeting or a church, when the speaker says anything about a person that will give us a bad impression of him, that impression is apt to remain with us until we, by reading or in conversation with other persons, come to some other conclusion. The ministers pretty generally, have slandered the name of Thomas Paine to a greater or less extent, for more than one hundred years. Historians have ignored him and almost omitted his name from history, and people have come to look upon him as some one who has done this country an injury, rather than a lasting benefit.

Very few, indeed, know anything about the correct history of Thomas Paine, or what great service he has rendered, not only to this country, but the whole world. His great desire was to help, protect, bless and benefit humanity. His motto was "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

The great thinkers of the past, who put their thoughts in print, have been the ones that have made this world fit to live in. What Thomas Paine wrote needs no interpretation. He never made any muddy statements. He was both a statesman and a patriot; a very rare combination. He did more for human liberty than any other man, living or dead. We owe more to him than any other one man, for the liberties we now enjoy in the United States. His great fault, at the time he lived was, being ahead of his time. With all our experience, we have not been able to improve on the form of government he advocated, nor with all the discoveries of the past hundred years, not a thing has been discovered to dispute one thing he ever wrote. If you have not read his political writings, you have missed something good. When he wrote "Common Sense," a committee was appointed by the British government to answer it, and they said it was unanswerable. When he wrote the "Rights of Man in England," Pitt said it was unanswerable, and the same may be said of his other writings. He did as much, if not more, to give his country religious liberty, than any other person, but the very people for whom he labored to benefit, were not willing to concede to him, the same liberty. He had just as much right to his religious opinion as any one else, and just the same right to make it public. It has been the custom in all ages to slander the man, if his arguments could not be successfully answered.

Thomas Paine came to this country, January, 1775, and began writing for the Pennsylvania Magazine with articles to pave the way and mould public sentiment for the reception of his great work, "Common Sense." He was among the first, if not the very first to take up the cause of the colored race and advocate the abolition of slavery. His words were "Stop the importation of the negroes; soften the hard fate of those already here, and in time procure their freedom." He believed that the justice of Heaven would some day blot it out.

At the close of the year 1775, when the American Revolution had progressed as far as the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Rush and George Washington had met to read the terrible dispatches they had received; having done which, they paused in gloom and silence.

Presently Franklin speaks, "What he says is to be the end of this?" At this critical moment, Paine entered; Franklin introduced him and he takes his seat. He well knows the cause of the prevailing gloom, and breaks the silence thus: "These states of America must be independent of England, that is the only solution of the question." They all rise to their feet at this political blasphemy, but nothing daunted, he goes on, his eyes light up with patriotic fire, as he paints the glowing destiny which America, considering her vast resources, ought to achieve and adjures them to lend their influence to rescue the Western Continent from the absurd, unnatural and unprogressive predicament of being governed by a small island, three thousand miles away.

Washington leaped forward, and taking both his hands, besought him to publish these views in a book. Paine went to his room, seized his pen, lost sight of every other object, toiled incessantly and in December, 1775, the work entitled "Common Sense," which caused the Declaration of Independence, and brought both the people and their leaders face to face with the work they had to accomplish, was sent forth on it's mission."

"That book," says Dr. Rush, "burst forth from the press with an effect that has been rarely produced by type and paper in any age or country." ' ' '

"Have you seen the pamphlet, Common Sense?" asked Major General Lee, in a letter to Washington. "I never saw such a masterly, irresistible performance. It will, if I mistake not, in concurrence with the transcendant folly and wickedness of the ministry, give the *coup-de-grace* to Great Britain. In short, *I own myself convinced by the argument of the necessity of separation.*"

I could quote many more authorities to show that "Common Sense" influenced the minds of the colonies to separation, and the Declaration of Independence followed in July, following the appearance of this pamphlet.

I have a large amount of evidence in my possession to show that Paine, and not Jefferson, wrote the original draft of the Declaration, the most convincing being the paragraph found in copies of the original against slavery, which it is not likely Jefferson would have written, he being a slave holder himself. But if he did, or not, every sentiment expressed in the declaration was expressed by Paine in "Common Sense." I have not the space in a newspaper article to quote to any great length from any of his writings, but I wish to quote the closing paragraph in "Common Sense." "Wherefore, instead of gazing at each other with suspicion or doubtful curiosity, let each of us hold out to his neighbor the hearty hand of friendship and unite in drawing a line, which, like an act of oblivion, shall bury in forgetfulness every former dissention. Let the name of Whig and Troy be extinct, and let none other be heard among us than those of a good citizen, an open resolute friend, and a virtuous supporter of the rights of mankind, and of the *Free and Independent States of America.*"

It was an easy thing for the colonists to declare their independence compared to defending it. It had the most powerful nation on earth to contend with, and it meant great sacrifice, hardships and suffering on the part of the colonists to gain their liberty, and the scales of fortune were just on the balance several times, and I want you to remember that Thomas Paine did the right thing at the right time to turn the scales on the right side. He went with Washington just as a private soldier, and was with him on his retreat through New Jersey, and wrote his first crisis by the light of a camp fire, and which was, by the order of Washington, read to every company of soldiers on the 23d of December, and on the 25th

Washington crossed the Delaware, and defeated the Hessians at Trenton, and in a few days followed this up with another victory, thus turning the scales on the right side. Washington said that the pen of Thomas Paine should be placed above the sword on this occasion. Time No. 1 that Paine turned the scales.

I wish here to quote from "Crisis No. 1," as the few readers of this paper have an opportunity of reading any of Paine's writings, and I give this to show his vigorous and forceful style.

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country, but he that stands it now, deserves the love, and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation left with us, the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon it's goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom, should not be highly rated. The heart that feels not now is dead, the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back now. I love the man who can smile on trouble, that can gather strength by distress and grow brave by refraction. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm, will pursue his principles unto death. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prespects of a glorious issue. By cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils, a ravaged country, a depopulated city, habitation without safety, and slavery without hope: our houses turned into barracks and bawdy houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it, and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented."

"The spring of 1780 was marked with an accumulation of misfortunes to our army. There was no money to pay the soldiers. A general gloom rested on the whole country, patriotism was at a low ebb, and petitions were abundant to exempt the people from paying taxes. Government had neither money nor credit, and things had come to a "dead lock." Washington wrote the Assembly of Pennsylvania. The doors were shut, and it fell to Thomas Paine, the clerk, to read the letter. In this letter the naked truth was unfolded. Among other information the general said "that notwithstanding his confidence in the attachment of the Army to the cause of the Country, the distress of it, from the want of every necessity which men could be destitute of, had arisen to such a pitch that the appearance of mutiny and discontent were so strongly marked on the countenance of the army that he dreaded the event of every hour." After the letter was read, a despairing silence pervaded the hall. At last a member of much fortitude arose and said if the account in that letter is a true state of affairs, and we are in the situation there represented, it appears to me in vain to contend the matter any longer. We may as well give up the matter first as last."

Another man arose and said: "Well, well, don't let the house despair, if things When all others fail, both in council and war, who shall be able to cheer the heart and lift up the head of the nation? We shall see."

Thomas Paine had just drawn his salary. He wrote a stirring appeal for a private subscription, heads it with $500.00, "his mite," and will increase it as far as the last ability will enable him. This is to be a subscription to carry on the war. In nine days the subscription amounts to enough to organize a bank with a capital basis of three hundred thousand pounds real money, *for the purpose of supplying the army* and the country is once more saved by the man who said "The world is my country and to do good my religion." Time No. 2 that Thomas Paine turned the scales on the side of a freedman. It is at this time that the University of Pennsylvania confers on Thomas Paine the degree of Master of Arts on July 4th, 1780. During the progress of the war, and at its close, Paine wrote sixteen of the little pamphlets called "The Crisis," which had the effect of keeping up the courage and patriotism of the colonists and guiding them in forming the Constitution. After peace was declared in December, 1778, he puts forth the proposition to apply steam to navigation, the first thought of the kind in America, which came in advance of the fact about eight years, and in this, America was the first in the world.

"But more money must be had. Hard

money must be had," said Paine, "but how shall it be obtained? By an appeal to the King of France." Paine now sets about the work. It was near the close of the year 1780. He takes up the pen and undisguisedly states the true case of the nation, and requests that France either as a subsidy or a loan, will supply the United States with a million sterling and continue to supply annually during the war.

This letter was addressed to Count Vergenner, the French Minister of foreign affairs. Paine, as soon as he had written it, showed it to Mr. Marbois, secretary to the French minister. His reply was, "A million sent out of a nation exhausts it more than several million spent in it." But nothing daunted, he then took it to Ralph Isard, member of congress from South Carolina. "We will try and do something about it in congress." Congress favored the letter and it was made a memorial. But who shall now take it to France and present it in person. Paine had his eye on the man when he went to the member from South Carolina with his letter. It was one of this state's noblest sons, Col. John Laurens, aide to Washington, for Paine loved the Laurens, both father and son. Through Washington this man was named as agent. But he would not go unless Paine would accompany him, as he had confidence in his advice and desired his assistance in this *important mission.* Of course Paine will go, and that too, without pay, never expecting a cent for it. Paine had planned his work well; he had gotten his man—the bravest heart of the land, and we shall now see the boldest act of diplomacy on record. For five weeks Paine had been about the work and about the 1st of February, 1781 they sail for France. As soon as they reach Paris, Laurens promptly reports his arrival and business to Vergennes. It is in vain. The formalities of court and the self-complaisance of the minister who would not be hurried, baffled him for more than two months. But the young son of war has a spirit to dare and a tutor to direct, who knows from long experience the stuff that kings were made of. He will not be trifled with by subordinates. He will appeal directly to the King. He declares this to the minister who responds, "I am confounded with your audacity." This is more than Franklin would dare who is then at court. "There comes a public lever." Louis VI is there and so is young Laurens in uniform, his sword by his side. Now act thy part well, a nation's life dwells in thy words. He is presented to the King, who only expects the passing formalities of an introduction, but Laurens speaks. "I am just from the Army of Washington. I know well it's condition, it is fully set forth in this memorial," and then touching his sword, he adds with animation: "Unless speedy succor is sent to my country, the weapon I now wear at my side as the ally of your majesty, might be drawn as the subject of Great Britain against you and France."

The king was struck dumb, but soon rallied and replied briefly but favorably; he took the memorial; the money was grainted, and Paine accompanied Laurens home with $2,500,000 in silver. The army is paid, fed and clothed. Yorktown is attacked upon the strength of it. Cornwallis surrenders and the British power is broken in this country forever through those great causes put in motion, and faithfully sustained by the man who said, "I believe in the equality of man and I believe religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." Time No. 3 that Thomas Paine turned the scales on the side of liberty.

The great work of Paine is now nearly done in America, but mighty things are yet to be done for the world. The next year he writes his famous letter to the Abbe Raynal, and the crisis which guides the nation to honor. A few years of rest in which he writes his Dessertation on Government and other pieces—is elected a member of the Philosophical Society, receives the hospitality of Washington and three thousand dollars from congress for the ten years of service in America. His far reaching eye sees that a Federal Constitution will have to be formed for the states, and in 1786 he is careful to incorporate into his Dessertation on Government, a Declaration of Rights. In the Declaration of Rights lies the foundation of the Republic, and al- pleasures now is to keep up the little reading club to which she then belonged. And then, when it came to the endless though not prefixed to the Federal Constitution at the time it was formed and adopted, a complete synopsis of it was afterward added as the first ten amendments thereto.

Paine sailed for France the 16th of April, 1787, just a month before the Federal Convention convened. Before leaving he invented the iron bridge which was approved by the Academy of Science in France, and which would have made him a millionaire had he devoted his time and energy to this, but his heart was in the work he had started out to do for the liberty of the world, and by writing the "Rights of Man" in England, he lost all his rights in the patents and in a model bridge he was building in that country, and which stands to this day over one of the rivers in England. Whenever you cross an iron bridge, remember Thomas Paine was the first inventor of it.

In a magazine article we can give so little of the life and writings of Thomas Paine, that I hardly know which to give or which of his many splendid articles to quote from. It is necessary to read his whole life and all his writings to form a correct opinion of his great character and the services rendered, not only this country, but the civilized world. I wish every one could read his fifteenth crisis. I can only quote the first and last two paragraphs.

"The times that tried men's souls are over, and the greatest and most complete revolution the world ever knew, gloriously, happily accomplished. Independence always appeared to me practicable and probable; provided the sentiment of the country could be formed and held to the object; and there is no instance in the world where a people so extended and wedded to former habits of thinking and under such a variety of circumstances, were so instantly and effectually pervaded by a turn in politics as in the cause of independence, and who supported their opinion undiminished through such a succession of good and ill fortune until they crowned it with success.

"But as the scenes of war are closed, and every man preparing for home and happier times, I therefore take my leave of the subject I have most sincerely followed from beginning to end, through all its turns and windings, and whatever country I may hereafter be in, I shall always feel an honest pride at the part I have taken and acted, and a gratitude to nature and Providence for putting it in my power to be of some use to mankind."

I am indebted for several books in my possession for the information given in this article, and I think from what we have given you, we can safely say that Thomas Paine was the first to write these words, "Independent States of America, United States of America;" was the means of inflaming the minds of the people to revolution, stood bravely and resolutely by it to the last, did the right thing at the right time to turn the scale in favor of liberty, at least three different times, mapped out the course to be pursued for uniting the States under a Federal Constitution, all without any other motive than the love of humanity and freedom. I believe for what service he rendered this country, he deserves a place in the minds of every liberty loving patriotic person in the United States along with any other person who ever lived.

I could quote from letters from Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and many others to show the high estimation in which he was held by the people of the United States at the close of the war, and for many years after, but I will quote from just one letter from Monroe to Paine, while he was yet in prison in Paris.

"It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own revolution and the difficult scenes through which they passed, nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict.

"*The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I trust will never stain* our nation's character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important service in our own revolution, but as being in a more extensive scale, the friend of humanity and a distinguished advocate in favor of public liberty."

But you say, "He wrote the Age of Reason." Well, I say to you that under the constitution he helped to make, he had just as good right to publish his views on religion as any member of any church, and it was his book that should have been attacked, and not the man. He went to bed, so to speak, loved and respected by every citizen of the United States, and waked up next morning a calumniated and unjustly slandered man. I want to say to you that his book was

rightly named, for it was, and is, an Age of Reason, but it was written in an Age of superstition. Had he written the book a hundred years sooner, he would have been imprisoned, tortured and no doubt murdered; as it was, his life was hardly safe, and he received violence at the hands of any over zealous and fanatical people. There is but very little in his Age of Reason, but has since been repeated in another form by many, not only the liberal ministers of the country, but by those of the orthodox faith. I hope no one will be badly shocked if I quote a few sentences from that "terrible book," the Age of Reason. The first part of the book was written just before he was cast into prison in France, when he did not know but that every day would be his last, and he had only completed it six hours when his arrest was made, and on the way to prison he left the manuscript with a friend, and on the front page was the following:

"*Fellow citizens* of the United States of America, I put the following work under your protection. It contains my opinion upon Religion. You will do me the justice to remember that I have always strenuously supported the right of every man to his opinion, however different that opinion might be to me. He who denies to another this right, makes a slave of himself to his present opinion, because he precludes himself the right of changing it. The most formidable weapon against error of every kind is the reason I have never used any other, and I trust I never shall.

Your affectionate friend and fellow citizen,

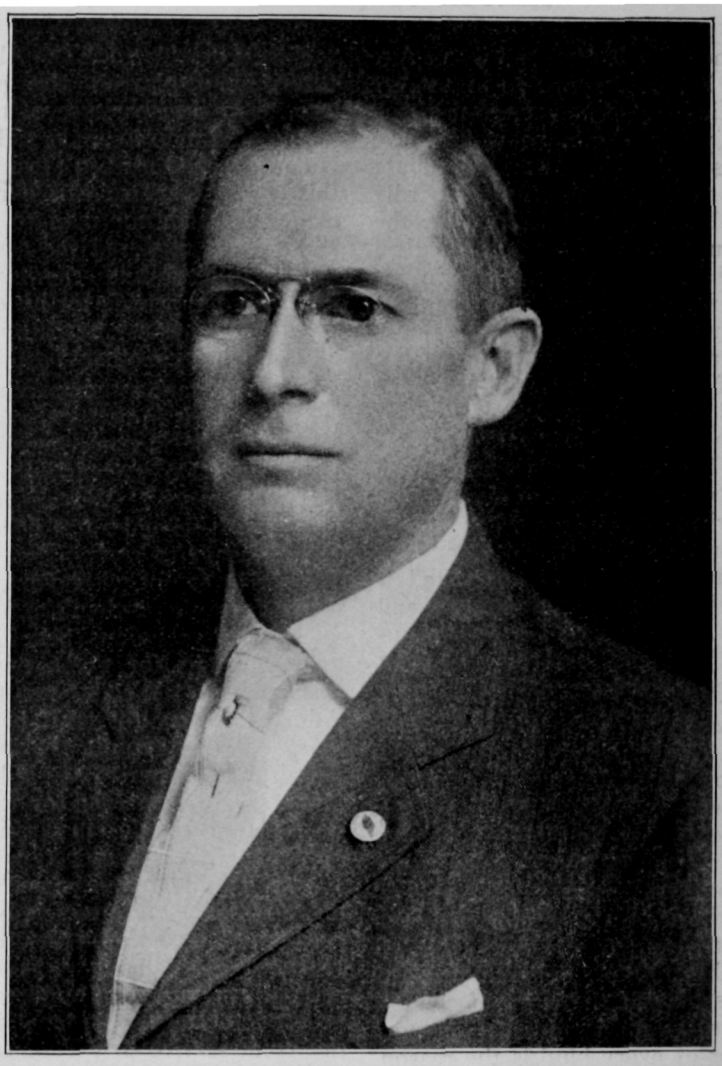
Thomas Paine.

"I believe in one God, and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy.

"I believe that any system of religion that has anything in it to shock the mind of a child, cannot be a true system. It is from the study of the true theology that all our knowledge of science is derived, and it is from that knowledge that all the arts have originated. The Almighty Lecturer, by displaying the principles of science in the structure of the universe, has invited man to study and imitate. It is as if he had said to the inhabitants of this globe that we call ours: 'I have made an earth for man to dwell upon, and I have rendered the starry heavens visible, to teach him science and the arts. He can now provide for his own comfort and learn from my munificence to all, to be kind to each other'."

"Do we want to contemplate his power? ,We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we wish to contemplate his munificence? We see in the abundance with what he has filled the earth. Do we want to contemplate his mercy? We see he is not withholding that abundance from the unthankful." It is not a question of religious belief if we give anyone credit for the service rendered this country. We did not telegraph to Admiral Dewey to see if he believed in the five cardinal points of Calvinism, or to Admiral Sampson to see if he had been immersed or sprinkled, or to Hobson if he believed in the inspiration of the Bible, nor have we questioned the religious belief of anyone since the days of Thomas Paine, before we gave them due credit and recognition for any services rendered this country. Do not let the mist of superstition a hundred years ago, prevent us from seeing and appreciating the great service that Thomas Paine has rendered, not only this country, but the world. Let us say that if any person has done anything at any time, to benefit humanity, and to make this a better world in which to live, and sacrificed the comforts and wealth of this life to benefit others, that he deserves our love and admiration without regard to sects, race, politics or religion.

I have not written this article to provoke any argument or for any notoriety in the matter, but only to add my mite to restore the memory of Thomas Paine to the place it deserves in the minds and hearts of every patriotic citizen in the United States, and if I shall succeed in starting the people to reading and thinking, I shall feel well paid for my work.



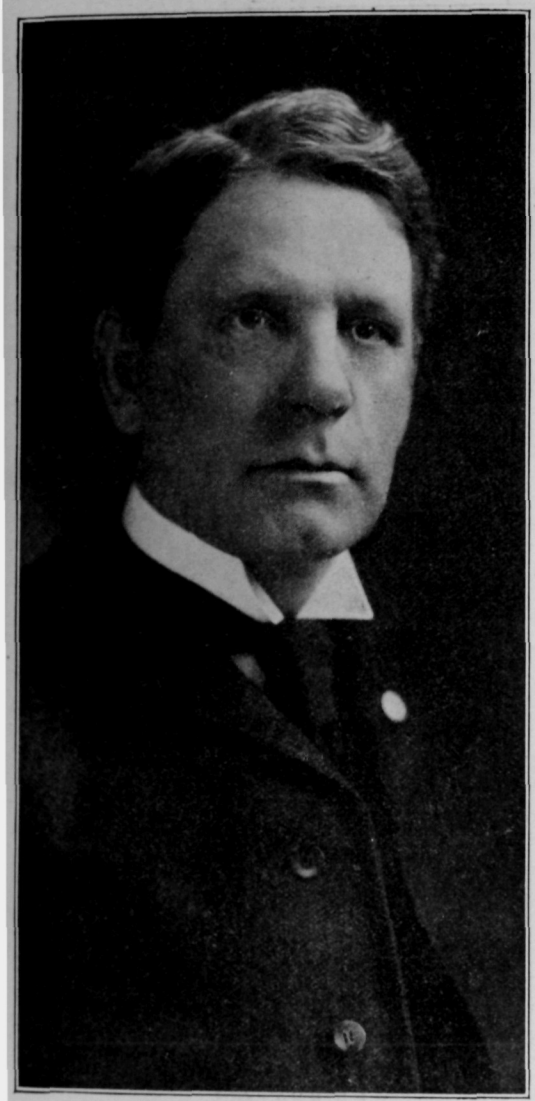
W. G. AGAR
Of the Agar Packing Company

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL INTERVIEWS ON THE QUESTION

"How Shall We Best Promote Manufacturing Interests in Des Moines?"

If a captain of industry should come to Des Moines, and open a recruiting office, he would probably be disappointed in the immediate results. If he got in front of an election he might be asphyxiated by politics. Even between times, he would find a depressing lack of interest in industrial enterprises; the open door of the shop would not appeal to the young man from whom he would hope to draw his recruits.

He would find here a company of manufacturers, busy, brainy, successful men, building up their individual fortunes and in so doing, building a city. But the fact remains, that the greatest difficulty to be overcome here today is the indifference of the average citizen to the value of the



B. S. WALKER
Pres. of the Commercial Club

industrial enterprises which Des Moines already has, and of which she must have more.

The point of view must be changed. We must get a clearer idea of the relative value of things. The business career —not merely money making, but the producing of industries—should appeal to American boys.

It should seem as fine a thing to them to be an engineer as to be a lawyer; much finer to build a good bridge than to write a poor book. This is not only the Des Moines attitude, it is the American attitude toward life, and it is part of the solution of the labor question to get rid of the superstition which overestimates the value of so-called brain work, and depreciates the dignity of handwork. Each year congress sees in Washington a manufacturers' lobby. Sometimes it is wood pulp. Usually it is that perennial apple of discord, the tariff. This year the manufacturers came on a new errand. They appeared before the national convention of school superintendents, to ask that industrial art should be so thoroughly taught in the public school as to turn out skilled workmen. The arts and crafts movement has created a demand for hand made articles which manufacturers must meet, and they would be glad to obtain, at the public expense, the skilled labor. They are simply protecting their future.

Whether the already overburdened school system should undertake anything more is doubtful. When the public school has furnished kindergartens, which get part of the child's brains down into the ends of his fingers, when it has given him hand work with simple tools through the grades, and manual training in the high school, it has done all that can be expected. But it does not turn out a finished workman. He can do no one thing well enough to earn a living. He is much more likely to know what he wants to do than is the boy who did not have the manual training, but he still has his trade to learn.

Here is where the trade school comes in, and only the trade school will solve the problem for the masses. This is what the manufacturers want. France and Germany have trained in this way their generations of skilled artisans; and the American money that goes abroad for articles of beauty and luxury might well be spent in technical schools at home.

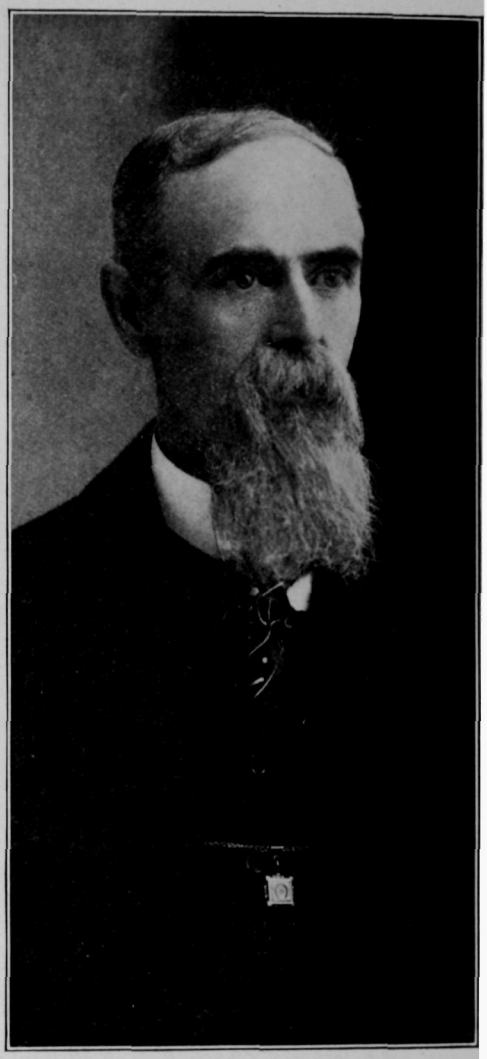
Of course the pendulum always swings back, and for some time there has been a growing fear that with too much attention to industrial training the culture which is the essence of education in the schools might suffer, and the convention in Washington the other day was mightily stirred up over the matter.

It may seem a far cry from manual training in the schools to the question how best to promote manufacturing interests in Des Moines, but in reality the two things are related. In at least one instance in Des Moines this has been demonstrated. As a student at Ann Ar-

bor Mr. E. L. Watrous, led by a natural liking for the work, did some work in wood and iron. Later he invented a simple household article, and not being able to find anyone to make a satisfactory model, borowed a forge, made the model, and in a small way began manufacturing. From that beginning grew his present plant. It is in this way that industrial training will help to promote the manufacturing spirit. It takes five years, in a Des Moines flour mill, for a man to learn the miller's trade; that is, to be able to take charge of any department. In a trade school the scientific part of the business is taught in eight months. Des Moines would be an ideal location for such a school in Iowa, and the matter may well be considered by the working committees that are doing so much for the city.

There is here now a well-founded belief that Des Moines is entering upon a new epoch in her history—an epoch of industrial development which will make her one of the great cities of the middle West. What we need is belief in ourselves, civic pride, the spirit that mobilizes Kansas City, and vitalizes Minneapolis. The new Des Moines might well take for her own, the motto of the Three Guardsmen, "One for all, and all for one."

Believing that the most practical suggestions would come from the men who are doing things in Des Moines, the MIDWESTERN has obtained from a number of representative citizens, the following interviews in answer to the question, "What will best promote manufacturing interests in Des Moines?"

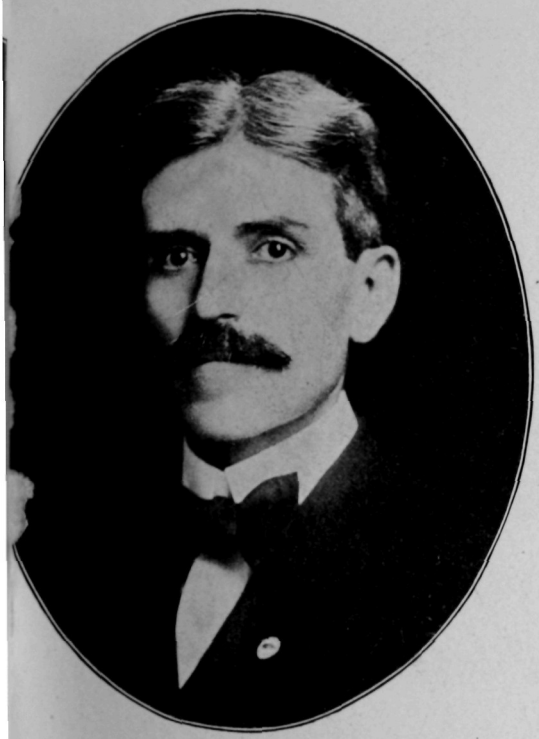


J. F. KRATZER
Of the Kratzer Carriage Co.

LUCIUS E. WILSON

Secretary Greater Des Moines Committee.

The success of manufacturing in Des Moines is in the hands of the people of Des Moines. They have the money and they have the market. All they need to do is to couple up these two things by actual work. The tendency of the Iowa capital is to go abroad. An official of a prominent railroad says that in the last ten years Iowa money has bought land or controlling mortgages of an area equal to two Iowas. In other words, Iowa is a great landlord. Had this sum been kept at home the commerce and the industry of three states would have been concentrated in Iowa. There is lack of confidence in local enterprises and this is sometimes justified by recalling Des Moines unsuccessful enterprises. The fact is that the loss resulting from the loss of the cotton mill, the stove works, and sewing machine factory does not equal the profit, in one year, of three existing industries now here. A man who does not believe that Des Moines will ever become a manufacturing city cannot tell why. The real reason why Lowell and Brockton are manufacturing cities is because there were there men who preferred to put their money into industrial plants than to send it west. Such a place as Dowagiak, Mich., which manufactures



E. W. CRELLIN
Of the Des Moines Bridge and Iron Works

the Round Oak stove, shows how manufacturing can be developed in an agricultural community. Far from the raw material, with no home market, and only one railroad—one man alone, harassed by every known means, built up an immense plant. The most potent obstacle to immediate success here is the indifference of the public to manufacturing. It is the spirit of the people that makes manufacturing a success.

C. S. WALKER

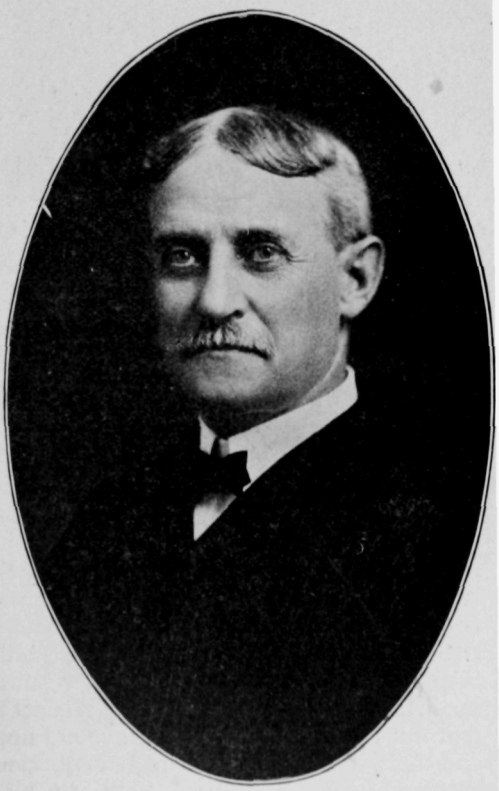
Secretary Kratzer Carriage Co.

Perhaps manufacturing interests can best be promoted in Des Moines by the application of a small personal motto which we use in business, "keep everlastingly at it." There is no other way. It is important, also, that an industry be reasonably adjacent to the consumer's territory. The head of a successful manufacturing business must thoroughly know the process; must be able to direct and to do. To makes Des Moines a manufacturing city, her people should buy Des Moines goods, providing they are as good as others, and should invest at home. Home opportunities are apt to be overlooked. Capital invested in substantial manufacturing enterprises brings more than in oil wells or gold mines. Railroad freight rates are in a fair way to be adjusted and this will mean much to Des Moines.

W. A. APPLEGATE

Secretary Shannon-Mott Co.

Make the article right; make the price right; advertise. Make Des Moines a home market. This does not mean that Des Moines manufacturers depend on local sale. They do not. The excellence of the manufactured article makes its own market. But the home patronage is good in several ways. It helps the manufacturer already here, promotes civic pride, and offers the strongest inducement to the new enterprise to come in. We need competition. With half a dozen flour mills here, business would be better in every way. We could take care of our own wheat. Des Moines would be a center, and buyers would come here, instead of trade having to seek them. But the



W. H. BAILEY
Of the Glasgow Woolen Mills Co.

R. O. GREEN

Of the Green-Wheeler Shoe Co., of Fort Dodge

most important thing of all was emphasized in the recent meeting of the Commercial Club, which declared for better corporation laws and Des Moines money for Des Moines industries.

B. S. HENRY

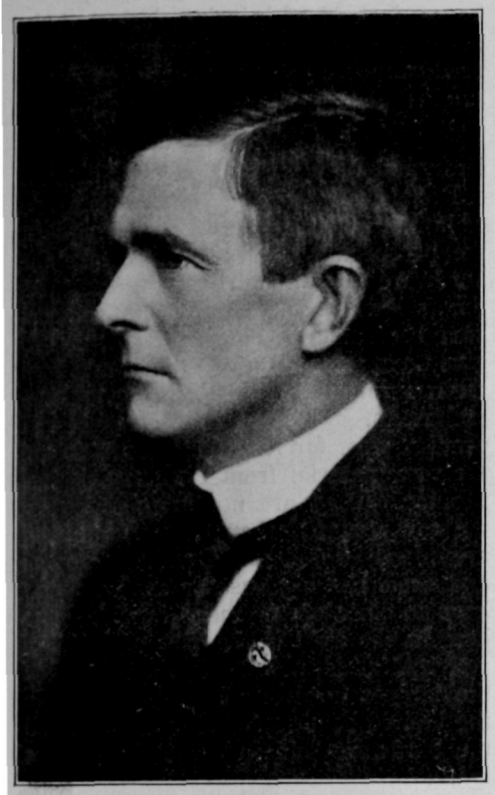
Sec'y-Treas. Schmitt-Henry Furn. Co.

The best way to promote manufacturing interests in Des Moines is to encourage the establishment of industries which shall have a legitimate growth from small beginnings. A factory cannot be built up in a day or a year; it is a business that must be learned from the ground up, and only experienced management can succeed. Money alone cannot do all. Frequently outside concerns come in, with money, only to fail. This does not mean that the enterprise is worthless, for someone else usually takes the matter up and by good business management redeems it. There is no reason why Des Moines should not become a great manufacturing city of the middle West.

MR. JOHN COWNIE

President Cownie Glove Co.

What we need is confidence in our own manufacturing enterprises, and to get over the idea that certain articles can be manufactured only in certain places. Massachusetts once had all the shoe factories. Now St. Louis is a great shoe manufacturing center. The same is true of hats and gloves. The tendency of trade is to follow the population west. There is often difficulty in getting money to develop manufacturing enterprises. A man



E. C. MUSGRAVE
Of the Musgrave Fence Co.

can buy a small farm, and the banks will loan him money to mortgage it to the hilt. Or he can borrow money on a grocery. But manufacturing as an investment, capital is afraid of. Also, there is a discouraging tendency to distrust home enterprises, and not until they go elsewhere and succeed, to buy their goods. For instance, the shoe factory that moved from Des Moines to Fort Dodge now holds some of its best accounts in Des Moines. What we want is hospitality to manufacturers when they come and loyalty afterwards.

BUFFON S. WALKER

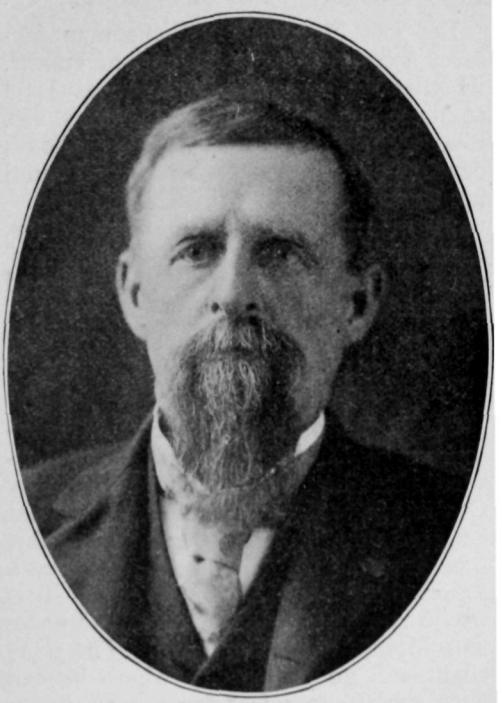
Manager South Des Moines Lumber Co.

The answer to this question is being threshed out now in the rate hearing. We have here the railroad facilities and as soon as the rates are equalized, not merely reduced, but equalized, Des Moines will come to her own. Now, a lumber merchant in Omaha can sell southern lumber to a man in Valley Junction and deliver it, cheaper than the lumber merchant in Des Moines can. With fair rates, we should have in Des Moines wholesale lumber yards from which the small dealer in the small town could get his supplies in assorted carloads for which he now has to go elsewhere. We have the necessary cheap coal, ground room for manufacturing plants, a good class of labor, and room for working men to own their own homes in desirable localities.

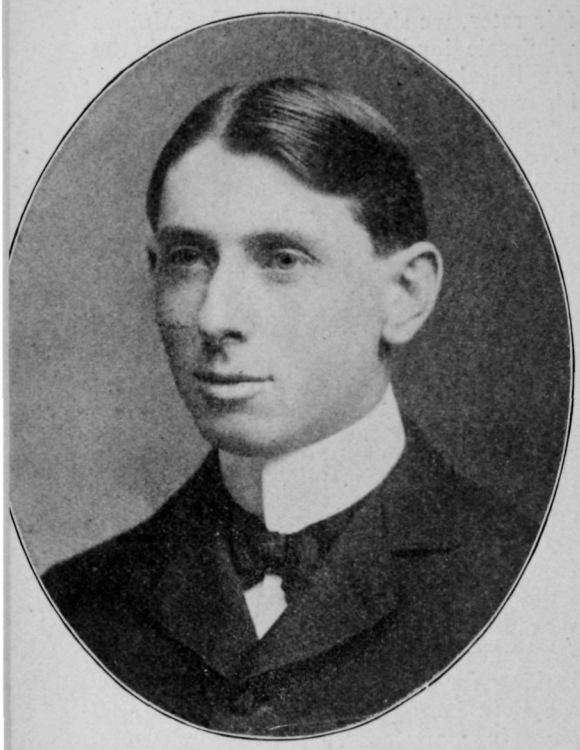
RALPH ROLLINS

Secretary Des Moines Hosiery Mills.

The best way to promote manufactures is to encourage local enterprises. General manufactures are limited to no particular place. Material is bought in the open market, and the excellence of the manufactured article makes its market. Des Moines made goods are sold from coast to coast. While outside enterprises should be encouraged, I see no reason for paying subsidies. Capital is simply looking for a good location. But if people right here in Des Moines would engage in manufacturing instead of putting money in remote lands and mines, it would do much to induce outside manufactures to come here.



S. M. DUNLAP
Vice-Pres. Des Moines Park Swing Co.



T. B. SHARPNACK
Of the Harrah & Stewart Co.

C. A RAWSON

Pres. and Mgr. Iowa Pipe and Tile Co.

Let Des Moines buy home manufactured goods. Ascertain first, of course, whether the home products are as good as those made elsewhere. If they are, give them the preference. We should develop our natural resources and build up those industries which use the material we have here in abundance. This, successfully done, would be Des Moines' strongest inducement to outside capital to come here.

J. L. SHEUERMAN

Sec'y-Treas. Sheuerman Woolen Mills.

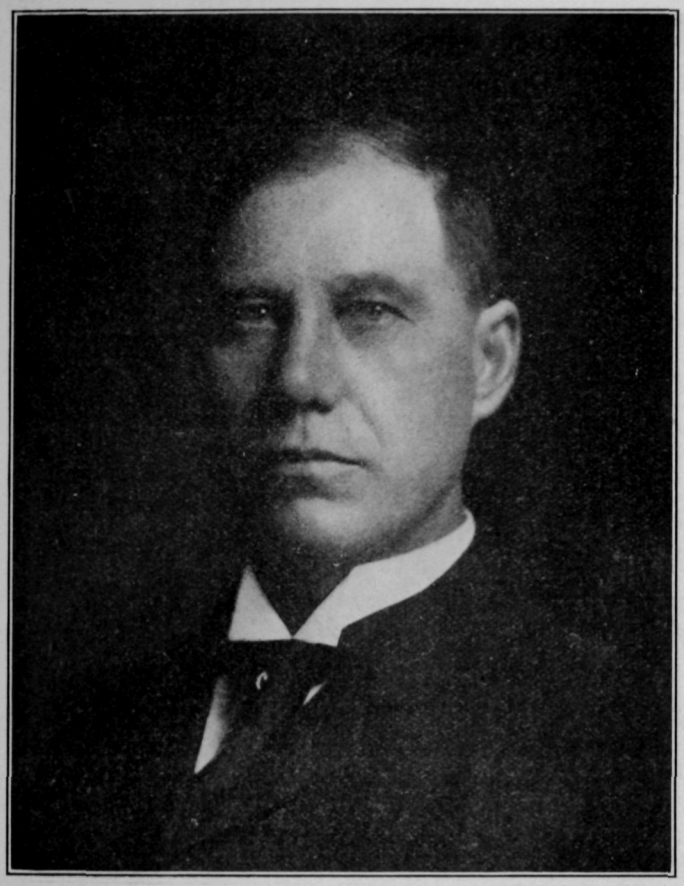
Let Des Moines people know the resources of Des Moines and, quality assured, buy home made goods. Factory Day might profitably be repeated. What we need more than anything else at this time is a wholesale dry goods house. Later there should be several. This would stimulate manufactures, and make Des Moines a jobbing town. The merchant will go to the city where he can have variety to select from. The coming here of a second wholesale millinery house, instead of injuring, increased the business of the one already here. We need competition—more chimneys—more smoke.

E. L. WATROUS

Pres. and Mgr. E. L. Watrous Mfg. Co.

Regulate the rates. As an illustration of how unjust rates have worked against the prosperity of Des Moines, take the hardware manufacturing business. As things have been, eastern manufacturers have been able to compel the railroads to give them rates by which they could haul the raw material from Pittsburg to Massachusetts, and send the manufactured product west for less than it costs to get the raw material from Pittsburg to Des Moines. They are not in miles nearer the raw material than we are, but they are nearer in dollars. Equalize the rates and then the big eastern concerns will have to close up, or move west, because here in the west is the area of building activity. Des Moines is the center of the largest hardware buying district in the United States. Three-quarters of all the hardware sold in the United States

W. E. McCLEES
Sec. and Treas. Des Moines Park Swing Co.



GEO. L. BARQUIST
Pres. of St. John & Barquist Co.

is sold inside the circle which may be drawn through St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joe. With equalized rates, it is easy to see what advantages Des Moines has geographically.

F. H. LUTHE

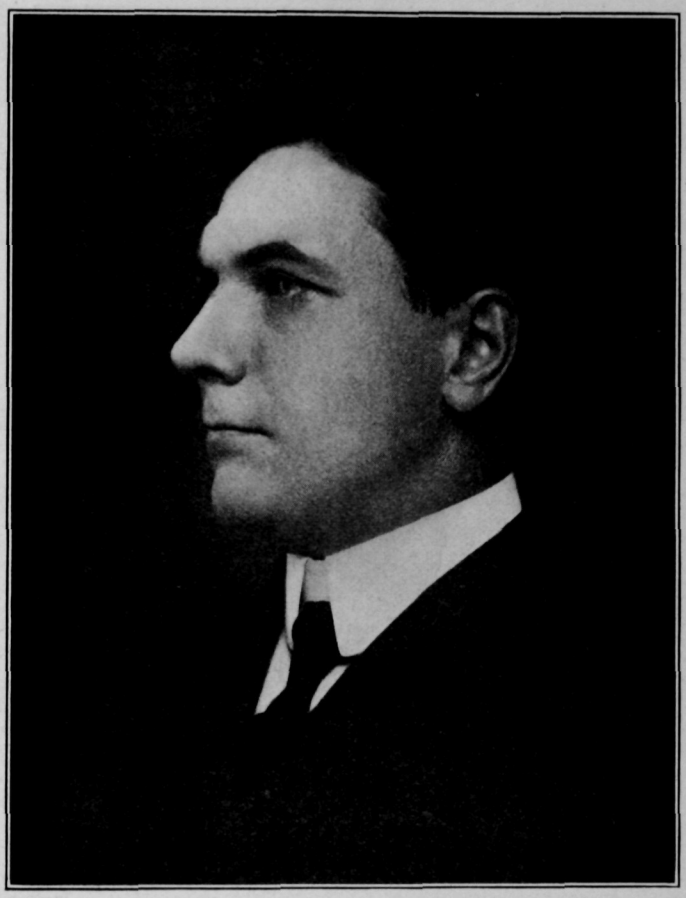
Pres. Luthe Hardware Co.

By the work of committees, the natural manufacturing advantages of Des Moines are being better advertised than ever before. Equal emphasis should be placed on the fact that we are in the center of the best buying territory in this country. With equalized freight rates in all directions, Des Moines can meet the competition of any city of her class. That, under unfavorable conditions, this has been a prosperous city, proves that it has all the elements of manufacturing success and everything points to more rapid development.

WM. G. AGAR

Sec'y and Mgr. Agar Packing Co.

The most important initial thing to do is to let outside manufacturers know the advantage Des Moines really possesses, as is now being done in the promotion of publicity by various committees. Des Moines is a railroad center, has cheap coal, and a fine water supply. Many other states have several cities of equal importance. Iowa has practically one, and that—Des Moines. We must have interurbans to cover the territory tributary to Des Moines. The interurbans have made Indianapolis, and history bids fair to repeat itself here. Buy home goods. Once attracted to Des Moines, the freight rates fairly adjusted, buy his goods and the manufacturer will stay. Business enterprises have undoubtedly been kept away by bad city government, but un-



JOHN COWNIE, JR.
Pres. of Cownie Glove Works

der the Des Moines Plan good government is to be expected.

F. M. HUBBELL

Pres. F. M. Hubbell, Son and Co.

To promote manufacturing interests in Des Moines we must be hospitable to the outside manufacturer who seeks a location. Give him the glad hand. Help him to get land or rent it to him reasonably. Take stock if necessary to assist in that way. Then buy his goods and stand by him in every way.

JAMES WATT

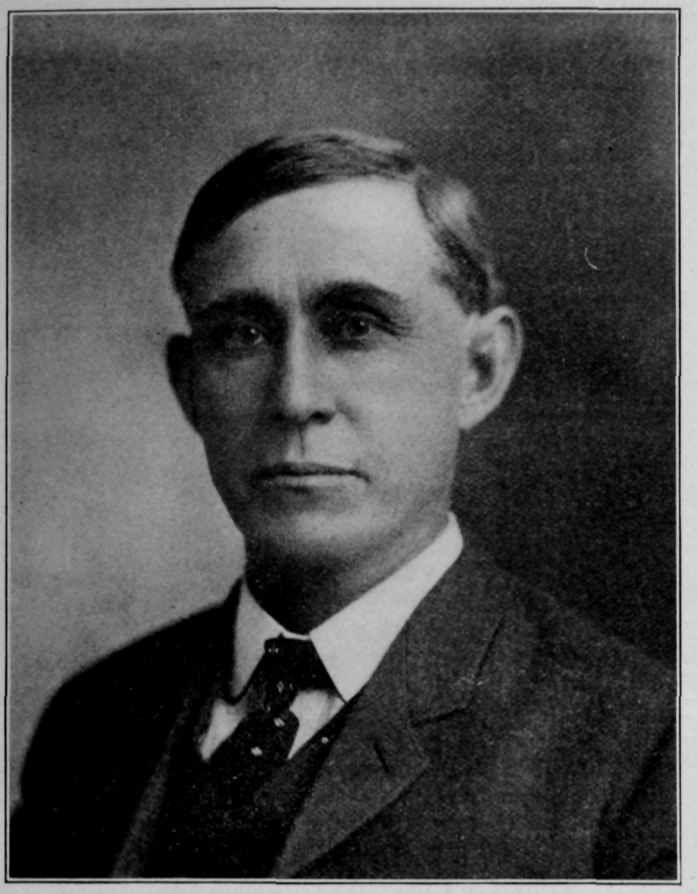
Pres. German Savings Bank.

This question is in a fair way to be answered by the recent rate hearing. The friendly spirit of that conference is a matter for congratulation. It is not cut rates that we want, but fair rates. There should be no antagonism; railroads and city should work together for the common good. And railroads include the interurbans, which will help make greater Des Moines. The Commercial Exchange years ago worked for and obtained very fair rates out of Des Moines into its immediate surrounding market. It has been said that Des Moines is not geographically situated so as to obtain proper freight rates. It would be more correct to say that Des Moines is not in a position to force the railroads to give fair rates. If distance and tonnage were treated as true factors, we would have the advantage over many of our neighboring cities. River transportation is a sure panacea, but will take time. It is sure to come and will as surely change our "geographical conditions."

EX-GOV. FRANK D. JACKSON

Pres. Royal Union Insurance Co.

What we lack in Des Moines, and



R. S. KEITH
Of the Keith Furnace Co.

what we must have if we are going to be a great city, is an interest in manufactures and an enthusiasm on the subject. An eastern manufacturer recently in the city, and open to conviction on the subject of a new location, gave that as his reason for not wishing to come to Des Moines—that there is here no manufacturing atmosphere.

This must be created, and while material development is necessarily slow, there is no reason why public sentiment along this line should not develop rapidly. The business career must be made attractive. More of our boys must become producers, and not all try to make money somehow on top.

SIMON CASADY

Pres. Des Moines Savings Bank.

We certainly have not the manufacturing spirit in Des Moines. It must be created. This is partly due to the idea, now being rapidly modified, that the success of manufacturing depends on location; we have thought of ourselves chiefly as an agricultural community, and left manufactures to the east. But with equalized railroad rates, the situation changes. Look at Waterloo. Our most successful plants here have grown from small beginnings; their methods are an object lesson. Many larger concerns coming in from outside, have not made good. We should manufacture our home products, as clay and the cereals. There is no business sense in sending our products away, and buying them back, paying freight both ways.

H. M. WHINERY

Cashier Century Savings Bank.

Des Moines undoubtedly has a great future. So far the city has had a steady and conservative growth as the geo-

graphical center of the richest agricultural region in the world. There is every indication that the city is entering on a new phase of development, in which manufactures must bear an important part. These must be developed by capital invested in worthy enterprises, and loyal support of home industries so developed.

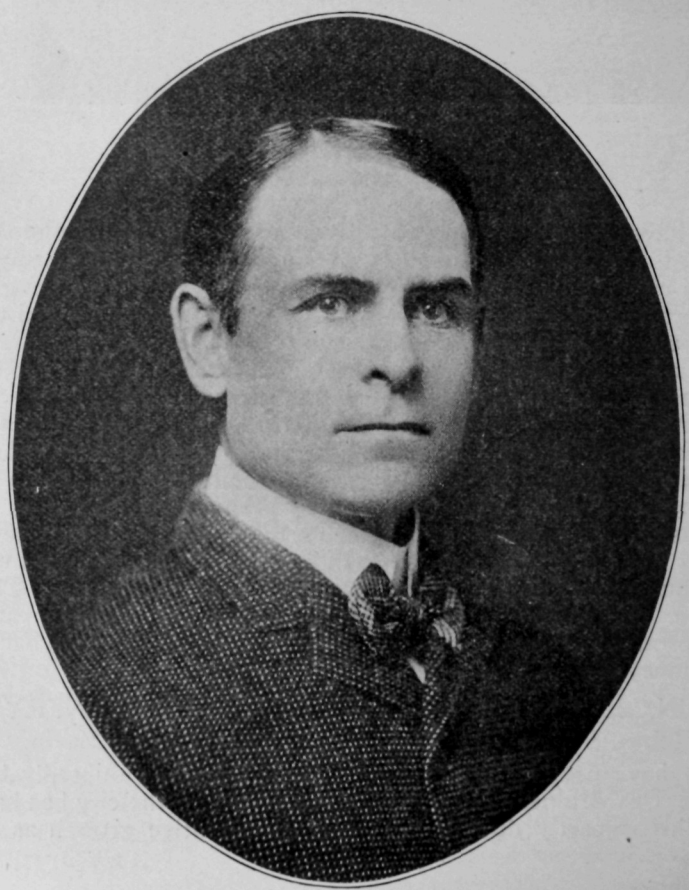
J. D. WHISENAND

Vice-Pres. Central State Bank.

The city of Des Moines affords splendid opportunities and advantages for manufacturing. There is capital in abundance for good things, but not for propositions without merit. Enterprises not experimental, when managed by practical, able men, can and do have the hearty support of the citizens of Des Moines. But no man can reasonably be expected to invest his money merely from considerations of civic pride; Des Moines must foster and patronize her own producing industries, or capital will go elsewhere. Men of means everywhere are looking for able men to manage the enterprises in which they will be glad to invest. The

C. A. RAWSON

Pres. Iowa Pipe & Tile Works



B. S. HENRY

Of the Schmitt & Henry Mfg. Co.

C. S. WALKER
Of the Kratzer Carriage Co.

Commercial Club can only call attention to opportunities and money a d good management must do the rest. Des Moines is the place for factories and it will grow as we get them.

J. G. ROUNDS

Pres. Citizens National Bank.

The best way to promote manufacturing interests in Des Moines has been fully demonstrated by the successful plants which we have here, built up by able management from small beginnings. While large and pretentious undertakings from outside have failed, local industries have succeeded. Then let people buy home-made goods. When the outside manufacturer sees that there is here a market for his goods, and this means, of course, the buying territory tributary to Des Moines, he will locate here. Des Moines has sometimes made the mistake of endorsing enterprises first, and investigating afterwards.

W. B. MARTIN

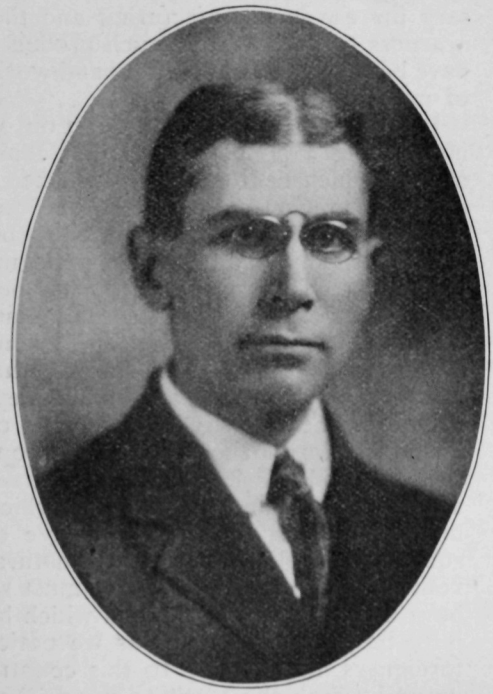
Pres. Inter-State Realty Co.

Des Moines has an enviable location for a manufacturing city. I know of none better. We have all the natural advantages, and with the handicap of unfair freight rates removed, and with the development of interurbans, this city will also be a big jobbing center. More interest in manufactures, and more enthusiasm would hasten the industrial development that is bound to come.

G. E. MacKINNON

Cashier Mechanics Savings Bank.

How best to promote the manufacturing interests in Des Moines is a problem which capable committees of the Commercial Club and The Greater Des Moines Committee have spent years trying to solve. Their efforts have not been fruitless, neither have they brought all the returns anticipated. In my opinion, the proposition is, in Des Moines as elsewhere, a matter that is largely up to the manufacturing interests themselves. This may be a selfish view, but I believe that most business concerns, like most substantial and successful men, begin in a modest way and grow because it is in them to grow whether the community takes a friendly interest or not. We have been criticized because our people have not subscribed more freely to



W. D. APPLEGATE
Of the Shannon & Mott Co.

stock offered by new factories desiring to locate here and not without reason. It is to be hoped that we can overcome this complaint in the near future.

G. S. GILBERTSON
Farm Loans Co.

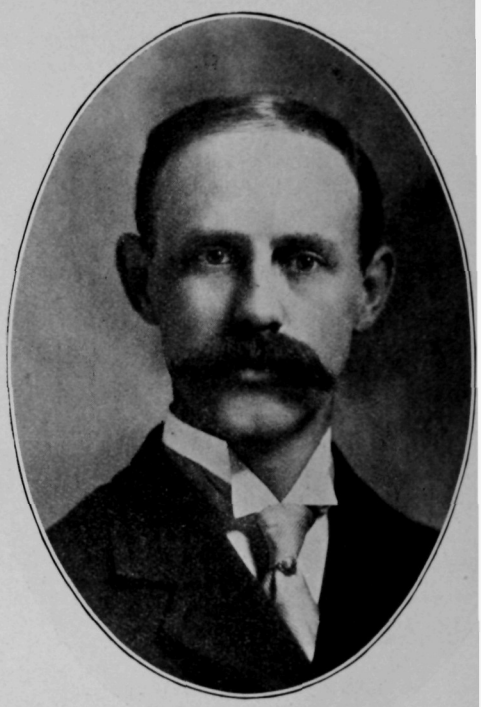
The material advantages of Des Moines are so obvious, and have been so often stated, that I will only suggest that an essential element of success lies in making Des Moines an attractive city in which to live. This it already is, but clean up the streets; and so give an instant and favorable impression to the newcomer.

ARTHUR REYNOLDS
President Des Moines National Bank.

In considering the matter of how to promote manufacturing in Des Moines there are, of course, a few things which are absolutely necessary in order to enable the city to become a manufacturing center. Foremost among these, as is well known, is the matter of sufficient railroad facilities, accompanied with proper railroad rates. Also the matter of cheap power, either through natural water facilities, or through the production of power by the purchase of cheap fuel. Then again the question of the nearness to the raw products necessary for use in manufacturing and the nearness to market after such products have been worked out by the handiwork of man.

It seems to me that the question of introducing a population into a community which has natural tendencies toward manufacturing lines is one of the most important features not to be overlooked in undertaking to build up a manufacturing center. I do not believe that a city can promote its manufacturing interests to any large extent by the subsidizing of various institutions, or by the giving away of money.

One of the principal elements of manufacturing is the securing of proper labor, and the instincts which make a laborer desire any kind of work which he may undertake with any degree of success, must be through his natural volition. In a word, a laborer must be born and bred in the work in which he is to be successful. Just as we notice foreigners immigrating to this country naturally seek the work to which they have long been accustomed and in



J. H. COCHRANE
Of the Des Moines Paper Box Factory

which they are most skilled, so we find communities built up of such people skilled in a particular kind of work. I believe that foreigners are perhaps more skilled along individual lines than Americans for the reason that their efforts lie more particularly along such lines.

In connection with this thought it seems to me that this city would accomplish very much more if instead of a promiscuous and general solicitation of manufacturing industries their efforts were given to individual lines of manufacturing. For instance, L. Harbach & Sons Co. are at this time manufacturing furniture to quite a little success in this city, and if we introduce into our population a considerable number of people skilled in cabinet making and the other arts necessary to the proper manufacturing of furniture, this would induce other factories to locate here. What we need is not so much a large variety of factories as a larger number of an individual kind of manufacturing. In a word, if we had four or five large furniture factories, this city would become a center for the business for which Grand Rapids, Michigan, is at the present time noted.

PHILIP SCHMITT
Of the Schmitt & Henry Mfg. Co.

It is difficult to induce people to come to a city to visit an individual factory, although retailers and jobbers are accustomed to annually or semi-annually visit manufacturing centers for the purpose of looking over the various lines manufactured in order that they may secure advanced ideas in their line of business as well as make a proper selection of goods which will be the most attractive and the easiest salable. With laborers skilled in a particular kind of labor and then the introduction of factories along one or more individual lines we will, I believe, in the long run produce far better results for a city than an effort along promiscuous lines.

There is another feature which is called to my attention, namely, that of having a well established, thoroughly reliable brokerage office in this city where stocks, bonds and mortgages of all kinds can be placed upon the market in a reliable way; where people may go to purchase such stocks and where they may take them for sale. In this city at the present time, if an individual desires to buy a few shares of any kind of stock, there is no place where such stock is listed regularly for sale, and it is practically an impossibility to hunt all of the individual stockholders of the various institutions for the purpose of securing such stock. There is a large amount of Des Moines money seeking investments elsewhere on account of this fact. In addition to this, if an individual finds himself placed in a position where he desires to dispose of a given kind of stock he is unable to find any market except through placing the matter before his individual friends. If we had a reliable brokerage office in this city, these purchases and sales would readily be made through such

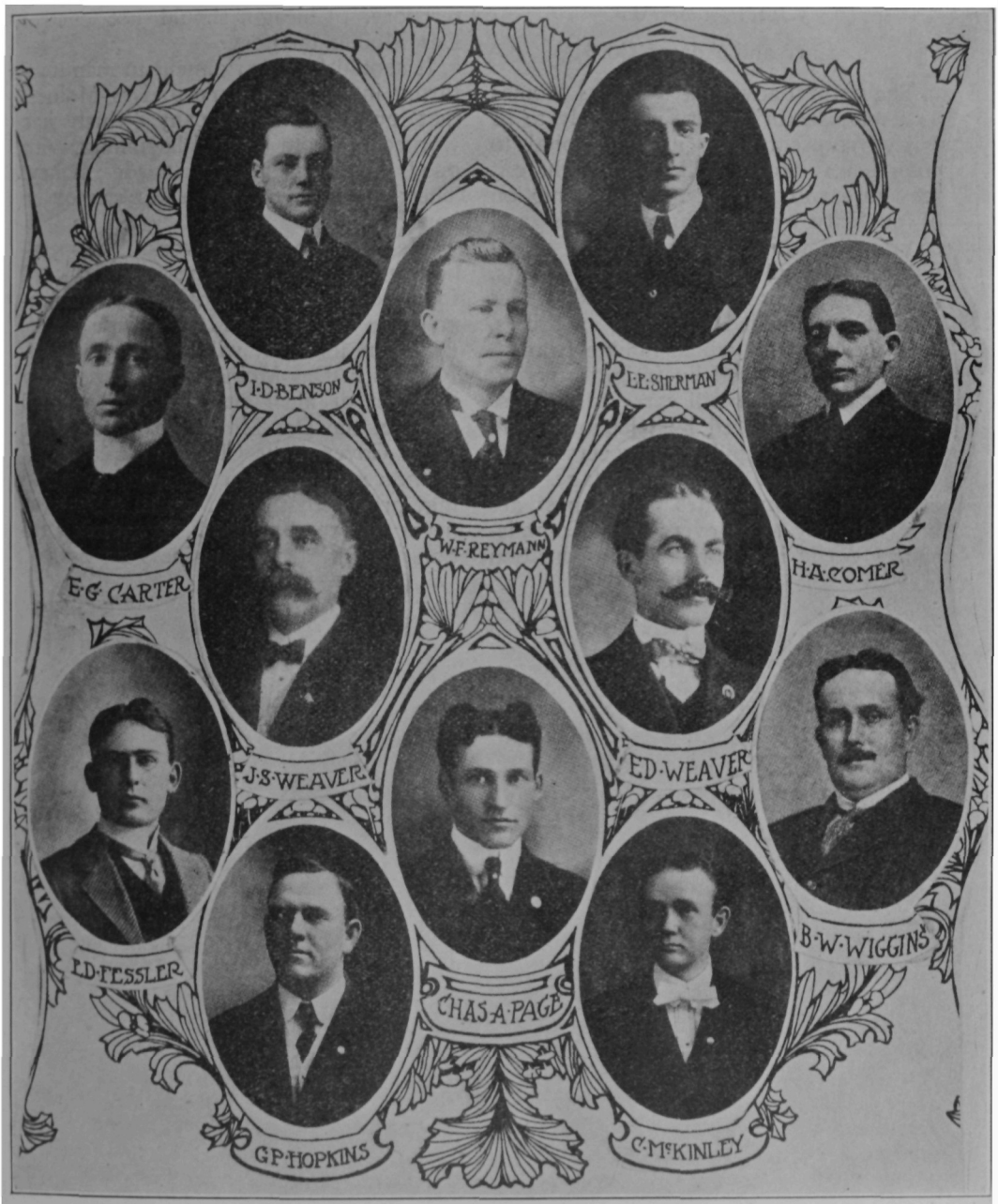
JOHN A. BAAL
Of the Carr-Adams Mfg. Co.

office, and in addition the price of stocks in this city would upon their earning power more nearly sell at their real value than they do at the present time.

Take for instance, a factory which locates in this city which finds its business rapidly expanding and on account of the unstable condition of the money market they do not like to float their bills payable due at short intervals, but prefer to float a longer time issue of bonds or preferred stock. The people of our city have never been educated to such class of business and there is absolutely no market here for such securities. Factories are not encouraged to locate in a city lacking such desirable advantages.

The banking power of this city is reasonably ample for any manufacturing enterprise which this city could hope to secure and there is sufficient capital here to take care of any reasonable enterprise on the outside through stocks and bonds were our people properly educated to such class of business. It would be advantageous to the city and the people as well. Every banker in this city is called upon to purchase securities in other cities for his customers simply because there is no established market here.

The question of securing factories for a city is not one which can be discussed very profitably in a short interview, but I have for sometime been thoroughly convinced that the thought of introducing proper labor and of exerting energy along an individual line; creating a manufacturing center for that particular line, and of creating a reliable place where all kinds of securities pertaining to corporations are



SCHMITT & HENRY SELLING FORCE

bought and sold, is vital, to the question of building up a manufacturing city along proper lines.

JOHN A. BAAL

Carr and Adams Co.

The natural advantages of Des Moines as a manufacturing city need only to be fairly represented, to induce capital to come here. Money will go only where it sees an earning chance. The promotion of publicity by the various clubs and committees which are doing such splendid service will certainly bring results. Special emphasis should be placed on Des Moines' unequaled shipping facilities, over the railroads which radiate from it. These, supplemented by freight-carrying interurbans, which will carry to the customer goods ordered by telephone, give an efficient and rapid delivery service nowhere surpassed. Any disadvantages arising from unequal rates in the past are in a fair way to be overcome. Commissioner Wylie is a bureau of information on the subject. Our competition is all to the east. The west, southwest and northwest is practically ours, and we are the geographical center of the best buying territory. Chicago should not control Des Moines territory.

It should be an argument to manufacturing interests to come to Des Moines, that every local company, which has worked up from a small beginning, with good management, has made money. Their stock is not for sale; cannot be bought.

We need more team work. Co-operation, friendliness in business, a good word for a neighboring manufactory, will promote the sale of Des Moines made goods, which in its turn, will stimulate manufactures in Des Moines. We have every prospect of ideal city government, and the fact the Des Moines men, as in the Good Government Club, took a day off at the recent primaries to watch the voting, proves that Des Moines realizes as never before that good city administration is identical with business success.

T. R. HURLEY

Of the Brown-Hurley Hardware Company

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Dr. Ellis G. Linn

(Contiuued from March number)

We were passing down Alserstrassa one day when a dozen young fellows came out from a side street whooping and yelling and having a high old time. Two stalwart boys were making most of the noise. They were partly drunk and rapidly getting drunker; each one had more than the usual display of feathers in his hat and everybody stood aside to give them the right of way. Policemen made no effort to interfere with their jollity and they moved down the street in their glory. It was the customary celebration of boys during the two days preceding their forced enlistment in the army. During those forty-eight hours I am told they can raise particular thunder; they can go where they want to, do what they want to, yell all they want to, drink all they want to wherever they want to, and no one raises a protest; and as the bride-elect takes to handsome costumes and lovely gowns before the wedding, so these recruits take to hilarity and to wine. In both cases they know it is all over after the ceremony.

Just off the Graben, which is the State street of Vienna, you go down a long flight of stairs into an alcoved old cellar where for hundreds of years people have been meeting to while away the hours, drinking choice wine from the Esterhazy Viniards. I did not taste the wines, but I wanted to see a drinking place which tradition tells us has been famous for eight centuries. But the Viennese do not drink their wine, nor the Germans their beer for the purpose of getting drunk like an American drinks his whiskey. It really seems a shame that, so long as an American must soak up his system to drown his troubles, he should not first learn that it would be quite as effective to drown them a little at a time. He might learn from his German or Austrian or Swiss or Dutch sympathizers that it is not necessary to treat his stomach like an aeronaut does his baloon and fill it to the limit at every performance.

For an hour or two hours a company of German or Austrian men and women will sit around a table and talk or tell stories; discuss business or sing songs; make speeches or listen to a band, with a big glass of beer, mostly foam, at their hands and then at the end of the hour each will pay for his own glass, many of which are only partially emptied. I have seen a good many Americans drink many kinds of drinks and in a good many countries; but I do not remember to have seen one desert a half emptied glass, unless he had previously done justice to a good many full ones. In any country where one is a stranger, customs prevail which seem to him extremely odd and equally ridiculous. It seemed odd, to meet on the streets of Vienna, intelligent looking men wearing in their hats feathers probably discarded from the tail of some self-respecting bantam rooster. It seemed odd to see a young couple strolling through the woods or in a box at the opera with an older member of the lady's family always present; and had I been the young fellow, it would have seemed to me quite unnecessary.

It seemed odd to see buggies and wagons drawn by a single horse hitched to one side of a tongue instead of between shafts.

It seemed odd to see laboring girls and women wearing short skirts and boots instead of shoes, and to see four or five women working in the fields along with one man, the other men being in the army, on the police force or in the railway service.

It seemed odd to see a ten-foot length of hose attached to the rear end of a city street sprinkler and on the end of this hose a perforated expanded nozzle, such as is found on the tin bucket device with which a man sprinkles his wife's flower garden. A strap several feet long is tied to the end of this hose just above the nozzle. A man brings up the rear holding to the end of the strap and pulling back with force enough to keep the nozzle from touching the paving as he swings it from side to side throwing the

water over half the width of the street. When he wants to stop the flow of water he gives the thing an extra hard swing and twists the hose over in such a way that it puts a kink in it, much as a farm boy twists a calf's tail to make it speed along.

It seemed odd to see on the little farms about Aspern, a horse walking round and round a windlass pumping device, raising water to irrigate the very ground which a century ago trembled with the rumble of canon and ran red with French and Austrian blood.

It seemed odd to see a great frame work of poles ten or twelve feet high, with poles laid across very close together; two feet above this, another layer at right angles to the first and still higher other layers each at right angles to the last. Over this they throw cold water in freezing weather and as it finds its way down through the layers of poles it freezes until in time a great mass of ice is at hand. From this "Ice Plant" the great hospital gets at least a part of its winter supply.

It seemed odd when you were a guest at a house after ten o'clock at night, to have to pay the janitor twenty hellers (five cents) to let you out of the house and then pay your own janitor twenty hellers to let you in. They tell us that Napoleon wanted the people to get off the streets at an early hour and that he devised this twenty heller business; and that the janitors have tenaciously applied it ever since. I do not know whether that is the origin of the custom or not, but it is universally enforced in the city and it is amusing to see the hurried movements of those on the streets as the hour of ten approaches. The night before I left, the people where we ate our evening meal gave a little party for me. All leaving the house, a dozen of us or more, paid the old janitor twenty hellers each; it is really quite a portion of their salary. Then, too, the janitor keeps check on you all the better and it is one of his, or rather her, for women hold most of these jobs, duties to inform the police of your whereabout and what you do.

One of our fellows was arrested for carrying a lighted cigar in his hand into the opera house. He had to give his name and address; a week later he received a card through the mail telling him to come to the police station; there they told him when he came to town, (every one is required to fill out a blank giving his name, address, business, etc., in every lodging house in Germany, Austria and other countries of Europe) where he came from, how he behaved in Berlin, all about his getting full and raising rough house some weeks before, how many nights he had been out late and at what hours he got in and all about his general reputation. They then had him sign some kind of paper, gave him a fine of sixty cents and some good advice and allowed him to go home.

A physician made a protest against having his taxes raised. They said to him, you have not taken a vacation for three years; you keep no driver; you make many calls each day and one or two each night; you have only your wife and two children; you can afford to pay more taxes; and up they went. All this information comes regularly from the janitor and if you fail to appear for two days in succession the janitor wants to know what is wrong.

On my return from Galveston before the flood, Mrs. Linn used to say I never saw anything there but handsome women. They were not as handsome as the women of Vienna; nor have I seen as beautiful women except in Paris and I think they were not so beautiful save only as they made themselves so by their carriage and their perfect tailoring. But the Vienna woman is handsome, not because she is superbly gowned, nor because of her faultless carriage; not because of her delicate footwear, not her shapely hat; not because of her artificial blush nor her tinted brows, but because nature has been to her so lavish in her kindness. She has given her a form as fair as that of Venus; a face moulded in a form of faultless features; cheeks painted by the rosy glow of maidenhood and eyes which bespeak the poetry of the soul. Walk with me in the early hours of Sunday and meet her on the Ringstrassa on her way to the morning service. You will admire her easy natural carriage, her springy step and her open countenance. Everything about conspires, too, to make you appreciative.

Here is one of the most beautiful streets in the world. It is broad and quite level in its entire length. Somewhat in the form of a horseshoe, it forms the boundary of the old town and marks the site of the old wall which served to

protect the city down to the middle of the last century. In the center of the street is a broad driveway bordering which run the street car tracks. On either side of them are rows of trees beneath which on one side is a bridle path and on the other a broad gravel walk. Then on either side again a drive and then the broad side walks.

But I would have you look up and down any one of the half dozen straight stretches which go to make up this great thoroughfare and see the splendid buildings which front upon it. I have told you before how, for half a mile, the height and beautiful outline and architectural design of these substantial business blocks harmonize with the height and the outline and the design of all their neghbors. I have told you how the public buildings are spendidly located, substantially built, elegantly designed, and handsomely frescoed; and how many of them are enriched with statues and marble columns and collosal groups of bronze upon their sky line. And still you cannot know until you have stood there with the bright sky above you, the warm sun bursting through the trees around you and the soft balmy air fanning your brow, how pleasing is the scene that everywhere greets the eye.

Just across there is the archway into the Heroes square where stand the equestrian statues of Prince Eugene and the Arch Duke Charles. Here on the opposite side in a little park, surrounded by beds of roses, rises the magnificent monument to Maria Theresa. Sitting there on her elevated throne, at her feet her cabinet and her faithful generals, beautiful and admired she was, and is, and will be the idol of her people. Could those dumb eyes but see the upturned faces of the countless thousands who pause there before her and those deaf ears but catch the sentiments of love that are there pronounced, they would bring to her the consolation that comes to a sovereign, who has done her best to serve her country. To her right stands the splendid gallery containing much that is rare and beautiful in art. To her left is the great museum; both the property of the Kaiser.

I cannot quit Vienna without telling you something of Shonbrunn; and I ought to tell you of the cemetery where lie the remains of Beethoven and Schubert and the Strausses with other musicians in a beautiful circle, in the center of which is a monument to the memory of Mozart, at whose pauper grave the Viennese forgot to mourn. Shonbrunn is the summer home of the Kaiser and is

UNIVERSITY, VIENNA

just a little way outside the city. It is a wonderfully attractive plot of ground, beautiful indeed as it came from the hand of the Maker and made much more beautiful by the hand of man. You would love to walk down its long aisles whose walls are formed by solid rows of evergreen trees. These trees are covered with branches from the ground to their broad tops. They are trimmed true to a line, as though the sicklebar of some great mowing machine had been held upright and had been driven straight as a sunbeam; leaving a solid bank of evergreen twenty feet high, a quarter of a mile long and as smooth as a wall of masonry. Here, too, are ponds in the clear waters of which fish of many kinds are seen and on which fall the sprays from playing fountains. Here are beds of beautiful flowers arranged in tasty designs; and here are the ruins of an old Roman arch which may have stood there when the remains of Marcus Aurelis, noblest of Roman emperors, were borne through the silent streets of the city in sorrow to his tomb. And then just up on the little hilll from which you can look down upon all this panorama, with the summer palace in the center and the city for a background, stands the beautiful Glorietta. Emperors have stood here and looked with pride upon their capitol. Maria Theresa loved to come here and transact business with her ministers of state; and Napoleon after Austerlitz and after Wagram stood here and gazed with pride upon the bivouacked regiments which had made him master of Europe. Shonbrunn is, I think, the prettiest place I have ever seen save only incomparable Versailles.

I should like to tell you of the gardens of Baron Rothschild, where all the branches of trees loaded with plums and peaches and apples are spread out as flat as a palm leaf fan; where flowering trees are made to creep like vines and where everything in nature seems to have been shaped to satisfy the fancy of one of the money kings of earth. I would like to tell you of the old Kaiser and the pleasant smile which comes upon his face as his people greet him in the narrow streets; and I would like to tell you of many other things, but I leave them and I leave Vienna. I want to go back to it some day and I expect to, and then I may tell you more.

It is said by those who travel, that of all the cities of Europe Salzburg approaches most nearly the ideal in its picturesque location. From out the low Salzburg Alps the Salzach winds slowly

THE GLORIETTA AT SCHONBRUNN

SALZBURG AND ITS CITADEL

through the valley and curves like the waves of a great broad ribbon in between the two isolated hills against which rests the city. It then wanders away through the fertile plain until it is lost in the distance. Several hundred feet above the river crowning the hill upon its left bank, stands the old citadel guarding the ancient city like an acropolis of Greece. And looking down on this from across the river is the higher peak from the summit of which the eye might, unobstructed, sweep the plain for miles around. An old lady met us at the head of the inclined railway and leaning rather heavily on her cane conducted us through the gorgeous halls and various windings of the old citadel, as she had been conducting tourist parties for two generations. To walk through those old fortifications, stand upon those thick walls, and look from those high towers down the steep, rugged hillsides which they everywhere overlook, one can but feel that to capture such a stronghold by any other means than the weapons of modern warfare, would be a task impossible of accomplishment. Coming to an old banquet hall which overlooked the city and from which you could look down upon the beautiful river, the little parks with their playing fountains and a grand cathedral, on which you might almost toss a pebble four hundred feet below, the old lady looked at the clock and said: "We will return to this room in five minutes to hear the organ." We stood by the open windows of that old banquet hall, in which in other centuries had assembled, in hours of the city's peril, councils of the heroes of war. Here, too, in times of quiet assembled the bishops and the prelates and the followers of him who is the Prince of peace.

It was the evening of the twentieth of May; the sun was slowly sinking in the west and his diverging beams rested upon snowy peaks which pushed through the horizon into a cloudless sky. In the open court beside the cathedral, a little company had gathered as is the custom to hear the music which floats over the city, morning, noon, and evening all through the summer, from the first of May. Bells from a dozen churches tolled off the hour of six. Silence seemed to hover over the city; and then from out the great tower of the Cathedral came the melody of the sweetest chimes I have ever heard. Slowly and softly the sweet strains of an old

familiar hymn rose from the tower and floated in their fullness over the quiet valley. Hats came off; men stood still upon the streets; and teamsters stopped their wagons as waves of soul inspiring harmony fell upon the ears of those who had learned the sweetness of redeeming love. Three hymns in all the richness of the wonderful story, then the soft reverberations of the bells and all was still. But only for a moment, and then from the tower just beside us there came the peals of a great organ as it poured forth upon the evening air one of the choicest of gems from that much loved child of Salsburg, the gifted Mozart. The sacred hymns as they rose in waves of inspiring harmony had seemed to lift us into an atmosphere, free from the cares and the turmoil of the day; and now we were borne by the great swells of melody on and away into realms which filled the soul with happy promptings and wrapped our beings in an ecstacy of supreme delight.

I do not know the rudiments of music. I have not learned the features which combine to make it touch the heart. To me it has not been given to distinguish the especial elements which make it permeate and inspire the soul. I do not know why it is that martial airs, heard above the roar of battle, will drive regiments with wild hurrahs over ramparts strewn with the dead and dying. I cannot tell what it is that makes the tears of mourning friends course down their cheeks as in that lone, sad hour they listen to soft voices singing "Lead Kindly Light" or "Nearer My God, To Thee." I cannot discern what it is in music that lifts us up until we seem to rest in the presence of the Divine. But I know it does all these things and more. I have heard the curly headed old plantation darky with his watermelons and his banjo, tumming coon songs in his sunny southern home. I have heard the bands of liberated Cuba as they inspired their fellow freedmen, marching beneath Cuban colors, behind the ramparts of the Moro. I have listened to the famed orchestra and the chorus which draws and holds the best musicians within the realms of the Hapsburgs. I have sat entranced before Melba and Caruso in the death bed scene in La Boheim. I have sat beside my angel mother as she lulled her tired babies into slumberland, away back in the twilight of memory. But never have I fed my soul on such melody sublime, as then poured forth upon the evening air and floated over the city of Salzburg; and I cannot but think that handkerchiefs in the hands of the little company away down there in the open court by the Cathedral, were drying eyes which were dimmed because of the message they had received from those evening chimes and that grand organ standing there in the old tower, which looks down upon tnat ancient town.

I shall attempt to describe nothing which we saw in our journey from Salzburg to Paris and I shall not attempt to describe Paris. Switzerland furnishes legends of her heroes. Splendid descriptions from the gifted pens of many distinguished visitors have made world famous her lakes, her mountains, and her people. Pick up almost any current magazine and you will find an article on the Matterhorn, Mount Blanc or the Young Frau. They will tell you of Lindau, quaint little old town upon a small island resting upon the crystal waters of Lake Constance. They will tell you of Constance and of Zurich with the beautiful mountain view overlooking the city, of Lucerne with its great memorial, a huge lion carved from the side of a hill of solid rock and done in memory of the ever faithful Swiss guards who fell in defending the ill-fated Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antonette. They will tell you of Schafhausen and the Rhine falls, where a man and a boy, each with a single oar, will sit, one in either end of a long skiff and row you against a fearful current to one of the two projecting rocks which rises eighty or a hundred feet near the center of the stream and divides the torrent of water just as it plunges over the falls. This rock seems to careen from side to side as you are tossed about by the swells in the churning stream; and as the boy leaps to the foot of the rock and securely anchors the frail craft, you are glad to follow and stand securely again even though torrents of water are thundering dangerously near you on either side. Mounting to the summit the eye sweeps a scene of unusual grandeur. Resting upon the right bank lies the little village of Nauhausen; two hundred yards straight in front of you is the splendid Rhinefalls bridge from beneath which the waters sweep on in tremendous volume directly down upon you as though they would bear you away. On

THE RHEINFALLS

a high cliff looking directly down upon the falls from the left bank, stands old Laufen Castle, whose massive walls were covered with creeping vines, generations before Columbus stood upon the prow of the Santa Maria and, peering through the twilight, sighted the wigwam fires of a race unknown.

The Rhinefalls are not so striking, so terrible, nor so majestic as the falls of Niagara; but they are as grandly beautiful, and they are intensely impressive. for a hundred yards the waters come rushing down an extremely irregular, though somewhat gradual decline, breaking against projecting masses of stone and leaping into deep pockets, until with one grand rush they plunge with terrible force over the projecting ledge into the foaming, surging, whirlpool away down there below. With the swift onrush of the current breaking against it, and the thundering billows beneath your feet, you cling to the railing and you fancy the rock trembles as if to topple over and engulf you beneath the churning waves; but you relax your hold and you cease your fear when you recall that these waters were lashing about its base and breaking against its slender column when you were born; and it was standing there, only a little more rigid doubtless than it is today, when the fearless Swiss bowmen mounted to its top as they paused on their march to uphold the arms of William Tell. Yes and the nightingale and the pheasant may have winged their way to the shrubbery upon its summit, at the very moment when angels descended the ladder and hovered above the pillowed head of the dreaming patriarch by the roadside at Bethel.

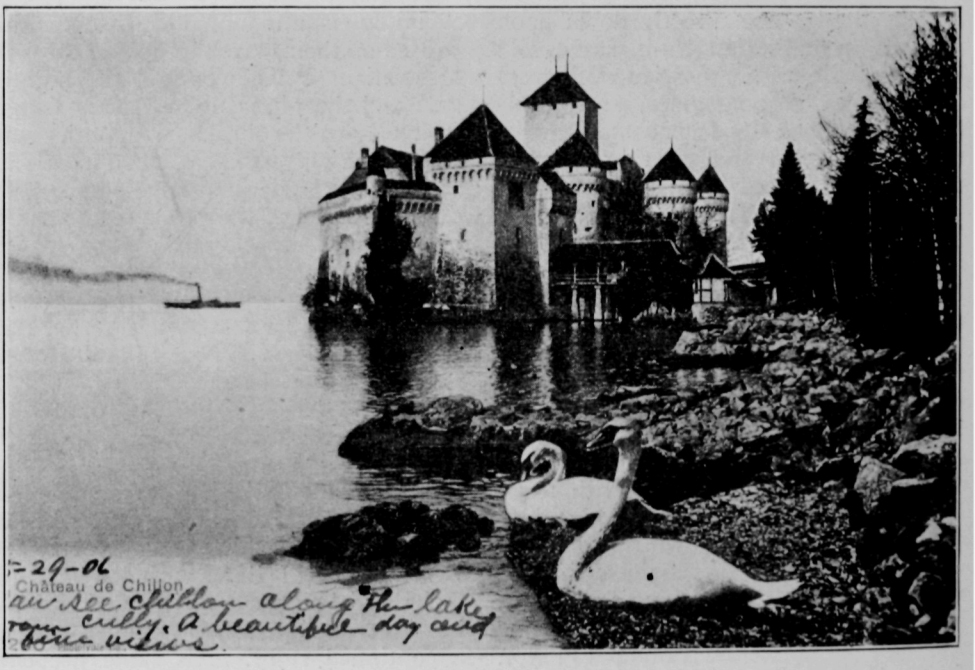
Perhaps, too, against its head had dashed the wreck of some rude craft before the receding waters had rested their precious burden upon the cummit of Ararat. You step into your boat, it darts down the stream like a "Chute the Chutes" and they land you safe on the other side.

They will tell you of Interlaken whence you look upon the Young Frau and beautiful old Thun which is not yet spoiled by tourists; of Bern with its bear pit. An Englishman sat on the wall of this bear pit at Berne last summer reading a continued story. His smile deepened into a broad grin, in ten minutes he began to laugh and lost his balance. An extra edition of the evening paper told of the cut of his beard, the color of his hair and described the clothes he had worn. And of course they will tell you of Geneva. They will tell you of her beautiful lakes and how their crystal icy waters reflect the shadows of mountains

which look down upon them from every side. Of old castles whence in other centuries came brave men to battle for Switzerland. Yes, and they will tell you, too, that in the cold, damp dungeons of these castles many brave men have gone down to forgotten graves. In many of these, could those old walls but tell the story of the past, would many another Byron see, chained to those pillars in the cheerless, endless gloom, the wasted form of his Prisoner of Chillon.

The sun shines bright on Switzerland. Herds wander over her green hillsides and the sound of tinkling bells is music to the inmates of the rural cabin homes. Vineyards yield in plenty and the little valleys are garden spots which they render fertile by their industry. Tourists from every land come and go and tens of thousands are dropping here a constant stream of gold. You walk about the streets of her peaceful cities and upon your ear there falls no heavy tread of regiments in arms. But you hear instead the care free people cheering their favorite band as it marches to the train to attend the annual May festival of music. There is here now no persecuted William Tell. There is no Prisoner of Chillon.

I shall make no attempt to give you a sketch of Paris. No one who has gone through a few streets and seen a few buildings; ridden along a few boulevards and visited a few galleries; attended a few shows and sat in the Madeline, and quit the city in six days has a right to attempt a sketch of this pleasure center of the earth. During the six days we were within its limits, we made an honest



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

effort to see the city. We had a guide who knew how to economize time and he gave us a run for our money. We went all day and much of the night. We saw all we could see within the week, but I do not know Paris at all. No one would expect to learn the city in a month or a year, but I do not know it at all.

RONALD ENGLEBECK

Three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Englebeck

MEMBERS OF THE GUTHRIE-LORENZ FIRM

Proprietors of a New Cut Flower and Seed Store at 420 Sixth Ave.

K. H. GUTHRIE

MISS L. E. McMILLEN

OLIVER LORENZ

MISS BONNIE MARSHALL

President of the Des Moines Pan Hellenic Association

THE PAN HELLENIC ASSOCIATION

MISS DESSA THOMPSON

President of the Delta Delta Gamma Sorority

One of the most valuable assets of the college woman-student is the ability, to paraphrase an old proverb, of "taking her own where she finds it." Doubtless it was this new mental attitude which led her quickly to note the value of men's college fraternities. The hospitality of fraternity houses appealed to her. She felt the charm of comradeship; here was the one chance to have a college home; also, perhaps, the secrecy allured her.

Whatever the motives, they first took concrete form in the organization, at Asbury University, Greencastle, Indiana, in 1870, of a woman's Kappa Alpha Theta society. In the same year was organized the Kappa Kappa Gamma, at Monmouth, Illinois.

Greek letter societies now exist in all state universities and in the majority of women's colleges. In Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Byrn Mawr, there are instead the clubs which feature so largely in college life. The Pan-Hellenic is the union of all the sororities, in each college uniting and controlling all. It formulates rules which govern such matters as rushing, invitations, the number of functions each chapter may give during the year, and in all things works with the faculty for the common good. At Iowa City, for instance, it regulates the hours of the college dances, promoting early hours. An organization which results in such self-government should have no friction with a faculty, and there is none.

The Pan-Hellenic Association in Des Moines was organized in 1900, much of its initial success being due to the enthusiasm of the first president, Miss Helene Nelson, and Miss Anna Wilkins. There were then only three chapters in the city, no one of them large enough for an alumni association. A desire to get together resulted in the calling of a meeting, and subsequent organization. Under the constitution, no two officers can be elected from the same society, and the president serves only one year. The office has always sought the woman.

The presidents have been, following Miss Nelson, Miss Mary Rosemond, who

MRS. C. A. McCUNE

Retiring Pres. of the Pi Beta Phi

MRS. JAMES A. HOWE

President of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority

was also a national officer of Delta Gamma; Miss Ella Cummins, Pi Beta Phi; Mrs. H. R. Howell, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Mrs. E. D. Burbank, Gamma Beta Phi; Mrs. F. E. V. Shore, Alpha Phi; Mrs. W. T. Buchanan, Delta Delta Delta, and the present executive, Miss Bonnie Marshall, who is also president of the Kappa Alpha Theta Chapter. The Pan-Hellenic in this city represents ten societies, including beside those mentioned the Alphi Chi Omega, Chi Omega and Alpha Xi Delta.

There are no national Greek letter societies in Des Moines. This central organization not only holds together the

MRS. A. U. SWAN
Pres. of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Society

local chapters, but it crystallizes the fraternity sentiment throughout the state. Some twenty-five delegates come from Simpson College to the annual social meeting.

The society exists for the promotion of social feeling and good fellowship. "I always speak to a fraternity pin, no matter whether my own or another," says a member who wears the arrow "barbed with truth, winged with love, and bound by the golden chain of friendship," which belongs to Pi Beta Phi. In the constant come and go of a growing western city, an association such as this facilitates acquaintance, and helps the new comer to find her place. Each pin has its symbolic significance, as the key of Kappa Kappa Gamma, the anchor of Delta Gamma, the crescent and three stars of Delta Delta Delta.

The Pan-Hellenic does not live the strenuous life. A business meeting in March, a social meeting in August or September, which, being an out-door affair, is a movable feast, modified by weather conditions, and the annual banquet, make up its year.

The latter is always a brilliant social function, invitations being sent out through the state, and the membership of one hundred and twenty being well represented.

When a toast program responds to such toasts as "The Outlook," "The Philistine," and "What Is Man, That Thou Art Mindful of Him?" it is easy to believe that, to quote from the original song by one of the Pan-Hellenic's most brilliant members, the late Olive McHenry, "When Greek Meets Greek, the Lamp of Life Burns Bright."

On the last banquet menu is the thumb mark of "Ding," the cartoonist, in a silhouette of the Greek letter woman. She is not pure Greek. She has a sentimental chin, an American tip-tilted nose, and only the fillet that holds in leash her abundant pompadour binds her to her Greek past.

There is also a men's Pan-Hellenic association in Des Moines, and a social union meeting of two societies has often been suggested. The difficulty being that so many of the Greeks of both sexes have married barbarians, whose presence, delightful as it might be, would prevent the meeting from being an unalloyed Greek letter affair.

All in all, the Pan-Hellenic occupies a place of its own. Made up of college bred women, it adds to the enthusiasm of the college spirit, the broader outlook of maturer life. Dignified, gracious, fraternal, helpful, it occupies a position unique among organizations of women.

MISS MARY COOKERLY

Whose marriage to Mr. A. W. Ristine will occur the last of April

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

Washington, D. C., March 4, 1908

This may be a "do-nothing congress." It is. And sixty thousand of us may have had the grip this winter—we have. But life has its compensations. Mr. Wu is back. He adds to the gayety of nations. He has brought with him the cheerful personality, the genial persistent inquisitiveness which makes him seem an oriental Yankee. Washington has always liked Wu Ting-Fang, and so pleased are we to have him once more safely in the Chinese Legation, with his numerous retinue, that we do not remember anything about the boycott which he engineered after he went home. Minister Wu has changed little in appearance during his five years' absence. His short mustache is streaked with gray, but he has the same bland smile, and the same evasive reply to inquiries concerning matters not yet ready for disclosure that won for him from the reporters the name of "Wily Mr. Wu." Seriously, he is one of China's great men, and has brought back with him a wealth of statistics on the emigration question. He probably knows, down to the last detail, the distribution of Chinese population in the United States.

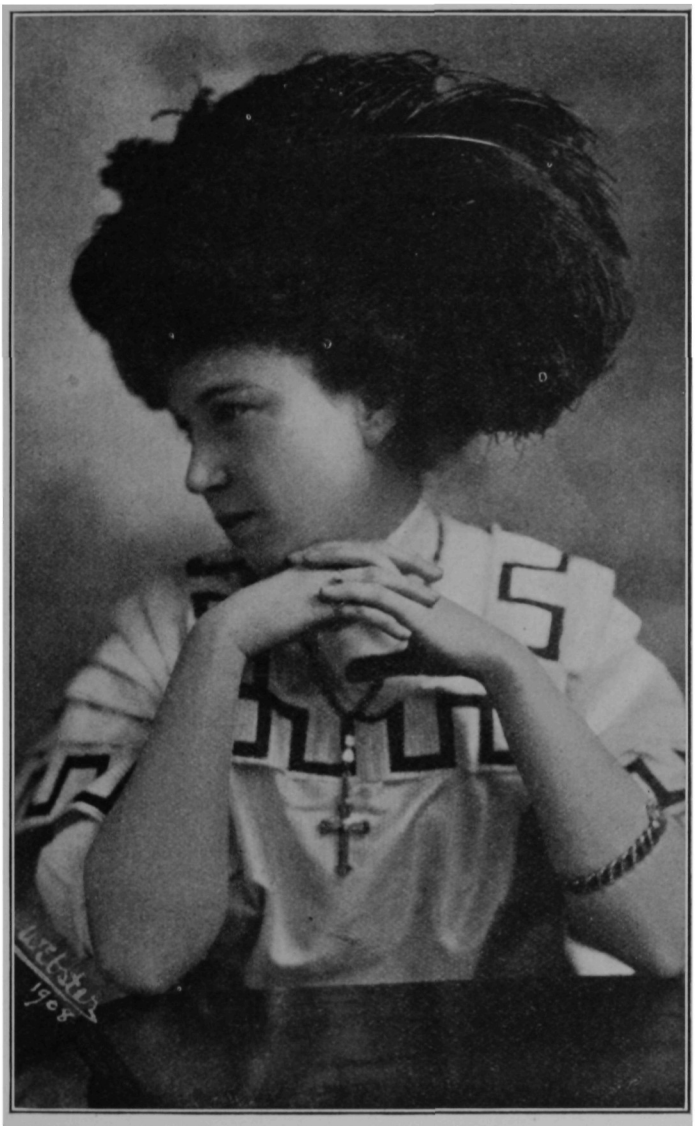
With our relations with China so well established, and with Ambassador Takahira over in New York at a banquet the other evening assuring his auditors that nothing could disturb the peaceful relations between the United States and Japan, there would seem to be no immediate fear of the yellow peril.

Diplomatic Washington is happy, also, to welcome back Ambassador Takahira, who represented his government here from 1900 to 1905. Both he and his wife are delighted, it is said, to return to Washington. The Baroness has the oriental charm which belongs to the dainty women of her race, and is beside a thoroughly Europeanized Japanese, being one of the first women graduates of the European schools of Japan, and is one of the best educated women in the diplomatic circle. One sometimes down town in the department stores sees ladies of the Chinese and Japanese legations—without head-covering and in native costume—but the Baroness Takahira, immediately on coming to America, at once discarded Japanese dress, adopted American dress and ways of entertaining and is noted for the beauty of her costumes.

The House of Representatives did a little resurrection act the other day which may result in good to the departmental service. There have always been ten "committees on expenditures" in executive departments, but these committees have been so inert that they had become almost as superfluous as the appendix, when the House galvanized them into life by the simple expedient of granting to each committee a clerk at $6.00 a day for the remainder of the session. It is the intention to make these committees permanently active, and to prevent the abuses of congressional and executive mismanagement, from piling up, until it becomes necessary, periodically, to create such bodies as the Keep Commission and the Waterways Commission to make investigations. Undoubtedly, the ounce of prevention will be cheaper than the pound of cure. Why has not someone thought of it before?

Another much-needed reform is the reorganization of the consular service, which Secretary Root is pushing to completion. Twenty-eight useless consulates are abolished, and seventeen new ones established at points where American interests demand them. There are changes of grade and increases in salary. At Jamestown, Helena, the consul had absolutely nothing to do, the fees received being but $16 a year, while it cost $2,745 to keep up the consulate, and there were others, scattered from Honduras to Quebec, equally unprofitable.

The trade expansion of the United States is indicated by the establishment of a new consulate at Punta Areno, the recent stopping place of the fleet, and at new points in Syria, China, India, Turkey and Mexico. If the consular service can be kept strictly under civil service, so that promotion will be a matter of merit, and



MRS. WILLIAM ALVA HARROD

Formerly Miss Alice Longley. One of the popular March brides.

not of political reward, and the salaries kept, as they now are, at a living figure, there will be an inducement for young men to fit themselves for the diplomatic career. Washington offers unusual facilities for the study of international and diplomatic law, of which ambitious young men may well avail themselves. Under the business-like management of Secretary Root the service is already increasing in efficiency, and higher class men are being attracted by it.

Again we have had the Mothers' Congress with us, and again, as always, the mothers have gone through the White House grounds in the sunshine of the April afternoon, to see the President. And he told them that they were the "one supreme asset of national life; more important by far than the successful statesman, or business man, or artist or scientist." He cautioned them against race suicide, defined marriage, and by the time he was through had given a high-class ethical talk that suggested that Theodore Roosevelt might have been a great preacher. These things are good to hear, and the mothers go away cheered and uplifted.

There was great disappointment that Mrs. Grover Cleveland was not here as expected. Judge Ben Lindsey was in attendance, as the chairman of the Juvenile Court committee, and had the distinction of being the first man delegate to a Mothers' Congress.

Mrs. Frederic Schoff, who has been for so many years president, and who has been in Des Moines, is as always, a forceful personality and an able presiding officer. Prominent in the strong delegation from Philadelphia was Mrs. Josephine Rich, secretary of the Woman's National Press Association and a member of the International League of Pen Women; also Miss Hansche, who is connected with the Philadelphia Commercial High School for Girls and a great worker in the Home and School League. Utah sent a splendid delegation. Mrs. I. L. Hillis, of Des Moines, was present as delegate-at-large from Iowa. Iowa was represented by a strong delegation including Mrs. J. J. Spellman, Mrs. Frank Waterbury, Mrs. Flinkin, Mrs. Sczenmeyer and Mrs. Thomas Watters.

Apropos of the question of "age" in politics, which seems to be an issue in Iowa just now, Col. Harry Swords, a long-ago resident of Des Moines, who was here the other day, recalled an incident of the republican presidential convention at Mineapolis in 1892, the year that the party went down to defeat under the leadership of Thos. H. Carter, of Montana. "I met Levi P. Morton in New York the other day," said Col. Swords. "Morton was left off the ticket, that year it will be remembered, because he was 'too old.' Harrison, McKinley, Blaine and Hobart, who were considered 'young men,' have all passed away, while Gov. Morton, though over eighty, is still living and quite active."

Although the advent of Lent brings a social armistice, which is very welcome to those who have been going the pace through the official season, there are still dinners, small dances and Cabinet days, on which most of the ladies of the cabinet circle are at home. The easy hospitality of the Vice-President's house is proverbial, and Mrs. Fairbanks on her last day at home welcomed a large gathering of callers, assisted by a group of ladies of the congressional set. Among them were Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Flint, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Gamble, Mrs. La Follette, Mrs. Overstreet, Mrs. Warren Fairbanks and Mrs. Timmons, the daughter of the house, who has much of her mother's vivacity and social charm. Mrs. Fairbanks stood at the entrance of the large drawing room and was attractively gowned in pale blue chiffon satin, with embellishments of white applique embroidery and lace.

One of Mrs. La Follette's recent Thursday afternoons was brightened, about five o'clock, by the presence of her daughter, Miss Lola La Follette, who came directly from the Columbia Theater, where she appeared in the comedy of "Bluffs," which reminds one of the remark of the lady who said, on first hearing Senator La Follette make a speech, "No wonder he has a daughter on the stage; that's where he ought to be." Senator La Follette, who is not usually seen at his wife's social afternoons, came home on this occasion in his daughter's honor. Miss La Follette is a hard-working actress, who takes her art seriously, and although handicapped by a rather poor play, proved a most engaging actress.

A charming woman who has just gone

back to England is Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, the wife of the noted Irish leader in the House of Commons. A beautiful, brilliant woman, American, with twenty years of happy married life to her credit, she has done newspaper work, been president of the Club of Journalistic Women in London, and writes plays, one of which Belasco has recently taken. With it all she is a "suffragette," and says if she had been in London she should certainly have gone to jail with Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson.

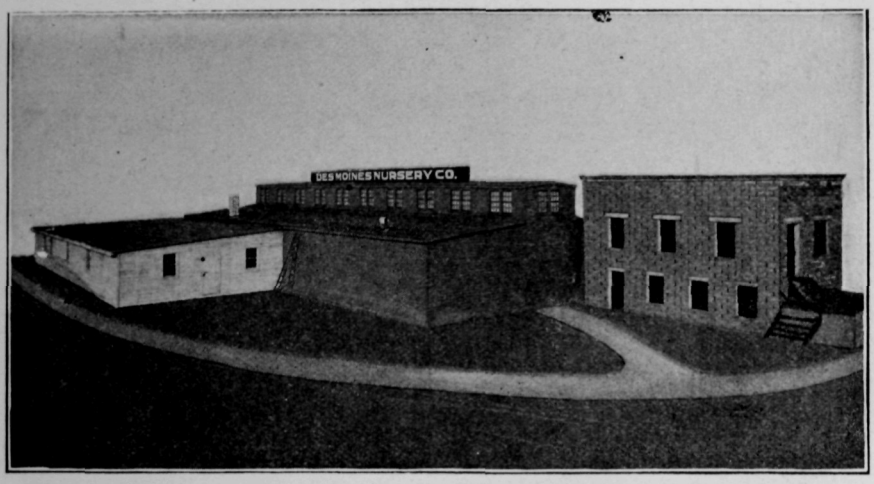
The Des Moines plan attracts much attention here. The morning after the decision of the supreme court was rendered, our leading daily's leading editorial concluded by saying, "The city of Des Moines is now free to enter upon a political experiment the success or failure of which will do much to determine the future of our municipal governments."

Lorraine

VIRGINIA VAN SITTERT
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Sittert

PLANT OF THE L. HARBACH SON'S FACTORY

MANUFACTURING PLANTS IN DES MOINES



DES MOINES NURSERY CO.

A FACTORY DAY

It is time for another Factory Day in Des M[illegible]nes. Let us have a repetition of that o[illegible] a year ago. The public at large knows m[illegible]ore than it did a year ago, what manu[illegible]ti[illegible] companies Des Moines really has, [illegible]t with a constantly increasing populati[illegible], and new enterprises coming in, there is still much to be learned.

The factories were last year so hospitable, an[illegible] hose who made the rounds were so pleased, and in many instances surprised, that the program should be repeated.

Des Moines is just finding herself. Des Moines money for Des Moines industries," discussed by the Commercial Club a few days since, should be reiterated and acted upon, and it can be acted upon intelligently only by knowing just what we have here. It means two things: the buying of Des Moines made goods and the investment of Des Moines money in new manufacturing plants.

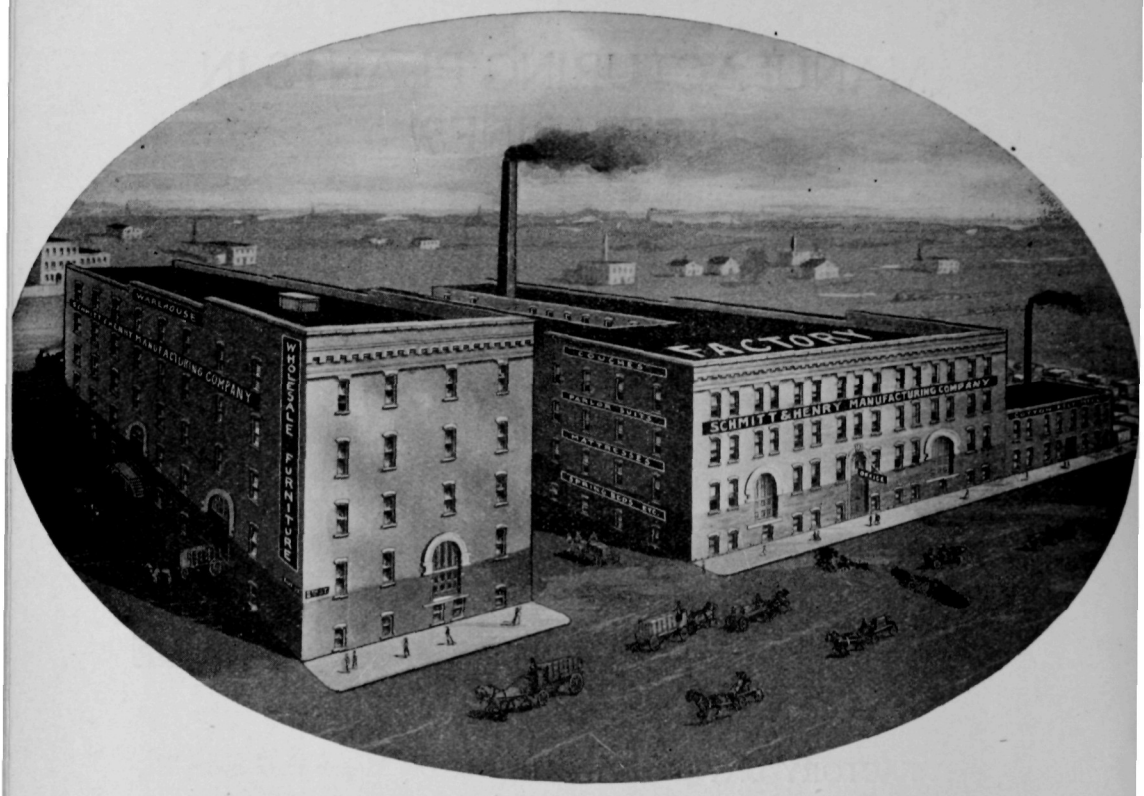
Every woman who keeps house in this city should know just what she can buy here and where; any man who has money to invest should look over Des Moines ground first.

Therefore, let us have another Factory Day.

The Des Moines Park Swing Co.

This company manufactures the popular Park Swing, in use in public parks all over the city and state, and seen in many private yards. The company is incorporated with Jas. McClees, president; S. M. Dunlap, vice-president; W. E. McClees, secretary and treasurer. They have been located in Des Moines for two years and have a fine trade in Iowa and adjoining states.

The Shannon & Mott Co. began the manufacture of flour in Des Moines in 1895; incorporated in 1896. The officers are B. A. Lockwood, president; John A. Mott, treasurer; W. A. Applegate, secretary; F. N. Clark, superintendent and head miller. "Falcon" flour is the flour of quality, being always made from selected wheat. The popularity of the company's high-class specialties is shown in the fact that during the "rush pancake season," the working force increased from twenty-five to forty men. The company's traveling salesmen cover a territory which includes Iowa, western Illinois, southern Wisconsin, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, eastern Washington, Utah, Nebraska and Idaho.



SCHMITT & HENRY CO.'S FACTORY

The Musgrave Fence Company, at Second and Market, was established in 1891 and incorporated in 1897. Officers: C. E. Musgrave, president and general manager; C. L. Musgrave, vice-president. The company employs twenty men, including traveling salesmen, and wholesales and retails, throughout Iowa and the adjoining states, all the standard makes in the United States. The stock runs from heavy farm fence to the ornamental lawn gate and rose trellis which are indispensable to the beauty and finish of city residence grounds.

Tone Bros. is a household word in Des Moines, the company having been established here in 1873 and incorporated in 1879. Its officers are S. E. Tone, president; W. E. Tone, treasurer; J. M. Callender, secretary. They employ fifty people, and twenty traveling salesmen cover a territory which includes all the middle western states. The reputation of the goods manufactured extends even further, and for purity, strength and high grade manufacturing process Tone Bros. spices are known throughout the country.

The Des Moines Paper Box Mfg. Co. was incorporated in 1901, with J. E. Aldrich, president; Geo. C. Carpenter, vice-president; J. H. Cochrane, secretary and treasurer. The company now has forty employes, and has built up a rapidly-growing business. Employs no traveling salesmen and does not retail goods, but sells to manufacturers and jobbers throughout the middle West, manufacturing every possible variety of paper box. The company makes a specialty of shelf boxes for merchants and fancy boxes for confectionery.

The Des Moines Nursery Company, established in 1868, was re-incorporated in 1902, with a capital of $50,000. The officers are J. W. Hill, president and manager; R. M. McFarlin and H. E. Teachout, vice-presidents; J. D. Whisenand, treasurer; H. A. Hill, secretary. The entire working force of the company, including field men and traveling salesmen, is 125, and the stock is sold throughout Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Illinois. The establishment on South Ninth street

has ample storage and warehouses to handle its large stock without exposure, and the busy season has just begun.

The Heywood Candy Company, established 1873, and incorporated 1900, with W. T. Heywood, president; F. C. Heywood, vice-president, J. W. Heywood, secretary and treasurer. The company has 100 employes, and ten traveling salesmen who sell goods throughout Iowa and adjacent states. There is a good deal of sentiment about confectionery, and "Heywood's" cholocates have been run into a human interest story and occasionally into poetry, the firm making a specialty of chocolates and dainty packages of confectionery.

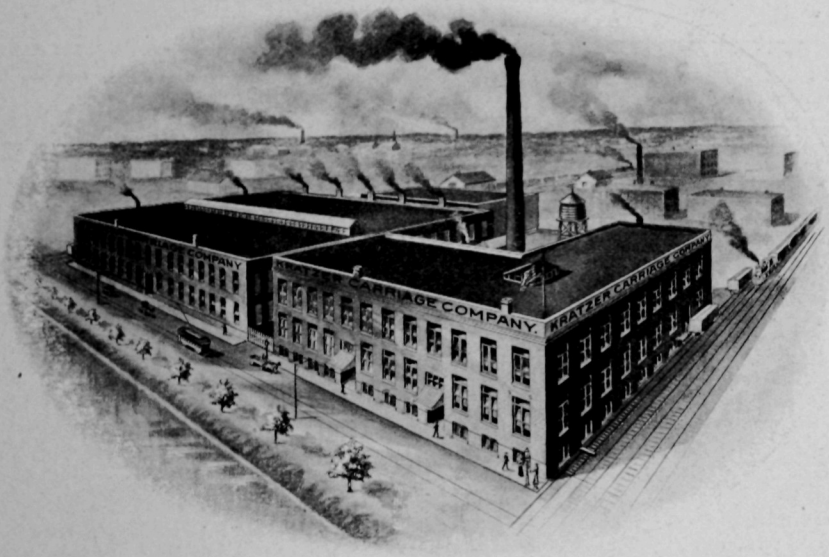
The Kratzer Carriage Co. was incorporated in 1890 and has built up one of the most successful manufacturing plants in the state. Officers: J. F. Kratzer, president; H. B. Hedge, vice-president; C. S. Walker, secretary; E. J. Bard, superintendent. The company has 115 employes, and employs eight traveling salesmen. Excellence of material and high-grade workmanship have given Kratzer carriages a reputation which sells them throughout Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, South Dakota, Oklahoma and on down into New Mexico. A consignment of 100 vehicles was recently sent to Buenos Ayres.

SHANNON & MOTT MILL

PLANT OF THE HEYWOOD CANDY CO.

The Bailey Tailoring Company moved to Des Moines from Chicago on January 1, 1908, and are located in the Chemical building, northeast corner of Seventh and Mulberry streets, occupying the entire third floor containing 6,000 square feet and a model shop in every way. Their principal business is the making of garments for Mr. Bailey's retail stores now all located in the West, and a general "tailor for tailor's" business. They have at present forty people working, which number will be increased as the season advances. These people are expert workmen and with a few exceptions were all brought here from Chicago, making a goodly increase in the population of Des Moines. Several of them have already bought homes here. Mr. R. D. Schuettge, the manager, recently purchased the Alonzo Rollins home at 3400 Cottage Grove Ave. It is such concerns as these that Des Moines needs plenty of to make it a manufacturing city, and they should receive every encouragement in locating here.

Of manufacturies, the sash, door and millwork concerns are head liners. No better representatives can we refer to than the Carr & Adams Co., of this city, who, as the large jobbers and manufac-



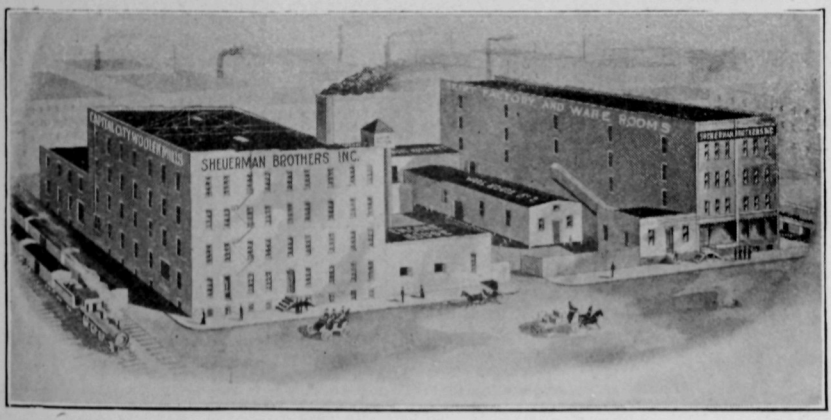
MANUFACTURING PLANT OF THE KRATZER CARRIAGE CO.

turers of the West, have the goods to gratify the requirements of the local carpenter, the large contractor and the most critical purchasing agent.

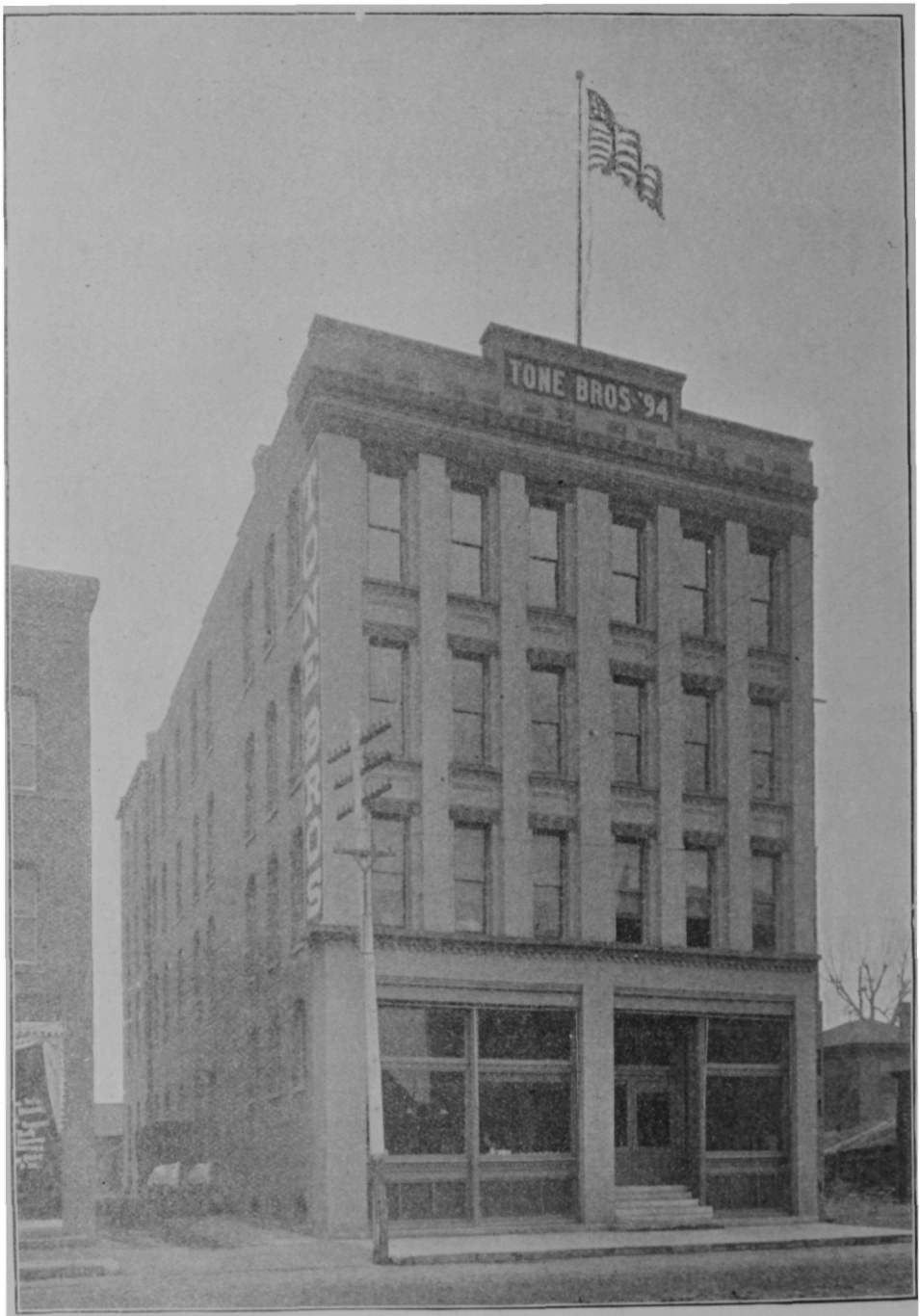
Affiliated with Carr & Adams Co. are their associate factories and repositories at Omaha, Peoria, Toledo and Indianapolis, which together with their mother plant, the Carr, Ryder & Adams Co., of Dubuque, well merit their universally conceded reputation of being the largest sash and door manufacturers in the world.

The Des Moines institution mentioned above and shown on page 8 is taxed from basement to top floor with the brightest, most complete stock in the line of millwork, glass, building paper and Capital City roofing, thus enabling them to execute orders for stock the same day they are received. Their customers have the privilege of phoning and telegraphing at Carr & Adams Co.'s expense, as "prompt shipments" are insured and delays impossible.

From careful observation of the peculiarities of the different territories, various departments for eliminating errors and delays in different capacities have been born. Among these is the tracing department: this insures every customer that his goods will be shipped in express style, and ordinarily delivery is made prior to the dealer's anticipation. Per-



SHEUERMAN WOOLEN MILLS



TONE BROS. MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT

fect system prevails throughout this company, which augmented by the management and superior clerical force and skilled labor, guarantees the very best satisfaction to all and emphasizes their motto, "You never take any chances in ordering from us. We always make good."

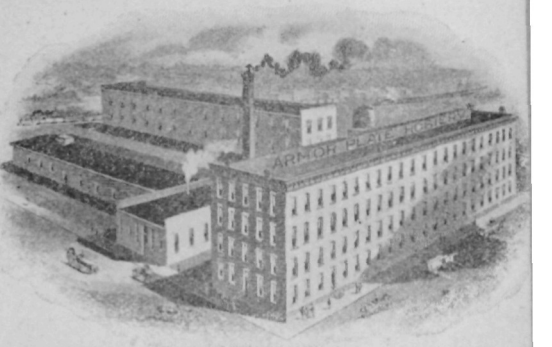
As "up-to-date" advertisers their methods are very effective and in every case original. For instance, a circular, their "moving picture" series: this shows one of their Daily Demand doors, trimmed and glazed in different beautiful patterns of glass, making fifty-five designs. This novelty will be mailed free to anyone sending them a postal. Their catalogs, specialty books and calendars are works of art, compared with the vast amount of so-called books and circulars.

Carr & Adams Co. enjoy personal and business relations with the highest class of men and are naturally desirous of showing appreciation of such premium patronage. This recognition is demonstrated in the yearly subscription of "The Midwestern," the highly artistic, popular and well-edited Des Moines magazine furnished their patrons. Then, too, the beautiful leather wallets for carrying personal papers and sundries with the customer's name printed on the face in gold leaf, and Carr & Adams Co.'s name and trade mark on the inside, has found the key of harmony so dominant in their friendship. This wallet also shows a beautiful celluloid, colored picture of a woman which adds wonderfully to the appearance of this useful souvenir.

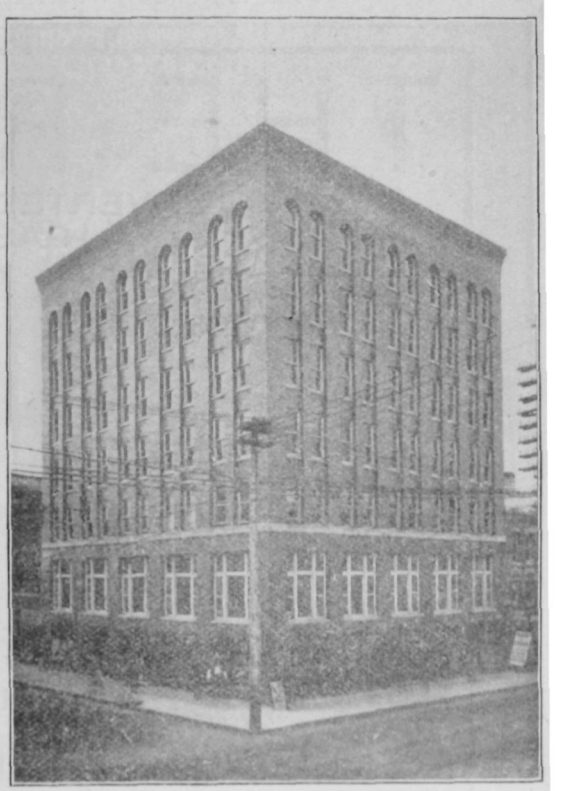
In conclusion, anyone contemplating building would profit greatly by accepting their invitation to call and be shown through the stock, and more than likely you will not wonder why so many people say, "Insist on having Carr & Adams goods."

The Martin-Culbertson Company, located at Eighth and Vine, employs eighty men and find their customers in Iowa and surrounding states. The officers are Samual Martin, president; J. R. Martin, vice-president; Frank Culbertson, secretary; S. C. Culbertson, treasurer. One of the finest designers in America is constantly employed by this firm. They make a specialty of fine interiors, store rooms, club houses, etc.

The Capital City Woolen Mills, manufacturers of dress skirts, began business in Des Moines in 1882, and were incorporated in 1902. Their territory is from the Great Lakes to California and the western coast. The officers are L. Sheuerman, president; M. A. Sheuerman, vice-president; J. L. Sheuerman, secretary and treasurer. A large force of traveling men reach the trade. The skirts made at this factory are known everywhere and are justly popular.



DES MOINES HOSIERY MILLS

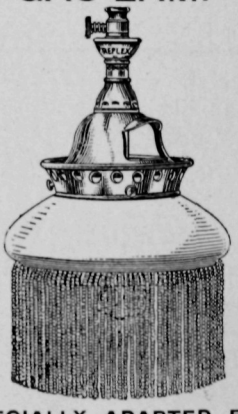


CAPITAL CITY STATE BANK BUILDING

A PRETTY SPOT IN WATER WORKS PUMPING STATION PARK

THE REFLEX

INVERTED WELSBACH
GAS LAMP



FROM $2.00
TO $3.50

THE BEST
LIGHT MADE

THIS DESIGN IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR DENS AND HALLS

SHOWN AT OUR SALESROOM

DES MOINES GAS CO.

THE THINGS THAT DECORATE

Mr. Boody, president and general manager of the Holland & New Company, who are the largest decorating house west of Chicago, has been writing articles for The Midwestern for a number of months with the object of raising the tone of interior decorating in the city of Des Moines. The following is what he has to say that will interest every home keeper:

A great many people have been led to believe through thoughtless advertisers that a cheap, inexpensive wall paper or wall hanging of any kind can be made to look as well as one with quality. On the face of it this is a contradiction in itself; in order to get effect you must have character and character consists of rich colorings, well printed goods, hard calendar surfaces and designs that are the product of only artists of long experience and ability that must be paid for. In selecting your goods bear this in mind, there is only one factory in the United States that is "absolutely the best" in producing high art goods. We have been in the retail market for twenty-seven years, being the largest retail buyers in the West we have first chance at the lines that are conceded by everybody to be the lines that decorate. We refer to the Robt. Graves Company, of New York. It is unnecessary to argue this matter in print, but we would simply suggest to look over the retail lines in the city of Des Moines and then compare them with our line and you will decide, as nearly everyone has decided, that there is no comparison between the Graves line and others for Real Artistic Decorative Merit.

The second consideration is the hanging of the goods. The most expensive silk gown made by a third-rate modiste is out of the question with a lady who knows how to dress. This is absolutely as true of things that decorate. Wall hangings must be well placed and only men of the longest experience are capable of doing this. Nearly everyone knows of our "Merit Labor System," which has resulted in our decorators staying with us from fifteen to twenty-two years. This alone would commend itself to anyone who did not want to take a chance on decorating. Our Merit Labor System strongly induces every workman to please each individual customer so that they will insist on having the same workman the next time. This close cooperation of our workmen absolutely enables us to figure work at 15 per cent to 25 per cent lower than the average shop and still make the same profit.

Very truly,

G. A. Boody.

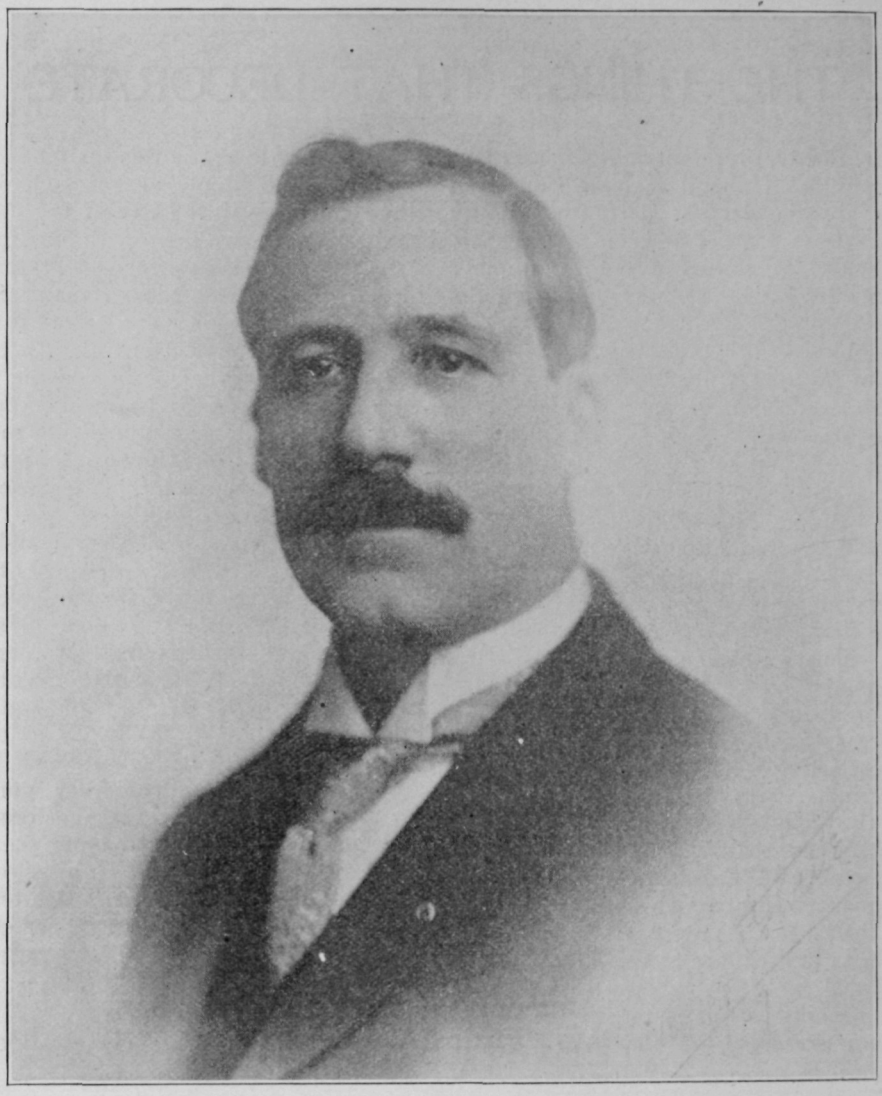
Soiled Lace Curtains

Made Clean and Fresh as New

WE make a specialty of laundering lace curtains just right. First, they are washed in fish-cord bags to prevent tearing, then they are starched by hand and next they go into special stretchers to dry in perfect shape. The utmost care is used during every stage of the process and as a result we send curtains home looking like new. GIVE US JUST ONE PAIR ON TRIAL. 579 on either 'phone gets a Munger wagon.

Munger's Laundry

1109-1111 West Grand Avenue



W. P. HENRY

A POPULAR DRUG HOUSE

Some months since a very beautiful interior view of a new drug store at Eighth and Walnut streets appeared in our pages and attracted wide attention. The proprietor is W. P. Henry, expert pharmacist and druggist, and for sixteen years a resident of Des Moines. Mr. Henry was for some time a partner of Mr. McCurnin. He bought out the F. A. Rollins stock and since that time has been conducting the business independently. Mr. Henry received his business education at Highland Park College. He possesses in an eminent degree the qualities that make for business success, also the rarer qualities that win for him a host of friends who rejoice to see him succeed. Although devoted to his business interests, he has been identified with all the upward movements in the history of the city, and has shown himself ever ready to promote the interests of Des Moines. Mr. Henry is of the type of business men of whom the city and state are proud and who help to build and to maintain an ideal commonwealth.

IN MEMORY

CHARLES ALDRICH

Under the dome of the State Historical Building, for the first time consecrated to such uses, were held a few days since the public funeral services of Mr. Charles Aldrich. Seldom has a public man been more fittingly honored. One by one, the men who had known him best, paid him tribute. And as each one spoke on a different phase of his life and character, the feeling grew that in his death we have lost a many-sided man, of rare versatility and ability. As journalist, able, comprehensive and alert, he knew how to make the paper of a small country town forceful; and he had the breadth of outlook to make it broad. As soldier his patriotism, as expressed in active service in the Civil War, was bounded only by the limitations of a naturally frail physique. As legislator, he served the state; how far-sighted and sagacious he was is shown by the fact that thirty years ago he advocated measures which have only within the last few years been enacted into much-needed laws. As a man of culture, the speaker of the hour showed how he had gone to school in the university of the world, with rare instinct assimilating all that was good. The poet's tribute found grateful echo in the hearts of those present, and the chief executive, in words of rare appreciation, paid the state's tribute to her honored dead.

The great work of Mr. Aldrich's life, and that with which his name will always be associated, is the historical collection, which has grown to such imposing proportions. He was a born collector. It was not a case of a man being appointed to a certain task and then fitting himself for it, but was rather the growth of a natural taste. As he went on, as he lived on, the work became a passion with him, dominating every other interest of his life. His gentle, persistent acquisitiveness in the getting of material, his enthusiasm over a new find, knew no bounds. His was not the culture that is content simply to be, and not to do. Otherwise he would simply have indulged himself in the tasks of a private collector. His love of nature and of birds made him wish for laws for their protection, and led him to work for such laws.

To his last days, the completion of the building for which he had worked so long, brought great happiness, and it, with its priceless contents, will be an enduring monument commemorating a noble life.

DR. CHARLES W. EATON

When the unlooked for moment comes, the sure but unexpected separation from our loved ones, and the awful silence falls between us and them like a curtain that never shall be lifted, then it is that the soul exultant cries out, "There is no death!" Only separation, terrible and unendurable as it at first seems, but still only that. The passing away from our mortal vision of Dr. Eaton came as a shock to all who knew him and who loved him for himself. And those who loved him were many. Few men have it in them to so win the hearts of all about them. People of all classes delighted to hear this sincere, lofty and beautiful spirit.

Death was not meant for him. We must know that. He who was so tender and generous hearted, who would not willingly have given pain to any creature, was not intended to be the victim of men's evil beliefs in sin, sickness and death.

In social and business life Dr. Eaton stood for true manhood in the highest and noblest sense. During his long residence in Des Moines he made a host of dear friends who grieved when he was

stricken with illness. But nobody knew that death was so near, until suddenly came the news. Many eyes dimmed in the reading of the morning paper that announced his death. To the members of The Midwestern staff he was a good friend, always enthusiastic, courageous and inspiring. The last article he wrote for publication appeared in our pages. It was full of the spirit of nobility that governed his own life. Surely for such lives there is no death.

ROLL CALL

By the death of Dr. Charles W. Eaton, one of the best representatives of noble manhood has gone from us. The gentle voice is hushed, the inspiring presence is no more. A large concourse of friends assembled at Plymouth Congregational church, Friday, February 28, to pay the last tribute of respect to a personality well known and loved by a host of friends. Dr. Frisbee paid a beautiful tribute to the Christian character and noble life of Dr. Eaton. Flowers of exquisite beauty covered the casket, all the friends desiring to bring a floral offering to him who had served them so faithfully.

What shall we do without him our leader and our friend. Without his inspiration to guide us to the end.

"He stood for truth and honor,
And triumphed over doubt and sin—
This is the noblest victory,
A mortal man can win."

While we mourn his loss we pray that the influence of his life may inspire his co-workers to higher purposes and larger faithfulness in their work.

"Died at his post," we proudly say of him
And in our hearts we build for him an alter,
His now for aye to wear the diadem,
Ours not to falter."

G. M. H.

Dr. Frisbie read the following tribute to the memory of Dr. Eaton, written by a member of the medical profession: "It is said that 'Death loves a shining mark.' Our friend and counsellor has been promoted. The blow has fallen and every heart is bowed with grief, yet through the dark cloud of sorrow there comes a ray of thanksgiving for the joy and rest that has come to our leader. He was a king among men and 'lived to serve.' With bright face and brave heart he faced the battles of life. The 'hub' of the Des Moines Homeopathic Medical Society has been removed. The doctor's wise counsel and mature judgment will be greatly missed in both state and national societies. For many years he has been regarded as authority in medicine. As physicians we feel that our loss is irreparable.

"Beloved of earth! Thou are risen to the glory
Awaiting thee, high in the heaven of His love.
Our friendship has been interrupted temporarily;
It will be resumed when we, too, "shall have passed beyond."

Harriette E. Messenger.

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ART NOTES AND NEWS

Calista Halsey Patchin

Loaned by St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts

THE ST. ELIZABETH MOSAICS—THE SYMBOLIC WEDDING

The recent Arts, Crafts and Loan Exhibition, given under the direction of the Art Department of the Des Moines Women's Club at Hoyt Sherman Place, was especially interesting as demonstrating that Des Moines is producing original work of quality in painting and in the arts and crafts. The new club house lends itself admirably to such an exhibition, and the Women's Club has given the city its first good public exhibition rooms.

Thirty-three paintings in oil and water color fairly represented the working artists of Des Moines—those maintaining studios as well as advanced pupils in the Art School. Prof. C. A. Cumming sent a portrait of Gov. Larrabee, a small replica of the large portrait—one of his latest and best works, which goes to the Historical Building, and an "October Field," a Brittany landscape. Miss Belle Hunt, now a successful miniature painter in Chicago, had an "October" landscape. Then were two studies of still life by Miss Minnie Hobbs, "Fruit," modeled and painted in a manner far beyond the general treatment of that hackneyed subject, and a "Violin," good in drawing and beautiful in tone. Mrs. Mary Orwig Everett's "Hahatonka Road" and "Gray Day" betray her sympathetic observation of nature—the "Gray Day" is like a mood. Miss Louise Orwig's "Portrait of a Young Girl" was full of life and color, and there was good decorative quality in her design for an over-mantel. A "Sunset" and "Timothy Field" by Miss Harriet Macy had the fine quality that characterizes her work, and Miss Catherine McCartney's "Pastel" and "Among the Trees" were done with a delicate touch. One of the three figure paintings in the exhibition was Mr. Garver's "Oriental Girl," a brilliant bit of color. "Cattle in Field," and a "Sunset" by Mr. Frank Gale showed good, strong work Miss Theodora Aulman's "Woodland Scene" was a faithful rendering of the atmosphere and spirit of a summer day. The "October" of Mr. E. C. Collins was charming. Miss Lulu Read's landscapes were full of feeling for nature, and effective treatment of simple, every-day themes was noted in Miss Florence Weaver's "Cabbage Patch" and Miss Florence Walker's "Willows." "Grapes," by Miss Talbott, art instructor in Des Moines College, was an excellent bit of still life.

CORNER IN METAL WORK, ARTS-CRAFTS LOAN EXHIBIT

In water colors, Mr. George White's "German Village" and "Garden of Castle Grunwald" showed the results of his European study. Miss Frances Keffer found, as have other artists, artistic possibilities in the crowded water front and atmospheric effects of the "Chicago River." Pleasing designs for interior decoration were exhibited by Mr. Otto Kell.

Designs for art and craft houses, by Proudfoot and Bird, Liebbe, Nourse and Rasmussen, Sawyer and Watrous, and Smith and Wetherell, attracted much attention and suggested that an annual architects' exhibition would be most interesting.

In the arts and crafts, Miss Florence Weaver of the Odd Shop, exhibited copper sconces, etched and pounded; metal plates etched in wild goose design; and in jewelry a copper fob, opal matrix, all good in design and workmanship. In needlework she exhibited nursery curtains, tan linen with conventionalized border of white geese, reminding one of the straight line nursery toys from Highland Park, Ill., in another room, and a table linen in conventionalized water lilies—all from original designs. Miss Maude Owig's door curtains, in oriental designs, and table linen done in peasant stitch and quaint old-fashioned cross-stitch, were

beautifully executed. The desk in grey stained wood, inlaid, designed and made by Mr. August Bilz, and the leather screen with conventionalized orange design, designed and executed by Mr. Frank Van Sittert, suggest the possibilities of original and specially designed furniture.

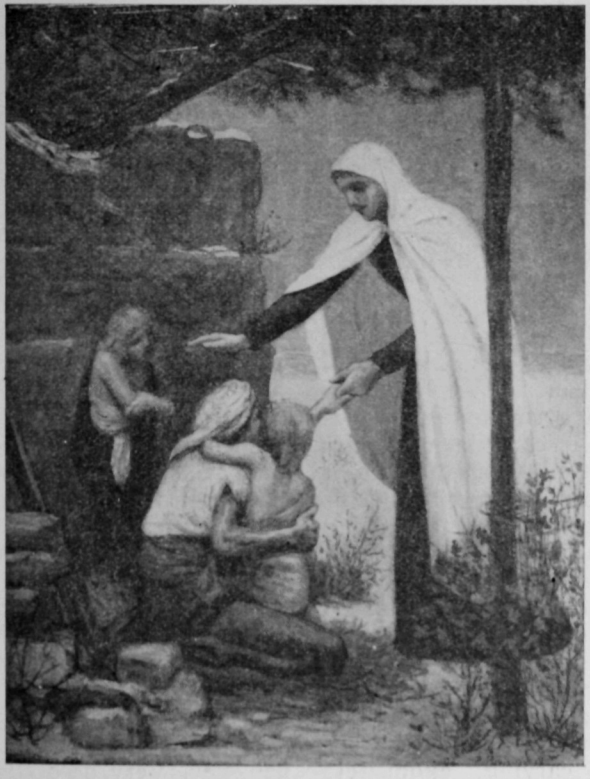
The standard of china decoration was long since set high in Des Moines by such artists as Mrs. J. S. Carter, Mrs. Alice Seymour and Mrs. Jaquith.

Among the pieces in this exhibit from Mrs. Seymour are vases with charming motifs; a flight of swallows against grey; pink ghosts of tulips melting through grey. Mrs. Mabel Carter showed a handsome chop plate in dragon design; a cup in Royal Sevres, and plates in blue and gold. Mrs. L. D. Rood had beautiful work and two elaborate panels were exhibited by Mrs. Arthur Leas. The tendency in all this decoration was toward the conventionalized design that one sees in eastern exhibitions.

Loaned by St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts

PRINCE JOHN'S SUBMISSION

By Benjamin West



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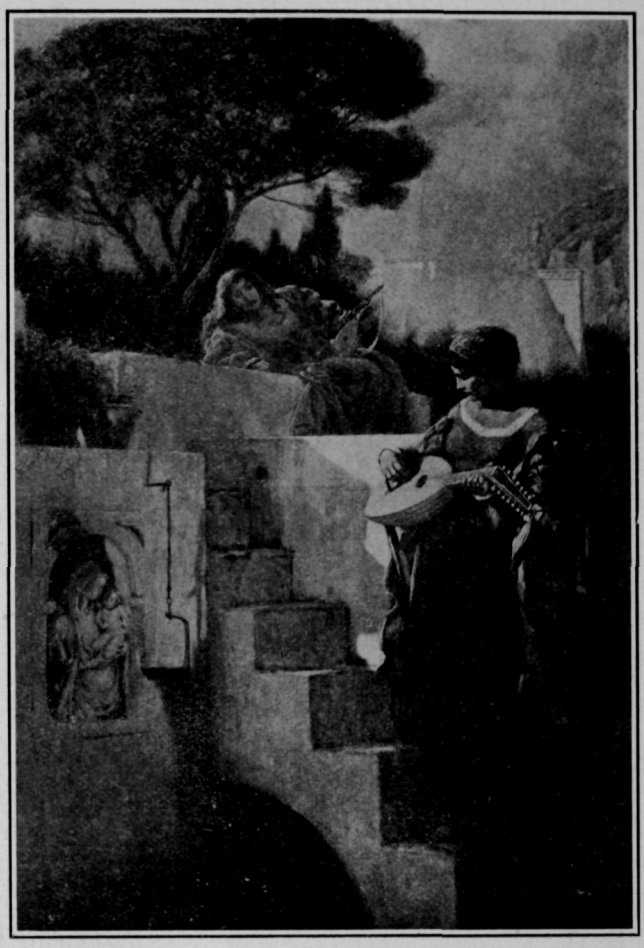
CHARITY

Pierre Puvis De Chavannes



Loaned by St. Lous Museum of Fine Arts

"HERE WILL WE SIT AND LET THE SOUND OF MUSIC CREEP IN OUR EARS"

Charles Caryl Coleman

In wood carving, an oak chest, elaborately carved in all-over conventional design, and a cup unique in design and beautifully carved, were by Miss Mabel Runette. Characteristic of the Fry School of Carving in Cincinnati, was the work of Miss Alice Halsey, an oak linen chest, panels carved in Renaisance design, and an organ panel in rose branches and nightingales.

The figure panels, cut in very deep relief, by Dr. L. M. Darling, attracted much attention—as did also his craftsman like mounting of dining room bell. Miss Pamela Stein exhibited taboret and box in chip carving, exquisitely done. Miss Fannie Baily's leather work tooled and embossed, left nothing to be desired in execution.

The hand wrought jewelry from abroad, loaned through the Odd Shop, had the characteristics of art and craft jewelry; original design, good workmanship, and the use of the semi-precious stones. There were beaten silver spoons from the Jarvie Shop, and silver plates and bowls from the Kalo Shop in Chicago. A beautiful pendant in opal and silver came from Jessie Preston, whose work has been seen before in Des Moines. Miss Essie Myers' fob, silver and laboradites, pebbles found in Labrador, was artistic, as was the silver mounted bag, repousse set with moss agates, done by Miss Hannah Bey. Very decorative leather work, tooled and illuminated, came from the studios of Miss Helen S. Brown and Mrs. Georgia Moore Evans of Chicago. An interesting adaptation of local mo-

tives appeared in the wild rose, pine cone and cedar tree designs in needlework from Newcomb College, New Orleans. The Farr pottery of Oskaloosa was notable for its light, pure color tone; beside it the Minneapolis and Newcomb wares, correct though they were, seemed heavy and opaque. In the latter the tendency was toward tone —en masse—rather than detail, with such color combinations as blue grey, with lines of yellow. Such work as this should be done in Des Moines, which has the clay for art pottery.

The exhibit of drawing and industrial art in the north and west Des Moines schools, under Miss Lucy Chapman, was classified by grades on the walls, showing the development of the work from the folding and free hand paper-cutting of the first grade up to the higher grades, which showed designs in wall paper, dress fabrics, wrought irons, rugs and blankets of commercial value. Weaving, raffia and basketry were exhibited. The motifs in design are drawn from plants and vegetable life. Nature observations are begun in the first grade. The color sense of the children is developed; they are taught to apply in their work the beauty and harmony of color that they find in nature. There were shown designs for interiors, good in color and in arrangement, each article being designed for the room. Drawing from the figure begins in the first grade, the children posing for each other, and is carried up through the grades.

The manual training work of the High Schools under Prof. A. C. Newell, who has made the manual training department what it is in Des Moines, exhibited Morris chairs, a Flemish oak table, another in process of construction, and other articles. An interesting feature of the exhibition was the demonstration of chip wood carving by Arthur Parsons, under Prof. Dietrichson, of North High School.

In the east side schools, Miss Minnie Hobbs is notably successful in her work with the rank and file of the grades, getting a high average of excellence, and in the development of individual talent. Always she makes an effort to relate art to life. The children find their color schemes in nature, in plant, soil, clay, a bit of textile fabric. Economy in material is suggested;

ARTHUR RAYMOND KOOKER
Son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Kooker

rags for rugs, corn husks to be made into table mats like the Japanese. In the grades children illustrate nature poems, using the flower of the poem for the conventionalized border. These are some of the things that are done. There was a most creditable exhibit of the sewing which has been taught in the public schools by Mrs. F. N. Hollister, since Oct. 1, 1907.

So generous was the response to the requests for the Loan Exhibition, that individual mention is impossible. There was beautiful Oriental ware in brass, copper and bronze; ivory carving; fine examples of the bookbinder's art; of Swiss, German, Florentine and Venetian wood-carving; rare Japanese and Chinese embroideries; copper luster, old English Loweshoft ware and delft of the 16th century, and illuminated leather work. Those gobelins of our grandmothers, the old woven coverlids, were well represented, and there was much rare old needlework.

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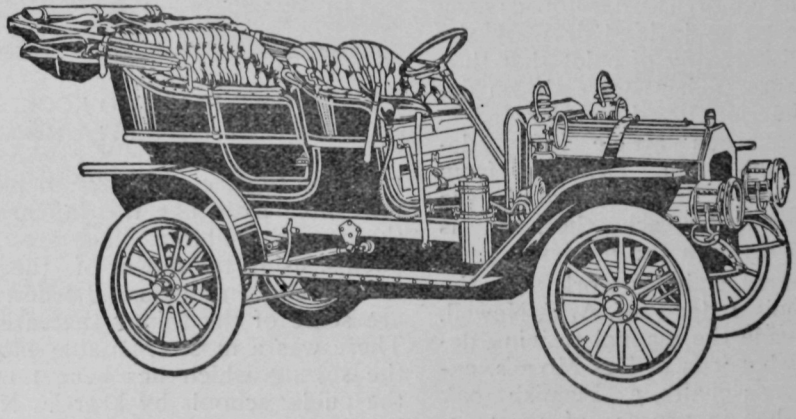

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Mrs. Marguerite Phillips of Charlotte, Michigan, spoke before the Woman's Club on "Art Applied to Life," and Miss Florence Weaver gave a review of art and craft work in this country.

The art lecture by Father Romanelli was replete with art history and criticism, and in the course of it he identified a Madonna belonging to Major S. H. M. Byers as an original painting of the Carrache school in Florence, and of great value.

The ladies to whom, backed by the interest of the entire Art Department, the success of the exhibition is due, are Mrs. W. T. Johnston, Mrs. J. G. Berryhill, Mrs. W. E. Ballard, Mrs. J. W. Cokenower, Mrs. J. B. Marsh, Mrs. L. J. Kasson, Mrs. W. W. Witmer, Mrs. Henry Hirsh, Mrs. Frank Vorse, Mrs. F. W. Webster, Mrs. Henry Wallace, Mrs. H. G. Everett, and Mrs. W. F. Garrison.

The art lecture given by Prof. Powers of Boston, on "Michael Angelo and the ceilings of the Sistine Chapel," sustained the high reputation of the speaker and was one of the finest things of its kind ever heard in Des Moines.

The annual exhibition of students' work at the Cumming School of Art is now on.

The series of copper-plate reproductions of the Raphael frescoes in the Vatican, the only series of the kind in this country, remain at the Women's Club gallery on exhibition, and are later to be sold. They belong to Father Romanelli.

The attendance at the Powers' art lecture was large; the illustrations by stereopticon, with Prof. Powers' colloquial lecture style, which gave, with art criticism, much of the personality of Michael Angelo, his life and the conditions under which he did his work, made altogether a vivid story, easily remembered.

BERENE BOLTON

Ten Months Old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bolton

A LINE FROM ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

St. Petersburg, Fla., Mar. 5, 1908.

We arrived here on the 11th of January, after a journey of no marked importance. We found the weather very unfavorable for Florida, but for Iowa of course it would be considered very fine. We have had to keep a fire in our sitting room quite a good deal of the time since our arrival, but the past ten days the weather is real Florida weather, and to go along the streets and see the strawberries and all varieties of vegetables you would imagine that you were in the north during the best vegetable season, and they are all grown in and around this town. However, the orange and grape fruit is not up to the standard. Last year during all the winter it was very dry indeed and after the first bloom came out a great portion of it fell off on account of the drouth, but strange as it may seem nature provides a second bloom which will come out in June, if the March bloom does not grow or falls off on account of the drouth. While this makes a fairly good crop of fruit, it is far below the standard of March bloom. Just how to account for Nature thus providing for a drouth I am unable to explain.

We are confronted in this city with a condition that I think will surprise most of the people in the north when I tell you they have what they call a Methodist Church-North and a Methodist Church-South, situated about three blocks apart, both of them struggling to maintain in a limited way their organizations.

We also found what is called the organization of the Blues and Grays, composed of soldiers from the northern and southern armies. We meet together in friendship and pleasure and enjoy each others' company just the same as though the war had never existed, yet we see the churches referred to still at swords' point on the questions that were fought out and settled more than forty years ago. It is certainly a strange condition of affairs when the praying churches keep up this old disagreeable matter that the parties that were most active in settling have now united in forgetting as past. I frequently ask when I come in contact with a good Methodist whether he prays to the northern or southern God, and always wonder why they were not the first in place of the last to forget all the recent unpleasantness.

Our town has been more crowded this winter than I have ever experienced and this is our eleventh winter here during the past seventeen years. Nature has done a great deal for this town, although many of the citizens have and are doing very little for the accommodations of the tourists; although take the tourists away from them for five years, they would not be a respectable village.

One of the most important features of interest here is the fishing, and the citizens do not seem to have enough enterprise to provide a good dockage for our boats. They made an effort recently at a special election to vote bonds for that purpose, also for putting in good street crossings to prevent wading in the sand; both propositions were voted down, much to the disappointment of the tourists, but Nature furnishes us with plenty of good sunshine and air, and I have never been in any place where the birds sing more sweetly than they do here, and strange as it may seem, we are frequently wakened on moonlight nights by the many songs of the mocking birds.

If the citizens had a little more disposition to work for the accommodation of the tourists I do not believe there would be another place in the country anywhere that would be more desirable for a quiet restful winter than this little town of St. Petersburg, on the west coast of Florida.

H. B. Hedge.

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A real estate company, to do big business and to interest first-class investors, must be backed by reliable men. That such men are at the head of the Inter-State Realty Company, of Des Moines, accounts for their instant success and for the rapid development of their plans. The officers of this company are: W. B. Martin, president; G. S. Gilbertson, vice-president; W. H. Harwood, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Martin as secretary of state, Mr. Gilbertson as state treasurer, and Mr. Harwood, for twenty-two years in the real estate business in Des Moines, are all well known as competent and responsible business men. While the Inter-State Realty Company handles city property of all kinds, they will deal extensively in acreage tracts, having platted two of these, Pleasant View Acres and the sixty-acre Broadway tract at Park Lane and Ingersoll avenue. This tract is called Gilmar Park. Its natural advantages are great. It is elevated, gently rolling and naturally well drained. Its location insures good air and perfect drainage. Its rich timber soil insures good growth for trees, shrubs, flowers and grass. It is surrounded by a fine residence district. A double car track lies at its border. The plan of development of the company includes thirty foot macadam streets with combination curb and gutter finish and grass parking inside the curb. Then a four foot cement walk, with trees placed inside the walk. The driveway system will include six irregular shaped plats, each to be a separate little park, and will add much to the beauty and attractiveness of Gilmar Park. Proper safeguards will be used in regard to the class and location of residences, so that the whole effect will be harmonious and artistic. Gilmar Park will satisfy the most imperious demand for a beautiful home, set in appropriate surroundings, in harmony as a whole. F. E. Pease is the landscape gardener. The Inter-State Realty Company have offices in the Des Moines Life building at Seventh and Grand.

G. S. GILBERTSON
Vice.-Pres. Inter-State Realty Co.

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The perfect baking powder is the one which will evolve the most gas and leave the smallest and most nearly neutral residue in the food. A chemical examination of the many brands of baking powder on the market will show an enormous majority of them to be not only weak in gas, but either strongly acid or alkaline in reaction. Sweet, palatable food cannot be prepared with these powders. The bread will be bleached and bitter on the one hand or yellow and alkaline on the other. This condition results from manufacturers working with a fixed formula year in and year out, regardless of the strength of their material.

The makers of Calumet Baking Powder employ competent chemists who submit all material to analysis and determine its strength. This material is then accurately proportioned to produce a baking powder neither acid or alkaline, but perfectly neutral. It is the application of these methods that has gained for Calumet Baking Powder its reputation for strength, purity and uniformity.

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PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT

WORTH READING

In all the Baking Powder "Wars" that have been intermittently waged in the last twenty years, there is one point that has been overlooked by the belligerant makers of these goods. Rival manufacturers have contented themselves with accusing their competitors of making an unwholesome product. The question of keeping quality, and therefore efficiency in raising bread, the only purpose for which baking powder is used, appears to have been generally ignored. There are many powders which, when fresh, and the can is first uncovered, will do fairly good work, but after standing for some time on the pantry shelf the powder becomes so weak as to be almost worthless so far as raising bread is concerned. This is especially true in case of the so-called "Straight Phosphate" powders. The unsuccessful attempts to overcome this fault of the "Straight Phosphate" powders have enlisted the services of more chemists and cost more money than the solution of any other problem connected with the raising of bread. Why buy or experiment at your own expense with these Straight Phosphate powders when it is a fact that they will not fulfill the object for which they are purchased. The housewife to whom economy is an object will avoid these "Straight Phosphate" powders.

NEW FOOD COMMISSION

The referee board appointed by President Roosevelt is composed of eminent university professors, who will pass upon the problems brought about by the enforcement of the national food law. Will this commission uphold the order permitting preservatives? Will it go even further and permit the use of other preservatives besides benzoate of soda and sulphur dioxide? Why was such a commission as this found necessary?

Was this appointment made at the indirect request of powerful food interests?

The duty of the commission, it is understood, will be to consider matters in controversy between the manufacturers and the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, the most important of which matters relate to the advisability of using preservatives in food products. The commission is composed of Dr. Ira Ramson, president of Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Russell H. Chittenden, of Yale University; Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, of the University of California; Dr. John H. Long, of Northwestern University, and Dr. C. A. Hurton, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.

Many manufacturers in America have offered no objection to the prohibition of preservatives in foods, while others look upon it as a sore menace to the food industry, and objected strenuously to the rulings forcing them, during the period of grace, to state the presence of preservatives on the label.

The fact that the men composing this new commission hail from such eminent universities would indicate that they are capable scientists, competent to make just recommendations, but it does not assure that they are above the contaminating influence of the "interests" that desire to legalize the wholesale use of preservatives. It would not be discourteous to inquire as to whether any of them has ever been, or is now, in the employ of these interests.

Are all of them men who will be faithful to the duty they are charged to perform?

Will they always keep in mind their duty to the vast army of consumers as against that of the "interests," and their lobbyists with their political pull?

We know the president has endeavored to name men of integrity. We hope his endeavor has not been in vain.—What-to-Eat.

THE "CONDENSED MILK PLANT"

In a recent number of a Japanese journal, a Mr. T. Kalajama described a process for the manufacture of a vegetable milk, the properties of which would render it highly suitable for use in tropical countries. The preparation is obtained from a well-known member of the leguminous family of plants (namely, the soja bean), which is a very popular article of food amongst the Chinese. The beans are first of all softened by soaking, and are then pressed and boiled

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in water. The resultant liquid is exactly similar to cows' milk in appearance, but it is entirely different in its composition. This soja bean milk contains 92.5 per cent water, 3.02 per cent protein, 2.13 per cent fat, 0.03 per cent fiber, 1.88 per cent non-nitrogenous substances, and 0.41 per cent ash. Kalajama added some sugar and a little phosphate of potassium (in order to prevent the elimination of the albumen), and then boiled the mixture down till a substance like condensed milk was obtained. This "condensed vegetable milk" is of a yellowish color, and has a very pleasant taste, hardly to be distinguished from that of real cows' milk. However, it still retains the aroma of the soja bean. It is said to form a cheap and good substitute for condensed cows' milk. Vegetarian cooks will probably find it of some value in cases where ordinary cows' milk is to be avoided.

ROBERT EMERSON ROBISCHON.

The beautiful boy whose picture adorns the cover page, is the son of Mr. and Mrs Ernest Robischon of New York City. Mrs. Robischon was Miss May Smith of Des Moines, previous to her marriage.

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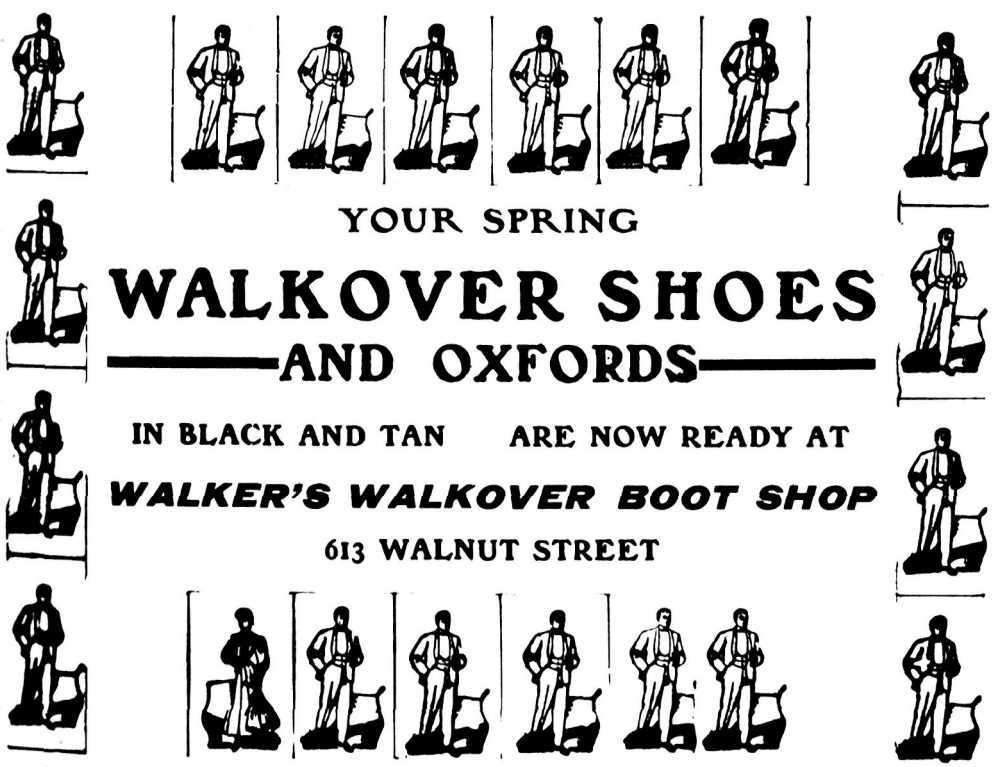

MUSIC AND THE PLAY

The most picturesque figure in American opera today is Mary Garden, who has come back to America to interpret the great roles she made famous at the Opera Comique. Her story reads like a romance. A chicago church singer, she went to Paris alone to study, and one night at the Opera Comique, her chance came, and without rehearsal or stage training she stepped into the place made vacant by a prima donna's illness, and appeared as "Loise," in Charpenter's opera, for two hundred and five consecutive nights. After seven years of foreign successes she has finally come home to charm an American public with new and rare interpretation of such solos as "Violeera" in "La Traviata;" "Manon," "Thais," Massenet's" Cherubin," in which she plays the part of a boy, and the "Aphrodite" of Erlanger. "Our Mary," the newspapers are beginning to call her.

The most prominent coming musical event in Des Moines is the appearance of Madame Marcella Sembrich with her concert company at the Auditorium, April 6th. In a wonderful way, known only to genius, she has kept her hold on the leading roles in which she made her early success. People who went years ago in this city to hear her give the "Barber of Seville," as it has never been given since, will delight to renew their old impression.

"The Merry Widow" seems to be in a fair way to redeem musical comedy from being "the lowest form of entertainment" known to the modern playhouse. The operetta has form and consistency; the characters are natural, and the humor unforced. But it is the music of Franz Lehar, the irresistible waltz-music which has given an international success which is repeated in New York, and will not this season come west of Chicago. It was the strains of the "Merry Widow Waltz" that drove Vienna music-mad over night, and ran the play to its eleven hundredth performance in that city.

A violinist who is still considered of Des Moines, came back when Mr. Henry Cox played several exquisite numbers at a recent twilight recital at the Unitarian Church. The soloist of the occasion was Mrs. Bertha Lincoln-Heustis, of Lincoln, Neb., whose voice showed at its best in the higher registers. Miss Alice Hartman was the accompanist, and Mrs. Cox played the accompaniments to the violin.

Miss Bertha Legge, of Indianola, and a pupil of Dean Howard, was presented at the Drake Auditorium in recital on the afternoon of March 2d. Gifted with a dramatic soprano, she showed voice qualities and training which should insure her musical success. A scene from Faust in costume, brilliantly done, was the novelty of the performance, and the Von Fielitz song cycle "Fair Jessie" afforded scope for her excellent lower tones.

Miss Ailsy Thomason, a post-graduate pupil of Drake, made her debut at the university auditorium March 2d, in a recital which gave evidence of talent that needs only the maturity of experience to make it notable.

A sacred song recital by Miss Fredericka Gerhardt, March 8th, was an exposition of the splendid power and full, deep voice of the Des Moines contralto. She has recently come from the admirable training of Hackett, of Chicago.

Light opera of the old school was given by Frederic Vance Evans when he presented a number of Drake's best singers in "The Chimes of Normandy" at Foster's Opera House, March 19th. The amateur performance was given with the verve and spirit of natural talent, and the easy regularity of movement that spoke of hard training.

Miss Elsie Lincoln appeared in song recital for the Municipal Club of Fairfield, Iowa, on Tuesday, March 10th. This was the last of a series of artists' recitals, and the singer was greeted by the largest and most enthusiastic audience of the season.

A recital of German songs is announced by Miss Lincoln at her studio Thursday, March 26th, complimentary to the Ladies Gasellschaft. The singers will be Mrs. Bertha Barnes, Miss Margaret McLoney, Miss Scioto McAdow and Miss Lincoln.

An appreciation of the artistic importance of Madam Sembrich's approaching

Colonial Theater, Chicago

TRIO OF WIDOWS. "THE MERRY WIDOW"

concert is shown in the securing by the young ladies of Miss Lincoln's studio, of thirty-six tickets. The attendance promises to be worthy of the occasion and the reputation of the artist.

The recital given by Dean Nagel and Mrs. Grace Clark DeGraff, at the Des Moines Women's Club house, for the benefit of the art collection, was one of the most enjoyable musical events of the season. Dean Nagel gave talks on the motifs of Wagner music, and on the use of such motifs by Mendelssohn and Chopin. These were illustrated by songs by Mrs. DeGraff, who was never in better voice, and the program was further varied by Dean Nagel's playing of original compositions.

Miss Rose Reichard and Miss Marie Van Aaken will appear in a sonata recital at Drake Auditorium, Wednesday evening, April 8th. Wade Drennan, Miss Reichard's talented pupil, will assist. The program will include Grieg and Beethoven sonatas, and the famous Bach concerto in D minor with two violins and piano. Miss Van Aaken was for three years a pupil of Therese Carreno, and is one of the most brilliant pianists in the state. Miss Reichard's ability is well known, and the recital is looked forward to with interest by musicians and music lovers.

The senior recitals at Drake begin April 2d, and continue through April and May. On the artists' course for the

next term, the Minneapolis String Quartet comes the last week in April.

Miss Adda Blakeslee this summer will make a musical tour through the West, under the management of the Midland Chautauqua.

Mr. Sidney Silber's piano recital, March 24th, at the First Baptist Church, was the second local appearance of one of the few great pianists in America. Throughout a program largely made up of numbers from MacDowell and Chopin, he held an audience charmed by his sympathetic interpretation and flawless technique. Des Moines College and Des Moines are to be congratulated that Mr. Silber remains here during the coming year.

Mrs. Chas. S. Hardy is conducting a teachers' class, who take a special course in normal, a new feature at Mrs. Hardy's studio. This is giving most interesting results.

The talented young pianist, Miss Josephine Sharp, is announced by Mrs. Hardy in recital the latter part of April, and a recital by advanced students at an earlier date in April, not yet fixed.

The first of a series of grand concerts was given on March 9th by the orchestra of Highland Park College, conducted by Mr. Eugene Hahnel, head of the violin department of the college. The exquisite quality of Mr. Hahnel's violin playing is becoming familiar to Des Moines audiences, and each appearance deepens appreciation of the artist. The soloists were Miss Edna May Tilton, who sang two numbers; Mr. Max Schellen, violin, and Miss Gladys Monroe, accompanist.

The recent appearance here of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," renewed and deepened the impression she made when here several years ago in "The Joy of Living." And that impression is that while, as an actress, she does not always dwell "on the heights," yet neither does she ever fall below a certain level in her conception and rendition of a character. One can hardly help the feeling that if the notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith had really been as sweet and sincere, as self poised and as dominated by her mentality, as Mrs. Campbell makes her in the play, she would not have been "notorious" at all. The tragedy of the play centers in her effort to drag herself up out of the mire of a false position, to a plane of intellectual companionship, and to achieve great things. Agnes—Mrs. Campbell's Agnes—does not want to be made love to—she wants to write. And her most hopeless task is the impossible one of dragging her vacillating, shallow, egotistical lover with her up to this ideal plane. Needless to say she fails. But through it all she is so human! She grips her audiences;

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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
As the "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"

and in her "Mrs. Ebbsmith" Des Moines has seen her in what is admittedly her greatest play.

Eleanor Robson in "Salomy Jane," the play based on Bret Harte's story of the same name, has stirred and charmed and held the East this winter. Shall we ever outlive the California legend? One would imagine it was now only romance. It is the inspiration first and last of all those breezy western plays which bring fresh air and red blood into the drama. This is what Mr. William Archer, most famous of all the London critics, wrote him to the Tribune about the actress and the play: "As for Salomy Jane herself, in the person of Miss Eleanor Robson, she ranks easily among the most fascinating creatures I have ever seen on the stage. Her bravery, her little touch of feminine ferocity, her resourcefulness, independence and originality, and finally her swift up-blazing passion, render her such a truly poetic figure as would redeem a far more common-place play. * * * The character is psychologically true. Thus and not otherwise would a strong and yet delicate girl nature take shape under the influence of semi-barbarous conditions, in an atmosphere of constant danger."

Thus the English critic, and the New

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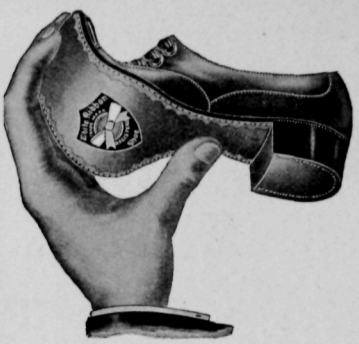

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York papers with one accord, "Blanch, Tray and Sweetheart," swell the chorus of praise for actress and author. Blase theater goers go every night to see Salomy Jane, all of which shows that the public is not yet quite spoiled, and still thrills to the "touch of nature", of which we have so often heard.

"The Squaw Man" which has to its credit a run of seven months at Wallack's Theater, New York, is also a western play, though too virile and of too robust fiber to fall naturally into the "poetic" drama. It is a fascinating and strongly emotional play; the scene laid out on the plains. The Indians are real Indians; that is, they carry with them the conviction of their sincerity to type. The cowboys are not the cowboys of literature, underdone or overdone, but virile creatures, studied from the life. And Theodore Roberts as the Squaw Man, round whom revolve the heart interest, the humor and the pathos of the play, is one of the most vivid figures on the stage this season.

Will the public ever tire of the perennial wit and wisdom of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?" The play is making this season its fifth triumphal tour, and played to more people last season than ever before. It has captured London as it captured New York, and as it still captures wherever it goes in this country, each new audience. Does not this again prove that the theater-going public is still not quite spoiled. The critics are saying that it is the public alone that is to blame for the low tone of present-day drama; that managers would be glad to bring out and actors long to play better things than those which the public demands. Well, then, let it be set down to our credit that we welcome, between the feverish problem plays, the cheerful, homely human nature of the cabbage patch. Probably, as in the case of "Salomy Jane," Mr. Archer's reasons for success would stand—the character is psychologically true. We have all known Mrs. Wiggs—in pieces. It remained for Mrs. Hegan-Rice to put her together and make her a classic. And Lovey Mary, a tender shadow in the background, makes a big hole in our hearts.

Fifty first-class musicians under the leadership of Prof. M. M. Alsbury, will appear for the first time as the Des Moines Grand Orchestra at the Central Church of Christ the last of this month. For weeks and weeks they have been rehearsing the most difficult operas for this occasion and we are soon to have the pleasure of hearing the finest concourse of orchestral artists ever furnished by this city. But besides soloists from all over Iowa will be here to take part, while some will come from Chicago. Mrs. Barnett, one of the finest organists in the West, will play the grand organ accompaniment, while T. Fred Henry, Iowa's greatest cornetist, will be one of the soloists. The organization is now founded upon permanent lines and thus we have marked for us a new era in the development of Musical Des Moines.

SEMBRICH

Sembrich, the queen of song, the queen of the opera is to grace the stage of the Auditorium in Des Moines with her presence after years of absence.

For years she, once but a little Galacian girl poverty stricken, has held sway in the operatic world as the greatest of prima donnas. Houses have been crowded the world over to hear her in seven different languages portray the melodies of heaven endowed composers.

With a lightness of heart she carries her audience to the skies on a beautiful trill and the next moment they are shedding sympathetic tears for the heroine of "La Traviata." New York has raved over her, St. Petersburg has acknowledged her supremacy with bended knee, Berlin has showered roses upon her as she sang, Paris has dined her, and old London, slowest of them all, awaits her return with ever increasing longing, while every state in this union has paid homage to her on her throne.

One of the busiest places in town is the store of the Iowa Seed Co. Here machinery is set in motion whose results reach all over America and into foreign countries. Hundreds of thousands of catalogues are mailed each spring and orders for seeds, garden and flowering plants, trees and shrubbery, begin coming in long before planting time. The Iowa Seed Company conducts one of the big businesses of the state and is a loyal booster for Des Moines. They well deserve their great success.

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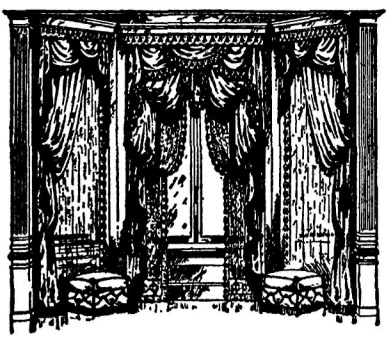

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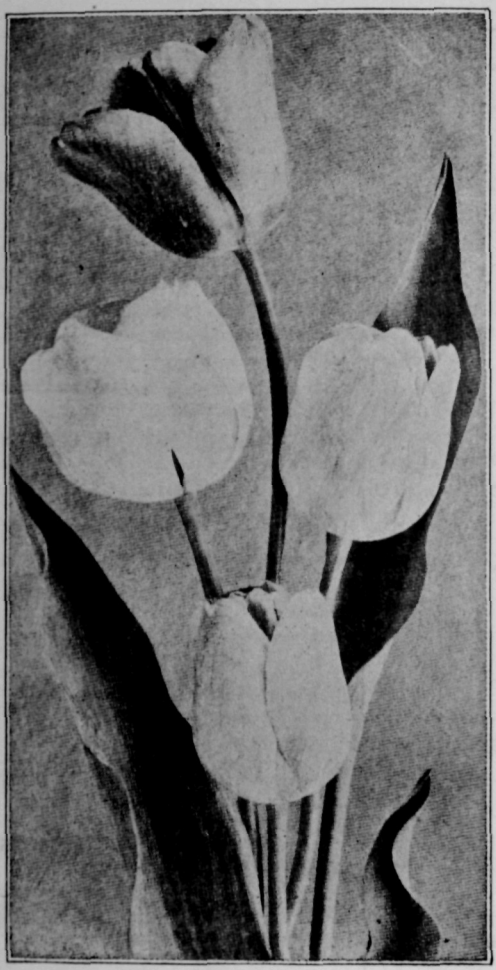

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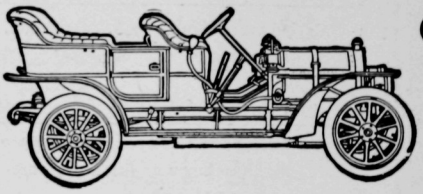

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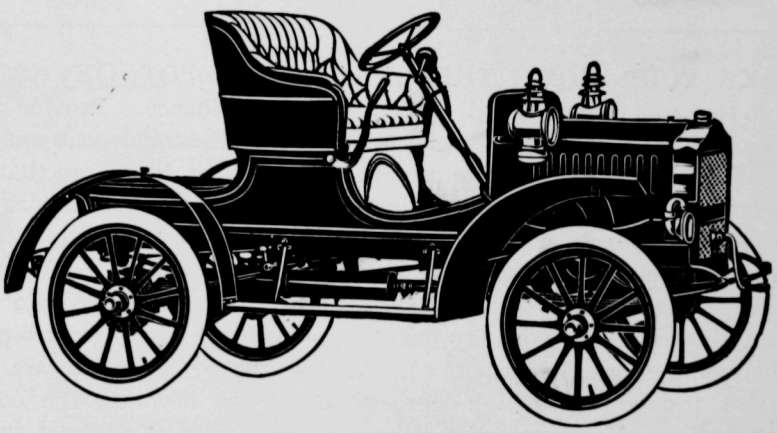

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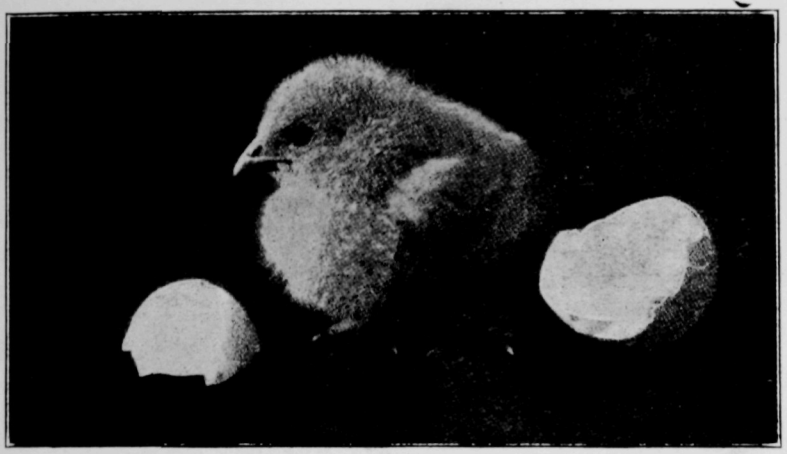

THE MIDWESTERN

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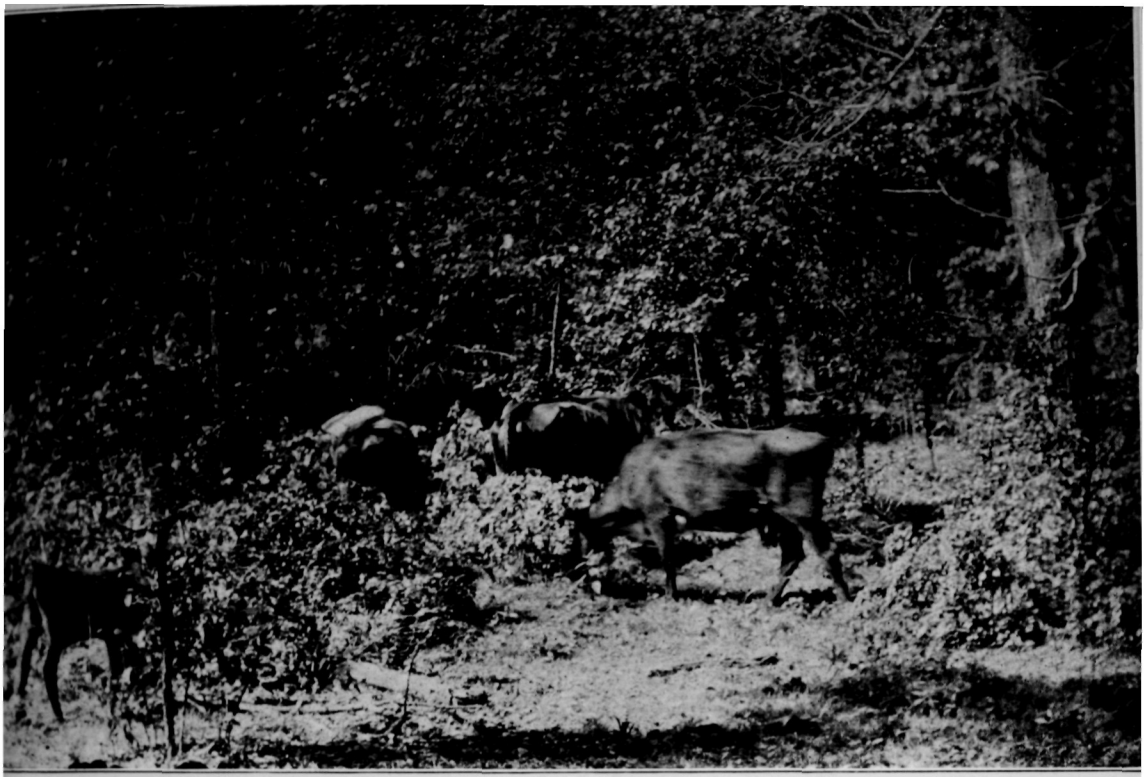

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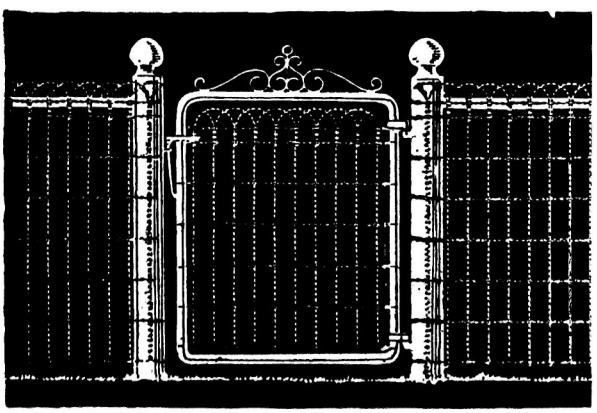

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WITH THE EDITOR

With pardonable pride we present this military number of THE MID-WESTERN. We are glad of an opportunity to show the world that we have a military post in Iowa, and we are especially glad to write something of the story of the famous Second Cavalry.

In getting back to our original publication day, the 25th of the month, we necessarily sacrificed some of our regular features, which will be taken up again next month.

As we find it impossible to reply to all of the letters which speak so beautifully of the magazine, we assure our friends that our hearts are filled with gratitude at the receipt of every letter. These give us courage to work, to try to accomplish something worth while. You are an inspiration to us. Some day we will try to write letters, it would give us the greatest pleasure to do so.

In writing to the editor, will you not tell us what you think we are doing for Des Moines and Iowa? It is our constant aim to show the world what we have here that makes this city desirable as a residence location and as a place of business. How do you think we are succeeding?

In this glory of early spring time, the editor is moved to send a message of good cheer and courage to all the down hearted or those who think they suffer from sickness. From any such we would be glad to hear personally. So soon as we all recognize and fully appreciate the good there is in life, all the bad will disappear. Let us help each other. Here's a May-time wish for you all.

Carolyn M. Ogilvie,
Editor.

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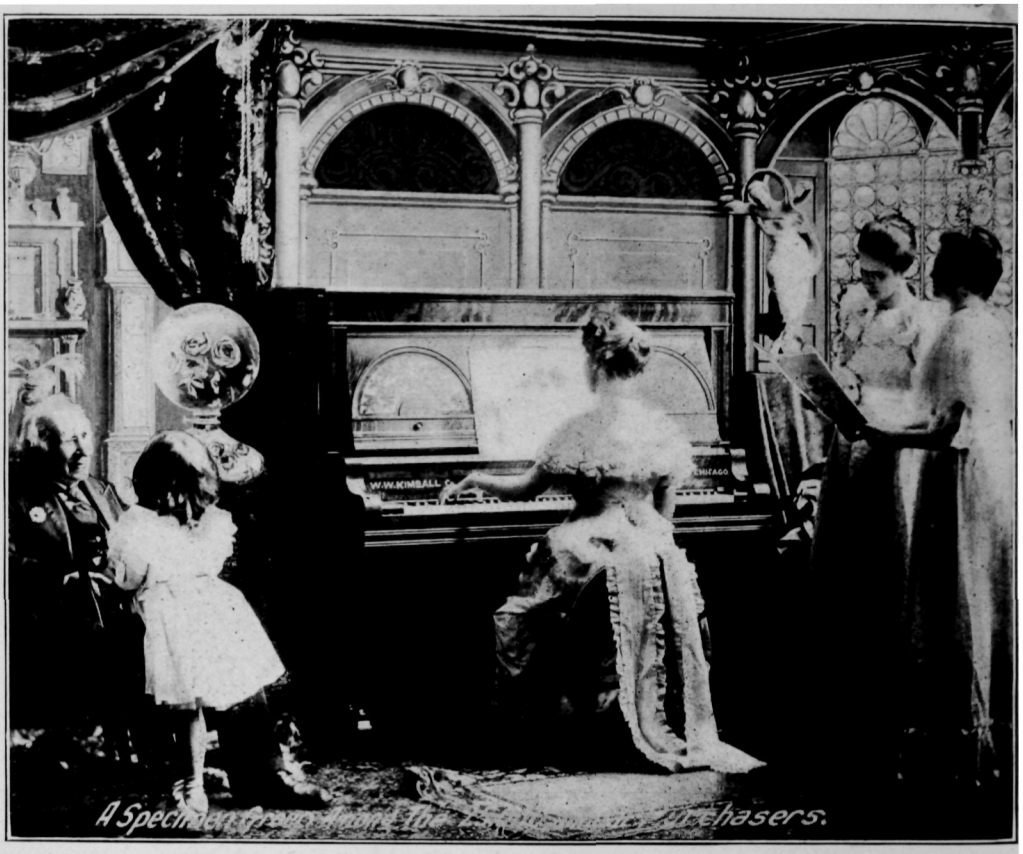

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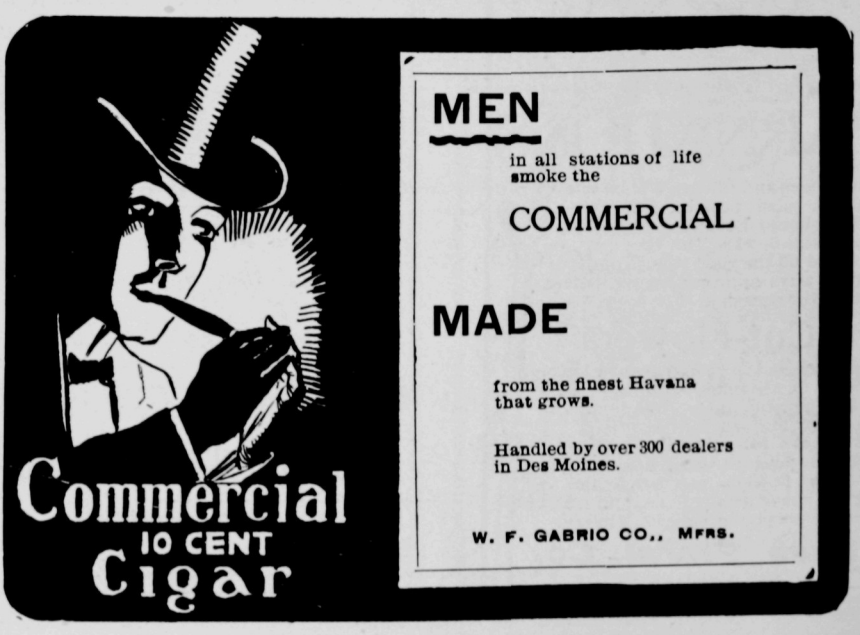

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Lenses replaced on short notice. Any repairs or new furnishings at most reasonable prices. Bring the pieces of your prescription lenses and we make a new duplicate of identically the same measurement.

We have every new eyeglass mounting on hand that is made and most earnestly solicit your patronage.

Feige Optical Store

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GROWS IN POPULARITY

The phenomenal success of the Boston Lunch in both East and West Des Moines has long been a source of gratification to its proprietor and a matter of congratulation on the part of the general public. Many new dishes are constantly added to the menu, all cooked in the home styles, by women who know how to cook. No dyspepsia follows the meals at the Boston Lunch. The patronage is of the best people in Des Moines. Clean, wholesome, delicious and most reasonable in price, what more could be asked? The coffee is still the most delicious in town —at the Boston Lunch.

A TRUE BENEFACTOR

Any person or organization which helps to raise the health percentage in a community is surely a true benefactor. This work is being done constantly by the manufacturers and sellers of pasteurized milk and cream. While those who use the products of dairies where the proper sanitation is unheeded, are subject to various diseases, many of them of malignant type, such as typhoid or diphtheria—while this is true, it is equally true that users of the pasteurized milk are immune from disease, as it is not only a preventative, but also a splendid food for all the muscles and tissues of the body. Scientists the world over agree that a pure milk supply is one of the great essentials in the life of a city. Des Moines is most fortunate in having such a supply. Ask your dealer for pasteurized milk and cream, and thus insure the health of your family.

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L. E. HOWARD 611 LOCUST ST.

The March

I, who was very weary, turn again
To face the journey of the winding day,
To take my place amid the march of men
And be as brave as they.

To toil—to dare—to battle—to rejoice
Until again night yields us resting place;
And yet I have not heard my captain's voice
Nor ever seen his face.

Nor do I know wherefore we strive or when
The strife shall end. I only know each day
I take my place amid the march of men
And listen—and obey.

—*Theodosia Garrison*

ORA WILLIAMS

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II MAY, 1908 NUMBER 9

GOVERNOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS

Ora Williams

COMPARATIVELY few of the tragedies of life involve bloodshed. Our heroes are not all tested on the battlefield. With no messmates to chide, no bugle note to inspire, no excitement to warm his blood, the citizen faces duty all alone.

When at the dawn of the new century the call came to Albert B. Cummins to close his law office and lead the people in a movement in which he had already taken conspicuous part, he knew that he faced an insidious foe armed with the choicest weapons of corruption and under the discipline of years of political intrigue. A great battle was inevitable. In skirmishes there had been notable victories for the right, but the citadel remained untouched, and it was not certain the unorganized forces demanding progress could be marshaled for the onslaught. Contentment was everywhere. Forsooth had not every convention solemnly resolved that whatever is is right? The old regime insisted on the destruction of the ungodly disturbers. There was on the other hand much looking and longing for a return to the better ideals of the founders. A leader and organizer was needed.

Albert B. Cummins had the courage to step out into the open and defy the army of reaction.

It was high time for decisive action. Officials honored by confiding voters converted that honor into watered stock of corporations doing a questionable business. Agents of political corporations trafficked in nominations. Graft wore the cloak of business respectability, and petty larceny in the guise of expenses, overcharges, traveling bills, fake examinations, illegal fees, etc., went on incessantly. No one had attempted big jobs in land or forests or capitol contracts, but men were being trained for just such exploits and courage only was lacking.

When Mr. Cummins stood before his home convention and declared he was a candidate for Governor because certain polite and unscrupulous political agents of the railroads did not want him to be, everybody knew he had thrown the gauntlet at the feet of politicians who had for a generation held undisputed sway in Iowa. If he had gone out single handed with a paper knife to meet a regiment in battle array he could not better have displayed that courage which ought to be held highest of civic as well as military virtues.

This was not, however, the first time Mr. Cummins had shown peculiar qualities for meeting crises. At a time when grasping monopoly had levied tribute on a million farmers, Mr. Cummins as a young lawyer, faced the greatest patent lawyers of the day in high court and won a victory which has saved a fortune to buyers of barbed wire. He prepared himself in a characteristic way. What was in the law books needed supplementing, and Attorney Cummins donned the blue overalls and going into the little shop down on the river front he personally mastered the details of the mechanism involved. In court he spoke not as lawyer alone but as mechanic. It was his way of doing well whatever came to his hands.

At the close of the final trial of the famous barb wire case in the U. S. circuit court when the slender young lawyer had bested a force of veteran corpor-

ation lawyers the manager of the big eastern company which had been defeated congratulated the Iowa man.

"You are too big a man to be wasting your time out here in Iowa," he said to Mr. Cummins. "You ought to come east and make connections with some of the great corporations. You would command a salary many times greater than you can make in the general practice in Iowa."

It was true, but there was another side to the story.

"Yes," said Mr. Cummins, "but there I would simply be somebody's hired man and be required to do this or that whether right or wrong; here in Iowa I can walk erect, choose for myself, be my own man."

The trust magnate told a friend he was never more taken back by an answer and had not supposed anyone would sacrifice so much just to be independent.

I recall very well the first political speech Mr. Cummins ever made in behalf of his own candidacy. As I was writing out the newspaper account Ret Clarkson asked about the speech and its effect.

"Mr. Cummins," I told my employer, "made a good lawyer argument, but a shrewd politician could drive a four-horse team right through it."

He had displayed none of the arts with which we are all familiar in trained political orators. His words came from the heart. He used no sophistry; he commenced as if with "may it please your honor" and followed with facts and logic and an appeal to reason.

Up to the high position of one among the leaders of the bar Mr. Cummins had come by circuitous route. As a youth he loved manly sports and the Waynesburg college nine never had a better first baseman. There are railroad men in northern Iowa today who learned to love him when as an express messenger he went back and forth across the prairies. At the bench he drove the jackplane with skill. The task of carrying the chain to lay out a new railroad in Michigan and Indiana was well done. But for a man of his talent the law was inevitable.

To take the people—too often unappreciative and cold—as his clients and give up a great law practice, was indeed a personal sacrifice. He came to the office of Governor realizing that its duties and responsibilities were magnified by the conditions which made his candidacy seemingly the only possible hope of a good movement. He put aside his old clients and accepted attorneyship for the masses. It was a violent break in his life work. Some said he could not really make the change, others declared he would not, a few had lingering hope that he would forget his obligation to his new clients and would secretly serve the old. Nothing could have been more shocking to this latter class than what happened. One incident illustrates it all. A personal friend, head of a great railroad, demanded the signing of a certain bill which had been sneaked through the legislature in the interest of the nefarious merger schemes of that day. Very easy for the governor to sign; and, if trouble ever came, to plead ignorance. Such things have been done. The evil was discerned and pointed out. There was no denial—but nobody would know until too late, the doors were closed, friends betray no confidences.

The bill was vetoed; and the men who thought that Albert B. Cummins, attorney retained by and for the people, would forget them in their need to serve those who know better how to reward, went out from the executive office flushed with the anger of defeat and vowing revenge.

About the same time, in another and different way, Governor Cummins was given the supreme test. In the most startling inaugural address ever delivered in Iowa he had cut right through all trivialities and struck hard blows at the basic evils threatening free government. He dealt plainly with the trusts, he pleaded for fairness for capital and for labor, he made the demand for more nearly equal taxation, the words he directed toward the despised lobby fairly burned, and he then and there announced the program for complete elimination of corporation political activity in Iowa. Incidentally he pointed out that tariff revision was inevitable and ought to be considered.

The outlawed lobby is ever resourceful. Conservatism was enlisted in the cause of reaction to crush out this new emancipator. Would the lobby defend the evils at which the hard blows had been struck? O, no; but seizing upon what had been said on the tariff and distorting the same, the meanest fight ever waged was soon organized and by em-

ploying the old familiar tactics an apparent revolution was accomplished with the governor as the victim.

Fortunately there was no retreat; and after two years of this fierce conflict, how well do I recall that Governor Cummins, physically struggling with himself to keep erect, worn and overworked and ill, gave smiling welcome to every ray of sunshine that broke through the gloom. It is not to be denied that however his judgment remained unshaken, his heart often trembled at the breaking point and his courage was near to exhaustion. Was the battle lost? He asked the question many times. No, it only seemed so. He stood the great test and went on without varying the program a hair's breadth.

Because Governor Cummins stood firm against the fiercest conflict that entrenched monopoly ever hurled at a public official, with corruption cowardly skulking in the rear—because he did not yield, the whole nation is standing today where once he stood alone. It was more, far more, than his victory.

And so it has been a group or series of engagements forming one battle, sometimes the victory here, sometimes there, and while there is no question as to whose the final triumph, there is still fighting to be done. But this is not the place for the history of a decade of wonderful political progress. These things have been referred to only as throwing light on the character and accomplishments of Albert B. Cummins. The record of actual results is open, and it is more or less familiar to all.

Governor Cummins has been leader of a progressive movement that has made good. It has been worth while.

We have witnessed here in Iowa, with this strong and courageous man as the central figure, a great epoch making upheaval breaking through the crust of custom and conservatism.

Governor Cummins is not just the type of man one looks for in a crusade leader, hence many of his contemporaries will never believe the evidence of their own senses in regard to him and his work. In his personality he violates all popular conceptions as to fitness for a special task.

The fine mental fibre of the man is visible at a glance. He is born a gentleman. Culture seems an appropriate part of him. The roughness and ruggedness we usually associate with our ideal heroes is not there. He is not impulsive, he does not break forth in stormy invective, he uses no harsh words, displays no bitterness nor fierceness nor malevolence.

In personal conversation and on the platform Governor Cummins is master of rhetoric. How often have his friends followed his sentences critically to detect one single mis-pronounced or misplaced word, but only to confess failure. His language and the thoughts back of it are as chaste as if carved from an Emerson essay. His style is forceful; the reader or the listener not only may know, but must know, what is his meaning.

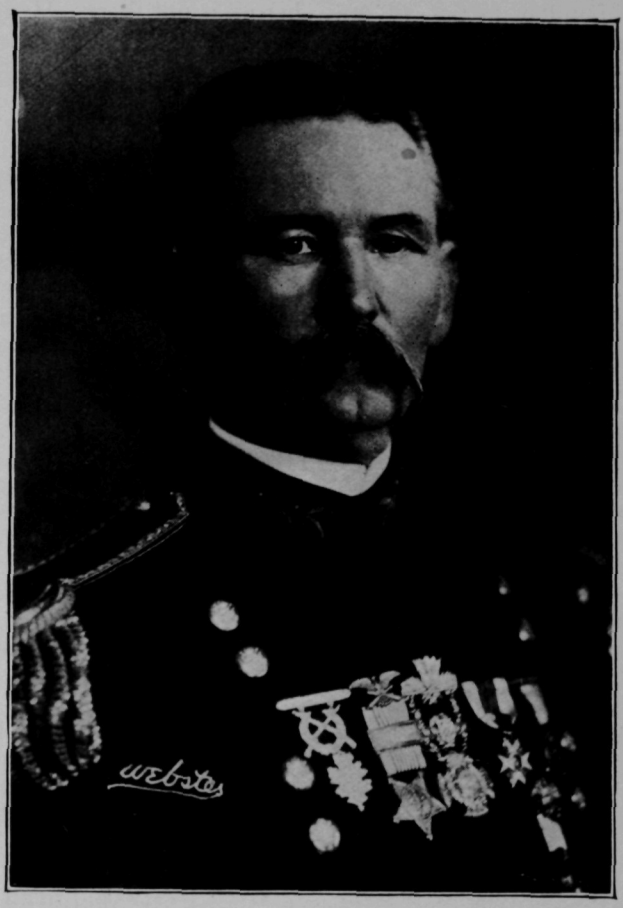
Governor Cummins despatches business with a rapidity possible only where there is almost complete mastery of self. He instantly grasps every proposition and sees through to the essentials of every argument. His intellectual processes are marvellously complete and accurate. Herein is the explanation of the apparent anomaly of his leadership. His is purely an intellectual leadership. His great mental capacity and thorough discipline have enabled him to reach conclusions on matters of statecraft far in advance of those about him. Hence he has been ahead of his time.

Even this would avail little for popular leadership in an adverse environment but for the addition of that greatest of all virtues in the public servant—moral courage. Heroism is not for the battlefield alone.

Governor Albert B. Cummins, soon to transfer his activities to the larger field at Washington where such men are rare and so much needed, is a long time resident of Des Moines. He lives in a comfortable home where a good wife and good books are more to him than the plaudits of the multitude. Some there are who fancy that he takes delight in the sheer excitement of public life and especially of campaigning. Last summer with the Chautauqua lecture season half over he said:

"I don't like this work at all. It is distasteful to me to speak before strangers for pay. I feel uncomfortable in the thought that I am expected to give my audience its money's worth rather than that they are before me simply held there eager to hear the truth."

And so also in political campaigns he goes before the people reluctantly and

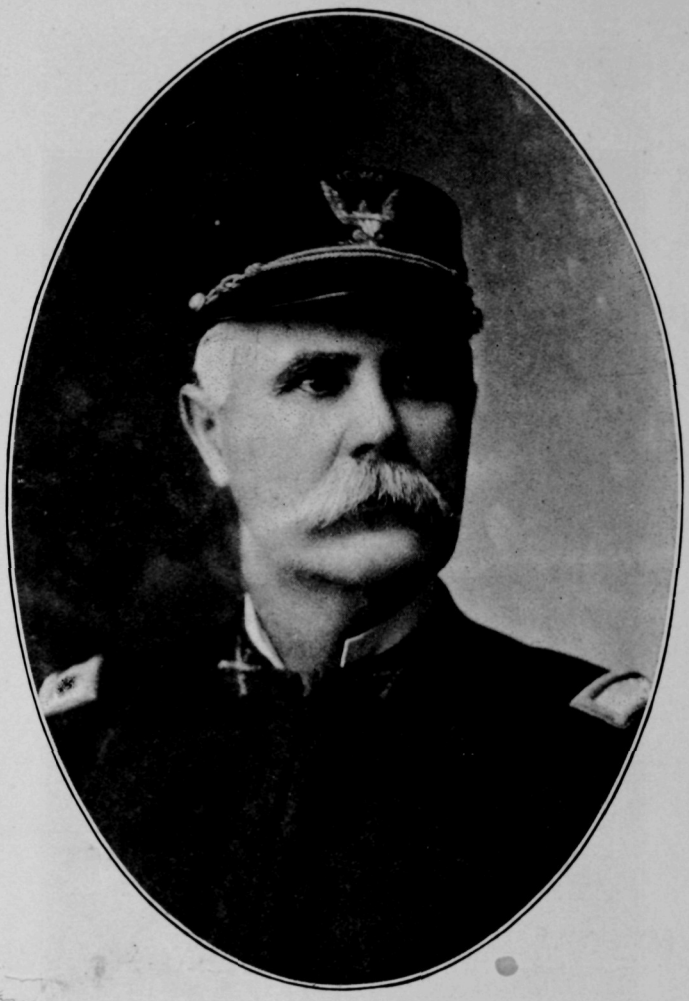


Adjutant General Thrift, of Gov. Cummins' Staff

with misgivings, but from a sense of duty. He never accepts compensation for any speaking done by him to his own people. He never liked travel. He would rather remain among his friends in Des Moines. He delights in the golf links with a congenial companion. The greatest delight of his life was in the early victories won in a dingy old court room. A sense of obligation to the public alone led him away from the profession he dearly loved.

There will be no going back, no halting in the army of progress, for the courage of the leader and the valiancy of the troops have been tested before.

Colonel F. J. Will, of Governor Cummins' Staff



Q. M. Gen. J. C. Loper, of Gov. Cummins' Staff

John C. Loper was born in Belmont Co., Ohio, in 1851. He became Captain of Co. H., 3d Regiment I. N. G., Jan. 15, 1889. He was made Major of the 3d Regiment Jan. 23, 1892; Lieut. Col. of the 3d Reg't Sept. 3, 1895; was made Colonel March 14, 1898, and was mustered into U. S. service in the Spanish-American War as Colonel of the 51st Iowa Volunteer Infantry, May 30, 1898. They were mustered out Nov. 2, 1899, and Col. Loper became Quarter-Master General on the Governor's Staff, February 1, 1902.

HOW IT SPENDS MONEY ON ITSELF

And the United States Senate does foolish other things, which have for their first and sure effect the drawing of the public's horns its way. It will quarrel with a proposal to appropriate $25,000 for the White House, and then spend, exclusive of its personal salary of $495,000, an annual $900,000, upon itself. While it buys itself manicure sets at $6—for which see the printed account of the senate's contingent expenses, published every year—and chatelaine bags at $11 each, and so through a wondrous list which, beginning with the "Anniston Hot Blast"—whatever that may be—for Senator Morgan at $5, goes on and on and on and on through "toothe-ache wax" and "corkscrew knives" until it rounds out those $900,000, with "Senator Bailey: For commutation of allowance for stationery and newspapers for the fiscal year, $57.04" and "$90.60" to Senator Tillman on a similar commutation-stationery argument, it should not permit itself to be too deeply shocked by the disbursements of other departments. Folk who swallow camels must not

Col. Joe S. Crail, of Gov. Cummins' Staff

Col. J. S. Crail was born in Iowa in 1877. He graduated from Drake in 1898 and served with the Volunteer Signal Corps during the Spanish-American war and in Cuba four years. He was admitted to the bar in 1903 and is a member of the firm of Crail & Crail of Fairfield, Iowa. He received the appointment of Colonel and Chief Signal Officer of the I. N. G., May 24, 1907.

strain at gnats. Also, they should go to the scriptures concerning motes and beams and eyes. Those that prate of economy ought to practice economy, and senators who annually vote through such items as "One month's extra pay to officers, clerks, etc., $62,300.70," excite suspicion as hypocrites when thundering against the expenses of a White House where, to say least, no one works twelve months in twenty-four and gets paid for twenty-six. Possibly such experienced explanationists as Senators Bailey and Tillman can make clear that "One month's extra pay" in its inocuousness, as well as the pure propriety in their personal instances of those respective items for "$57.04" and "$90.60." For myself, however, as a blinded muck-raker I must confess that they baffle me to a standstill. I cannot dodge the feeling that, whether for much or for little, they are the merest registration of muck.—From an editorial of Alfred Henry Lewis.

Col. Wiley S. Rankin, of Mason City, of Gov. Cummins' Staff

Col. Rankin has served for thirteen and one-half years continually in the Iowa National Guard. He enlisted as a Private and was promoted to Corporal and Sergeant before the Spanish-American war. He served as Sergeant during this war, after which he was promoted to the position of Second Lieutenant and Captain. He was appointed to the Governor's staff January 25, 1908.

QUO VADIS

Thou fear'st judgment;
The sackcloth of thy soul is rent,
Thou prayest much to God with cries and fears
And thinkest to move Him with thy tears;
The while thy life with mire is blent.

So liv'st thou here,
And trustest God may hear thy prayer.
Dost think God's grace can make a heaven for thee
Where thou canst walk celestially
No shadow of thy earth life touching there?

Know this, O soul,
As the eternal years unroll,
They hold no joys for thee which here on earth,
In thine own heart had not their birth
While fate was yet in thy control.

Howe'er thou pray,
Doubt not today is judgment day;
Thus terribly in thine own hand doth rest
Thy destiny; thy soul is drest
Forever in the garments of today.

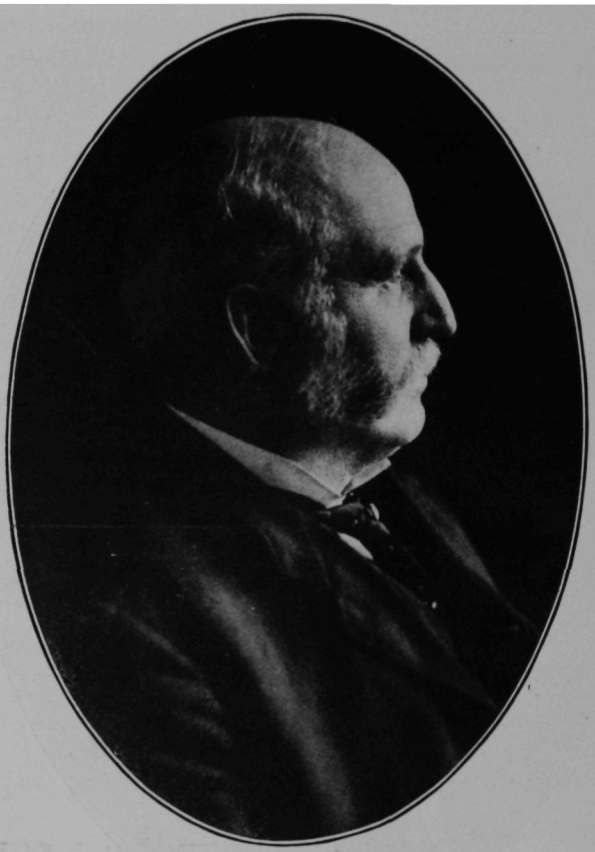
—Winifred Walden.

Col. Chas. W. Bopp, of Hawkeye, of Governor Cummins' Staff

FAITH

We say we trust in God, yet fearfully
Repeat our prayers, as they who count
their beads
As charms 'gainst powers of evil. We
make our faith
A mockery, and kneel because we fear.
He holds the world—nay, all the uni-
verse
Within the hollow of his hand; all this
Fair earth is full of Him; our very life
His breath. He sends soft showers on
tender plants,
And guides the wheeling stars; His glor-
ious sun
Lights all his creatures—yet, in His im-
age made,
We shrink and tremble from our destiny.
We breed a race of cowards; we grovel
in the dust,
When we might climb the heights and
walk as kings.
Is there not one will some day lay aside
His fear, and listening to the voice that
calls,
Put his hand in God's with blind eyes,
and walk
Erect and free, proving God's perfect
plan?

—Winifred Walden.



Col. H. P. Hedge, of Cov. Cummins' Staff

Quartermaster's Carriage and Four

Manufacturing Plant of the Green-Wheeler Shoe Co. in Fort Dodge

JUDGE S. F. PROUTY
Candidate for Congress from the Seventh Congressional District of Iowa

A NOTABLE CANDIDATE

FIFTY-TWO years ago there came overland from Ohio to Iowa, a little family consisting of father, mother and six children. In the mother's arms was a baby, whose future was to begin in this new land of promise. To this baby came the most serious ill fortune that can befall a child. His mother, worn with the long journey and almost in sight of the new home, sickened and died, and when the children and father entered the Iowa home, in the town of Knoxville, the mother was not there. The little boy, baby of the family, son of a poor man, was thrown upon his own resources at the

age of nine when he became a wage earner and took into his own hands the making of his life. Working in the fields in the summer and going to Industrial school in winter, gaining some insight of the wonderful realm of knowledge, ever hungry for more, with an active brain, of sound habits and dominant will, at the age of sixteen the boy received a certificate to teach school. Possessed by a determination to fit himself for a professional career, no false pride kept him from earning money in any honorable way which opened to him. At seventeen he entered the University of Pella. He paid his way through school by doing janitor work and sawing wood. At Indianola he studied two years, getting his schooling in the same manner. At Pella he made many friends who valued him at his true worth and were anxious that he should graduate from the Central University. Through their influence, free tuition was offered him, and he returned there to school, graduating in 1877, at twenty-three years of age, the valedictorian of his class. During his work in the Central University he represented his school in the state oratorical contest, winning first prize; and in the inter-state contest, held at Madison, he won second prize. Upon graduation he was elected to the chair of Latin in the Central University, a position which he held four years.

And thus winning and conquering through true merit, with a faculty for making and holding friends, at twenty-four he became a representative to the state legislature of Iowa from the county of Marion. Here he distinguished himself as a debater, and his splendid force was felt by all with whom he came in contact.

Fearless when he thought he was right, he became an active factor in railroad legislation. This incurred the displeasure of the railroad corporations, a displeasure from which they have never recovered.

Admitted to the bar in 1880, making an enviable record in professional and business life in his old home town of Pella, he was a welcome addition to the capital city, when, eighteen years after, he came to Des Moines and formed a partnership with I. M. Earle. This firm became a leading one in Iowa and was a success from the start.

In 1899 the motherles boy of 1852, became Judge Prouty, and on the district bench made a fine record. His per cent of reversals in the supreme court was less than that of any judge in the state.

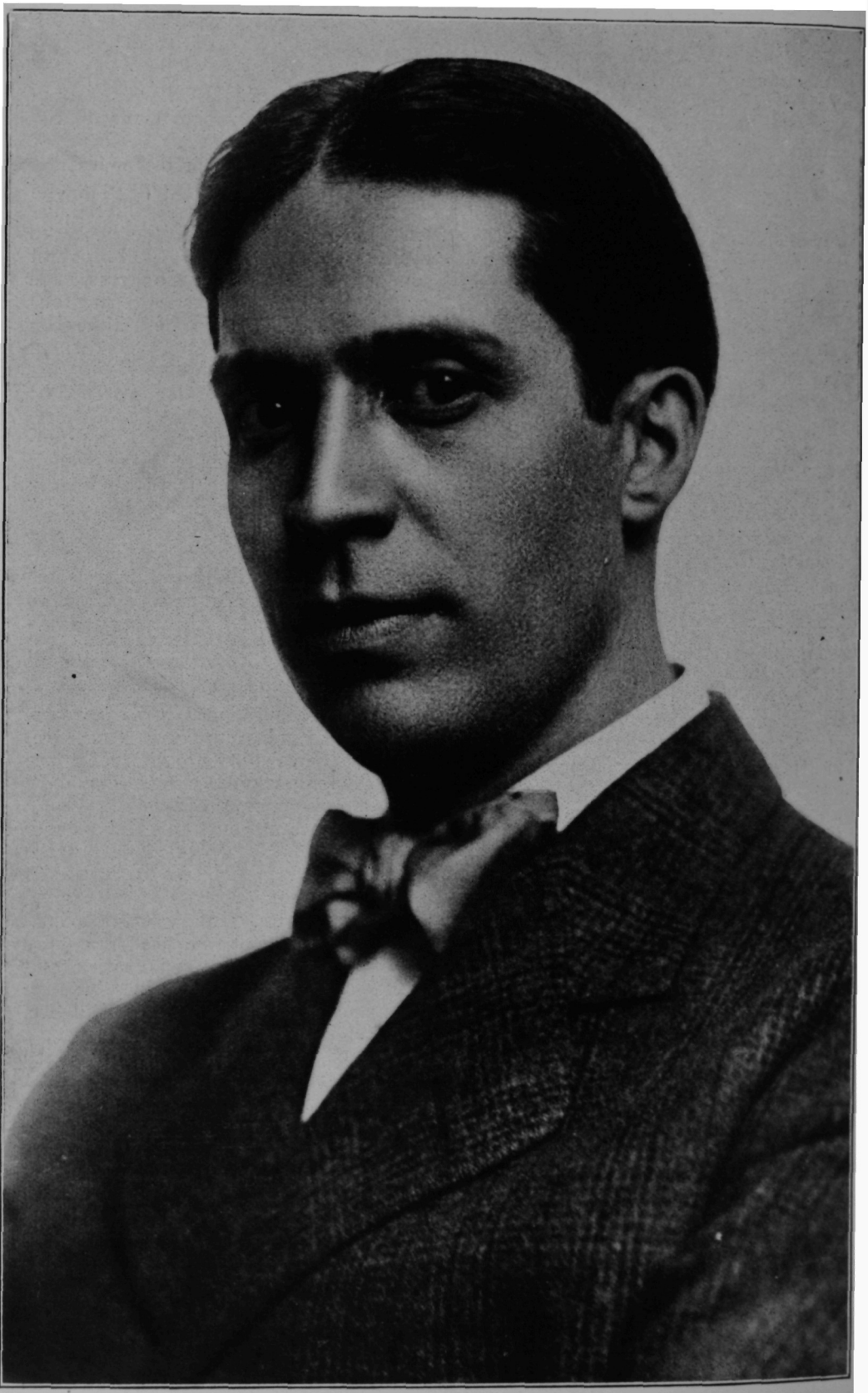
His ambitions did not rest with the district judgeship. He left the bench to contest with Capt. J. A. T. Hull his right to a seat in the U. S. Congress. He made a contest six years ago and four years. He was beaten both times by the corporations, and by very small majorities.

Nothing daunted, he has kept up the fight. The legislature has passed statutes prohibiting corporations from engaging in politics or contributing of their funds to assist or defeat candidates. These statutes are owing to his persistent efforts.

Judge Prouty is now what he has always been, a positive force. His whole personality speaks of it and his record as a professional and business man accelerates the impression of his personal nobility.

Of unusual mental gifts, generous-hearted, of unquestioned personal integrity, a good fighter when there is a real issue, Judge Prouty would reflect the highest credit upon his state, should he represent it in congress.

Iowa has sent some splendid men to Washington. Not Iowa alone but the entire country needs men of just such mental and moral fibre as is to be found in Judge Prouty. In the nation's law-making department, we need men who stand for great things, who own themselves and who say so fearlessly; men who are dominated by a love of justice, a belief in the brotherhood of men, a reverence for the Divine Power which guides a nation right as it guides a man; men who love the nation's honor as they love their own; men of direct methods and of wisdom; men whose whole lives have been such that they but lead up to the high place they are to occupy as servants of the greatest people upon the earth. In these high places Judge Prouty would stand without fear and without reproach. Is it cause for wonder that his friends have urged him to again run for congress against Captain Hull?



HON. JOHN NATHAN SMITH

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

John Nathan Smith

SUCCESS is promised democracy because of the united efforts in the party. In the past there has been dissension, which I am forced to believe, was often ingeniously injected by the other party. This year all efforts to arouse friction have failed. The democrats of Iowa are standing together as the democrats of the nation are standing in a solid front. This great party strength has come from the adherence to principle rather than following the empty idols of policy. There will be but one or two offices where there will be more than one candidate for nomination before the primaries, and the party will stand like a rock behind the nominees once chosen. On the other hand, there is dissension in the ranks of the republican party. Many leaders of the republicans admit there is a wound that will never be healed until the party has been crushed into defeat by the democrats and brought upon a common ground of sympathy. In numerous congressional districts the republicans have bitter fights over nominations, and such contests as are being waged are bound to leave hard feelings. Defeated republicans will in many instances retaliate and throw their support to the democratic nominees. One thing above all others that is indicative of great strength in favor of democratic success is the high standard of the nominees being placed before the people today. All are men of unimpeachable integrity and acknowledged ability. They are fresh from the people, some with even the stamp of their profession yet with them. They are volunteers pressed into service by the needs of the community, and this will give life to the democratic party. The long tenure of office which prevails in the republican party has marked its doom. The great picture of prosperity which the republican party used to reprint every year is laid away this year as a cold and impressionless negative, while on the other hand the democratic party is throbbing with new life, which will radiate out and attract to it the adherents of justice and common honesty. Democrats will win this year. and for the first time in many campaigns no one has had the audacity to suggest that such a victory would be a calamity to the nation. The democratic party will win, and the common people will be benefitted by the result. The democratic party stands higher in the favor of the people today than ever before. It commands the respect of the nation, the state, and the municipality because many of the policies it has urged for years have been adopted by the republican leaders, and even by municipalities, and because the blame for hard times upon it when in power, has been demonstrated a fallacy by the recent hard times during republican administration. Many of our policies, which heretofore have been declared to be theories, are in actual working order in the state of Oklahoma, thanks to the people of that state, who have had courage enough to take the initiative in favor of justice and the interests of the common people. Men who are honest in their political convictions, of whatever party-faith or affiliation they may be, may point with pride to the adoption of such principles and policies as the State of Oklahoma has now in practice. No words of praise are strong enough for the courage the new state has shown in the adoption of statutes and in the enactment of laws in the interest of her people.

In the past the republican party has in each campaign gloated over the word prosperity. This year they are silent as the tomb. They have conceded the injustice of the higher protective tariff. Why? Because of a national wide sentiment and an aroused public opinion. The republicans have promised this year tariff revision to satisfy this aroused public opinion. The democratic party will revise the tariff because they believe it is right; because it is the teaching of democratic

logic. How can the American people be blind to this vivid fact? *How can the American people ever expect to receive a fragment of justice so long as they must fight their public servants in office in order to get them to respect the will of the people?* Inactivity and stubbornness has too long ruled the republican party. Their nominees and servants in office must be brought to obey the will of the people, and if our government is to serve the ends for which it was inaugurated, the government must be year by year brought closer to the people, and today the word on which, or the phrase on which most emphasis should be placed is "back to the people." How can we ever expect the American citizenship to grow and become larger unless we place upon their shoulders more responsibility? Each citizen, if he shall have acquitted himself according to the ideas of a representative democracy, which we have in practice, must, when he goes to cast his ballot, be able to measure himself with the issues, and vote honestly, and conscientiously according to his estimate. Now, inasmuch as republicans have only promised and have not acted, the people, if they are honest with themselves as they are in their daily work, will place men in power who will not only promise, but will carry out these promises, and because of the fruitlessness of the present congress, it appears certain that more democratic congressmen than ever before will be elected to the national halls this year. Democratic prospects in Iowa are brighter this year because of the new life given the party by injection of young blood.

There are more young men in the Iowa democratic ranks now than ever before, and these young men are forging to the front. Perhaps one of the strongest indications of the tide of sentiment was expressed at the state convention at Cedar Rapids. There, in the gallery, were seated several hundred students from the state university of Iowa, who had come as spectators to watch the proceedings of the convention. They were democrats at heart, and not only cheered the name of the illustrious William J. Bryan, but cheered heartily the democratic sentiments so eloquently uttered by numerous speakers. The democratic party will win in Iowa, because the farmer in this state has awakened to the fact that in the democratic party lies hope, and the promise of the satisfaction of all he needs as a farmer. Our farmers have been hampered in the attention they should have given to politics in the last decade, due mainly to the fact that the republican party has so favored the trust by the high protective tariff in practice, and by this reason, giving to the manufacturing interest so much preference over the farmer that the manufacturing interests thereby have been able to hold out attractions to the farmer boy and farmer girl, so that today we find our girls and boys from the farm working in the factories. This, Iowa farmers, is the season for the scarcity of farm hands, and it is time that you people dissipate the idea of suffering anything two-thirds wrong rather than explore into what you call the field of conjecture. These problems you are all able to cope with, and all you need to do is to get rid of this dark brown taste, which is party prejudice.

The democratic party must win.

YOUR LITTLE SISTER

Carolyn M. Ogilvie

Forty-five years ago the women who gave their dear ones exultingly, freely, grandly, as women know how to give, for the cause of freedom, used to plan all sorts of little things for the men at the front.

One of these was a little book, covered with leather or morocco, and containing needles, scissors, thread, buttons, etc., with which the soldier could do his mending. Sometimes a card with the donor's name was enclosed, and often a letter beginning "Dear Soldier."

Before the battle of Lookout Mountain, a box of home things was parceled out to the men, and among them one of these little books, covered with red morocco.

The young fellow who got it, read the letter it contained with streaming eyes. It was the picture of the family circle at evening prayer.

"My brother is there among you somewhere. We always set his place at the table, for mother says he might be coming in on a furlough at any time. And when evening comes, and the firelight fills the big room, his favorite chair is there by mother's. Father then speaks of him in his prayer, as we kneel together. He asks God to keep him for us, to make him brave and true, and always a good boy; and if we never see him again, that we may all be united in heaven. You, perhaps, have just such loved ones at home, and a little sister waiting for you, as my brother has. And they pray for you every day, and won't you be good always, and then some day, if not here, in another world, I may know you, and you will tell me that my letter was a help to you. May God bless and keep you, is the wish of SISTER."

It happened that this soldier had no sister, but he did have an old father and mother at home. And he knew they prayed for him, and, as so often happens, the prayers took a new meaning for him, at the touch of the young girl's words upon his heart.

"When the war is over, I'll find her," he said to himself a thousand times.

He carried the letter over his heart. He read it every day. And in his regiment everybody said that "Teddy" was changed. His splendid strength and force was offset by the tenderest and most loving sympathy. He became the idol and hero of all the men.

He was one of the remnant that passed in sad review in Washington when all was over and the Union lived again. And then—he set out to find her.

In a Western city eight years later, at one of the swellest affairs of the season, Major D— was formally presented to a woman so splendid, so radiant and so charming that for once the vision of the "little sister" of his dreams vanished.

She set his heart to beating, this beautiful widow, with the carriage of an empress, and the eyes of a dove, and that night, for the first time, he forgot to read the worn letter before going to bed.

"And so, Major, you never have been in love?" she was saying one lazy afternoon, as they rode over the brown fields.

"In love? Yes—and no. I have been in love all my life, or for many years, with a little girl who wrote me a letter in the army. No, never with a real person, for I never saw the child and she perhaps now is grown, married and has forgotten the letter."

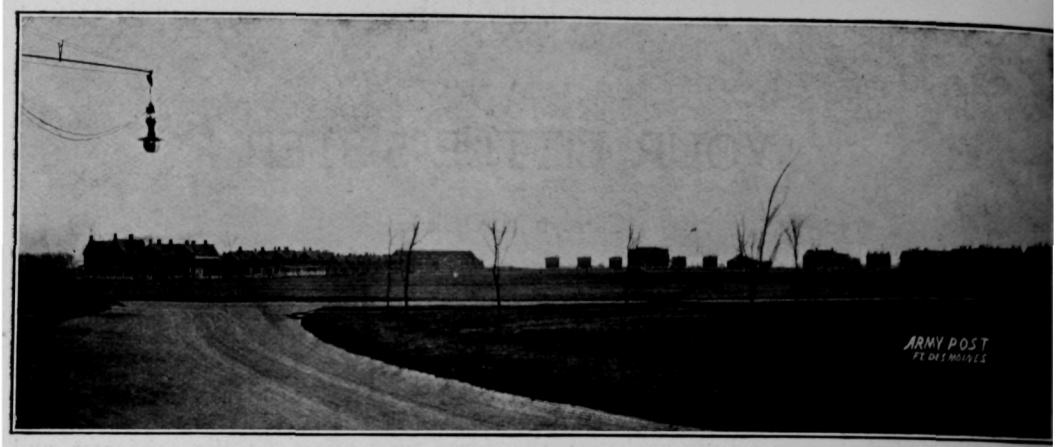
"A letter! Will you tell me about it? or show it to me?"

That night, as he leaned by the open fire, she, with her sleeve falling away from a perfect arm, her cheek paling a little, and a tear now falling on the ragged sheet, read the letter from beginning to end as he watched her.

Then, very softly, very tenderly, without lifting her eyes she said, "I am your little sister, I wrote that letter."

Was it any wonder that in another second he was kneeling by her side and folding her in his arms?

And today she is more than a sister to him. She is all his earthly heaven, as he is hers.



Bird's Eye View

FORT DES MOINES

...wa is proud in the possession of one ...ilitary post, dedicated Nov. 13, 1903, and named Fort Des Moines. It is a cavalry post and was first occupied by a squadron of the Eleventh cavalry. It is now occupied by the historic Second cavalry, commanded by Col. Frank West.

The name of Fort Des Moines will always be associated with that of Captain J. A. T. Hull, congressman from the Seventh district. When Captain Hull entered Congress, he sought a place upon the military committee of the House. His fine abilities secured for him recognition in the chairmanship of his committee. One of his ambitions was to secure for his state an army post. The first bill embodying his desire was presented in the Fifty-fourth Congress, but was a failure. Again before the Fifty-fifth Congress was the bill presented and was for the second time a failure. In the Fifty-sixth Congress, the bill received favor and was made a law. An army post began to look possible and in 1903 Captain Hull's wish was realized in the opening of Fort Des Moines. The beautiful site was contributed by the citizens of Des Moines who subscribed $35,000 for the purpose. It is situated four miles south of the business center of Des Moines. No frowning, grim looking fort is this, but a place to delight the eye and the spirit of him who approaches. The upland commands a glorious view of the finest agricultural lands in America. The distance between the fort and the city is lessened by the electric street car service. Over this car line all materials and supplies for the Post are carried.

Major R. B. Turner was at first in charge of the construction of the Post, afterward relieved by Capt. Luther Hardeman, of the Quartermasters Department of the 11th cavalry. Fort Des Moines garrison consists of the headquarters, field staff and barns, riding hall, etc.

The grounds are within the city limits of Des Moines. They comprise a tract of 400 acres. The rifle range lies three miles south, a tract of 500 acres. Another tract of 160 acres lies to the north for use in military operations when needed. Along the main parade ground are grouped the buildings, officers quarters and barracks. The Post is entered from the north and west. East of the parade is the administration building. The grounds have been improved and beautified and in a few years more will look like a beautiful park.

All of the conveniences are modern, including electric light and water furnished by the Des Moines Water Works. The present fort is the third of its name. The first was established in 1834 in Lee County and continued for three years. The second was established in 1842 at the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers and abandoned in 1846. The site of this old fort is to be marked by Abigail Adams Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, with a large boulder. The officers of the Second cavalry, now at Fort Des Moines, are as follows:

of Fort Des Moines

Colonels of the Second Cavalry R'g't.

D. E. Twiggs, 1836-1846.
W. S. Harvey, 1846-1858.
P. St. G. Cooke, 1858-1861.
T. G. Wood, 1861-1868.
J. N. Palmer, 1868-1879.
J. W. Davidson, 1879-1881.
I. P. Hatch, 1881-1886.
W. B. Sweitzer, 1886-1888.
Dr. R. Clendinun, 1888-1891.
G. G. Huntt, 1891-1898.
H. E. Noyes, 1898-1901.
E. L. Higgins, 1901-1903.
W. S. Edgerly, 1903-1905.
F. K. Ward, 1905-1906.
F. West, 1906—.

Officers of the 2d Cavalry.

Frank West, Colonel, Commanding Regiment and Post.

Levi P. Hunt, Lt. Colonel, Commanding 1st Squadron. Summary Court.

John Pitcher, Major, Washington, D. C.

Frederick W. Sibley, Major, Inspecting National Guard of Iowa.

Franklin O. Johnson, Major, Recruiting Service, Chicago, Ill.

David L. Fleming, Chaplain. Duty at Post.

S. M. Kochersperger, Captain. Adjutant of the Regiment and Post.

John J. Boniface, Captain. Quartermaster of the Regiment and Post.

Francis G. Irwin, Captain. Commanding Troop "A."

Carter P. Johnson, Captain. Detached Service, Fort Robinson, Neb.

Herbert H. Sargent, Captain. Commanding 3d Squadron and Troop "I."

Charles W. Fenton, Captain. Detached Service, Washington, D. C.

Clyde E. Hawkins, Captain. Commanding Troop "B."

Joseph S. Herron, Captain. Detached Service at West Point, N. Y.

John P. Wade, Captain. Commanding 2d Squadron and Troop "E."

Edward L. King, Captain. Commanding Troop "M."

John C. Raymond, Captain. Detached Service at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Charles A. Romeyn, Captain. Commanding Troop "H."

Samuel A. Purviance, Captain. Commanding Troop "G".

Frederick C. Johnson, Captain. Absent sick, Gen'l Hosp., Washington, D. C.

James D. Tilford, Captain. On sick leave until April 10th.

John W. Moore, 1st Lieut. On leave until May 10th, 1908.

Henry W. Parker, 1st Lieut. Commanding Troop "D".

Robert J. Reaney, 1st Lieut. Duty with troop.

Morton C. Mumma, 1st Lieut. Commanding Troop "C".

Charles G. Harvey, 1st Lieut. Commanding Troop "L", at Thunder Butte, South Dakota.

Gilbert C. Smith, 1st Lieut. Post Exchange Officer.

George P. Tyner, 1st Lieut. Aide de Camp to General Edgerly, St. Paul.

Walter F. Martin, 1st Lieut. Commanding Troop "F".

Oscar A. McGee, 1st Lieut. Duty with Troop "I".

O. P. M. Hazzard, 1st Lieut. Detached Service at San Francisco, Cal.

Barracks at Fort Des Moines

Mounted Band of the Second Cavalry

George F. Bailey, 1st Lieut. Detached Service at Columbus Bk's, Ohio.

George Garity, 1st Lieut. Detached Service on U. S. A. T. "Dix".

Frank E. Sidman, 1st Lieut. Duty with Troop "B".

Edward R. Coppock, 1st Lieut. Duty with Troop "E".

Edgar N. Coffey, 1st Lieut. and Sqd. Adjt. Ordnance and Range Officer and Assistant to the Adjutant.

William R. Pope, 2d Lieut. Duty with Troop "A".

Howard R. Smalley, 2d Lieut. Commanding Machine Gun Platoon, Signal and Engineer Officer.

Moss L. Love, 2d Lieut. Commanding Detachment Troop "L".

Charles McH. Eby, 2d Lieut. Commanding Troop "K".

Joseph F. Taulbee, 2d Lieut. Detached Service at Fort Riley, Kansas.

John A. Barry, 2d Lieut. Duty with Troop "I".

William W. Gordon, 2d Lieut. Detached Service at Thunder Butte, S. D.

Frederick E. Shnyder, 2d Lieut. Detached Service at West Point, N. Y.

James A. Mars, 2d Lieut. Commissary and Post Treasurer.

Allan M. Pope, 2d Lieut. Detached Service at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Frederick S. Snyder, 2d Lieut. Detached Service at Thunder Butte, S. D.

Veterinarians, 2d Cavalry.

William V. Lusk, Duty at Post.

Burt English, Duty at Post.

Clayton Hall, Bachelors' Quarters

Corral at Fort Des Moines

Entrance to Fort Des Moines

SKETCH OF THE SECOND CAVALRY

Regimental Motto, "Per Aspera, Ad Astra"

TO write the story of the Second Cavalry Regiment, U. S. A., would be to write military history in the United States for three-quarters of a century. The Second Cavalry were technically dragoons, so organized, and except for one year, dragoons until 1861, because they fought mounted or on foot. The regiment was organized June 15, 1836, under the name of the Second Regiment of Dragoons; dismounted and converted into riflemen March 4, 1843; reorganized and remounted as Dragoons March 7, 1844; converted into Second Regiment of Cavalry August 3, 1861.

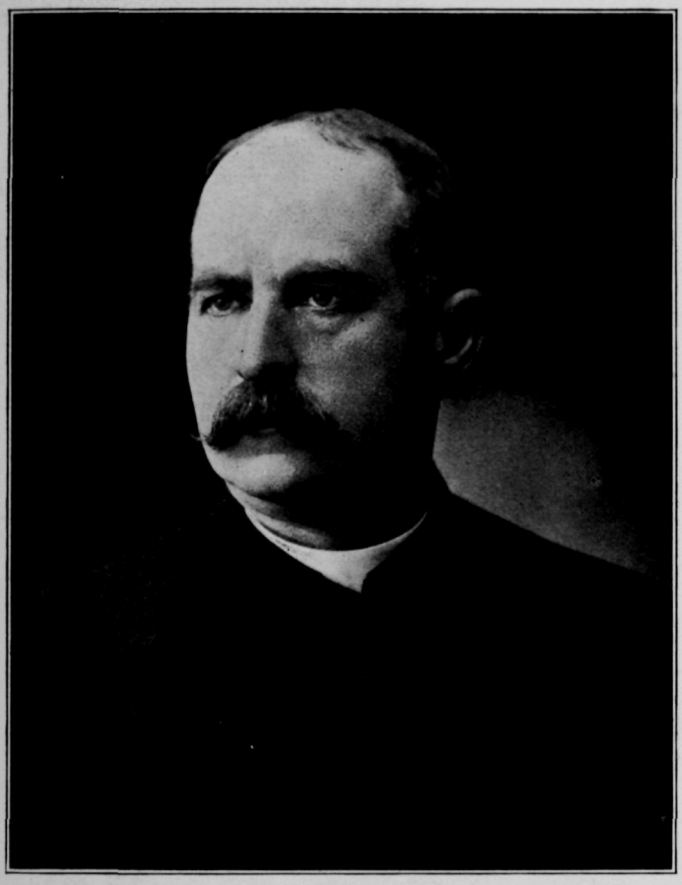
This sweep of years includes service from the everglades of Florida to the canons of Montana, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from the Arkansas to the Platte, from Cuba to the Phillipines, wherever the Government has demanded reliability in the ranks, and skilled leadership, the Second Cavalry has been found. Its roster reveals the names of men brilliant and beloved. Among its great past commanders are Kearney, Buford, Cooke, Palmer, Beall, Graham, May and Merritt. Its history is an integral part of the military history of the country. It has been in the storm center of every war, and yet, with all this, the regiment has never met with any great and crushing disaster. In this it has been fortunate. Always in the line of duty, accepting, as it came, the fortune of war, it has been spared such a tragedy as befell Custer's command.

The Second Dragoons were organized to meet the emergency of the Florida War. In 1836, the Seminoles, under Osceola, were harassing the whites by every means known to Indian warfare. Congress appropriated $300,000 for the organization, under President Jackson, of the Second Regiment of Dragoons, "said regiment to be disbanded when the public interest no longer required this service." Its first commissioned officer was Col. David E. Twiggs, who had served in the war of 1812. In July, 1836, the regiment, rapidly recruited in New York and drilled at Jefferson Barracks, was in Florida, serving in a campaign in which the great difficulty was "not to fight the enemy, but to find him." Among the officers of the new regiment who afterward became distinguished was that ideal soldier, Lieut-Col. Harney, who had seen nearly twenty years' service in the Black Hawk war, under General Taylor; Capt. Ben Beall, young, daring, a superb swordsman and the idol of his men; and Capt. C. A. May, whose daring horsemanship, attracting the attention of Gen. Jackson, is said to have won him his commission.

For seven years the Second Dragoons fought in the Florida war, the only cavalry so engaged; their battlefield worse than a wilderness; meeting the dangers of a tropical climate and

Colonel Frank West

of a foe as treacherous as the everglades in which they intrenched themselves. It was a campaign of scouting and skirmishing, rather than of set battles; a war of wits with a resourceful foe; there were episodes of apparent truce which promised peace, only to be broken by treachery. A march meant wading, dismounted, in mud and water, to gain the vantage ground of a hummock in a swamp; it meant carrying seven days' rations packed on their backs; it meant an endurance train seven years long which turned out a body of men seasoned to the hardships of war. At the end of the war, the regiment went into camp at Fort Jesup, Texas. Then befell them what, from a dragoon's standpoint, could only be deemed a humiliation. Then, as ever since, Congress considered that "the army" was a fit subject for frequent legislation, and it seemed to Congress that, the Florida war being over, and no other war in sight, retrenchment was in order, and that the army should be reduced. Mr. Adams declared that "the monster (the



Chaplain Fleming of the Second Cavalry

army) had grown until it had reached a size at which he, for one, was startled." The opposition declared that "our troops were not enough to mount guard on the frontier, they could scarcely see other; it was one man for every two miles." In the interest of a false economy, the dragoons were dismounted and converted into riflemen. The historical record says that "this action caused mingled emotions of rage, chagrin and regret among the unfortunate dragoons. Threats of resignation and desertion were freely uttered, though duty was performed as usual." But with notable lack of the enthusiasm which had characterized the mounted dragoons.

For it is the horse that makes the cavalry the most picturesque branch of the service. The infantry has been called the backbone of the army, and the cavalry its eyes and ears. It is the flying squadron, alert, mobile, here to-day and there to-morrow. It is the incarnation of the spirit of battle, and the cavalry unit is the irresistible combination of horse and man; the modern Centaur of the old fable. A trooper loves his horse and a cavalry horse learns to respond with trained intelligence, not only to bit and spur, but to the mood of his rider.

But the dragoons were not long under a cloud. Gen. Scott protested. The Secretary of War put a friendly word in his next report, and within a year, the "Second Dragoons," reinstated, reported to General Taylor, at Fort Jesup, Texas, for service in the Mexican War. Here, from the first, the regiment won distinction. In the initial affair at La Rosia they drew first blood. At Palo Alto—which stands next to "Florida" on the regimental war standard—Captain May made a brilliant charge with eighty dragoons, "which opened the way to as proud a victory as ever graced our arms." And there is a little story of

Major Frederick W. Sibley

the cavalry horse at Palo Alto. The men had orders when their horses were wounded, to turn them loose. But it was almost impossible to keep them out of the ranks, and one of these poor animals actually took his place several times in the set of fours he belonged to, and could hardly be driven away.

Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo—to the present generation these names have a far-off sound, but they were "writ large" on the horizon of the Southwest in 1845 to 1848. The Second Dragoons, under Col. Harney, won laurels. It was one of their troops, under Major Sumner, who rendered brilliant service at the fall of Chapultepec, which ended the war, and it was their band, mounted, that played "Hail Columbia" as Gen.

Scott and the army entered the city of Mexico.

From 1848 to 1860, the Second Dragoons patrolled the vast new territory ceded to the United States by the Mexican War—California, Texas, New Mexico, Kansas, Utah—the whole great West was, during those years, their camping ground. They were potent in preventing civil war in Kansas. They had to do with the Mormon troubles. They protected settlers; preserved the neutrality of the Rio Grande frontier; withstood the heat of the western desert, and froze in the defiles of the Rocky Mountains. The regiment was widely scattered. Graham's squadron formed part of an expedition sent at once to California, where they arrived the 9th of January, 1849, after a march in which many animals were lost, and men disabled and nearly starved to death. Then was constant trouble with the Indians. In the years from 1855 to 1860 troops of the Second Dragoons, under Lieut.-Col., afterwards General, Philip St. John Cooke, were engaged in a campaign so effective that the department commander was able to report to Washington that the Indians "had learned that they were not safe from pursuit in the most inaccessible portions of the Rocky Mountains." In Kansas in 1856, when the conflict between slavery and freedom had brought the territory to the verge of civil war, it was Lieut.-Col. Cooke who rode, at Lecompton, in front of an army of thousands of citizens, and ordered them to return. Recognizing national authority, the order was obeyed.

Then came the march to Utah and from 1858 the regiment was stationed at Camp Floyd, engaged in escorting emigrants and wagon trains, with an occasional scout.

To this period of the regiment's history belongs the story of a scout which

Captain Herbert H. Sargent

has the personal interest of the fact that the commanding officer was Major Frederick W. Sibley, now resident at Fort Des Moines, and the oldest officer, in point of service, now with the regiment. The story is told in "On the Border With Crook." Gen. Crook sent out Lieut. Sibley, with a party of twenty enlisted men, to escort Frank Gruard, a guide, on a reconnaissance; all the party to go as lightly equipped as possible, and to carry little else than arms and ammunition. This little detachment had a miraculous escape from destruction. Near the head of the Little Big Horn river, they were discovered, charged upon and surrounded by a large body of hostile Cheyennes

View of Quarters of Col. West and Staff

Captain John J. Boniface

Captain Frederick C. Johnson

and Sioux, who fired a volley of not less than one hundred shots, but aimed too high and did not hit a man. The command abandoned their horses, took to the rocks and timber at the edge of the mountains, gained the higher slopes of the range, and then, pursued by the baffled Indians, travelled for two days and nights across an almost impassible country, coming into camp looking more like dead men than soldiers of the army. Two of the men, not long in the service, went insane, and had to be captured and brought in. The coolness and skill with which Lieutenant Sibley, one of the youngest officers in the department, in the face of the whole force of the enemy, brought his men in without a single loss, was recognized as a brilliant achievement.

This was life on the plains in the fifties. But it was not all hardship. There was the exhiliration of the new and the wonderful. The Great West was finding itself. Now and then, across a report, grey and grim as war itself, there is a sunburst of description of the stupendous "scenery" which was a revelation. Silver trout streams flashed and flowers bloomed. It was the west that Moran painted in colors which the incredulous east could hardly believe.

The call to arms when the Civil war broke out, found the cavalry regiments of the army scattered on the plains and in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and the Second Cavalry went east in detachments. Troop K. was first to arrive in Washington, in July, 1861, and was stationed at Arling-

Captain C. E. Hawkins

ton Heights. It was first in action at the battle of Bull Run. Col. A. G. Brackatt, well known in Des Moines, and at one time a resident here, was then a captain in the Second Cavalry, and under command of Major Palmer, was sent forward early in the battle with two companies of the Second, to make a reconnaisance. By December all the troops of the regiment were in Washington, with the exception of Troops C, G and I, which remained in the west and southwest.

It was at this time that the Dragoons, to their deep regret, lost the name Dragoons, and became the Second Regiment of Cavalry. Up to this time the dragoons, mounted rifles and cavalry, were separate corps, wearing uniforms distinguished by orange facings for the dragoons, green for the riflemen and yellow for the cavalry. The troops were attached to the orange they had worn so long, and when they were accorded special permission to "wear out the clothing now on hand," it is recorded that the old uniforms lasted an unprecedented length of time, and that it was more than two years before the orange finally gave place to the yellow of the cavalry.

The battle record of the regiment for the war of the rebellion numbers forty-five battles from Bull Run to

Lieut. Robert J. Reaney

Loudon Valley, November, 1864. The regiment fought in the Peninsular campaign under Gen. Buford. Commanding a squadron in the battle of Beverly Ford was Gen. T. F. Rodenbaugh, now retired, and secretary of the Military Service Institution, Governor's Island, New York. Gen. Rodenbaugh is the author of "From Everglades to Canon," which gives a complete history of the Second Cavalry, up to 1865. At Beverly Ford was also Gen. John Buford, whose military record was identified with the cavalry of the army of the Potomac, up to the time of his death in 1863. One of the most distinguished cavalry commanders of the war, idolized by the men and soldiers of his division, his is one of the illustrious names of the Second Cavalry, Gen. Wesley Merritt, won distinction as a division commander under Sheridan in the Shenandoah, fought through the war, and was commander of the Eighth Army Corps in the Phillipines. The regiment was at Gettysburg under Buford, and was constantly in the field to the close of the war, which found it a skeleton regiment, with a long roll of names of honor on its "officer's record." In Oc-

Officers of 1st Squadron 2nd Cavalry at Camp Thunder Butte

Captain J. C. Raymond

tober, 1865, having been recruited, the regiment went back to the plains to the military solution of the ever present "Indian problem," and the guarding of the movable frontier of a rapid ly growing country. From North Platte in 1866, to the Pine Ridge campaign in 1890, the Second Cavalry was distributed throughout the northwest, maintaining its high record of efficiency. From 1892 to 1898 was a period of general inactivity, and the army at large, weary of garrison life, welcomed the prospect of war, which was precipitated by the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor. The Second Cavalry was ordered to Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, Georgia, this being the first time the regiment had been all together since the Civil war ended, thirty-three years before. Col. Henry E. Noyes took command of the regiment which he had joined as a Lieutenant thirty-seven years before; went to Tampa, experiencing the disastrous effects of tropical service. Col. Rafferty's squadron served in the Santiago campaign. Later the entire command was ordered north to Montauk, the big hospital camp, which was the object lesson of the Spanish-American war to the people of the north. February of 1901 found the regiment in Cienfuegos, where it bore its part in the regulation of Cuban affairs. Its responsibilities were not entirely military. Among the civil positions to which officers of the regiment were detailed were those of Superintendent of Education, Inspector of Police, Sani-

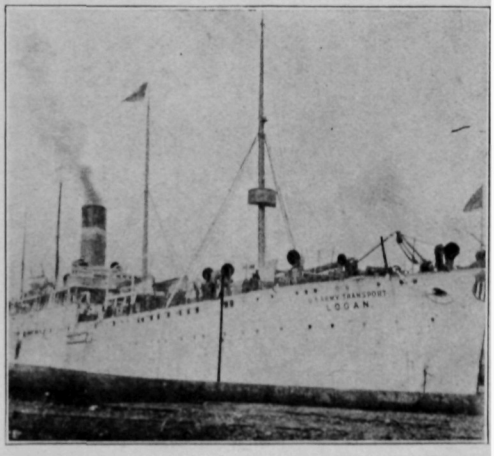
A Round-Up of Indians

Captain Carter P. Johnson

tary Engineer, and Collector of Customs, all of which were filled with ability.

From Cuba to the Phillipines, part of the command going by transport from New York, and part by rail to San Francisco, Col. Winfield S. Edgerly in command of the regiment. On arrival in the Phillipines, troops were stationed at San Mateo, Marquini, Caloocan and Pasay Barracks, Manila. In January of 1902, the Third Squadron, under command of Major Frederick W. Sibley, received orders to take the field against the ladrones in the province of Cavite.

This was the Cavite campaign. On February 4th, Troops G and M, under command of Capt. John H. Gardner, with 1st Lieutenant Frederick C. Johnson and Lieut. Allan M. Pope, gathered in 240 suspects. Numerous scouting expeditions under the command, at different times, of Lieut. Edgar N. Coffey, Capt. Joseph H. Herron, 4th Lieut. Oscar A. McGee, Lieut. Frederick E. Shnyder, Lieut. Timothy M. Coughlan, and Lieut. James A. Mars, rendered effective service. During this campaign Filizardo, Major of Outlano, was killed, and the Phillipine constabulary gave much of the credit for the extinction of his murderous band to Sibley's cavalry, and the scouts. Capt. S. M. Kocherspe-ger was Major of the Philippine scouts, whose duties involved every sort of service. On one



U. S. Transport Logan, at Honolulu, Homeward Bound with 2nd Cavalry

Captain S. M. Kochersperger

occasion a small number of scouts, out on a plain, in the teeth of a tropical wind that compelled the men to throw themselves down and get a hold on the ground to keep from being blown away, for two days and nights held five hundred convicts, every man of whom was making every effort to escape. In July, 1905, Major Sibley relinquished command of the Third Squadron, owing to ill health resulting from field service, and Capt. John H. Gardner was left in command. Col. Edgerly being appointed Brigadier General, Lieut.-Col. Frederick K. Ward was promoted Colonel of the regiment.

The Yumuri River, Cuba

In January, 1906, the Second Cavalry left the Phillipines and in February arrived at its new station, Fort Assiniboine, Montana, where they remained until June, 1907, when orders were received abandoning that post, and concentrating the whole regiment at Fort Des Moines.

After a few months of garrison life, a threatened uprising of the Ute Indians in South Dakota called out the 2nd Squadron, Major Sibley in command. Eight days later orders came

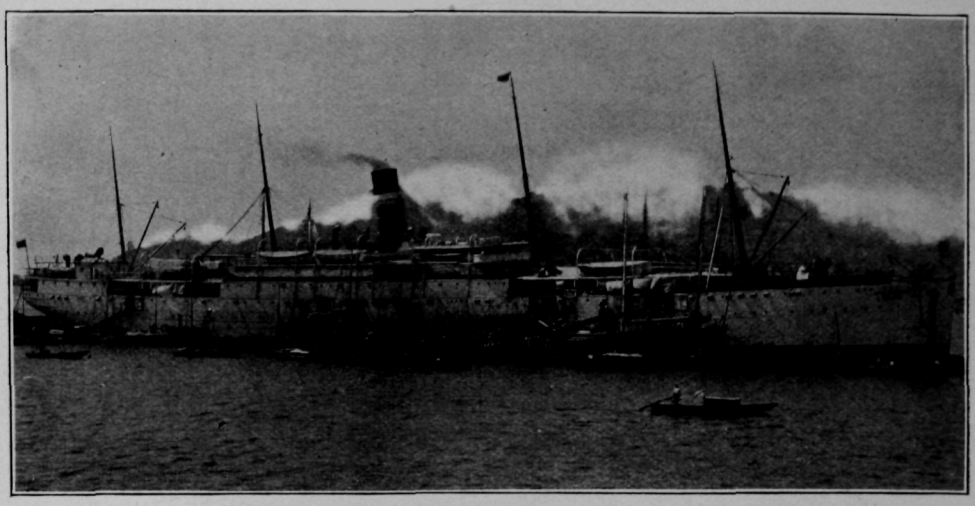
Lieut. James A. Mars

from the headquarters for the 1st and 3rd Squadrons to follow. The situation was speedily controlled, the Utes pacified, and the regiment returned to Fort Des Moines in December, although one troop and several officers still remain at Camp Thunder Butte.

It is said that Col. West, in his management of the Indians, is a diplomat as well as a soldier, and in this instance he was aided by the co-operation of Capt. Carter Johnson, a noted sabreur, who has done famous scouting, saw service under Lawton and Miles and has been detailed to conduct the Utes back to Utah.

The Second Cavalry has a shooting history with a list of winners so long that it precludes individual mention. During the first twenty-five years of competition, from 1881 to 1906, it stands at the head of all organizations in the army, in the number of medals won on army teams, having 19 to its credit, 6 more than any other regiment or corps. It also stands at the head of all other organizations in the army in the number of distinguished

Officers of the Second Cavalry on Deck



U. S. Transport Logan, Coaling at Nagasaki

Captain Joseph S. Herron

marksmen who qualified as such during their service in the regiment. In 1894 Sergeant Henry Henser of Troop G established the greatest record ever made by any army shot.

Lieut. Morton C. Mumma, now a resident at Fort Des Moines, has won many medals and decorations, among others winning second place, a gold medal and prize money in the National Individual Match, the largest ever shot in America, there being more than eight hundred entries.

The regiment is recruited from north, east, south and west, from city and from country, which distribution, in army experience, gives the best results. There is an increasing element of native Americans, the statistics showing that of the 752 men in the regiment 634 are native born Americans. Many of these are recruited from the American highlands of the Appalachian Mountains. Among the men, as well as among the officers, are Sons of the Revolution, Sons of Veterans and members of the Society of Colonial Wars.

Col. Frank West was born in Mohawk, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1850; graduated at West Point in 1872, Second Lieutenant in Sixth Cavalry, serving in the same regiment through the grades of First Lieutenant, Captain and Major for thirty years. He has had two details in the Inspector General's Department, and became Colonel of the Second Cavalry Oct. 1, 1906. Col. West received the medal of honor for distinguished conduct in action against the Apache Indians at the Big Dry Wash, Arizona, July 17, 1882, in rallying his command and leading it to the advance against the fortified position of the enemy, while serving as First Lieutenant, Sixth Cavalry, commanding Troop "I", and a detachment of Indian scouts. Col. West's service as an Indian fighter began many years ago, when in the summer of 1874 he

Captain Charles W. Fenton

was corralled for four days with twenty troopers and a company of infantry by two Indian tribes, the Kiowas and Comanches. It was in the Panhandle, Texas, near the headwaters of the Wachita, with no water and intolerable heat. But the young Second Lieutenant brought out his men.

Lieutenant Colonel Levi P. Hunt has had forty-two years of service in the United States army, over thirty of them in the Tenth Cavalry. In figure, face and bearing Col. Hunt bears a striking resemblance to Lord Roberts, Field Marshall of the British army. Not only has he this distinction of longest service with all its hard campaigning, but he is said by those who know him to be "the most genial and lovable man in the United States army."

Major Frederick W. Sibley, who has served with the Second Cavalary over thirty years, was born in Texas, Oct. 17, 1852. He is a graduate of West Point and a nephew of Confederate General Sibley.

Chaplain David L. Fleming, who has been with the regiment since October, 1893, and for the five previous years chaplain of the 1st Colorado Infantry, was born in Pittsburg, Penn, Aug. 15, 1857. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn, A.B. '80, A.M. '88, of the Berkely Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., 1883, and a member of the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars.

Capt. Herbert H. Sargent, now resident at the Post, is a writer of military history of international reputation. His first work, "Napoleon's First Campaign," published some ten years ago, won him instant recognition at home and abroad, as an authority on military subjects and a writer of rare ability. This was followed by "The Campaign of Marengo," which reaffirmed his first success. His recent publication of "The Campaign of Santiago d-

Col. Alfred C. Sharpe, an Iowa Man who has Won Distinction in the Army

Cuba," all of which he saw and part of which he was in, is pronounced the most valuable and comprehensive work written on the Spanish-American war. The London Times, when Capt. Sargent brings out a new book, gives it a column review, and the military journals of this and foreign countries have but one opinion of the value of his work. Captain Sargent was born at Carlinsville, Ill.; graduated at West Point in 1883, and has been in active service, previous to the Spanish-American war, as Captain of Cavalry, and in Cuba, Colonel of a regiment of volunteer infantry, which he organized. In the Phillipines he was in command of the attacking forces at San Mateo, where Gen. Lawton was killed. He was for a year Judge Advocate of the Department of Southern Luzon.

Capt. John I. Boniface is the author of a "Manual of Instruction for Non-Commissioned Officers in Security and Information," and also of a later and larger work, "The Cavalry Horse and his Pack." Both books are recognized as standard works, and the latter is pronounced "an encyclopedia of cavalry duties." Captain Boniface enlisted in the Sixth Cavalry, January, 1892, at seventeen years of age, and served in the "Cowboy War" in Wyoming in 1892. He was cadet captain and assistant military instructor, New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, from September, 1894, till graduation in June, 1895. Steady promotion, and active service in the field, varied by work at military schools, both as student and instructor, marks Capt. Boniface's record. He has served in both infantry and cavalry; in the Phillipines commanding Troop M. in the Fourth Cavalry. He was a student officer in the Cavalry and Field Artillery School, Fort Riley, Kan., from September, 1901, to June,

Lieut. W. F. Martin

1903, standing No. 1 both years, and a student officer of the Infantry and Cavalry School of 1903-4, graduating in 1904.

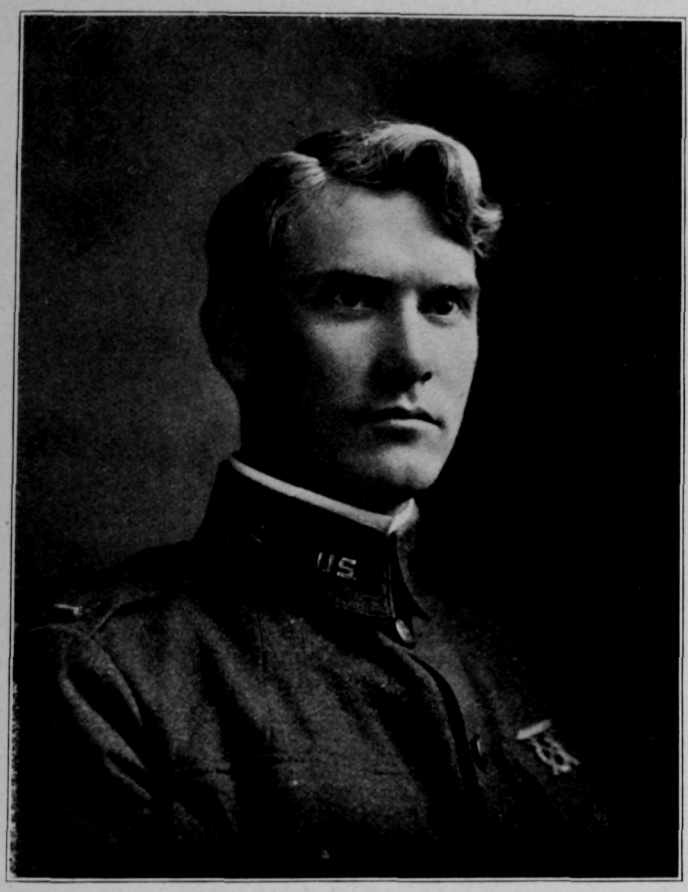
It is noticeable that many of the officers of the regiment are of military ancestry, as Capt. John P. Wade, son of Gen. Wade, retired, and grandson of old Ben Wade of Ohio; Captain Clyde E. Hawkins, whose father was a Colonel in the Civil war, and Colonel of the Tenth Pennsylvania in the Phillipines, dying there; and Capt. S. M. . Kochersperger, son of Judge Kochersperger of Philadelphia, a Civil war veteran; Lieut. Edgar N. Coffey, a descendant of Gen. Coffey who fought under Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans; and Capt. James D. Tilford, whose father, Gen. Tilford, retired, resides here. Major John Pitcher, now in Washington, D. C., has been recently assigned to the regi-

Troop A., ranks next to Major Sibley in time of service in the regiment, and

Camp at Thunder Butte Showing Tents Sunken in Ground for Protection Against Cold

Lieut. Morton C. Mumma

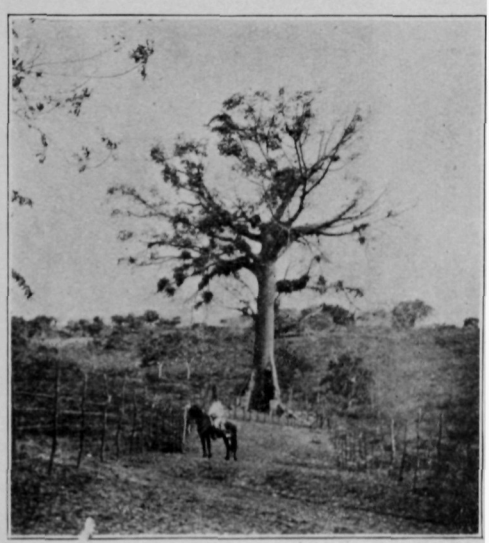
made a notably fine record in the charge of an Indian agency. Many of the officers of the regiment are now stationed elsewhere; Capt. Chas. W. Fenton at Washington, D. C.; Capt. Joseph S. Herron, adjutant at West Point; Capt. John C. Raymond, Infantry and Cavalry School at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.; Capt. F. C. Johnson, who commanded a company in the Phillipines, is at Washington, D. C.; Capt. James D. Tilford, Quartermaster on Army Transport at Newport News; Lieut. Geo. P. Tynan, Aid de Camp to Gen. Edgerly, St. Paul; Lieut. Joseph F. Taulbee and Second Lieut. Allan M. Pope are at Fort Riley, Kan. Troop L is at Camp Thunder Butte, S. Dak., the scene of the late Indian troubles, under command of First Lieut. Charles G. Harvey, a noted pistol shot; Second Lieut. Wm. W. Gordon and Frederick S. Snyder are also stationed there. Second Lieut. Frederick E. Shnyder is at West Point. First Lieut. G. F. Bailey, now at Columbus Barracks, O., was first to exchange shots with the "hostiles" in the Cavite campaign with the Third Squadron under Major Sibley, and also



Lieut. O. P. M. Hazzard

commanded Troop "M" during that campaign. Major Franklin O. Johnson is on recruiting service at Chicago. First Lieut. O. P. M. Hazzard, who was in the battle at which Aguinaldo was captured, is now stationed at San Francisco.

Among the officers now at Fort Des Moines are Capt. Clyde E. Hawkins, commanding Troop "B," who fought in the Phillipines under Gen. Schwan; Capt. John P. Wade, commanding the Second Squadron and Troop "E;" Capt. Edward L. King, commanding Troop "M," who was on Gen. Lawton's staff when the latter was killed; Capt. Chas. A. Romeyn, who is a distinguished marksman, commanding Troop "M;" Capt. Samuel A. Purviance, commanding Troop "G," until recently military attache at Caraccas, Venezuela; First Lieut. Henry W. Parker, commanding Troop "D;" First Lieut. Robert J. Reany, who was Captain of the Phillipine Scouts; First Lieut. Morton C. Mumma, commanding Troop "C;" First Lieut. Walter F.



54 The "Peace Tree" on San Juan Hill

Lieut. Frank E. Sidman

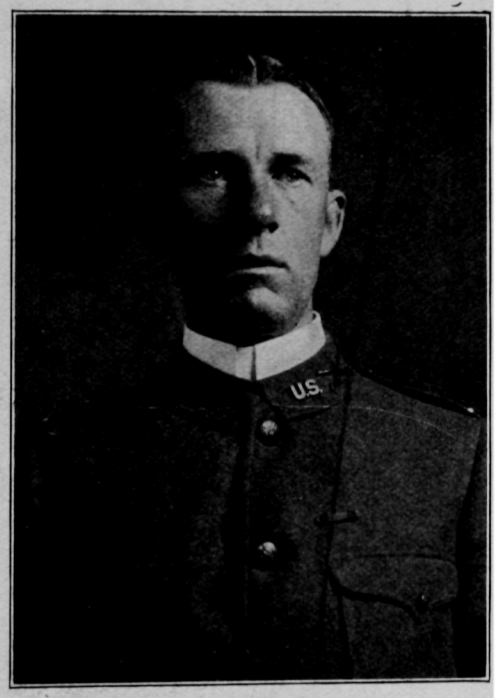
Non-commissioned Officers Quarters at Fort Des Moines

Martin, commanding Troop "F", was assistant to Major Slocum on the rural guard in Cuba; Second Lieut. Charles McH. Eby, commanding Troop "K;" Second Lieut. Howard R. Smalley is in command of the Machine Gun Platoon, Signal and Engineer Officer.

The Post surgeons are Capt. Thomas Bratton, Lieut. Joseph F. Siler, Dr. Chas. W. Johnson and Dr. Arnold D. Tuttle. Dr. William V. Lusk and Dr. Burt English, veterinarians, are on duty at the Post, Dr. Lusk being one of the oldest veterinarians in the United States' service.

The regiment is very proud of its non-commissioned officers, the men who, while captains and colonels come and go, stay with the regiment and do much to determine its character. Sergeant Thomas Sullivan wears a "medal of honor," bestowed for gallantry in action against hostile Sioux Indians, at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, December, 1890, while serving as private in the 7th Cavalry. Sergeant Sullivan was formerly in the British army, in battles under Gen. Stewart for the relief of Gordon at Khartoum. There are color-sergeants Conway and McArthur; Sergeants Durliss, Chester Hull, Ehrich and Kilton. Out in the plains in the 80's the artist Remington found his model in Sergeant Frederick Brown.

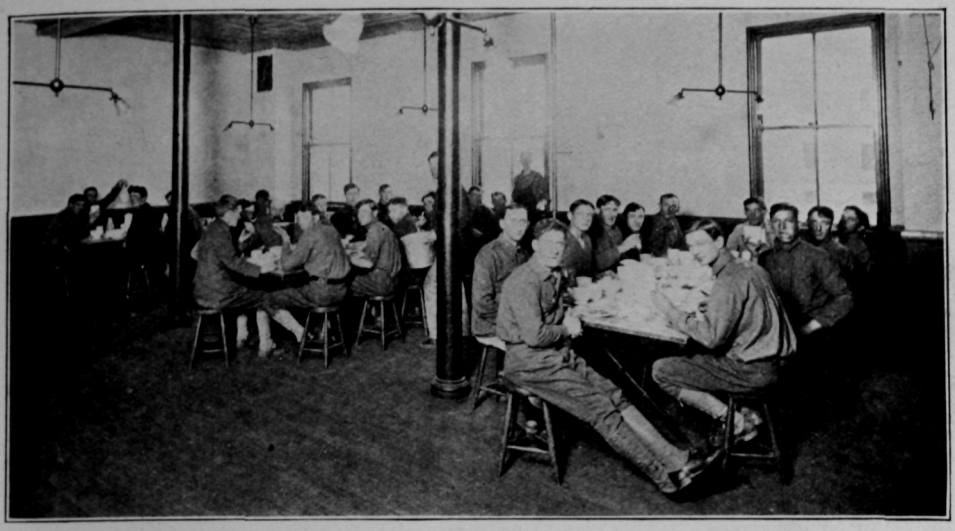
The story of the Second Cavalry would not be told without a word of the army women who "follow the guidon;" the officers' wives who gladly bear the hardships of frontier life, Indian campaigns, and the dangers of tropical climate, so only they may make a home for the soldier. No-



Lieut Geo. F. Bailey

The Post Exchange at Fort Des Moines

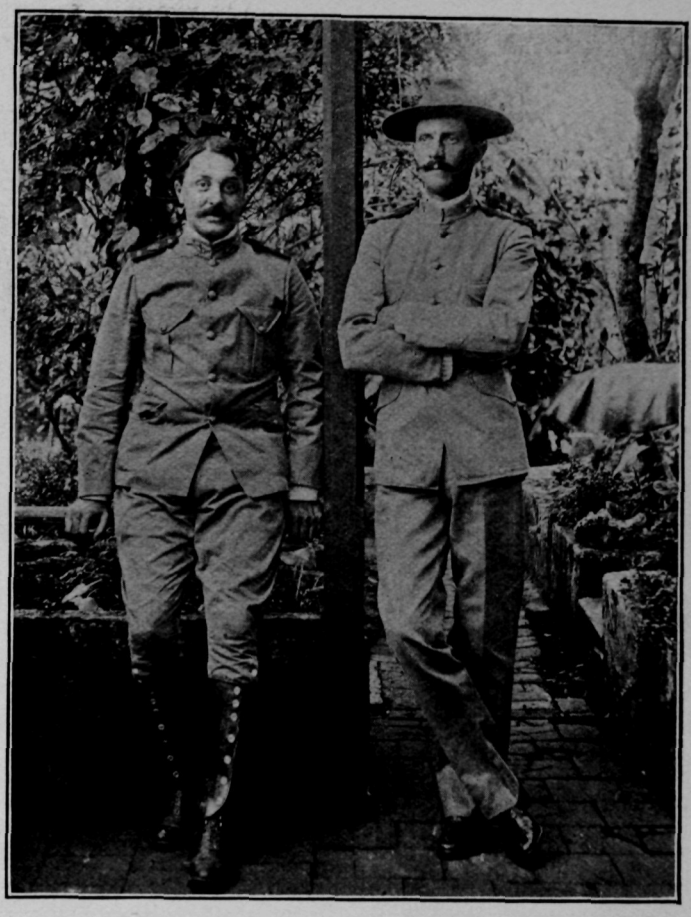
Officers' Quarters at Fort Des Moines



Soldiers at Supper in the Mess Room

where is the wonderful adaptability of the American woman more fully tested. When not allowed on transports, they take a liner. Once arrived, in garrison or tent or shack—for the army has known strange quarters—the army woman sets up her Lares and Penates, and housekeeping of a dignified sort goes forward. She has her traditions, and maintains them. She concedes nothing to inferior conditions of life around her. With only a Filipino boy, who has never seen a dining table, dinner must be "served." If scorpions dropping down through the roof and lizards laughing up from the threshold do not add to the comforts of home, they are not allowed to detract. She covers her walls with nipa cloth, and hangs on them the home belongings brought seven thousand miles. The little five-months-old daughter of Col. Chas. McH Eby made the journey to the Phillipines. On the trip home from the Phillipines, in a transport with three typhoon balls

Troop H. and Guidon Bearer



Lieut. H. W. Parker and Dr. W. V. Lusk

up, which means that a typhoon is not only imminent, but inevitable, scorched by sun, drenched by rain and wind-driven, the women lived for five days amid decks. What did they do? They sang, and sang again—"learned all the new soldier songs." Questioned as to what was the fascination which outweighs the "hazard of war," the enforced separations, the heart-breaking suspense, an army officer's wife says: "I can truthfully say that not for one moment, during all these years, have I ever been bored!" But the hidden heart of the reason is crystallized in this dainty bit of verse by Elizabeth Ford—the nom de plume of an army officer's wife:

HOME.

Between twin blue infinities of tropic
sea and sky
We've wandered half across the world
—dear Heart's Delight and I.
Together, so what matters it—far lands
or seas afoam—
For where the band plays down the
flag and trumpets blow is Home.

THE REGIMENTAL SONG.

"In the Second Cavalry"

Composed by Manuel Klein.
Special Words Adapted by Lieutenant W. F. Martin, 2nd Cavalry.

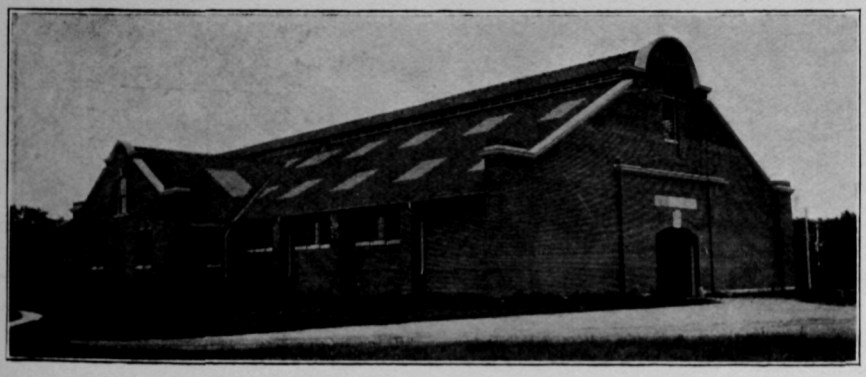
Let's sing a song to the cavalry,
We'll follow where'er it leads;
We love its yellow standards,
All lined with gallant deeds.
So here's to the horse and the rider
bold
To the trot and the gallop free,
To the charge and the rush and the
fierce melee
Of the dashing cavalry.

CHORUS:

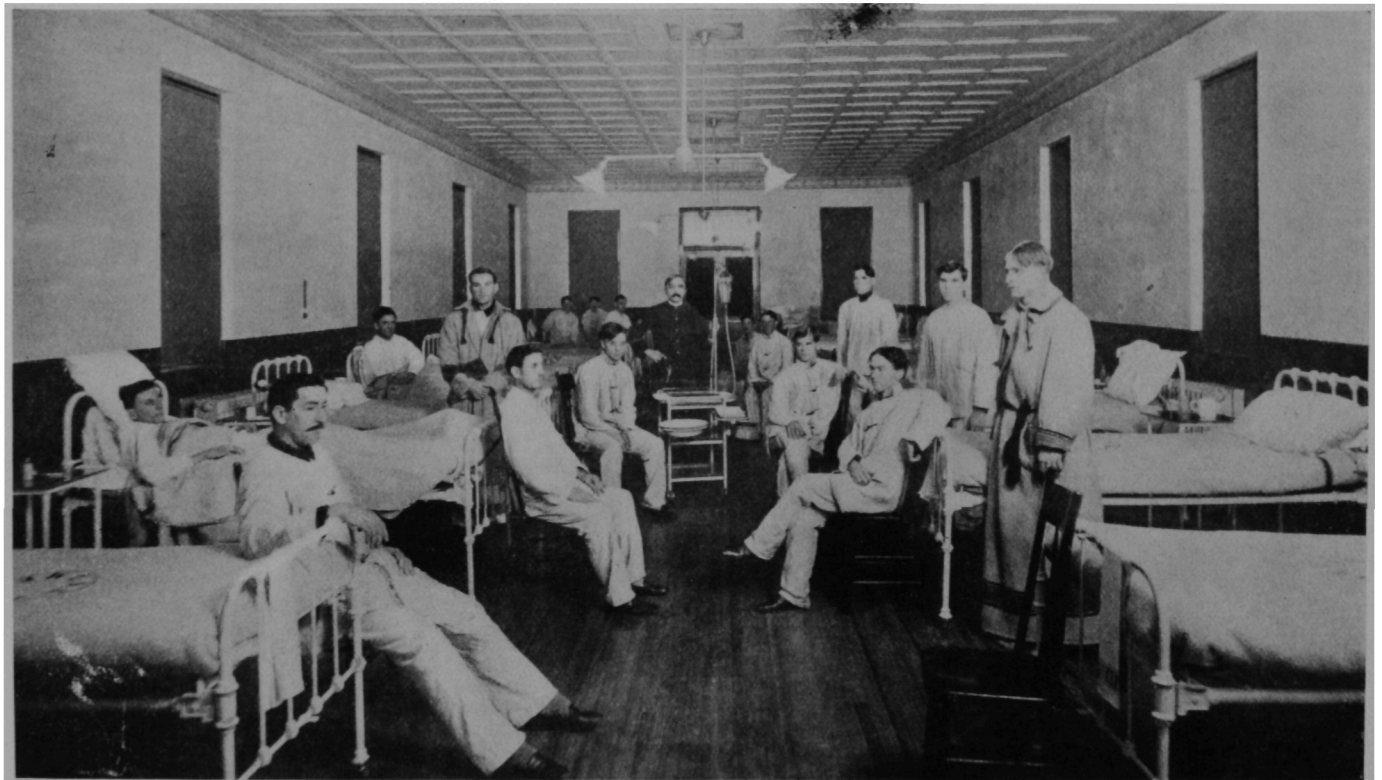
When the trumpets ring and the
chargers spring,
And the lines of the foeman reel,
Then dearer far are the days of war
To the lads of the spur and steel.

Military Band of the Second Cavalry

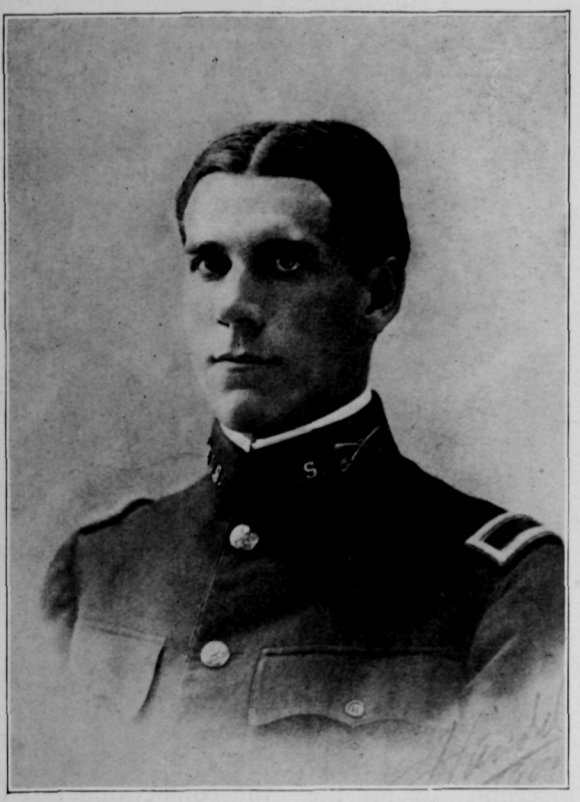
With "Old Glory" bright, through the dusty light,
And our guidons floating free,
For the ranks of war, its a hip, hurrah!
In the Second Cavalry.
(Faster.)
For it's Trot, Trot, Trot is the soldier's lot,
When he lists in the Cavalry,
And its Hike, Hike, Hike (which they don't much like)
For our friends, the Infantry.
Oh! it's Shoot, Shoot, Shoot when the trumpets toot
If you're in the Artillery,
And it's Fight, Fight, Fight for your Country's right,
In the Second Cavalry.



Riding Hall at Fort Des Moines



The Hospital at Fort Des Moines



Lieut. Howard R. Smalley

THE MACHINE GUN PLATOON

Commanded by Lieut. Smalley

Each regiment of Cavalry and Infantry in the U. S. army is equipped with two Vickers-Maxim automatic machine guns. The platoon consists of one lieutenant, one sergeant, two corporals and eighteen privates. In the cavalry all the men are mounted. The ten mules carry the gun and ammunition, two mules carrying the guns and their tripod mounts and eight mules the ammunition to the amount of 14,000 rounds of cartridges. The ammunition mules also carry two water boxes each and boxes of extra and spare parts for the gun, the water being used in the water-jacket of the gun to prevent over-heating. The ammunition is loaded in feed belts of 250 rounds to a belt.

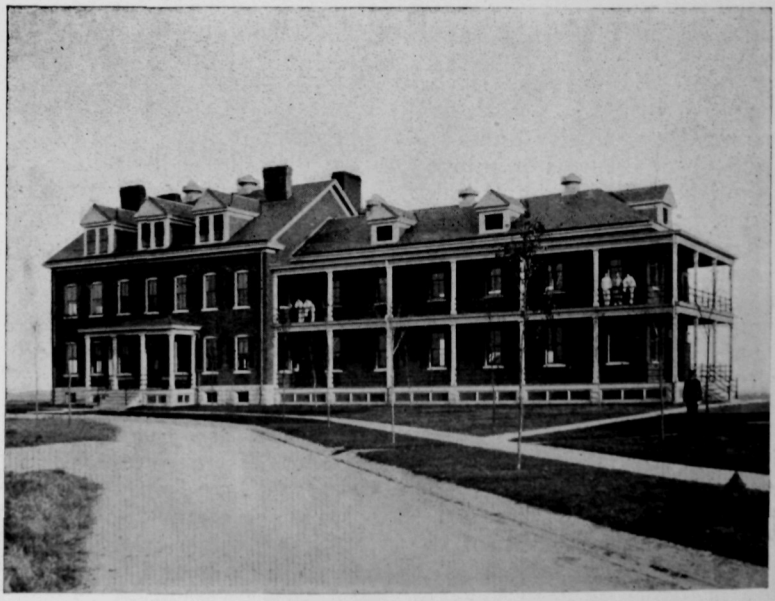
The action of the gun is automatic. The gunner has only to load the first cartridge of the belt into chamber of the gun by working a roller handle at the breech, when the gun is ready for action. To fire he then grasps both handles on the breech block and presses the trigger bar in with his thumbs. The gun will continue to fire as long as he holds the trigger bar pressed in, firing at the rate of 600 rounds a minute. By means of a traversing wheel the gunner can sweep the gun from right to left to cover the full front of the target being fired at. The gun has a range of about two miles and is effective at ranges up to 2000 yards.

At the command for action, with the gun and ammunition packed on the mules and the men mounted, and the platoon moving at a trot or gallop, the

Band Quarters at Fort Des Moines

guns can be put into action and firing commenced in 17 seconds from the time of the command. Each man has his part to perform and must work with the utmost speed.

The Platoon of the 2nd Cavalry won the competition last fall at the St. Joseph, Mo., military tournament, competing against other platoons from the regular army.



The Hospital at Fort Des Moines

Kitchen at Fort Des Moines

TORNADO IN IOWA

A tornado passed through the southeastern part of Iowa on the 27th of March, destroying one church and damaging other property. The same storm passed through Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, doing a large amount of damage.

We may look for a tornado any time now, anywhere in Iowa, and it is the part of wisdom to keep your property insured. The great IOWA MUTUAL TORNADO INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, Des Moines, Iowa, to which this paper has called attention, is doing a wonderfully large business this year. During the month of March the Association received 2400 applications amounting to $4,055,221 and increased the cash on hand $2,313.85 from the small fee charged when policy is taken out, making a cash balance April 1st of $73,177.12 to pay future losses. The association has $123,875,940 risks in force and increasing all the time.

Every month, for the past five, there has been an increase over the business for the corresponding month the previous year, while the business the year before was the largest in the history of the Association.

The cheapness and reliability of the Association, with its record of prompt payment of losses, should commend itself to all who wish tornado insurance, and certainly every one should

Camp at Thunder Butte, S. D.

On the Trail in South Dakota

Administration Building at Fort Des Moines

have it. No one can afford to lose sleep for fear they will suffer a loss, and not be insured for the small amount it will cost them in this Association. Whatever is paid goes to help some unfortunate person and expenses of conducting the Association, which does not exceed 25 cents per $1,000 insured each year. This is a benevolent institution, run on business principles. Many have been saved from financial ruin by this Association. There has been no assessment for over two years.

This Association co-operates with the Farmers' Mutuals for farm property and the Town Dwelling for town and city dwelling property, and has practically the same agents. If there is no agent near you, address the Secretary, J. B. Herriman, Des Moines, Iowa, for further information and a good map of Iowa.

THE CHARLES WOODHULL EATON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

In order that the memory of a noble and worthy leader be perpetuated, an organization has been perfected, known as the Charles Woodhull Eaton Memorial Association. The work which this organization proposes to accomplish is the accumulation of a fund, the income from which shall be used in aiding worthy young men and women to secure a Homeopathic medical education. Already a considerable sum has been pledged and more will be raised. It is the friends, admirers, patrons and co-workers of Dr. Eaton who are being asked to contribute to this worthy object, and as it becomes generally known that this was one of the ambitions of Dr. Eaton himself, we feel sure that others will wish to add their offering to the rapidly increasing amount. Any one wishing to contribute may do so through the chairman of the soliciting committee, Dr. Harriette E. Messenger. The officers and directors of the Association are: Rev. Emory Miller, D. D., President; J. E. Mershon, Attorney, V-President; Alice Humphrey Hatch, M. D., Secretary; Nelson Royal, Att'y, Treasurer; G. A. Huntoon, M. D., Chairman Board of Examiners; Harriette E. Messenger, M. D., Chairman Finance Committee; Miss Frances R. White.

The Colonel's Quarters at Fort Des Moines

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

G. W. Barrett, M. D.

(Originally published in Christian Science Sentinel, 1900)

I was a practising physician for about thirty years. During all this time, however, I was never free from some ailment and continually taking medicine. I thought I could not live without it. It seemed impossible to get rid of biliousness, which, from a mortal standpoint, I had inherited.

I struggled along from year to year, trying every new remedy that promised any relief; growing worse all the time, till finally I was compelled to give up my practice entirely and went to the mountains for a short time, thinking that a change of climate might possibly help me. But all was in vain. I returned to my former home in Kansas City, Mo., worse than when I went away—a physical wreck, suffering from enlargement and softening of the liver, indigestion, ulceration of the bowels in the most aggravated form, heart trouble, and the most dreaded of all diseases, called leprosy, which had been contracted when called to see a patient who was afflicted with it. I felt a sense of fear come over me while in the room, but never dreamed of its being leprosy, as I had never seen a case of that kind. I told the patient that I could do nothing and left.

Some time afterwards, during my stay in the mountains, I noticed some peculiar looking spots on my body, so I consulted a specialist on skin diseases and he pronounced it leprosy in its incipient stages. I kept my own counsel, and returned to Kansas City with the expectation of settling up my earthly affairs as soon as possible, for I felt that my days on earth were few. I can see now that it was my fear that fastened the disease upon me.

A few hours after I arrived home, a former patient of mine called to see me and said she had been healed by Christian Science and wanted me to try it. I told her that Christian Science might cure her, but it could not cure me. I had tried the most powerful medicines known without receiving any benefit, and Christian Science was not half so strong as some of the remedies I had used, so there was no use in wasting precious time with any such foolishness. But she insisted so strongly on my having an interview with the Scientist who had healed her, that I finally said that if it would please her any, I would submit. So finally arrangements were made for her to call the

Painting by Remington

"A Dash for Timber"

Loaned by St. Louis Museum of Fine Art

next morning at 11 o'clock. The next morning came, and she was on time with the Scientist to whom she introduced me and then left.

Well do I remember that interview. The first question I asked was, "Do you pretend to say that Christian Science can cure all kinds of disease without any medicine whatever?" Her answer was, "I do, sir; and I am here to demonstrate and prove it to you." I told her that I had telegraphed to New York for some medicine, but if she wanted to experiment on me while waiting for it, she could "sail in;" that I had but once to die, and that she could not do any more than kill me, and I would just as soon die as not, for death would be preferable to the condition I was then in.

She gave me a treatment, and talked to me for an hour or more. As she was going to leave, I inquired about my diet —what she would recommend to eat, etc., as I had not dared to eat any solid food for months. She laughed, and said: "Just eat anything you like, and all you want of it; it cannot hurt you." I said to myself, "If you only knew the condition my bowels are in, you would not talk such foolishness as that to me."

Soon after she left, however, the pain began to disappear, and in the course of half an hour it was all gone and I began to feel hungry. By the time dinner was ready (just an hour and a half from the time she left), I was as hungry as a bear that had been "holed up" all winter. It seemed as though I could not wait for the dinner hour to come. But I did not dare to say anything, as my family were ignorant of what had been done, and knew that I was opposed to anything of the kind, as I had classed it in with spiritualism, mesmerism, etc.

When I sat down to the table, I said to myself, "I am going to see if you (the Scientist) can keep this dinner from hurting me." Boiled beef, cabbage, turnips, potatoes, pickles, onions, bread and butter, etc., disappeared as if by magic, and I finished with a quarter of a good sized pie and a cup of coffee. In fact, I ate till I could eat no more. I thought, "If it gets to hurting too bad, I will take a lot of morphine; and if it requires enough to give the undertakers a job, I don't care, I will be one good square meal ahead anyway." But the pain failed to appear, and never has appeared from that day to this. I have been able at all times to eat anything I desired and all I wanted of it, without the least inconvenience whatever. Strange to say, my bowels did not move till the next morning about nine o'clock—perfectly normal, just as though there had never been anything the matter. Previously, however, at times they would move

every few minutes, attended with the most excruciating pain; and when I saw that the signs of leprosy had nearly vanished, words could not express my feelings of joy and gladness. I saw that in healing sickness Christian Science is as far ahead of medicine as the heavens are higher than the earth. I resolved, then and there, that, if it were possible for me to learn how this wonderful work was done, I was going to know how to go and do likewise.

My healer was to call again that afternoon at two o'clock, but I could not wait, I was so anxious to tell her the good news. I put on my coat and hat and went at once to her house. She seemed almost as much surprised as I was at the sudden turn in my case, and rejoiced with me over the result. I told her that she had proved her faith by her works, and I wanted to know if it were possible for me to learn how it was done. She assured me I could if I really wanted to. I told her that was one of the main objects of my visit, and I wanted to know what I should do first. She said to study thoroughly the Bible and "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker G. Eddy; that it was all in those two books. She kindly loaned me her "Science and Health" for a few days till I could get one of my own. I shall never forget the first time I opened it and read the first sentence in the preface. It seemed to cover the whole ground. I read it over and over again, and as I went on, analyzing every word and every sentence, I felt that at last I had found the "Key to the Scriptures."

I studied day and night, and at the end of three months I had gone through it once. I gained steadily in health and strength, and increased in weight from one hundred and ten to one hundred and forty pounds. I could stand more cold in my shirt-sleeves and slippers than I could before with overcoat, muffler, arctic overshoes and the heaviest kind of flannel underwear. The cold, stormy weather did not seem to affect me in the least.

In January, 1892, I went to Cleveland, O., and received class instruction from one of Mrs. Eddy's loyal students, and began at once to prove the superiority of this Science over material methods by the healing of rheumatism, paralysis, tumors of all kinds, stiff joints, cancers, small pox, indigestion, constipation, chronic diarrhoea, hemorrhoids, heart trouble, hernia, deafness, blindness, etc. In fact, nearly every ill that flesh is heir to has been met and mastered through my little understanding of Truth. I would like to speak of one case in particular. A lady, 81 years old, had been suffering from the effects of a railroad accident for 16 years. The left ankle and foot had been very badly crushed. The railroad surgeons said the foot must be amputated or she would die. But she positively refused to submit to an operation, and prevailed on them to fix it up the best they could. In the course of a few months she was able to go around the house on crutches, but the bones would not unite firmly and the entire flesh around the ankle joint became semi-ossified, very much enlarged and very painful. At the end of four months from the time Christian Science treatment began, she wrote me that her ankle was perfectly well; she could put her shoe on and button it up for the first time since the accident, and could be on her feet from morning till night without any pain.

The Bible that had been laid away for years as a kind of keepsake (and never read), is now a new book to me, full of good things. My whole being has been changed. Everything looks bright and beautiful which before was filled with doubt and despair. In the light thrown upon its pages through "Science and Health," its teachings have become practical instead of theoretical. I have been able to prove the statement found in Isaiah 40:31. I have never known what fatigue is since my first treatment, September 25, 1891, and yet I have studied as I never did before, and occasionally performed physical labor, without any discord. Words can never express my deep feelings of heartfelt gratitude to our dear Mother in Israel for the many blessings that have come to me through the understanding of "Science and Health." It is truly the "Key to the Scriptures," for it unlocks the storehouse of God and bestows upon us riches that the world knows not of. It shows us the way to Life, not death. Surely, God is Love, and God is All-in-all.

Guard House at Fort Des Moines

RESOLUTION FOR DR. EATON

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a special meeting of the Des Moines Homeopathic Medical Society, March 28, 1908:

Report of Committee on Resolutions on the Death of

Dr. Charles Woodhull Eaton.

At the noon-day of a noble life, in the midst of his labor, and at the zenith of his success and usefulness, our honored associate and co-worker, Dr. Charles Woodhull Eaton, has been translated to life eternal.

We recognize in his death the loss of one who has been a tower of strength to the Des Moines Homeopathic Medical Society and an influential support to the cause of Homeopathy.

It may be said of him, his personality was the charm that endeared him, his earnestness the inspiration to others, his humor the magnet, and his faithfulness to the end his victory; parting with him is like bidding good-bye to sunshine.

We revere and cherish his memory. His invisible presence will long continue to be a blessing to us all, and we pray that the influence of his life may inspire us to higher purposes and larger faithfulness in our work.

Respectfully submitted,

Harriette E. Messenger, M. D.
George Royal, M. D.
Erwin Schenk, M. D.

Mrs. J. C. Loper

Circle and State Vice-Regent of the D. A. R. in Iowa

CHAUTAUQUA IN DES MOINES

We will first take a glance backward and solve the meaning of the term Chautauqua.

The Chautauqua Sunday School Assembly was founded in August, 1874, at Fairpont (later called Chautauqua) on Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., by Lewis Miller and Dr. John F. Vincent; was designed to provide a broader and more effective training for Sunday School teachers.

The Assembly's first program was not only consistently pan-denominational, but it included lectures on other than Biblical and religious themes, as well as many creative features. The first session, though held on camp-meeting property, was under absolutely independent control; the property itself was acquired by the assembly two years later. As an educational institution, Chautauqua has become a center of great importance. It may be considered primarily as an unconscious educational adaptation of the open-air public assembly, such as the American mass-meeting or town-meeting, or the religious camp-meeting. The ideal and purpose of the assembly were gradually broadened; and to the specifically religious study a great variety of subjects were added. The religious spirit, however, pervades the work of the assembly. The best exponent of the spirit of the institution was its chancellor, Bishop Vincent. He infused into it the idea that all sound learning is sacred, and that the secular life may be religion. An important part of Chautauqua influence is made effective through classes and courses for home study; prominent among these be-

ing the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, founded in 1878. The C. L. S. C. is a well directed system of home reading in literature and science, carried on in connection with local reading circles and practically aided by many good suggestions in a monthly magazine called "The Chautauquan."

It did not take many years for this Chautauqua spirit to reach our western state and home city, Des Moines. In 1882 two classes were formed here. One was called "The Alpha Club," lead by that brilliant woman, Mrs. Ruttkay, who was a great help and inspiration to the Chautauqua readers for many years. Mrs. C. C. Nourse organized a class the same year called "The Class of Rebecca." The meetings were always held at her home, she being the shining light of the circle. In these two classes were two ladies who deserve especial mention, Mrs. W. T. Clark and Dr. Mary Gaylord, who attended both classes, finishing the four-year course in two years, by especial permission from Bishop Vincent, making them the two pioneer Chautauqua graduates in our city, never having ceased being active workers up to the present date. Mrs. Clark went to Chautauqua, New York, to pass through the golden gate and receive her diploma, which made a lasting impression on her of the true merits of Chautauqua work. In Mrs. Nourse we had another type of the loyal Chautauquan; she ever remained active in the work, until the final summons came, announcing the arrival of the Heavenly chariot, that conveyed her to the portals of the Golden Gate above. She was a noble example of not only Bishop Vincent's true Chautauquan, but a Christian woman. In 1883 another circle was formed, taking the name of our much beloved Bishop Vincent. Of its members Mrs. E. E. Hubbard, Miss Genevieve Otis and Mrs. Emily McCord (now a resident of California), finished the four-year course; the first two passing through the golden gate in Chautauqua, N. Y. Miss Otis deserves especial mention, as possessing the true Chautauqua spirit. "Vincent Circle" has been active ever since its organization in 1883, and Miss Otis has been a continuous member of it during the twenty-one years of its existence, never having missed more than two meetings during that time; she is at present the much honored president of "The Society of the Hall in the Grove."

The first Chautauqua Assembly was held in Des Moines in 1896, coming from Colfax, Iowa, where it had been held for several years. Rev. J. J. Mitchell, general secretary and organizer for "Midland Chautauqua Bureau," and Mrs. A. E. Shipley, secretary and organizer for the state of Iowa, were instrumental in having it brought here.

At the close of this assembly several of the enthusiastic Chautauquans of the city, among them Mrs. Rebecca Nourse, Mrs. Chas. Risser and Mrs. Emily McCord, conceived the idea of founding a public Chautauqua organization in Des Moines that would bring together more closely the many local readers in the city, forming a sort of nucleus around which all could gather. The organization soon became a reality, and Mrs. McCord was named as the first president, followed later by Mrs. A. E. Shipley, Mrs. Elizabeth Nourse, Mrs. A. G. Field and Mrs. Chas. Risser, who held the office for five consecutive years, followed by Mrs. George Valentine, present incumbent of office. For several years the members of the local circles furnished the programs for the league meetings which were held in the afternoon most of the time. Finally there seemed to be a strong demand for them to be held in the evening, when the gentlemen could attend also; thus the attendance increased very greatly, and there seemed to be a need of branching out and bringing in some of the fine local talent of our city; who always responded cheerfully when the demands were made upon them to furnish something fine in the way of a program for so noble a cause. The Chautauqua League has done, and is still doing much for the public in furnishing free, these excellent entertainments. But alas, the sweet Chautauqua spirit that Bishop Vincent had infused in the work seemed to have died out. The older Chautauquans after a time seemed to long for a revival of that old spirit; the outcome being a called meeting of all Chautauqua graduates in the city, in the fall of 1903 at the Y. W. C. A. parlors. A committee was appointed from the more enthusiastic members present to draw up a constitution and by-laws for the new organization. Mrs. I. W. Cokenower, Mrs. A. G. Field, Miss Weitz

and Miss Este Huff constituted the committee. The first meeting was held at the home of Mrs. A. G. Field the first Tuesday of October, 1903. Fifteen were present at that meeting. Miss Weitz was honored with the first presidency and Mrs. Cokenower made secretary and treasurer. The organization has continued to increase in numbers until it now has over a hundred names enrolled as its membership. Mrs. Cokenower is justly deserving of a great amount of praise for the grand success this organization has proven; it meets once a month, having the most instructive and entertaining of programs; being a great incentive to the local reader to continue the four years' course, which entitles them to membership in the society of "The Hall in the Grove," the goal which all true Chautauquans aspire to reach.

In 1906 many of the local readers felt the great need of a public organization that they could call their own, the outgrowth of which was the "Chautauqua Union," which many of the graduates joined to make the organization a success. The honor of the first presidency was given to Mrs. A. E. Shipley, and it was an honor rightly placed, for her name has become synonymous with Chautauqua in Des Moines; she proved more than able to guide the infant organization to a stronger future growth. In the second year of its existence, it is well able to stand alone on its feet, with the brightest of prospects ahead for its future greatness; having as it has, for its organizer and adviser, that loyal and ever ready Chautauquan, Mrs. A. G. Field, to guide it over the rough places. In closing I will add that Des Moines is one of the banner Chautauqua cities, at the present time, and I will mention Mrs. Chas. Risser as deserving of a great amount of credit for much of the good work done along that line; being one of our oldest Chautauquans, she has been active as an organizer for many years, making almost a life work of it. Then we have Mrs. A. G. Field who has worked by her side for many years in her quiet, unostentatious way, but ever loyal to the old Chautauqua spirit, that seems to pervade her entire surroundings.

As an outcome of the labors of these two ladies, we have in Des Moines about fifteen local reading circles, with a membership reaching nearly two hundred. Each organization is doing excellent work, each having a large attendance, which should bespeak a brighter future for Chautauqua in the city that has for its motto: "Des Moines Does Things." In closing I will quote Bishop Vincent on what the Chautauqua idea means to him.

Chautauqua pleads for universal education; for plans of reading and study; for all legitimate enticements and encitements to ambition; for all necessary adaptations as to time and topics; for ideal associations, which shall at once excite the imagination and set the heart aglow. A college is possibly in everyday life if one choose to use it; a college in house, shop, street, farm, market, for rich and poor, the curriculum of which runs through all of life; a college which trains men and women everywhere to read, to write and think and talk and do; this is the Chautauqua idea.

How can it help but become a power in the land, along the line of home education? More especially do I think so when I take a glance at those beautiful mottoes that become so familiar to all loyal true Chautauquans.

"We study the word and works of God,
Let us keep our Heavenly Father in our midst
And never be discouraged."

Kittie Patrick Loper.

From "The Merry Widow"

YOUNKER BROTHERS

Distinctive Millinery Modes

DISTINCTION in dress is more desirable than mere beauty, and much rarer.

THE woman of fashion counts it worth any cost to obtain, and, in the selection of her spring hat, seeks it in every detail, in the shape, the quality, and in the general contour.

YOUNKER MILLINERY possesses it in rare degree—even at the moderate prices which prevail.

A RICH assemblage of Parisian and rare English models, competing for favor with the fruits of our own splendid work rooms.

IT'S a splendid rivalry, and our public is benefited by it. Both by the beauty of the conceptions and the lowness of the prices.

Millinery Salon second floor

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

HOW A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE DECORATES HER HOME

This is the season of house cleaning and home beautifying. Every woman of good taste is anxious to have her friends say, "What splendid harmony in your decorating and furnishings," but how to accomplish this end and be sure you are right, troubles a great many women. The Holland & New Co., who have built up the largest retail wall paper, decorating and paint business west of Chicago, have a suggestion to make to the home makers of Des Moines. Their business has been built strictly on quality of goods and workmanship. The "Boody Merit Labor System," which is recognized as being practically the solution to the labor problem, is giving such splendid results that decorating, painting and finishing has been a joy to many a household in Des Moines. This system practically puts the decorator and painter on a co-operative basis with the employer, giving them full credit for every point of merit. As a reward for this merit they are enabled to earn more money during the year than is possible for the ordinary journeyman painter and paper hanger. The Holland & New Co.'s regular line of decorators have continuously been in their employ from fifteen to twenty years, which fact alone insures the highest degree of satisfaction to the customer. Being the largest buyers in the West in the line of fine wall paper and wall hangings, they control first choice of the best factories throughout the country, as well as being able to buy at from 25 to 40 per cent lower than the ordinary wall paper shop. Some of the unique crown hangings, panel effects, German, English and French papers that are carried by the Holland & New Co. admit of no competition to people "who care." They have a special department in which they supervise the decorating and if desired by the customer will give correct suggestions from the front vestibule to the bath room. Mr. Boody, the manager, claims they are saving their customers from 20 to 25 per cent on house painting and finishing, just on account of the labor system they employ, getting all that is possible in the way of satisfaction for the customer from the workman.

One of the big problems that home owners have to deal with is the floor problem. "Those ugly floors" is an expression you hear everywhere. Holland & New Co. make a specialty of renewing old floors, having several experts in this line, who work at it constantly and know just what is necessary to make an old floor look the very best possible.

The Best Place in Des Moines to Buy Men's Clothes is at

THE GLASGOW WOOLEN MILLS CO.

319 Sixth Avenue

E. F. BAILEY, PROP.

Made in Des Moines

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ON ALL GARMENTS

Wedding Gifts that are Distinctive ¶ *And that combine Beauty with Utility*

IN the whole forty-three years of our business life we have never shown a richer collection of jeweler's wares than we now offer—never so artistic, never so diversified and with *all the old time reliability*. The question of quality never arises in the mind of a person who receives a gift purchased here. The name of the store on the box conveys at once the thought, "Well, it's the best to be had." The recipient is doubly pleased, the donor complimented. Modest purses will find our prices a revelation.

The Plumb Jewelry Store *Founded 1865* **518 Walnut St.**

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We want your account, and are prepared to give you every service you may desire of your banker.

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Pays interest on savings accounts at 4 per cent, interest compounded semi-annually.

COMBINED DEPOSITS $2,900,000.00

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D. S. CHAMBERLAIN, Vice Prest. W. E. BARRETT, Cashier.

Mrs. J. C. Cummins

Re-elected President Business Women's Home Association

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE B. W. A.

The annual meeting of the Business Women's Association was held at the Club House, 1125 Pleasant Street, Tuesday, April 2, 1908. The following officers and directors were elected for the ensuing year:

Mrs. J. C. Cummins, President.

Mrs. T. A. Cheshire, 1st Vice President.

Mrs. M. P. Turner, 2d Vice President.

Mrs. B. S. Schermerhorn, 3d Vice President.

Mrs. Suel J. Spalding, Recording Secretary; Mrs. A. L. Smouse, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. B. Marsh, Treasurer; Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, Auditor. These officers with the following ladies make up the Board of Directors; Mesdames, Geo. Garver; E. R. Hutchins; Martin Flynn; A. L. Frisbie; Thos. O'Dea; J. H. Campbell; H. E. Teachout; Geo. Ogilvie; James Watt; W. H. Langan; I. E. Lahman, Homer A. Miller; A. U. Quint; Henry Gray; S. F. Prouty and Emma Turner Watson.

Mrs. Helen L. Summers, the matron for the past two years, was re-elected the next year.

The Treasurer, Mrs. J. B. Marsh, reported the finances of the home in prosperous condition. Many improvements have been made during the past year all of which have been paid for. The original debt has been reduced to $4,254.00. The Board are earnestly striving to raise this amount and free the home from debt.

Friedlich Hand-made

Smart Clothes

AUTHENTIC FASHIONS THOROUGH TAILORING
DEPENDABLE FABRICS UNEQUALED ASSORTMENT
UNMATCHABLE VALUES

THE UTICA
I.&A.FRIEDLICH

The Board has been assisted by their friends in many ways during the year. Miss Elsie Lincoln gave a beautiful recital. Mr. Mill a stereoptican lecture on Yellowstone Park; Miss Charlton of the Domestic Science Department of Ames gave a lecture to the young ladies; Miss Adah Harris, pianist, and Mrs. William, vocalist, a musical; the Rev. Mary A. Safford a lecture.

The young ladies have had several clubs among themselves, and one of the most abiding in interest is a Bible class led by Miss Kirk of the Y. W. C. A. These social features of the home life in connection with the events given by the young ladies in the way of parties, lunches and social evenings have made the home a place of interest and pleasure to all.

The young ladies of the home are a self-respecting class of business women, who are a credit to any community. They are amenable to suggestion and gentle restraint and most helpful and are kindly considerate of each other. The Board of Directors appreciate most sincerely the many favors that the friends and the business firms of the city have extended to the home. Their kindness has made it possible for the institution to prosper.

Mrs. Helen Summers, who has been a very efficient matron for the past two years was given by the association a vote of thanks for her thoughtful care and kindly interest, and the capable manner in which she has conducted the affairs of the home.

Irwin Drug Company
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604 Walnut St., Fleming Bldg.
A new and complete stock of Drugs for the proper handling of prescriptions
Mr. Frank H. McArthur will continue with us in charge of Prescription and Drug Department
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CALUMET BAKING POWDER complies with all pure food laws, both STATE AND NATIONAL.

GROCERS are Authorized to GUARANTEE CALUMET BAKING POWDER in every respect.

The materials used in the manufacture of CALUMET are the best possible to select and are so carefully treated, prepared and correctly proportioned that food prepared from CALUMET is free from any chemicals, such as Tartaric Acid, Rochelle Salts, Alum, Lime or Ammonia. It is chemically correct.

Recommended by leading physicians and chemists.

Full retail price will be paid for every can of CALUMET returned as being unsatisfactory.

The only high-grade baking powder sold at a moderate price.

SMILE WHEN YOU EAT

A writer in a well-known magazine advises "smile when you eat." There is one of the greatest of all examples of good advice done up in a small but concise and complete package. Doctors and writers from time immemorial have offered the same beneficent suggestion. We are told that "good digestion waits on appetite," but how much more true is the aphorism that "good digestion waits on good humor?" It is a curious fact, but a fact, nevertheless, as the observer will find out if he or she watches the diners in a big hotel dining room, for example.

The sour-faced, growling old sinner over in the corner looks dyspeptic, and if one watches the amount of food and character of it one is pretty certain to find that tea and toast form a favorite combination, and that everything is disposed of in small quantities, giving every outward indication of poor digestion, and little, if any, appetite. Then there is the big, hearty, round-faced man, who laughs continually in a big, hearty way, and is joking all through his meal. He doesn't content himself with toast and tea. He has good, solid, substantial food, and is very apt to have some that isn't any too digestible, either, as delicacies.

There is no evidence of poor digestion about him or poor general health. It is a good rule to stop finding fault with the food, to stop having one's little differences at the table. If husband and wife must quarrel leave it until some other time, don't mix it with food, it's worse than a combination of pickles and ice cream. Laugh and be merry at your meals, hard though it may be, and if the waitress happens to spill hot soup down your neck, reward her with a joke. Cheer up at meal time and digestion tablets will become just what they are by nature, "drugs" on the market. Don't pity the doctor if he does lose practice by this method. Somebody else may make it up to him.—Boston Traveler.

THE MOTHER WHO LAUGHS

"Laugh till I come back!" was "Father" Taylor's beautiful goodby to the friends who would have tearfully parted from him as he set out on his last voyage. Many a worried mother might do worse than copy the wise and loving exhortation, instead of saying so many cautionary "Do's" and "Don'ts" to her little ones when she has to leave them for a space or send them from her.

The mother who laughs and teaches her children to laugh bars the door against a host of unwelcome intruders. If you want to see what gloom does, go down into some cellar and watch the pale sprouts of things reaching pitifully towards the light—spindling, unnourished, unwholesome. Note the dead-looking stalks and bulbs lifted from the garden in the fall and laid there to *keep* from growing. Then come up to the radiant sunshine-flooded bay-window in the sitting room or library and see what light and cheer are good for. Don't make your family live—metaphorically—in the cellar.

The mother who laughs makes an atmosphere of courage for everybody to live in. The great thing that everybody is wanting, anyway, is courage. The father wants it, for out in the world where he lives mostly, discouragements fly thick as midges in August. The big boys and girls want it, for the lightest-hearted and most buoyant among them have their heavy moments when dark thoughts of the universe seem the only possible ones to entertain, till the drear mood passes. The very servants and house-helpers need it, for the clouds of household emergencies are big with trouble, till somebody laughs and scatters them. And oh, the little ones, they live on joy and laughter. "Laugh, and say, 'No matter!'" begged a little fellow who had broken something; and the sensible mother did laugh for love and pity.—Mrs. A. B. Bryant.

MOTHERS TOLD OF FOOD DANGERS

At the meeting of the Congress of Mothers at Washington last month, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley made an address urging a union of mothers national in scope, and a boycott of all food products not absolutely pure. He declared that the Mothers' Congress could do more for the cause of pure foods than all the national and state food laws combined.

If the mothers should refuse to purchase any tainted foodstuffs, he said, the manufacturers soon would cease their making. He added, there should be a cry against the mixing of certain substances with foods to make them palatable. Dr. Wiley called attention to the great importance of purity in such articles as butter, maple syrup, honey, and particularly of all dairy supplies.

OUR NEW CITY FATHERS

Elected Under the Des Moines Plan

MAYOR A. J. MATHIS

Superintendent of Public Affairs

Adoniram J. Mathis, first mayor of Des Moines under the new plan of city government, has resided in Polk county for many years, eight of which have been spent in public office. For two years he was justice of the peace in Lee township, and for the past few years has been police judge. He is a man of high personal character, and of undoubted honesty and integrity of purpose. He drew his support from all classes of society, the church vote being for him no less than the so-called liberal element. The labor vote also went to him. By one of the largest votes ever polled for mayor in Des Moines, he has reached the highest office in the gift of the city, and this fact insures him cordial support by all good citizens.

The new council was sworn in, with simple ceremonies, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, April 6th, and the first visible change occurred when Mayor Mathis vacated the high mayor's chair, and took his place at the head of a large table in the center of the council chamber, about which the four other councilmen had gathered. As indicative of the increased importance of the office, he voted on every question which came up. This is the first time in the history of Des Moines that the mayor has had a vote except in case of a tie. Three weeks of the new order of things has increased public confidence in the Des Moines Plan.

COUNCILMAN JOHN MacVICAR

Superintendent Department of Streets and Public Improvements

John MacVicar brings to his new position an experience in municipal affairs, and a grasp of municipal problems, which makes him a rarely equipped man for the place. Twice mayor of Des Moines, he was a forceful personality in an office in which, under the old regime, it was quite possible for a man to be a mere figurehead, and at home and abroad, he has always brought honor to Des Moines. A student of men and affairs, he has a national reputation along the line of municipal reform. He has been President of the League of American Municipalities, and is now secretary of that organization. He was a courageous advocate of the Des Moines Plan, and took active part in the campaign looking to its adoption. In the recent election, he lead all candidates for either the mayorship or the council, with a majority which gives assurance of the people's confidence in him. Mr. MacVicar is 48 years old, and has been a resident of Des Moines for many years; his home on North Ninth Street, the old homestead of the Rev. Dr.

Nash, his wife's father, is one of the ideal homes of the capital city to-day, as it was of the early Des Moines. Mr. MacVicar came down town early on the morning after election, not only to thank his friends, but to get to work. Probably no man on the commission realizes more completely the responsibility and the magnitude of the work to be done. It is in the line of his highest personal ambition. He comes to his new office with the enthusiastic support of thousands of friends, and the belief of the public, as voiced at the polls, in his integrity and in his ability to administer the affairs of the Greater Des Moines.

COUNCILMAN JOHN L. HAMERY

Superintendent Department of Public Safety

John L. Hamery has been a citizen of Des Moines for thirteen years. The public knows him best as a member of the city council, which position he has held for the last two years. His fearlessness and honesty have won him the title of a reform alderman. He blocked the move for perpetual franchise of corporations, and exposed attempted graft in sidewalk construction. Never afraid to take initiative, and with an instinct for fair play that is aggressive, there is every reason to believe that he will guard the people's interest as he would his own.

Mr. Hamery is a man of the people, being a painter by trade, and commanded the labor vote, although by no means elected by that vote alone. Endorsed by his neighbors, he also received the votes of hundreds of people who must have voted for him on his record.

Backed by no combination, endorsed by no club or committee, he made an independent personal campaign. Mr. Hamery is 36 years of age, and resides in the West City. He is a graduate of the classical and law course of Drake University, and also has a normal school education. He has from the signing been in favor of the Des Moines plan, and while on the council gave material assistance in preventing election frauds at a time when they threatened the failure of the plan.

ROB T. BEBB
SUCCESSOR TO
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35th AND INGERSOLL AVENUE
For Cut Flowers and Plants, Floral Designs, Wedding Decorations Seeds, Bulbs, &c.
COME TO OUR GREENHOUSES
CHAS. McANIFF, MGR.
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Both Long Distance.

COUNCILMAN CHARLES W. SCHRAMM

Superintendent Department of Accounts and Finances

Charles W. Schramm, though the announcement of his candidacy came late in the campaign, was elected by a flattering majority, well up in the list by number of votes. His splendid record as assessor since 1893 was remembered by the people who swelled the vote. For five years he has performed the difficult duties of that office

without fear or favor, treating corporations and individuals with the same absolute justice. Prior to his election as city assessor he was engaged in the retail grocery business. He is 47 years of age, and has been a resident of Des Moines for a period of forty-four years. He was a signer of the Des Moines Plan petition and voted for the adoption of the plan. He was the logical candidate for the department to which he has been assigned, and there is a general confidence on the part of the public that the city's finances could not be in better hands.

COUNCILMAN WESLEY ASH

Superintendent Department of Parks and Public Property

Wesley Ash, who was elected commissioner by a large labor vote, has been a resident of Des Moines for four years, having removed here after being appointed deputy sheriff. He resides in the East city. His general occupation has been that of a coal miner, having lived as a boy in Runnells and later at Carbondale. He was opposed to the Des Moines plan and took part in the campaign against its adoption. He is organizing the work of his new department with an energy which augurs well for its success.

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DES MOINES, -:- IOWA

Largest and Leading Hotel of Iowa -:- EUROPEAN PLAN

THE CAFE, SAVERY INN, is recognized as Des Moines' best catering establishment. A visit to the city is not complete without seeing this famous room. ¶ The unusual facilities possessed by THE SAVERY for handling large gatherings makes it THE NATURAL HEADQUARTERS for conventions, banquets, etc.

SAVERY HOTEL CO.

Management of .:- -:- J. R. Hubbart

SYMPOSIUM ON THE TOPIC

"Has the Club Movement Broadened Women?"

MARY S. WITMER

Ex-President Des Moines Women's Club

I have not yet heard of a careless, thoughtless, "child-wife," who is not a little less careless, a little less thoughtless, because she belonged to some good club.

I do not know one mother, no matter how poorly she is fitted for her position, who is not a better mother because she absorbs something that she hears at her club.

I have never met a housekeeper who is not stimulated to better housekeeping ideas by what she has learned from the experiences of others at some club meeting.

MRS. A. E. SHIPLEY

President City Federation of Clubs, and Vice-President Des Moines Women's Club

When Margaret Fuller began her famous conversations among the most cultured women of Boston less than sixty years ago, she chose for her subject Greek Mythology; because she wished to separate her pupils from exciting local subjects, and lead them beyond all discord into a "high and happy unity of thought."

Today women of all classes and creeds meet together and discuss with perfect freedom subjects local, national, political, social, literary and reform, having one common ground of interest—the uplift of humanity.

To the women's clubs is due largely this broadening influence.

MRS. A. B. CUMMINS

Ex-President Des Moines Women's Club

No one living in Des Moines and Iowa for nearly thirty years, and having watched the club movement from its infancy until now, could see anything but the good it has accomplished. In the beginning the club helped woman to know herself. It broadened her views, helped her to think and act until now, she oftentimes sets in motion and is really the power behind the throne in all educational, industrial and altruistic work.

In the early days, especially in the smaller towns, it was the women's clubs that agitated and worked for the public library, the kindergartens, parks, children's playgrounds and the keeping of the resting place of our loved ones gone before, beautiful. And today the club woman is behind our compulsory education, juvenile court, education, child labor and pure food laws, and interests herself in anything that tends to the bettering of the conditions of mankind.

ALICE A. C. BAILEY

Ex- President I. F. W. C. and Des Moines Women's Club

Through the women's club movement the sympathy of women for women has deepened. By club study woman's horizon became enlarged. Different clubs meeting together and comparing work expanded the views of the members.

Consequently self-consciousness, another word for selfishness, is being transformed into a civic spirit promising much for the commonwealth.

MRS. HELEN B. ELBERT

Ex-President Des Moines Women's Club

One of the most valuable services the club movement has rendered woman, is the development of her individuality; nowhere so quickly and surely does a woman find her level as in a good working club, and women learn in months to know each other as they would not in the ordinary social intercourse of years. Club work promotes the tolerance and breadth of opinion; women came, in the beginning, from church clubs, where denominational bias is strong. They meet women whose opinions, equally strong, differ, and both are broadened by the contact. It has been interesting to note the development of the indifferent woman, who comes into the club at first from some slight motive, but, soon interested, develops into a valuable club woman.

MRS. H. L. CARRELL

Ex-President Des Moines Women's Club

Having been asked the question, "Has the Club Movement Broadened Women?" I should answer in the affirmative. We must remember, however, that we can only receive in the same proportion that we give, so it is necessary to be active both in and out of the club. The ideas and hints obtained from the club should be worked out at home.

When we hear a woman say that she gets nothing out of club life, you can rest assured that she gives nothing of herself to the work. She has failed to catch the true club spirit.

The club teaches us to eliminate the non-essentials, and think more deeply on the important affairs of life, the things that make for the highest good in our homes, the health and morals of our children, and to raise the standard of many things in the home and society generally.

One of the strong arguments in favor of the club is its educational value. Most women belonging to clubs are past school age, and we soon become rusty if we have nothing to spur us on, and we wake up some day to find that our children are growing away from us; we are not congenial unless we are up-to-date; they are rapidly pressing forward, and if we wish to retain their high and exalted opinion of us that "mother knows everything," we must avail ourselves of the opportunities the club affords, and enter into the various activities and thereby brush the cobwebs from our brain.

Then, too, the club is valuable as a means of co-operation. Club women can point with pride to the various reforms brought about by co-operating with our city fathers and our law-makers.

We cannot mingle with bright and active women without feeling a mighty influence for good.

The benefits derived from association alone, which comes to the club woman broadens her life, and she is better and brighter for it.

MRS. HOWLAND HANSON

The development of a well rounded and unselfish character has always required wider interests than those of a personal nature; family and social ties do not always remove us sufficiently from the point of self-interest to develop the altruistic spirit. Often it is only in associated effort for the good of society that the self-seeking spirit is lost.

Where women's clubs have for their aim the cultivation of the humanitarian spirit and the alleviation of social wrongs, rather than mere personal culture or amusement, the broadening effect of the club movement cannot be questioned.

MRS. E. S. HUNN

There can be no doubt in the mind of educated people that women's clubs have been a potent feature in the broadening and development of women. They have brought a diversity of interests, awakened a desire for study and further research, and have drawn women from their homes out into a broader expanse where they have exchanged ideas and studied humanity.

Just as too much of any good thing is unwholesome, so it is a deplorable fact that the multiplicity of women's clubs is a menace to the home and church. Many

women of today are being carried away from the duties and privileges of the home by the tide of progress. The time has come for woman to extend her left hand with her secondary interest to the club, giving the firm grasp of her right hand and first interest to the home.

Dr. MARION HOWE PUGH

The qualities necessary to originate, develop and carry out a movement of the magnitude of this one already belonged to women or they could not have accomplished the task. The club movement is barely a generation old. Its leaders are still here, character does not change in a generation. What has been accomplished thus far is to demonstrate that women already possessed courage, initiative, power of organization, executive ability, originality; that they were capable of devotion to a cause, able to subordinate self to the interests of the whole and could change their minds. It has discovered to women their latent faculties, which is more important than to have given them new ones.

Since Eve outwitted the Lord and opened the gateways of knowledge to mankind, women have shared equally with their brothers generation after generation in the inheritance of so-called masculine traits. We are human before we are women. A thousand years from now, perhaps, history will answer your question.

MRS. WALTER IRISH

Ex-President Iowa Grand Chapter P. E. O. Society

The club movement of the past few years has developed in women the power of systematic reading and studying, systematic thinking and systematic doing.

However easy a matter to decide upon a course of work alone, it is the stimulus received from association, the exchange of ideas, and need of promptness that the club creates and demands, that has made hundreds of club women of today the equal of man in thought and action.

She has become what she should be, the companionable woman.

MRS. JOHN M. CALLENDER

Ex-President Chapter Q., P. E. O. Society

As the public school is to develop the mind of youth, the college to broaden and improve, the modern woman's club lifts especially the housekeeper and mother, out of responsible mechanical routine, placing her for the time in competition, as it were, with other minds in like and unlike situations. Enables her to weigh and contrast expression and sentiment. Affords opportunity to pick up practical hints that may suggest themselves to a receptive mind, even from very ordinary conversation, or the learned talk.

Thus may we be more the equal and keep pace with the practical, keen thinking of the man whom we admire, and whose companion in fact we are, or should be.

MISS FLORA G. HENRY

Has the club movement broadened the outlook for women? Most assuredly. It is removing class distinctions and helping women to estimate their sisters by other standards than income and personal appearance.

It is making less plausible the charge that the conversation of women is limited to the three D's—Dress, Domestics and Disease.

It is increasing—slowly—their sense of personal responsibility in fulfilling obligations assumed.

It is helping women to recognize their limitations and to know a limit is already to have transcended it.

It is opening their eyes to the value of meeting life first hand, to its manifold interests and that given health and a modest income, there is no necessity for being bored a single moment.

Is it too much to say, that it is driving home the truth that the base of all personal attraction is character and that there is no lasting charm without it.

MRS. E. C. MUSGRAVE

There is no doubt in my mind, but that the club movement has broadened women.

I would go farther and say that the influence of the women's clubs has also a beneficient effect on men.

To this source must be attributed the fact that men have come to realize that women are their equal, and that their

opinions are worth seeking, their judgment worth considering.

MISS MARY A. CARPENTER

Dean of Women, Drake University

Not meaning to include those purely social, my observation has been that clubs are a decidedly broadening influence to every woman who is a conscientious working member. In such organizations she is encouraged to study books and subjects for which frequently she would find neither inclination nor time without this incentive. She is the more apt to keep herself informed concerning world-wide current events, because these—at least in most clubs—are topics for conversation or discussion.

MRS. D. C. BICE

While woman's work in the home circle is sacred, and has reaches in influence for good, beyond all other ministration, single devotedness to such a life, narrows and dwarfs the ambitions and energies. One needs contact with the outside world to counteract such influences. The homemaker should have a knowledge of art, literature, and all that is comprehended in modern culture. She may have this in a certain degree by reading and studying at home, but this is usually done hurriedly, without any system, and with no definite purpose in view. The club woman has a carefully prepared course of study to follow and to be active in the work she must go to her club prepared to discuss the subjects. This is an incentive to do the reading which otherwise might be neglected. At the club we have carefully prepared paers on these subjects, or lectures from prominent men or women which are discussed thoroughly by the members. Thus we have exchanges of ideas which leave impressions that are edifying, broadening and keep us in touch with modern themes. Certainly women need the influences of the club, which are without question broadening in their effect upon womankind.

MRS. W. F. MITCHELL

President Des Moines Women's Club

The useful ideal club is the inclusive rather than the exclusive club. Rational club life makes women better and stronger for every responsibility in life. Club women are beginning to have certain knowledge of their power in influencing public sentiment. And are giving themselves unselfishly to the betterment of the world—without other recompense than a sense of duty done.

Broad minded public spirited men are fully realizing what a power club women are in the upbuilding of city and nation and frequently call upon them for their opinions upon matters that lead to a higher standard of citizenship.

The "womenly women" seek the club with its well planned work, and we have proved our right to exist as a strong factor in the world's most useful activities

IONE WEATHERBY MARSH

The club movement has broadened women. There is no question about that. The narrow qualities attributed to women, such as gossip, uncharitableness to other women, silly pride, extravagance, are being trained out of woman's character by the broadening uplift of the club movement.

I have been a club member, a close observer, and not an entire believer in clubs since the club movement began. I recognize that a woman's home, husband and children furnish a strenuous field for the exercise of most of her faculties, but not all of her faculties. She needs association with women making the same struggle, so that in spite of life's duties and cares she may be broad and pleasant and ready to grasp a neighbor's hand in either a social or a charitable spirit as the case may be, also ready to wash, iron, bake, brew and unaided care for a sick child for weeks and keep an equible poise through it all. Men are genial and broad and grow in mental capacity up to the end of their days, and why? Because they have with their work, fresh aid and fellowship with their kind. Their minds have a continual education and training.

Men of fair business capacity do not talk hateful gossip, neither does the club woman. The lives of both are cast on broader lines and there is much of good import to say. Uncharitableness toward other women is practically unknown among club women. A woman who from pride of birth or station would show petty slights to other women is unknown in club life.

The club movement stands for better homes, child study, better food, truer education, and simpler living; in all of which the vices of narrowness of character have no place. The club movement is a helpful factor in the betterment of the world.

YES! PONCELE

Mutual Phone 240

Iowa Phone 1630

Is the ONLY WATER you SHOULD EVER DRINK for your HEALTH'S SAKE, it being a PERFECTLY PURE and CLEAN, distilled and areated water. Order today.

Ponce DeLeon Water Co.

Twenty-Ninth Street and Ingersoll Ave.

A GOOD LUCK STORY

BY A DEFEATED CANDIDATE

I have been out-classed as a candidate for councilman, but did you know that I was proprietor of a Des Moines industry that cannot be beat in any city in the country? I don't bar Galveston with the commission plan of government. Send your Spring Clothing, Curtains, Tapestries, etc., to **THE NEW WARDROBE** and have them Dry or Steam Cleaned. Work is always satisfactory.

814 Locust St. ED. CRAWFORD, PROP.,
Both Phones 1791

AND SOMETIMES MINERAL.

Teacher—"Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

Pupil—"Yes, mum; there's hash."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Mrs. Turtle: I see by the paper here that an automobile ran down a twenty-foot embankment and turned turtle. Now, Henry, what I want you to do is to run up a twenty-foot embankment and turn into an automobile. You know I've wanted one this long while.

We are showing the

New Spring Oxford

Models in black and tan shades for

MEN AND WOMEN

$3.00 to $5.50 a pair

Send for catalog "M"

Frederick Field Shoe Co.

DES MOINES, IOWA

HEYWOOD'S CHOCOLATES

HEYWOOD CANDY CO.
DES MOINES, IA.

A quiet evening at her home—a box of Heywood's—It paves the way for an enjoyable evening—You show good taste in two particulars—**THE GIRL; THE CANDY.**

It's an inducement for the girl to exercise her judgment.

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Iowa National Bank

Des Moines, Iowa

CAPITAL $1,000,000.00

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Your Checking Account Solicited

Des Moines Savings Bank

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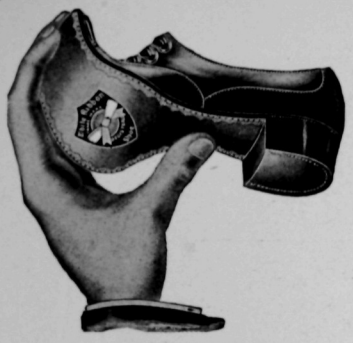
4% *Interest Paid on Savings Accounts*

Same Room — *Fleming Block*
Same Management — *Sixth and Walnut*

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

Stables at Fort Des Moines



Why Buy White Ribbon Shoes ?

"White Ribbon" TRADE MARK REGISTERED Shoe

This Trade Mark is on the bottom of every pair of White Ribbon Shoes. .˙. .˙. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

BECAUSE every pair sold donates 5 cents to the White Ribbon Society!
BECAUSE your Society needs the money!
BECAUSE our motive is co-operative!
BECAUSE they are High-Grade, comfortable shoes!
BECAUSE it costs your society nothing whatever!
BECAUSE the plan has been officially endorsed and recognized by the White Ribbon Societies!

THE PLAN! A coupon similar to this one is sewed upon the inside of every pair of White Ribbon shoes. This is removed by the dealer when the shoes are sold. These coupons are gathered periodically by someone appointed by the White Ribbon Society and ultimately redeemed by us at the rate of 5 cents each, such money going to the Societies. For further particulars consult your dealer or write us.

White Ribbon Shoe Company,

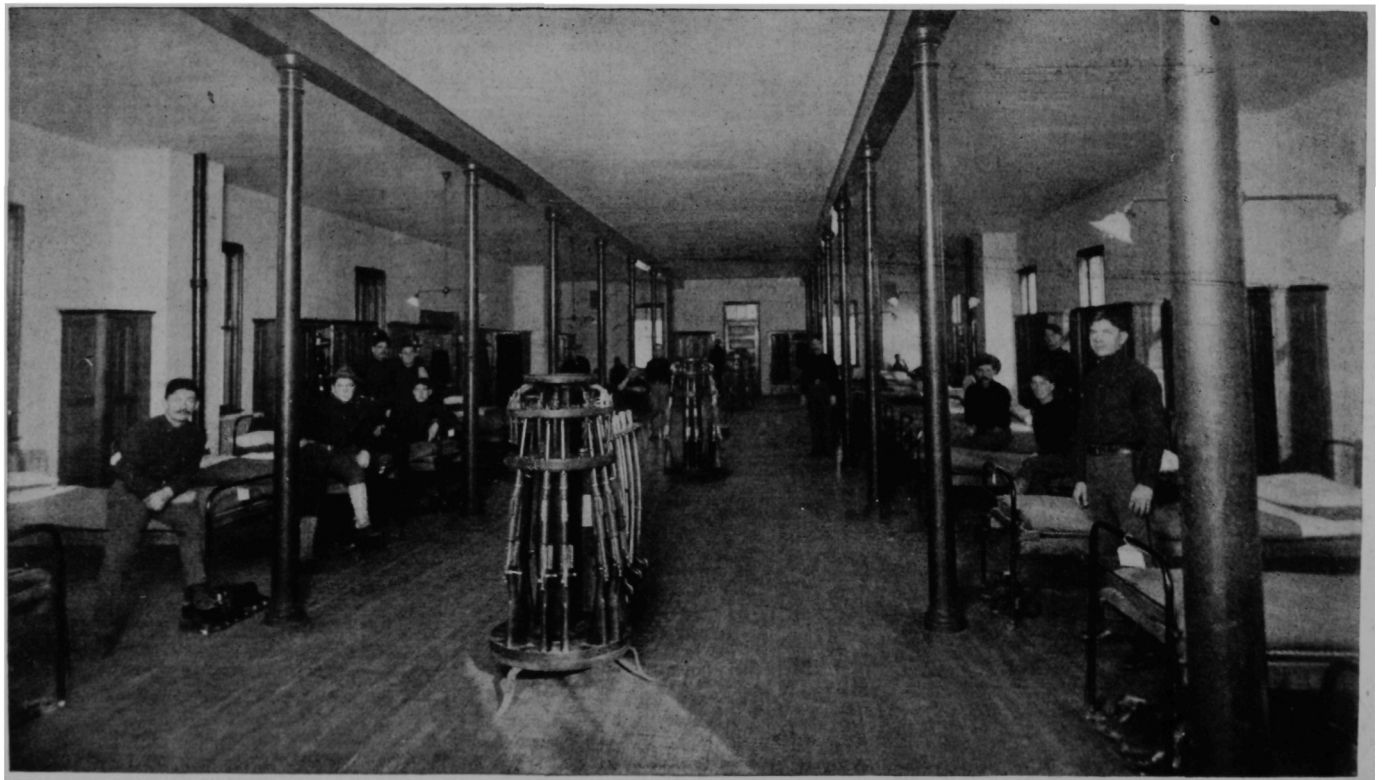
Fort Dodge, Iowa

In a New Home

The Henry Plumb jewelry store, which has won more than a state-wide reputation, and which has done business in Des Moines for almost four decades, will take possession of their handsome new store in the Fleming block, on the first of May. For everything that is good in this line of business, up-to-date style, exquisite taste, reliable goods, stock of fine variety and prices right, the Plumb jewelry store stands pre-eminent. They have secured a twenty-year lease of the corner room in the Fleming block at Sixth and Walnut and will have one of the finest locations in the city, and the finest store in Iowa.

Mr. Frank Schlampp has won the gratitude of all the people in Des Moines by erecting on the corner in front of his store, on Sixth and Locust, a fine big clock, whose face may be seen blocks away. It is a guaranteed time-keeper and is not only an ornament to the street, but a convenience to hundreds of busy people who come and go all day long.

The Chamberlain Hotel of Des Moines is known all over America and Europe as being the equal of any hotel in the country in elegance, comfort and in reasonable price. It is a beautiful hotel, with a main cafe and Dutch room, besides private dining rooms. Much of the home comfort of this notable hostelry is due to Mrs. W. L. Brown, who is loved and admired among her patronage wherever found.



Interior of Barracks

The
Comforts of Home

ARE SUPPLIED BEST by this store's great FOURTH FLOOR HOUSEFITTING SECTIONS AND BASEMENT HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE. The richest and most comprehensive carpet, rug, drapery and housefurnishing assortments in the state.

YOUNKER BROTHERS

The Des Moines Register & Leader Engraving Dep't.

¶ Is equipped to handle all HALFTONE and ENGRAVING WORK in the most satisfactory manner. A splendid sample of their work is shown by both the cover and interior cuts in this number of THE MIDWESTERN.

Register & Leader Job Dep't.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Lawrence Drug Co.

Cor. Sixth and Locust Sts

Everything in the Drug Line

Prescriptions Carefully Filled

Des Moines PaperBox Mfg. Co.

Makes everything in the Box Line

Little Wedding-Cake Boxes a Specialty

All Work Guaranteed

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Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

Errors of refraction cause Headache, Nervousness, Dizziness, Pains in the Eyes. Have me Examine your Eyes and fit them with the proper glasses.

ARTHUR C. HANGER

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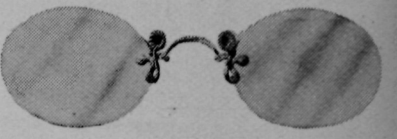

This Healthy Baby
Was Raised on Pasteurized Milk

Pasteurized milk is absolutely pure and free from all disease germs, sediment and filth of any kind. Every baby that drinks our pasteurized milk is strong, healthy and robust.

It costs no more than other milk. Call us up.

Iowa Dairy Co.,

1012 Walnut Street

THE MIDWESTERN

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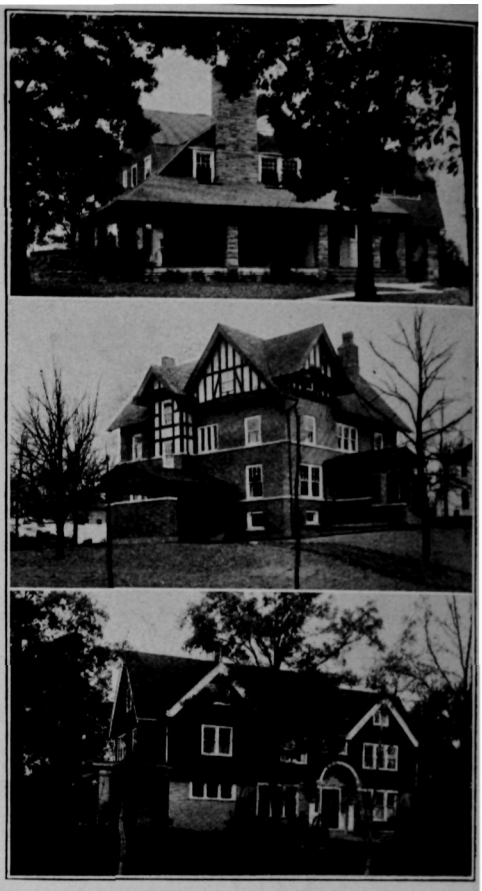
THE
Martin-Culbertson Co.

¶ Furnish material of the highest grades both for interiors and exteriors of such houses as these. ☞ ☞
¶ Bank, Store, Office and Residence Fittings furnished at right prices. Call for estimates. : : : : :

DES MOINES, IOWA

Eighth and Vine Streets



OUR SECOND FACTORY DAY

If anybody could doubt that "we are building a city here," his doubts must have been dispelled on May 15th, when the inhabitants of Des Moines, assisted by many visitors, celebrated factory day. The loveliest of May days, with fresh winds blowing, a cloudless sky, and hills and glades with verdure clad, combined to bring out such a crowd of sight-seers as is seldom known even in Des Moines. The streets leading to the factory districts were continually lined with a procession of people, all interested, all happy and possessed of the true "booster" spirit.

At many of the points of interest souvenirs were presented and at all of them guests were asked to register. Some registers had more than four thousand names, and of course many persons did not register.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the "at home hour" for the factories, complete arrangements had been made in the different sections of the dictrict for the reception of visitors, by J. S. Woodhouse, acting for the Greater Des Moines Committee and the heads of the business places. The various committees were:

Group 1—F. C. Hubbell, Simon Casady and E. W. Crellin.

Group 2—George B. Hippee, F. D. Jackson and F. M. Hubbell.

Group 3—P. B. Sawyer, Jansen Haynes, F. T. Parritt and T. P. Sharpnack.

Group 4—C. S. Denman, Harvey Ingham, M. E. Sherman and F. A. Mathis.

Group 5—R. R. McCutchen, G. E. McKinnon, F. H. Luthe and C. A. Rawson.

At the Carr-Adams Co., Mr. John A. Baal, manager, was receiving. Mr. Baal is from Davenport and has a responsible position which he well fills. Mr. J. A. Martin welcomed the guests at the Martin-Culbertson Co. Both of these establishments do an immense business in the middle West. Sash, doors and in-

Mason Motor Car Co.

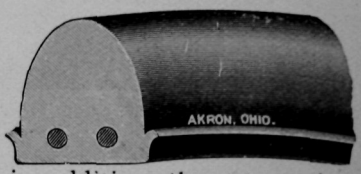
Waterbury Chemical Co.

Harrah & Stewart Mfg. Co.

Des Moines Hosiery Mills

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Wing Rubber Carriage Tires



¶ Contain more pure rubber than any other brand, insuring increased resiliency for their size. They are the only carriage tires that positively shed sand and water from the rim.

¶ They are as wide as the ordinary tire, but in addition, the patent wings, flaring outward from the base to the top of the channel rim gives an extra width that firmly holds the tire in the channel and prevents creeping or loosening. The wings effectually shed water, sand and dirt. Nothing can possibly come between the Wing Tire and the channel, nor work into it and under the tires, to cut or rot them.

¶ Goodyear Wing Tires cost no more per wheel than the ordinary straight side tires.

¶ They last longest, wear best and are the safest and most satisfactory carriage tire made.

¶ We **guarantee** them to be in satisfactory condition after **one year's use.**

We Send for and Deliver all Work **Just Use Either Phone.**

HARRAH & STEWART MFG. CO.

514-518 East Court Avenue -:- **Des Moines, Iowa**

Baby Cab Tires **Bicycle Tires**

terior woodwork being the specialties. The Beatrice Creamery was a crowded place, Mr. Leighton, manager, and his assistants handing out gallons of buttermilk to the thirsty guests.

The Shannon & Mott mills was, as usual, one of the most interesting places in the city and scores of visitors were shown through by Mr. John Mott, C. H. Shannon, W. D. Applegate, B. A. Lockwood, Captain Clarke and La Verne Clarke.

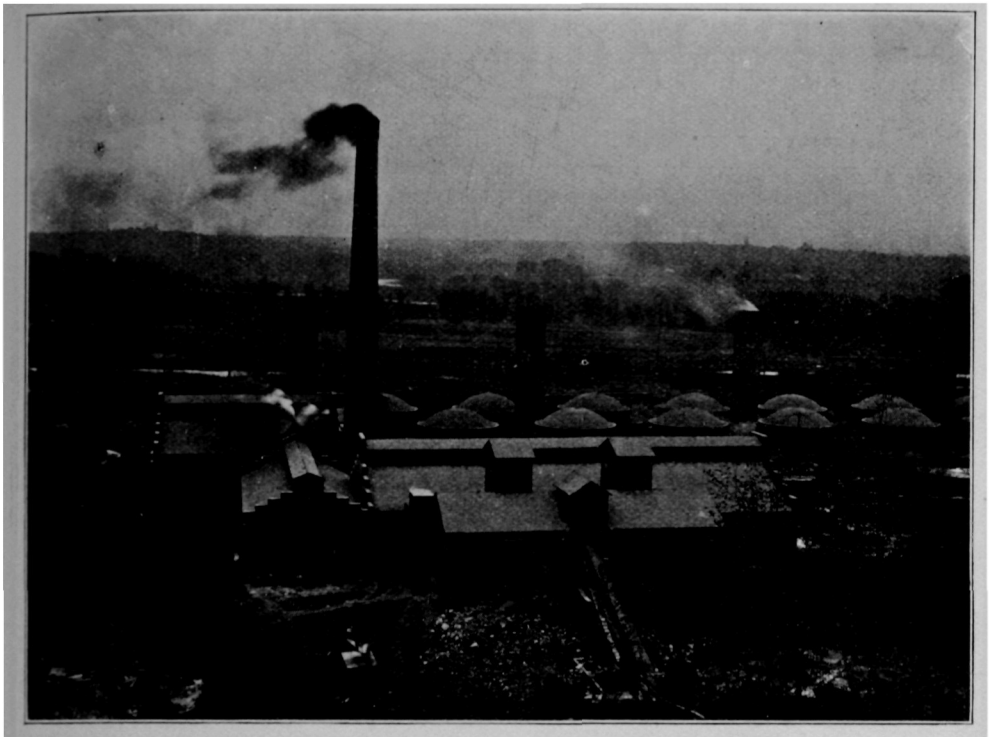
At the Kratzer Carriage Co. people opened their eyes in amazement at the immense stock and the fineness and finish of the work turned out. Col. H. B. Hedge and Mr. C. S. Walker received the guests.

The Agar Packing Co. establishment, in spite of bad roads, was filled the whole day with a throng of interested sightseers.

Tone Bros., coffees and spices, had about the largest crowd which ever entered their establishment, Mr. Will Tone, Jay Tone and J. M. Callender receiving the guests.

The Capital City Carriage Co., at one extreme of the district, entertained royally their crowd, J. H. Mathews and F. I. Kingdon bidding them welcome. At the Barber Asphalt plant Mr. Paul Beers was in charge, and the visitors found an interesting place. The broom question was forever settled in the minds

TONE BROS.
Spices and Coffee



Plant of the Barber Asphalt Company

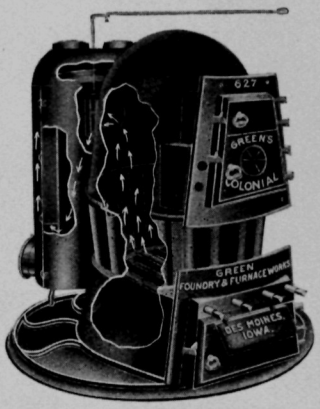
of visitors to the Harah & Stewart factory when the "Little Polly" broom and its merits were set forth by Mr. Sharpnack and Mr. Stewart. Mr. Green, proprietor of the Benham Garment Co., was kept busy showing guests how their fine garments are manufactured, skirts of all sorts, from the finest silk to the cheaper cotton, also women's garments of various sorts.

Mr. John Cownie, of the Cownie Glove works and his assistants, explained in detail the manufacturing of gloves and mittens of all descriptions.

Other points of interest to visitors were the Schmitt-Henry establishment, where

Cownie Glove Co.

FURNACE BUYERS



Do you believe that the cheapest furnace will give you the best satisfaction? Why is one furnace more desirable than another? What are the important matters to be taken into consideration in buying a furnace?

1st—FUEL CONSUMPTION
2d—DURABILITY
3d—RADIATION
4th—CONVENIENCE IN OPERATION

Green's Colonial Furnace

1st. Provided with a slotted fire bowl which admits the proper amount of air to burn the smoke and reduce coal bills.

2d. Heavy and durable; built on scientific lines, accurately figured to provide even expansion and contraction.

3d. The long smoke travel extracts the heat from the smoke before it leaves the furnace. The fire comes in contact with every inch of the large combustion dome and radiator.

4th. Each of the hollow grate bars operates independently of the others; deep ash pit; double feed doors; long distance heating.

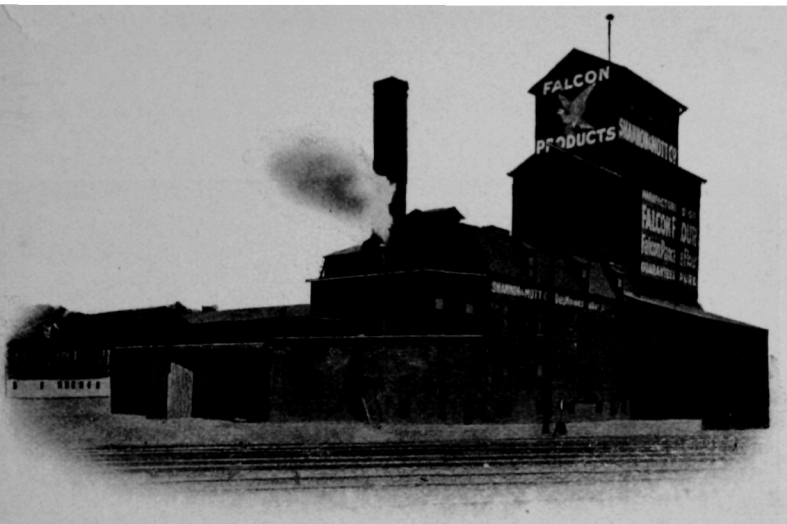
Call at our office and we will show you this furnace; or write or phone us and we will send you catalogue. We have agencies in almost every town in Iowa.

GREEN'S FOUNDRY & FURNACE WORKS

2nd Street and Rock Island Tracks. **DES MOINES, IOWA**

they manufacture furniture and interior woodwork; the Des Moines Hosiery Mills, where the famous "Armor Plate" are made; the Farmers' Co-operative Co., from which establishment the Capital Butter comes; the Globe Machinery & Supply Co., L. Harbach & Sons, Wood Bros., the Des Moines Clay Co., the Flint Brick & Coal Co., Northwestern Suspender Co., Campbell Furnace Co., Eagle Iron Works and many smaller establishments. The people of Des Moines and Iowa are wakening to the fact that we are doing things here that are worth while in the manufacturing lines. The observance of Factory Day will produce

Agar Packing Company

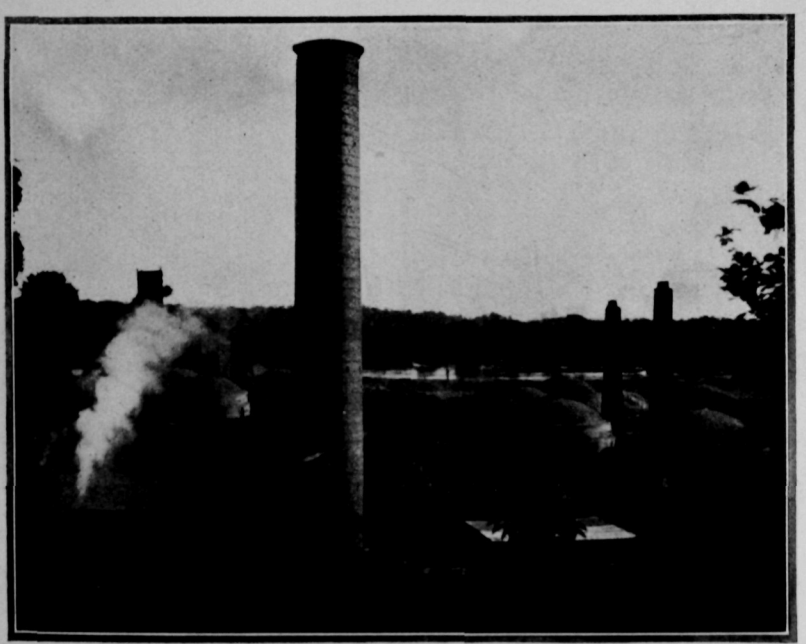


Shannon & Mott Mill

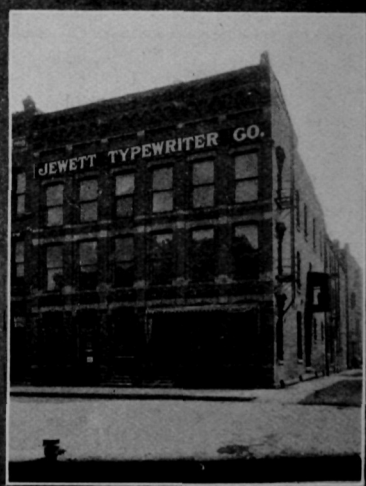
good and lasting results both to manufacturers and to visitors.

The Martin-Culbertson Co. are furnishing the interior woodwork for the handsome new homes now building on Grand avenue and in that vicinity. Nothing finer can be produced in this country than the exquisite work done by this well-known firm.

Store House of the Iowa Seed Co.



Shackleford Brick Works



Benham Garment Co.

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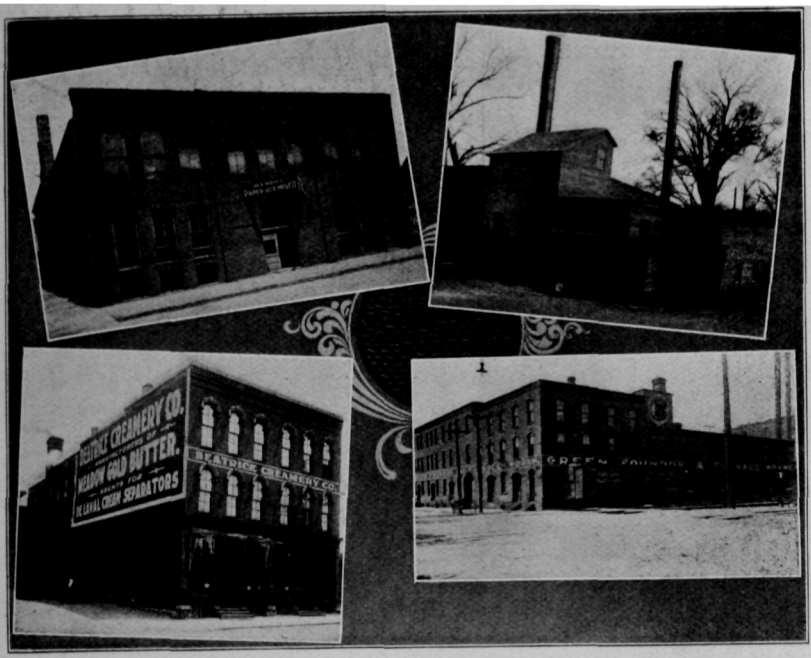
Jewett Typewriter Co.



Des Moines Paper Box Co.
Beatrice Creamery Co.

Green Foundry and Furnace Co.

Heywood Candy Co.

Bentley & Olmsted Co.

New York Wall Paper Co.

CENTRAL STATE BANK

Auditor's Call. *May 14, 1908*

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Bills Receivable	$ 844,254.70	Capital Stock	$ 50,000.00
Overdrafts	5,962.60	Surplus Fund	50,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00	Undivided Profits	3,429.60
Cash and due from banks	246,193.55	Deposits	993,981.25
	$1,097,410.85		$1,097,410.85

A Sweet Girl Graduate
or A Happy June Bride

Both appreciate more than anything else a

Beautiful Bouquet of Flowers

For a Gift

We have a glorious assortment of American Beauties, Violets, Lily of the Valleys, and a great many others which are always fresh. *Better place your orders early*

Iowa Seed Co.

615 Locust St. *DES MOINES*

With the Editor

At the request of many of our readers we are reproducing a number of the pictures used in the November issue. Two editions were then exhausted and many were disappointed in not getting books.

Our darling babies will be appreciated by all of our readers. Many of our photographs are by Webster, who is so well and widely known as a true artist in his line of work.

Our gratitude for help in all of our home numbers is due the firm of Liebbe, Nourse and Rasmussen, for the loan of many beautiful pictures of homes planned by them. As an architects' establishment, theirs has no superior in America. We cordially commend their services to those who contemplate building.

Our word of sympathy for the unfortunate has brought us several letters of gratitude. To all who have not yet learned to take the good things prepared for them from the beginning of the world, to all who have wandered away from the light, our sympathy is extended and our good wishes are given. May some message reach their hearts in each number of the magazine.

We are proud of our showing of the manufacturing business in Des Moines. Factory day was a great success. Everybody enjoyed it. It was an education and to many persons a complete surprise. We are indeed "building a city here."

From many sources comes the gratifying assurance that THE MIDWESTERN is doing much to advertise Des Moines to the world. To increase our usefulness we need the co-operation of every resident of the city. Let us have your subscription, your advice, your criticism. We shall be grateful for all. Wont you help us?

Carolyn M. Ogilvie, Editor.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON

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SURPRISE FOR CO. SUPT. AKERS.

Some of Mr. Akers' warm and admiring friends have planned the surprise for him of having his picture appear in this issue of The Midwestern. We are proud indeed to present him to our readers and ask for him a candid consideration.

Thomas E. Watson, editor of Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian, lawyer, politician and scholar, is one of the most remarkable men in America and a fine type of the flower of southern chivalry in a true and noble sense. In a recent issue of "Human Life," Alfred Henry Lewis gives us a character sketch of Mr. Watson that is well worth reading. The fine appreciation of Mr. Lewis for this famous southerner will appeal to every reader of his journal, who will know instinctively that it takes worth to appreciate worth in another.

Phoebe.

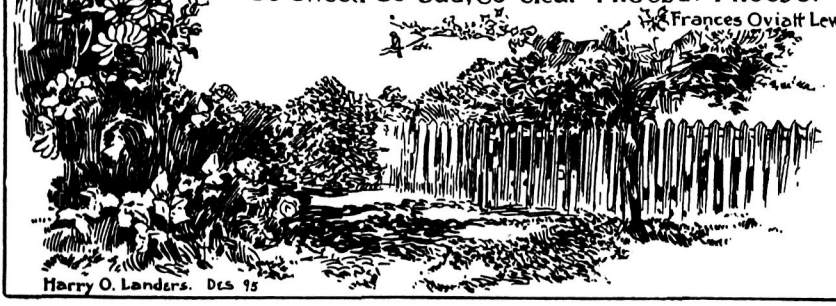
I can't get used to havin' Phoebe gone.
The world to me seems mighty cold and brief
And yet the airth is jes' as sweet with song,
They say, and fields as green with leaf.

The garden path she planted thick with flowers
Still nods with posies jes' as bright and gay.
The prairie rose goes climbin' o'er her bowers
And she who tended 'em is laid away.

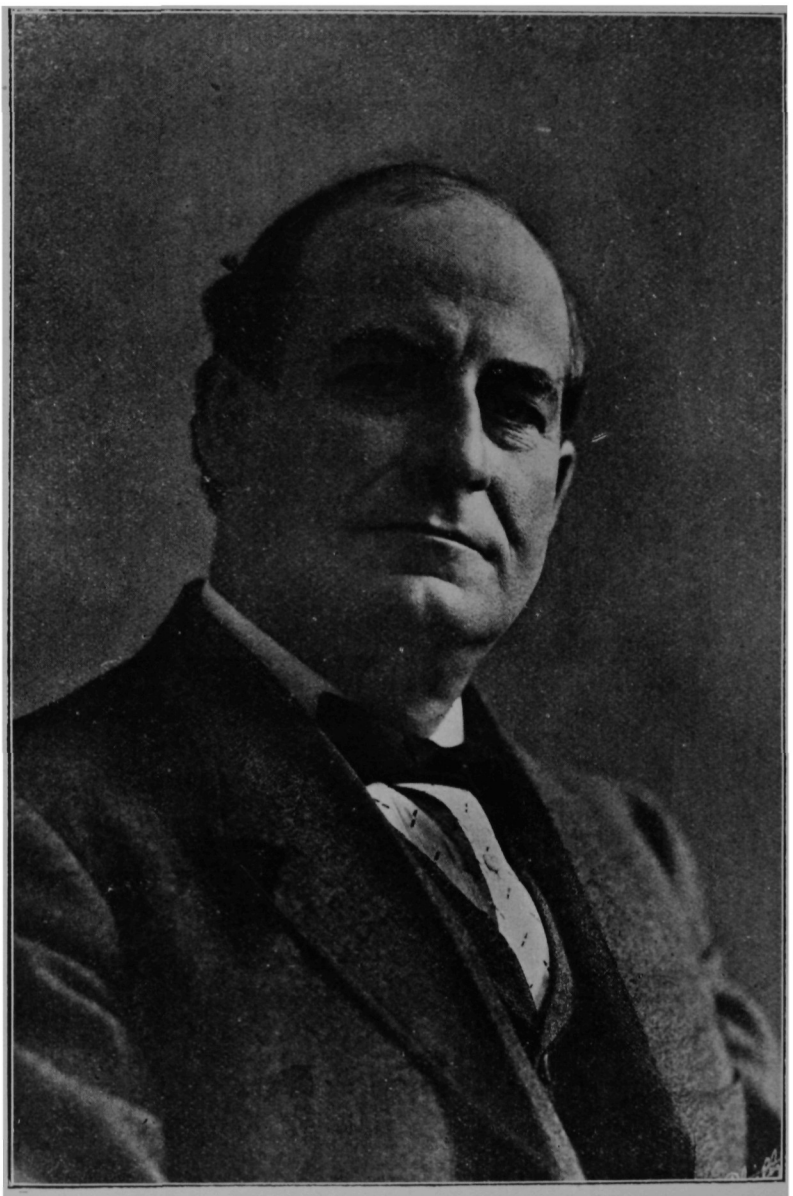
She allers said her flowers would not forget,
They'd wither-she was feared-and pine and die,
But here they be all glowin and dew-wet,
With ne'er a thought of her who's gone on high.

But on the bough that shadows the old gate
There swings a bird who calls her name to me
He sings an swings an calls-he don't forget.
So sweet, so sad, so clear "Phoebe! Phoebe!"

Frances Oviatt Lewis



Harry O. Landers. Dec 95



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II JUNE, 1908 NUMBER 10

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Dr. Ellis G. Linn

(Continued from March Number)

I shall make no attempt to give you a sketch of Paris. No one who has gone through a few streets and seen a few buildings; ridden along a few boulevards and visited a few galleries; attended a few shows and sat in the Madeline, and quit the city in six days has a right to attempt a sketch of this pleasure center of the earth. During the six days we were within its limits, we made an honest effort to see the city. We had a guide who knew how to economize time and he gave us a run for our money. We went all day and much of the night. We saw all we could see within the week, but I do not know Paris at all. No one would expect to learn the city in a month or a year, but I do not know it all.

Spread out before you a map of the city of Paris and study it in detail. Squares and circles all over the city are converging points for a group of streets, avenues and boulevards. About these squares and circles filled with fountains, statues and monuments are constructed public buildings and business blocks of artistic beauty and utility. Broad boulevards upon which front beautiful homes, inviting restaurants and palacial hotels, leads from one of these centers to another and everything suggests that the city was designed to be beautiful and adorned, until it shall almost outrival the dreams of the New Jerusalem.

They tell me that when you stand upon Concorde bridge and look upon the obelisk of Luxor your eye rests on the center of the most magnificent square in all this world. For half an hour, for an hour, for half a day you will stand there and gaze upon the statues, monuments, fountains, buildings, boulevards and the moving vehicles of the pleasure loving and the rich. To the right is Louvre, matchless treasure house of all that is rich and rare and beautiful in art. Just to the right of the Louvre and five hundred metres beyond, you look directly up the Seine, over five splendid bridges and catch a glimpse of the Palace of Justice; while beyond it and a little to the right the low twine towers of Notre Dame rise above the general level of surrounding structures. It was in Notre Dame that Napoleon took the crown from the hands of the Pope who had come from Rome to crown him and with his own hands placed it upon his head as Emperor of France. It was here he crowned his Josephine; and here was baptised in later years, in all the regal splendor of the Empire, the infant Napoleon, King of Rome. Between where you stand and the Louvre, lies the beautiful Garden of the Tulleries, made doubly beautiful by statues of great men and symbolic statues of great occasions. Across the farther end once stood the Palace of the Tulleries, in past centuries the residence of the rulers of France. In 1871 this palace went down in ashes to intensify the mad delight of the Communists, who for a day had gotten the mastery of affairs and set about to destroy everything that was beautiful or that bore a suggestion of royalty. There you see the smaller arch of triumph which commemorates the campaigns of Austerlitz and Ulm; the Peace of Tilsit that of Pressburg and the entry into Munich and Vienna. Be-

L'Arc de Triomphe, Paris

yond the arch stands the statue of Gambetta and that of Lafayette erected by contributions from the school children of America.

Diagonally across the garden to the northeast is the beginning of the broad avenue which leads to the Vendome square. From the center of this Vendome Place rises the Vendome Column in all its grandeur, while three blocks farther down the same avenue is the Place de la Opera, upon which faces the finest opera house in Christendom. Its grand stairway is a vision of the ideal and stands unapproached in beauty of finish and design. Immediately in front of where you stand is the central portion of this grand city play ground, known as the Place de la Concorde.

To your left is a succession of parks, plotted like the visions of a landscape artist and adorned by beds of flowers, beautiful fountains and dreams in marble and in bronze. This is the famous Champs-Elysees. Through it passes the broad avenue of the same name which leads from the Place de la Concorde to the grandest triumphal arch upon which man has ever traced the record of his deeds of glory. One hundred and sixty-two feet high, and still uncompleted, almost as wide and half as deep, it stands in the center of a circle from which a dozen broad avenues radiate like the arms of a star reach out into the twilight of evening. It is indeed an arch of triumph, for it represents the crest of the flood tide of fame and military prestige attained by a commander in the annals of history. Between its unfinished pillars marched the conquering soldiers of the First Empire; and in 1814 the allied armies passed through it to celebrate in Concorde Place, the downfall of the man who made that empire. The Prussian army passed around but not beneath its majestic arch after Sedan, where they brushed aside the army of the Second Empire and accomplished the downfall of Napoleon III. It is the gateway to Paris as the Brandenburg is the gateway to Berlin. There is no other such arch of triumph. For no other such an arch of triumph is there such a setting; and around no other triumphal arch have such tremendous events swept with such a momentary pause in their passing.

It saw the First Empire, when the wish of Napoleon outweighed the deliberations of the senates of Europe. It saw that Empire crushed by the allies and a brother of the king who went to the guillotine twenty-one years before, placed upon a bourbon throne. It saw the Hundred Days when Napoleon without the firing of a single gun reconquered his empire and slept again in the Palace of the Tulleries. It saw him return from Waterloo, beaten, broken and cast down, closely followed by the armies of Wellington and Blucher. It saw again the return of the Bourbons. It saw Louis Philippe unseated by the birth of a Republic. It saw Napoleon III displace the Republic and after Sedan it saw the Empress Engenie, under the protection

The Pyramid, Waterloo

of an American dentist, in disguise, seeking safety in flight from her country. It saw Gambetta proclaim the birth of a new republic, while Napoleon sat a captive in the hands of Bismarck. For days, it saw the Communists, with awful madness, raving, hellish, and uncontrolled; and now again it sees a president guiding the unsteady ship of state. And still its corner stone was laid in the day dawn of yesterday, its capital must be completed by tomorrow's sun.

Spanning the Seine two blocks below where you stand is the most beautiful bridge in the city, named in honor of Alexander III of Russia; its corner stone laid by Tzar Nicholas II. Upon either side are figures in marble which are very imposing. Look directly beyond it down the channel of the river and a mile away you can just catch a glimpse of the Trocadero, which with its curved wings extending a block on either side, formed the great crescent gateway to the grounds of the exposition.

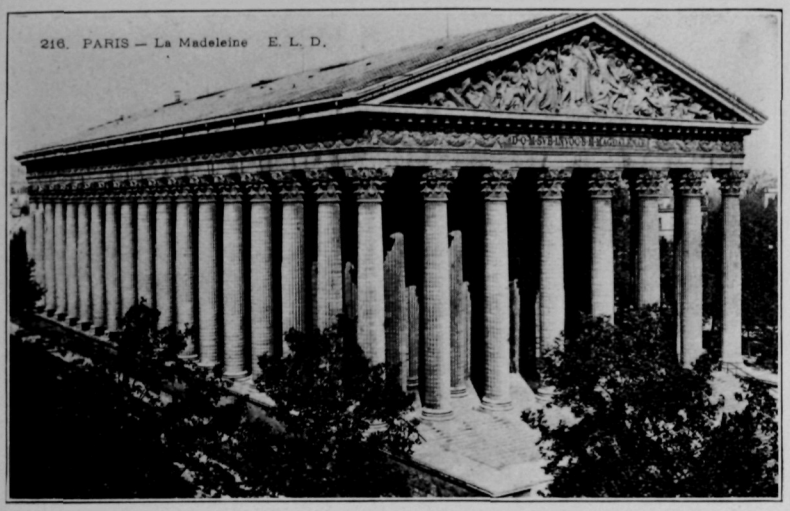
Immediately behind you is the Chamber of Deputies over which you can see the stately dome of the Invalides. Beneath that dome, within a massive sarcophagus of porphyry, lie the remains of the First Napoleon. The mosaic pavement of the crypt, on which the pedestal of the sarcophagus rests, is designed as a many-pointed star; and in a circle about it are the names of Rivoli, Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram and Moscova; names traced in heavy blood stains on the pages of history. You look down upon this tomb over a heavy ballustrade which surrounds the wide circular crypt twenty feet in depth. Into this crypt falls sunlight of many colors as it filters through the stained glass windows of the roof. It is a splendid setting for a splendid tomb, and it is said by those who know to be almost ideal. But for myself I much prefer to stand within that great mansoleum on the banks of the Hudson, and look down upon the sarcophagus of General Grant. The hero, over the entrance to whose stately temple is cut in enduring granite, the sentiment ever dear to his heart, "Let us have peace." For nineteen years the body of Napoleon lay in an inconspicuous and unguarded grave on the lonely island of St. Helena. For twelve years the body of Grant reposed in a vault of common brick above Riverside Drive, watched over by the constant eye of a soldier who wore the blue. The remains of Napoleon were begged from a forgiving nation, by a kind-hearted king who had lived in exile while the Emperor sat upon the throne of his ancestors. With uncovered heads and sorrowing hearts the body of Grant was borne from its temporary home by commanders who wore the blue and commanders who wore the gray. Followed by members of the old guard and many who had triumphantly borne the tri-colors in the face of a worthy foe, the body of the Emperor was borne through the arch of triumph and along the Champs Elysees to its mansoleum by the Seine. For hours

I stood beneath a threatening sky and listened to the heavy tread of sixty thousand soldiers who passed in unbroken column as they laid the body of the "Silent Soldier" where the waters of the Hudson run uninterrupted to the sea. About the tomb of Napoleon are sixty flags of foreign people which went down before the onslaught of his regiments. About the tomb of Grant are the Stars and Stripes of many of his own regiments heavily draped in crepe. About the tomb of Napoleon are set in mosaic the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Rivoli and Marengo. About the tomb of Grant are many volumes, leather-bound and clasped in gold, which tell of the love of his countrymen, North, South, East and West. Looking down upon the tomb of Napoleon I saw many tourists gazing in wonder and admiration because of the military prowess of the Corsican. Around the tomb of Grant I saw women in tears leaning on the arms of gray-haired men who stood in silence above the sleeping form of their great commander. Near the sarcophagus of Napoleon lie Duroc and Bertrand who went with him into the game of war. The one lay down beside him on the field of battle, the other followed him to St. Helena and pressed down his lids in their eternal sleep. In a twin sarcophagus beside the "Silent General" lie the remains of the wife who went with him to the altar. She followed him to Mount McGregor and mingled her tears with the tears of the nation, as before those eyes the Angel of Death drew down the curtain of eternal night. Of the one, time has written bright upon the pages of history, "He was a great ruler, conscienceless, untruthful and the arch-angel of war." On the other it has written, "He was a great commander. And the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

As you stand there on the Concorde bridge your feet tread upon stones taken from the Bastile. Directly in front of you marking the center of Concorde Place an obelisk rises seventy-six feet above its elevated pedestal. It is a solid block of granite and weighs two hundred and forty tons. Thirty-two centuries ago this obelisk was raised by Rameses the Second before the door of the Temple of Luxor; and the hyeroglyphics carved upon its four sides, tell of the deeds of that Egyptian king. Today its shadow falls upon the spot where fell the crimson current from the guillotine. On either side of the obelisk beautifully symmetrical twin fountains toss their misty sprays into the summer sunlight to be caught up by the gentle zephyrs of a refreshing breeze.

Look through the rainbow which arches above these fountains and, standing at the head of an especially attractive boulevard you see the majestic portal of the Madeleine. Of course I have never seen the Parthenon and I probably never shall; but if in outline, it ever was much more impressive than this superb structure, I should like to sit upon the portico of the Propylaea and drink in the inspiration from this ancient pile. The funeral service of a French statesman was being held when we were there and we sat for near an hour deeply interested in the ritualistic ceremony which we could not understand. There was a grand high priest with several assistants and a score of church officials of less degree, each gowned in keeping with his position. There was a choir and soloists with exceptionally fine voices, who sang so sweetly, that I thought they must surely slip the politician through the pearly gates if they could catch old Peter off his guard. Our guide told us such a funeral would cost his people not less than two thousand dollars; and it seems to me they ought to have spent at least that much on a man who has been for many years a politician if they really expected to give the fellow any show at all.

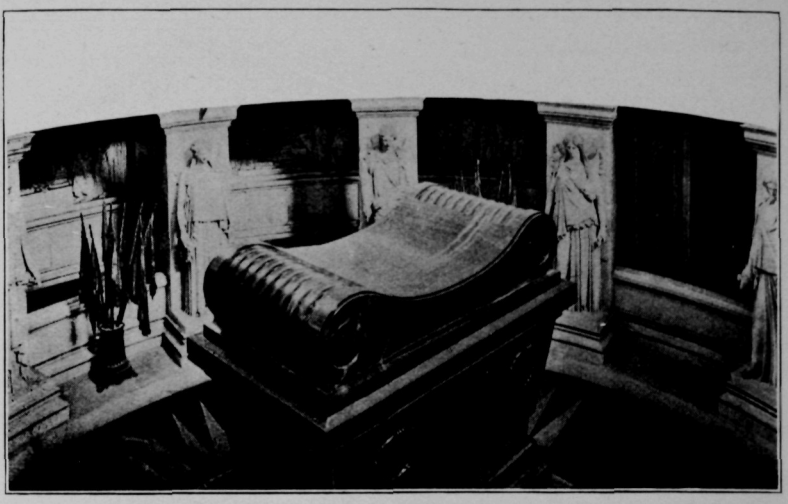
Fifteen miles from Paris is Versailles, the matchless creation of Louis Fourteenth. Here at a cost of a hundred million dollars was builded upon the hunting grounds of his ancestors a palace and its surroundings the like of which has not been seen. During thirty-three years of his long reign he resided here and in all those years was heard about the palace and the grounds the never ending turmoil of the builders; and then, at the sunset of his extravagant career, he left the structure uncompleted. Many thousands of workmen were employed about the grounds and the buildings, and so well did they do their work that, although lakes and ponds and drives and walks abound in straight lines and angles, rather than the more appropriate bends and curves of natural formations, it stands today unrivaled and alone.



La Madeleine, Paris

In front is the open court where the half-starved mob from Paris assembled, beat down the guard and carried Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antonette back to the Tulleries. Its seven miles of rooms and corridors are lined with statuary, tapestries and famous paintings. Its gallery of battles is more than a hundred and thirty yards in length and its walls are covered with paintings of scenes from the storm center bloody battles; and all these paintings are famous. Marble statues of famous warriors are everywhere and men and women who have made a name in any sphere are somewhere found on canvas or in marble. One wall of a hall two hundred and forty feet long is faced with French plate mirrors and opposite these are large arched windows looking out upon the beautiful grounds which lie back of the palace. Here are lovely walks and beautiful drives. A dozen small reservoirs in which are playing fountains where some group or single piece is bathed with sprays from the nostrils of sea animals or the open mouths of monstrous shells. Here gilded lizards, frogs and turtles throw streams which fall upon the unprotected heads of Dianna and Apollo. Here Proteus stands guardian over the flocks of Neptune, while cupids on the backs of dragons, watch countless streams break into misty vapors and fall like an April shower about the basin as they have their frolic. Here, too, nymphs shy tantalizing jets at the shapely form of the bathing Dianna. In all it was much the finest display I have ever seen. But it is well to remember that these fountains play only on state occasions and regularly every two weeks during the summer; and that for the twenty minutes the fountains are in action they cost the government two thousand dollars.

Walk down the wide steps which lead from the Hall of Mirrors toward the grand canal or lake stretching out before you like a great cross thrown down upon the ground. Look back between the two rows of statues ranged along either side of the long grass plot and there, above beds of flowers, choice shrubbery, shapely fountains and decorated steps, you see the palace with its wings extending three hundred yards to the right and three hundred yards to the left. In days when this was the home of royalty, and the throne of France, ten thousand people might lie there upon downy beds and dream of the glories of their country. To the north of the grand canal lie the play grounds of the royal household in the times of the three kings who resided here just before the revolution. It was herein Petit Trianon that Marie Antonette played dairy maid, fed her chickens and played blind man's buff with the ladies of the court; while Louis played the part of the miller and handled sacks of meal. Here they held their little theatricals, mingled with the village folk and threw aside the dignities of an exacting court. For all these luxuries and



Tomb of Napoleon I, Paris

the sins of his ancestors they were soon to pay an awful penalty at the hands of outraged France.

A part of one section of the Palace of Justice is known as the Conciergerie and is of especial interest because most of the political prisoners of the first revolution were confined here before being carted away to the guillotine. The guard will take you to a small room or cell seven feet wide and twice that long, lighted by a single window. In it are a single bed, a chair, a small pine table, a small mirror on the wall and nothing more. It is furnished today as it was one hundred and fourteen years ago, when in the gloom of early morning they led Marie Antonette within its narrow walls, placed on the table a lighted candle and left her, but not alone. From that hour to the hour when over her open grave they murmured "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust," there was not a single moment when she did not stand or sit or lie beneath the constant gaze of a soldier of the revolution.

Through an open door in a small room two soldiers whiled away the slowly passing hours, and all the while a third stood peering over the low screen which cut off a third of her room and made it a part of the soldiers' quarters. Day after day they led her into an upper chamber to pass through the form of a trial, and then came the morning when the scene was closed. Daughter of Maria Theresa, the beautiful Empress of Austria, she was herself in other days beautiful, care free, proud, tall, erect. Now her eyes were sunken and her hair had turned to snowy whiteness; but she was still erect and her spirit was unbroken. Her jailers had nailed a board across the door that they might the more humiliate her by making her bow her proud head to pass beneath it. She had cut away her hair. She had repaired her shabby dress as best she could. She marched through the long room filled with prisoners awaiting their fatal day. Up the steps, out into the open air and into the open two-wheeled cart, seated beside her chaplain on a cushionless board, she rode through the hooting, howling crowd to Concorde Palace and the guillotine.

The convention had sent Louis Sixteenth to the guillotine in the vain hope that his blood might wash away the sins and relieve the wrongs which weighed down upon the stooping shoulders of suffering France. But her sorrows were increasing, her enemies were more numerous and her laborers were unemployed. Charlotte Corday had thought to remove the arch enemy of her country by plunging the blade of a dinner knife into the infected body of Marat. She brought about a splendid funeral, but she brought no relief to suffering France. And now they painted her picture behind the prison bars of the Conciergerie and they led her away to the guillotine. Danton and Robespierre hoped they had removed the disturbing element in the affairs of the nation by

throwing Herbert and his radicals into prison and then carting them over to the guillotine. Six short days passed by and Robespierre looked upon Danton as an undesirable citizen. He accompanied his friends to the Conciergerie and from the Conciergerie to the guillotine. And now the mighty Robespierre stood alone. At the nod of his head the doors of the prison opened to admit any who were suspected of having opinions which run counter to his own. Thirty times a day for more than forty days, the howling mob saw brave men and handsome women mount the blood-stained table and listened to the heavy thud of the hungry blade. And still France was not content. They laughed at Robespierre on the floor of the convention. Behind him closed the doors of the Conciergerie and above his head hung the blade of polished steel. And still they call this the Palace of Justice; and Concorde Place is a synonym for the Place of Peace.

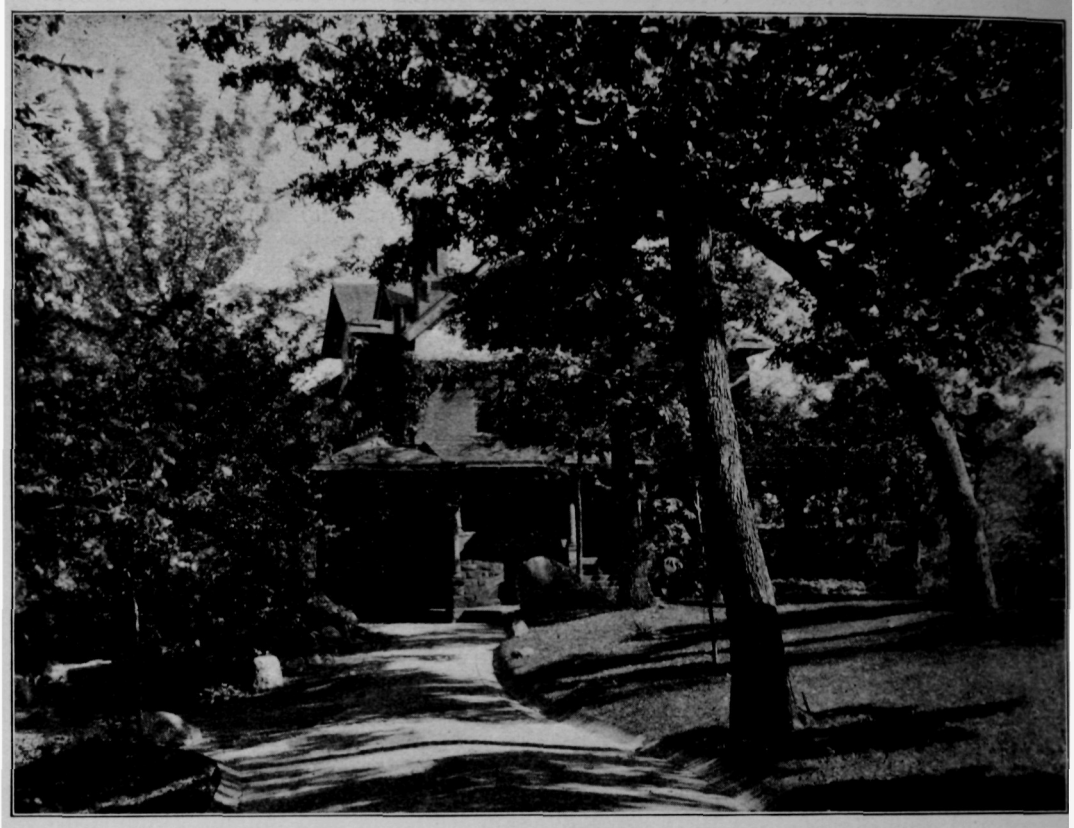
Climb with me up this long flight of steps. It leads to the top of a mound which stands two hundred and fifty feet above the general level of a gently rolling country. Here upon the top is a tremendous lion standing upon heavy slabs of solid granite. See there the lion has a chip off the end of his tail. Some French soldiers going this way did that years ago, probably in a fruitless endeavor to twist it. Do you see that old stone house three-quarters of a mile off there to the right with a stone fence around it? That is Hongomont, a name cut deep in the annals of war; and just across the little valley directly in front of us, do you see that low house with its out buildings and a monument a little beyond it? That is La Belle Alliance. By the side of that house on the 18th of June, 1815, Napoleon took his stand to direct his army in what was destined to be the last struggle of the desperate contest then opening against the united forces of Europe. We are looking upon the battlefield of Waterloo.

It is too bad that any nation should, in their hour of exultation make so great a blunder as to destroy the natural land marks of a great battle field. Time may come when men will not frequent the field of Waterloo, as now they seldom go to Senlac Hills; and in the ages even the old land marks might lose their identity; but it seems all out of place to see a monstrous artificial mound erected on the spot where the French cavalry "foamed itself away against the English squares," and we are distressed to look in vain for the sunken way of Ohain. How much better to have left it as it was. Still there is La Haye Sainte,, and leading on across the valley is the Genappe road. Just where this mound stands and spreading a little way farther back is the plateau of Mount St. Jean and still farther back where the ground is somewhat broken, bordering on the lowlands, in a little valley, were planted the Colors of Wellington's reserves. You do not find the timber about here now nor beyond Hango Mont as it was a hundred years ago; but with the arms and munitions as they were then, it would be selected as almost an ideal place for a great battle.

We are sometimes almost sorry that the peasant did not tell the emperor of the sunken road; or sorry that it rained the night before the battle; or that Grouchy took the wrong road to intercept Blucher; or that Bulows Shepherd guide had not sent him above Frischemont instead of below Plancenoit. But why should we regret these incidents at Waterloo? Napoleon had made his awful mistake when in the face of a Russion winter he had put his grand army in motion toward Moscow; and Wellington at Waterloo was only possible because of Nelson at Trafalgar. Had Napoleon won at Waterloo it could have made no difference; he was doomed; and it was only within the bounds of possibility that this arch angel of war might stay the hand of destiny, and for the moment push back the falling curtain, that onlooking Christendom might for still another day behold, in wonderment, the military game at its zenith.

But Napoleon could not win at Waterloo. The stars in their courses had veered toward Aspern, and then toward Moscow, and now they rested above the plateau of Mount St. Jean. And as shadows from fleecy clouds swept across the gently waving meadows where sixty thousand men had lain down their lives in one short afternoon, we could but feel with the great novelist, that Napoleon did not lose at Waterloo because of Wellington; he did not lose because of Blucher; he lost the battle because the hand of God was against him.

While I am writing this there is sitting at The Hague the peace conference which proposes to modify some of the

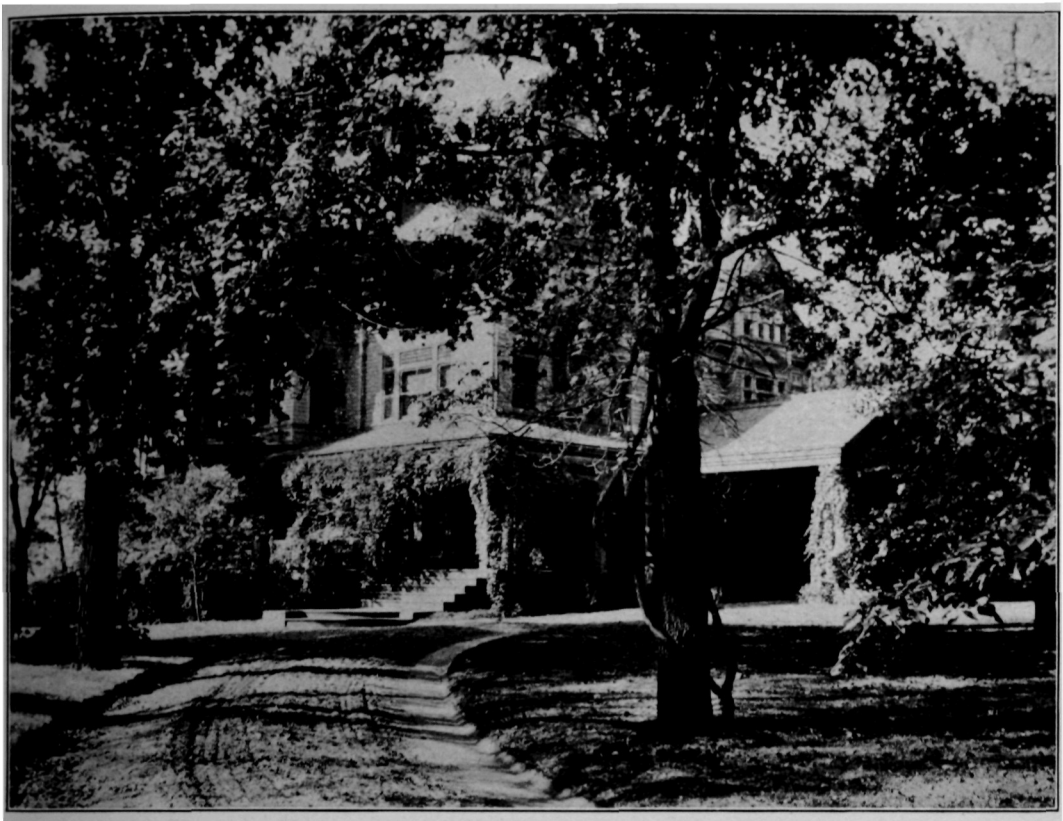


The "Oaks"

cruelties of war. They showed us the oclagonal room, ornamented with splendid paintings and beautiful decorations, in which the conference holds its sessions. The palace is away out in a quiet grove where, free from the turmoil of the city, the delegates may point out the ways of an honorable peace. And while the delegates, like lovely maidens with locked arms, pace up and down these quiet promenades, the cabinets at home still cling to the policy of carrying a "big stick."

If there is a country that is more level than the surface of a quiet sea, it is the coast country of Holland. It is difficult to see why the water drains from the land into the creeks instead of from the creeks onto the land. And it is certainly interesting to see those old windmills with their tremendous arms lifting the water up over the dikes into the river above the surface of the ground.

If you know a man who is always well upon the briny deep; whose appetite moves on uninterruptedly as the current from Japan; who feels his best when the storm-tossed vessel plunges head on against the rolling billows of a surging sea; who is made to hunger when angry waves lash against his cabin window; and who eats most when every member of the ship's crew is straining to throw overboard even the recollection of the meal he forced down the day before, ask him if he ever crossed from the Hook of Holland over the English channel in a small boat.



The J. S. Polk Residence on Grand Avenue

THE NECKLACE

From the French of Guy de Maupassant

SHE was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded, by any rich and distinguished man, and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank; and beauty, grace, and charm act instead of family and birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the sole hierarchy, and make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the worn-out chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her regrets which were despairing and distracted dreams. She thought of the silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, lit by tall bronze candelabra, and of the two great footmen in knee-breeches who sleep in the big arm-chairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the hot-air stove. She thought of the long *salons* fitted up with ancient silk, of the delicate furniture carrying priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy, and whose attention they all desire.

The A. D. Struthers Home, Sixth Avenue

When she sat down to dinner before the round table covered with a tablecloth three days old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen and declared with an enchanted air, "Ah, the good *pot-au-feu!* I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry which peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvelous plates, and of the whispered gallantries which you listen to with a sphinx-like smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But, one evening, her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "here is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Everyone wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye, and she said, impatiently:

The Geo. A. Boody Home, Tenth and Forest

"And what do you want me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theater in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

But by a violent effort she had conquered her grief, and she replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress which you could use on other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she replied, hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He had grown a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks down there, of a Sunday.

But he said:

"All right. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

The Paul B. Sawyer Home, 1015 Clark St.

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all."

He resumed:

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are! Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy.

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress.

Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel-box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why, yes. Look. I don't know what you like."

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds; and her heart began to beat with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress, and remained lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anguish:

"Can you lend me that, only that?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

The Geo. E. King Home, Fortieth and Ingersoll

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavored to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the Minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness composed of all this homage, of all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and of that sense of complete victory which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She went away about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight, in a little deserted anteroom, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this, and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab."

But she did not listen to him, and rapily descended the stairs. When they were in the street, they did not find a carriage; and they began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen whom they saw passing by at a distance.

They went down towards the Seine, in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient noctambulant coupes which, exactly as if they were ashamed to show their misery during the day, are never seen around Paris until after nightfall.

The Lafayette Young Home, 2846 Forest Drive

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and once more, sadly, they climbed up homeward. All was ended for her. And as to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She removed her wraps, which covered her shoulders, before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

She turned madly towards him:

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up, distracted.

"What!—how?—Impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. Probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength

The Atkins-Weaver Home, 431 Twenty-Eighth Street

to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband came back about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to Police Headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least suspicion of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace, and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, Madam, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick, both of them, with chagrin and with anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they found the other one before the end of February.

The Charles H. Tower Home, Thirty-Sixth and Ingersoll

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five lois here, three lois there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers, and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature without even knowing if he could meet it; and, frightened by the pains yet to come, by the black misery which was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and of all the moral tortures which he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, putting down upon the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the necklace, Mme. Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner. I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part, morever, all on a sudden, with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts, and the dish cloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

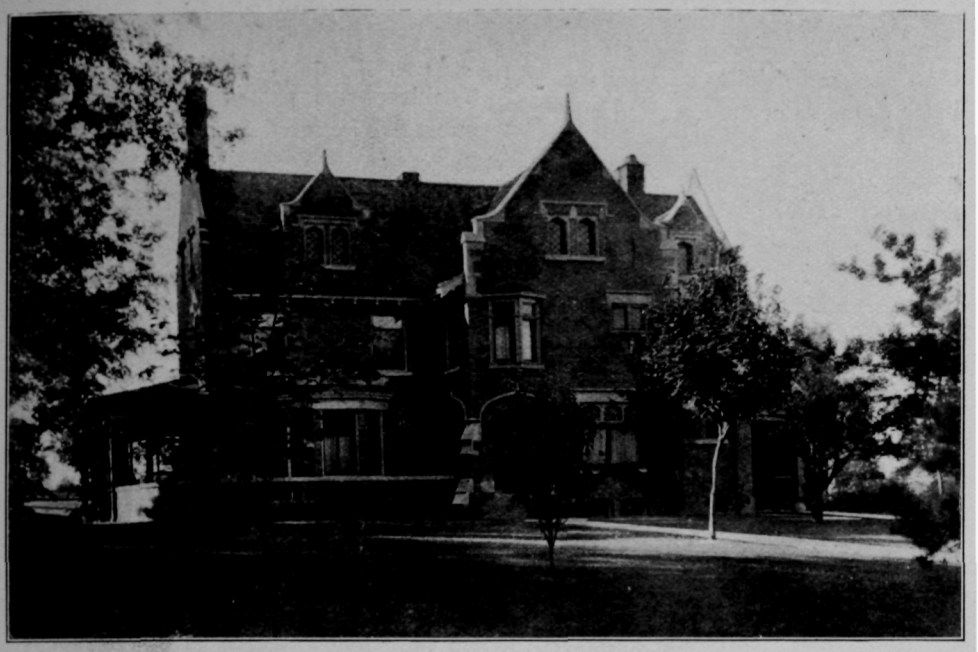
Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evening making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury, and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had



The O. H. Robinson Home, Forty-Third and Grand Avenue

become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew, and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so feted.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How life is strong and changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself from the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain goodwife, did not recognize her at all, and stammered:

"But—Madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very like."

And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naive at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs!"

The Le Roy Robinson Home, 1615 Twenty-Third Street

The Major S. H. M. Byers Home on Terrace Road

TRUE METHODS IN CHRISTIAN HEALING

John L. Rendall

"The Wise Man" has said, Ecc. 1:9: "The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." From this statement it follows as a logical conclusion that all that is true, all that is real, all that possesses real entity or identity has necessarily existed and will exist forever despite the mutations of time and the limited mortal sense of things. It therefore follows that the only "new things" is a new or different sense of, or a new discovery relative to that which has always existed in God's eternal universe and under His infinite laws. In the first chapter of Genesis it is plainly taught that God created all that is: the universe and man included. Gen. 1:31 reads as follows: "And God saw everything that He had made and behold it was very good." Because God is the Creator of all that is, He is also the intelligent principle by which all reality is governed and controlled. His laws therefore are the laws which govern man's being and the intelligent application of His laws has always resulted in those conditions of harmony and perfection which constitute man's real being. In a corresponding inverse ratio, do we find that ignorance of or repudiation of God's laws, or the refusal to be governed thereby has resulted in conditions of sin, sickness, disease and death.

Prophet and Apostle have united in the recognition of certain fundamental and indisputable facts relative to health and harmony of mind and body. The thunderings of Mount Sinai found their gentler response in the teachings of the Galilean Prophet to the effect that all sin, all sickness, all discord, even unto death may be overcome by the recogni-

The Gov. A. B. Cummins Home, Grand Avenue and Forest Drive

tion of God's infinite love and power. The teaching "sin brought death" is met with the truth that "righteousness (rightness with God) tendeth to life." The idea of healing the sick and sinful through prayer and faith in God is taught and was practiced throughout all Bible history; it is not therefore a "new idea," neither is it an "experiment," rather is it a fundamental part of Christianity and of religious experience as explained and taught by Jesus Christ and his Disciples and Apostles.

A close study of the teachings of the Bible reveals a clear line of scientific reasoning throughout its pages which differentiates between true methods in healing the sick and those which are faulty and inimical to man's welfare. This is illustrated by the experience of King Asa as recorded in Chronicles, "And in the thirty and ninth year of his reign he was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great: yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers and died." It is also illustrated in the case of "Naaman, the Syrian," who failed to find healing for his leprosy until he complied with God's requirements. It is further illustrated in every case which Jesus healed. An illustration of the difference between true and false mental methods is in the experience of Moses with the Magicians of Egypt, of Saul with the "Witch of Endor," of Daniel with the astrologers and sooth-sayers of the Babylonish Court and in many other instances given in Scripture. These illustrations make a clear distinction between the claims of hypnotism, mesmerism, spiritualism, necromancy, etc., as expressed in the belief in "minds many" and the positive power of the one infinite Mind, or God. Jesus Christ in his healing ministry recognized and emphasized true methods of Christian healing and only these are entitled to be thus designated which conform in every particular to the teachings which He established.

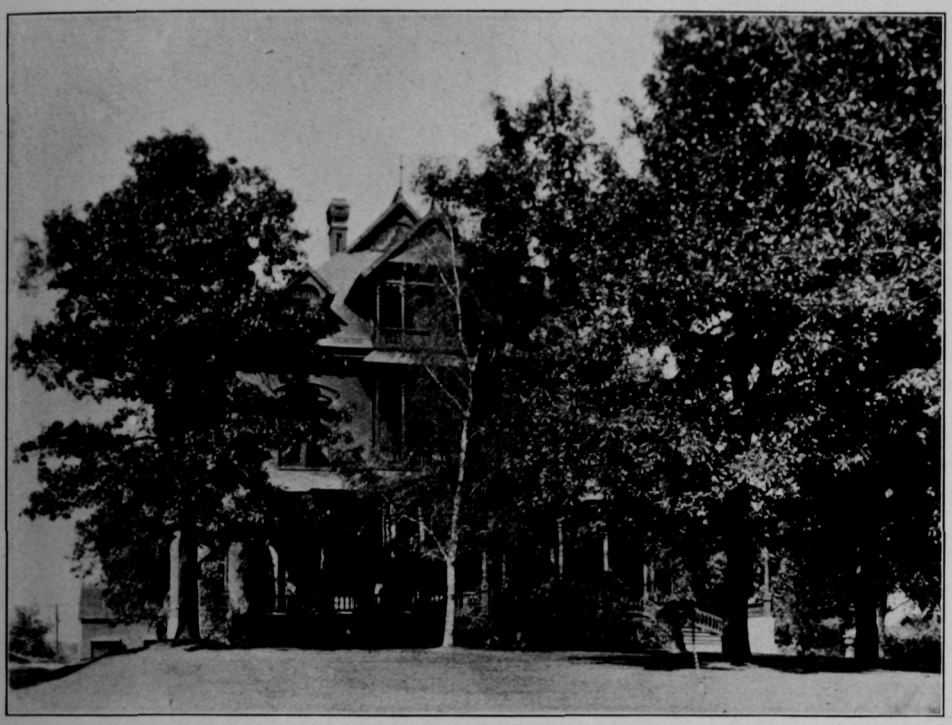
During the first 300 years of the Christian Religion, Christian healing was an essential doctrine of the Christian church. Because of departure from the high spiritual understanding which made this healing possible, it fell into disuse and only in isolated cases and under the stress of deep religious fervor has there seemed to be occasional instances of the healing of the sick through prayer.

Forty years ago a New England woman, Mary Baker G. Eddy, through prayer

Gov. Cummins' Library

and scriptural research discovered the principle of Christian healing and made it known to humanity. She discovered that God's laws are infinite and unchangeable, just as applicable to the healing of the sick and the reformation of the sinner today as in Jesus' time. She called her discovery Christian Science and wrote a book, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, setting forth the positive principle of Christian healing as revealed to her. For the first few years the growth of this new idea was slow, but little by little as the practical nature of its teachings was demonstrated, as the sick were healed, the sinner reformed and the sorrowing in heart comforted, this new-old teaching of Truth gained adherents until today its followers number about one million people. This has not been accomplished without intense opposition upon the part of the clergy, the medical fraternity and the press, due mainly to misunderstanding, misconception and ignorance of the value of its teachings. The wonderful growth and success of the Christian Science movement has at last stirred the thought of church people to the possibility of Christian healing. They are seeing that Christianity includes much of great value which their systems have failed to appropriate. Thus we find that movements have been and are being inaugurated un-

The Harry Elliott Home, Grand Avenue



The Frank Baylies Home, 3300 Grand Avenue

der various names for the purpose of endeavoring to heal sickness within the orthodox churches, and a general discussion of the possibilities and probabilities of healing by prayer has resulted.

Christian Scientists, however, are fully awake to the fact that now as during the past ages there is but one exact, scientific method of Christian healing; namely, the one practiced by Jesus Christ, and set forth in the Bible. This admits of no admixture with materia-medica, physical culture, suggestive therapeutics, psychology, mesmerism, hypnotism, phrenology, hygiene, etc., but is separate and apart from all such methods, recognizing but one power, that of Almighty God. True Christian healing requires no aid from a drug or from questionable mental methods; it depends not upon the uncertainties of speculative human hypothesis for the healing of both mind and body, but recognizes as absolutely true the words of the Psalmist, "He sent his Word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions." The word of God is just as potent today as in Jesus' time and the Christ-Truth which heals and saves is "with us" as promised by our Master.

Christian Scientists are awake to the truth of the Scriptural statement, "Ye canot serve God and mammon," and they recognize the futility of the effort to eradicate a disease which is induced by sin or erroneous thought-process by physical or mental gymnastics. In Paul's epistle to Timothy, we read, "For bodily exercise profiteth little; but Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

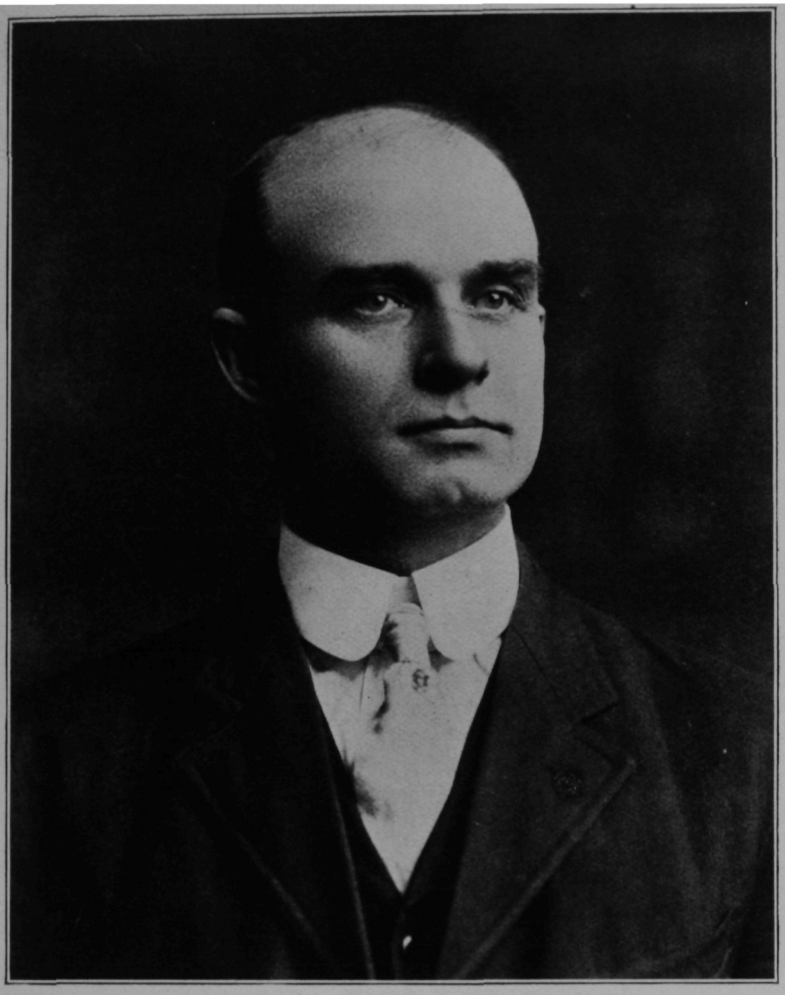
During the past forty years Christian Science has "healed all manner of disease among the people," it has proved itself unlimited in scope, presenting incontestable proofs of its divine efficacy. Its mission is two-fold, including the healing of the sick and the reformation of the sinner, thus fulfilling the essential requirements of Jesus' injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature—and these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

MISS MAE BENNETT

Candidate for the Office of County Recorder at the June Primaries

It falls to the lot of few men or women to be offered, without the least solicitation on their part, a first-class position. But this very thing happened to Miss Mae Bennett nine years ago, when she became official stenographer to the board of supervisors. Thus it is, in seeking the nomination for county recorder, that Miss Bennett has never before been a candidate for an elective office.

In this position she has had opportunity to become familiar with the business of the various offices of the county. This insight into the work of the office she seeks is a fine equipment for success should she be chosen. Of her fitness for the place there can be no question. Of the highest personal honor, conscientious, highly endorsed by voters and by education of fine business ability, her appeal to the voters of Polk county is certainly a strong one. Miss Bennett is a resident of East Des Moines, where she has resided all her life. In her nine years of service to the board of supervisors, Miss Bennett has made a host of friends who wish her success. In personality Miss Bennett is unusual in her charm of manner, in honesty and in that fine womanliness which is always so great a charm. She certainly would fill the office of county recorder with great credit to herself and to the people of Polk county.

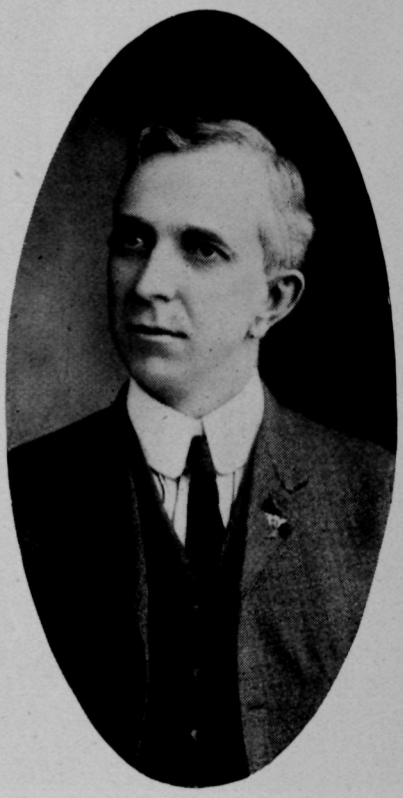


SUPT. C. E. AKERS

Candidate at the June Primaries for Nomination for County Superintendent

An office, the chief duties of which look to the education and elevation of the young people, makes certain distinct demands upon the one who fills it, perhaps higher than those made upon others. All of these demands are met by C. E. Akers, county superintendent for Polk county, now holding the office by appointment and candidate for nomination in the coming primaries on June 2d.

Mr. Akers was appointed to fill the place left vacant by Mrs. Huegle and took no part whatever in the matter. In fact, his appointment depended largely upon the fact that he was in no way connected with her removal. He is a young man of high ideals as an educator and has filled with exceptional ability and great credit various positions in village and city schools. He was principal of Oak Park school when appointed county superintendent. Son of an old soldier, at an early age he became self supporting. He is a graduate of Drake University. Mr. Akers has a remarkable personality, his quiet firmness, kindly spirit, enthusiasm for his work and loyalty to high standard impressing one even upon casual acquaintance. Upon the work of such exceptional young men can our public institutions be most securely founded. In Mr. Akers the voters of Polk county will have a noble guardian and promoter of their highest interests. His past successes bespeak even greater success for the future along his chosen line of life work. Many able men have filled this position, but Mr. Akers, with his high qualifications for the office, ranks with the best of them. He is the right man for the office.



E. F. WHITNEY

Candidate for the Office of County Recorder at the Primary Election

A leading candidate for the office of county recorder is E. F. Whitney, the well-known East Des Moines business man. Mr. Whitney served two terms in the city council and made for himself a fine public record as a friend to all the best and highest interests of the people. His record on all public questions was such as to commend him to the public.

He has a large acquaintance in the county and many personal friends who love and admire him for himself, as well as for his public services. He has been a factor in the business life of Des Moines for twenty-five years. His competency to fill the office satisfactorily is unquestioned.

Mr. Whitney believes in the two-term custom and if elected will not offer himself for a third term. Not republicans alone, but men of all parties aer his good friends and in his present candidacy he has a large and enthusiastic following, who will give him hearty support at the June primaries.

HARRY G. FRASE

Candidate at the June Primaries for the Office of County Auditor

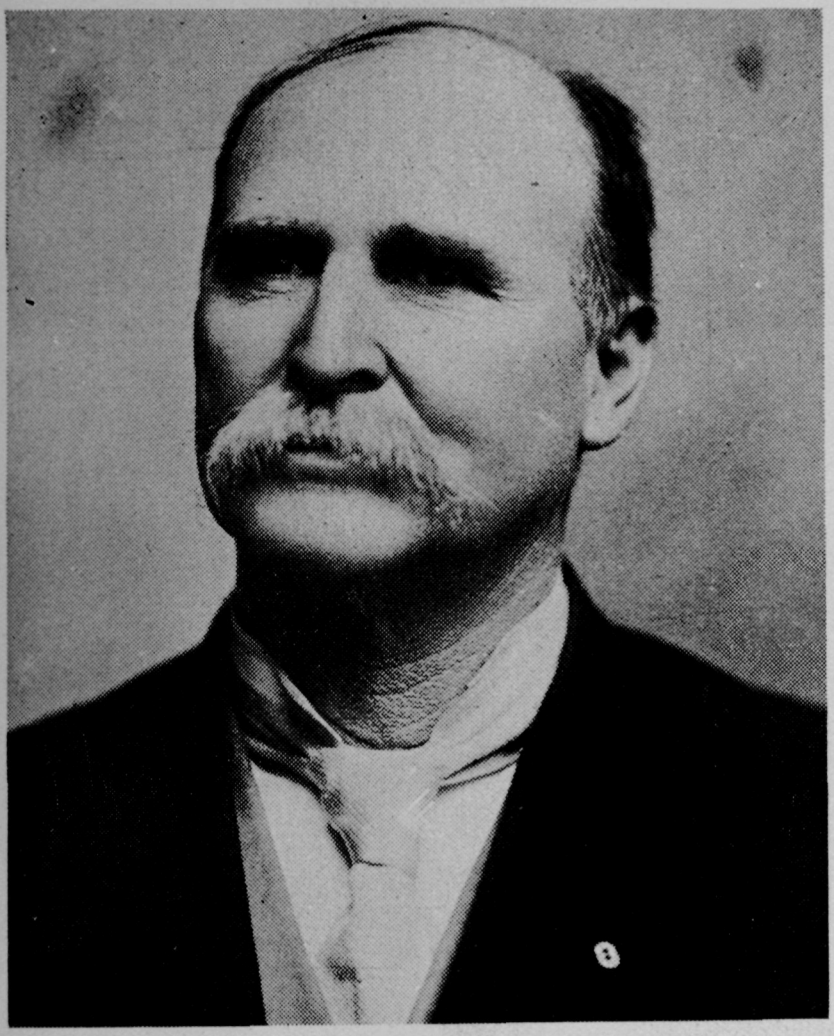
Harry B. Frase, efficient chairman of the Polk County Republican Central Committee, is a candidate for nomination to the position of county auditor. Mr. Frase was for many years connected with the freight department of the C. & N. W. Ry Co. Five years ago he resigned to accept the deputy auditorship of Polk county. In this position he has met with distinguished success, and has won for himself a high place in the esteem of his business associates. His nomination is assured and a host of warm personal friends in Polk county will make his victory a great one.

JOSEPH MAHER

Republican Candidate for Clerk of the District Court

Joseph Maher, republican candidate for clerk of the district court, is one of the best known and most popular republicans in Polk county. He is a native of Des Moines and has grown to manhood here. For ten years he has filled the office of deputy clerk with the highest distinction. His popularity is evidenced by the fact that his nominating petition contains the signatures of all the judges and ex-judges now living in Polk county, as well as the names of the county attorney and every republican local attorney.

Mr. Maher stands for all that is best in our young American manhood and will prove a credit to the office he seeks. He has a host of friends both in and out of Polk county who will lend their assistance in the coming primaries on June 2d.



CAPT. AMOS W. BRANDT

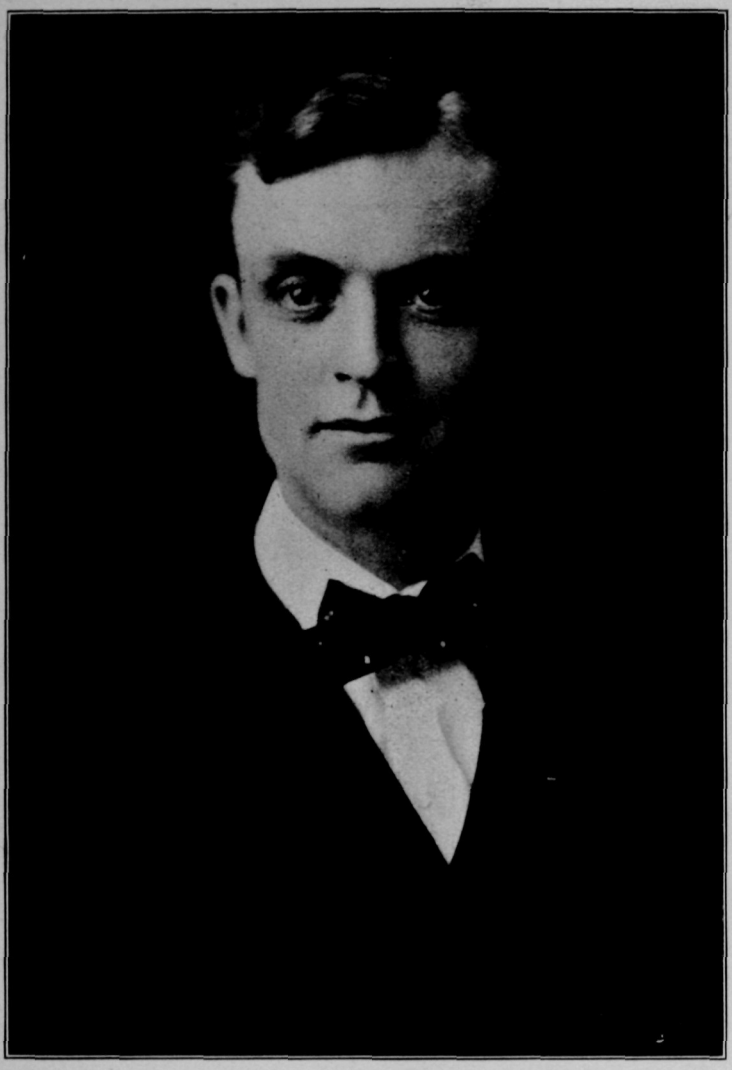
Candidate for the Nomination for Sheriff of Polk County

The many friends of Capt. Amos W. Brandt are pleased to know that he announces himself as candidate for the office of sheriff of Polk county. No eulogy is needed to introduce Captain Brandt to the favor of republicans in Iowa. His services for the party have been such as to win for him the regard of all with whom he has been associated. Fidelity and personal honor are qualities highly emphasized in Captain Brandt and which commend him to the confidence of all his constituents. His high worth as a man and public official have been proved in many ways. He served eight months in the Spanish war, and again for almost two years in the Spanish insurrection. He has been a valued citizen of Polk county for fifty years. Among all classes and conditions of people Captain Brandt has many friends who value him for just what he is, a man who stands for the right and for a square deal to all, a citizen devoted to the highest interest of the commonwealth and a capable business man. No better choice for sheriff of Polk county could be made at the June primaries than the choice of Capt. Amos W. Brandt.

MRS. FRANK W. DODSON

Candidate at the June Primaries for Nomination for County Recorder

A public official who fearlessly and efficiently performs the public duty with which he or she is entrusted, is entitled to high commendation. In Mrs. Frank Dodson, county recorder for three terms and again a candidate for that office, we have here such a public official. Mrs. Dodson's public record is of deepest interest to those who insist on a square deal all around, and her successful fight in favor of having the ballot boxes properly sealed will be remembered by all good republicans. The recorder's office is conceded by all who are in position to know to be a model of order and system. Mrs. Dodson has won the esteem and confidence of the general public, and has won it fairly and honorably. She is a woman of women, most winning in personality, a competent and trustworthy public officer and of unquestioned integrity and honesty. These high qualifications commend her to the favor of the voters of Polk county on the 2d of June at the primaries. Her experience gives her command of the situation and if re-elected, she will be able still further to advance the best interests of the people.



BEN J. NESS

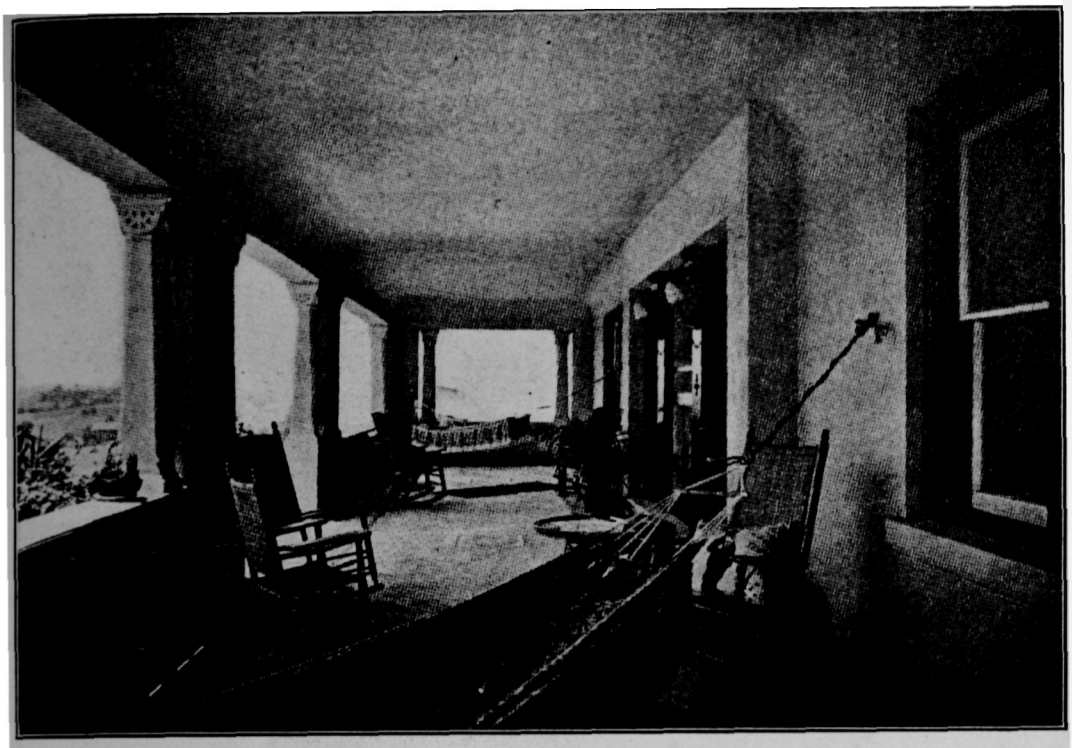
Republican Candidate for the Nomination for Sheriff

Ben J. Ness asks the support of all republican voters at the June 2d primaries for the office of sheriff of Polk county. He asks this support on his merits and his capability of filling the office to the satisfaction of the people of the county. Mr. Ness is well and favorably known in Polk county, having been a resident for twenty years. For four years past he has been chief deputy in the sheriff's office, and is familiar with all the details of the work. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American war, having served with distinction. His candidacy for the office of sheriff has the approval of all classes throughout Des Moines and Polk county and his friends are sure that he will serve faithfully and efficiently if elected. Mr. Ness possesses fine qualities for the office, as a man of fine business qualifications and of personal merit of the highest order. The republicans of the county will make no mistake in voting for Ben J. Ness for sheriff at the June primaries.

FRED A. COPE

Primary Nomination Candidate for Justice of the Peace

Fred A. Cope, candidate for justice of the peace, has been a resident of Des Moines for the greater part of his life, an active party worker since he became a voter, and has made a host of friends in all walks of life. He is now serving his first term as justice of the peace. His standing with the legal fraternity is good and his ability to execute the work in this particular line is unquestioned. In asking renomination at the hands of the republican voters at the primaries on June 2d, Mr. Cope feels that he can ask their consideration on the basis of services well performed, familiarity with the duties of the office and ability to discharge those duties to the satisfaction of all concerned.



A Beautiful Porch Built of Concrete

HOW THE FARMER SAVES THE COUNTRY

The farm is the base of our country's wealth. If anyone doubts this, let him read this year's report of the Secretary of Agriculture. Fortunately, Mr. James Wilson is an adept at putting economic facts before the country in simple phrase; no one can fail to understand his language. He tells us that out of this year's work the farmer will have more to spend and more to invest than ever before. For this year's crops represent an unprecedented value. And yet the farmer may well acknowledge that such a year as 1907, with its hard winter, its summer weather in March, its late cold spring, gives exceptional emphasis to the wisdom of the Department's policy of diversifying farm products and thus establishing new crops. Among our standard field agricultural products corn ranks first in importance. While the corn crop of 1907 was not as large as that of 1906, its value is greater. Four-fifths of the world's production of corn grows in this country. Strange as it may seem, next in order comes hay, apparently now slightly more valuable than the cotton crop. While the tonnage has been exceeded several times, the value this year is unparalleled. Though the farm value of the cotton crop is below that of last year's, it is perceptibly larger than the average crop of the previous five years. Compared with the average of those years, the wheat crop of 1907 is deficient, but the value is above the average of those crops, and has been exceeded only by the crop of the years 1901, 1902, and 1905. The most striking progress, however, has been made by the dairy and poultry products. Last year the dairy products exceeded in value any crop save corn; the value of poultry and eggs was greater even than that of wheat. Mention has been made of the effort to give steadiness to the nation's agriculture by diver-

Library in the L. F. Andrews Home

sification. The chief agency in this respect is irrigation. The government's present stupendous efforts in this direction have increased the irrigated area now under cultivation to eleven million acres (or a surface equal to the improved farm land of the state of Michigan), on which area in 1907 the crops grown were worth at least $175,000,000, an increase of 75 per cent over the value of 1899. Next year an additional area of five million acres will be under ditch and ready for settlement. Thus this great irrigation movement, together with the experiment stations of the Department of Agriculture and the agricultural colleges is buttressing us against economic misfortune, and, by multiplying the sources of success, is giving to us, in Mr. Wilson's fit phrase, a kind of national insurance.

TROUBLE FOR THE EDITOR

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy dejectedly. "When I say you're out they don't believe me. They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them that's what they all say. I don't care if you check them, but I must have quietness."

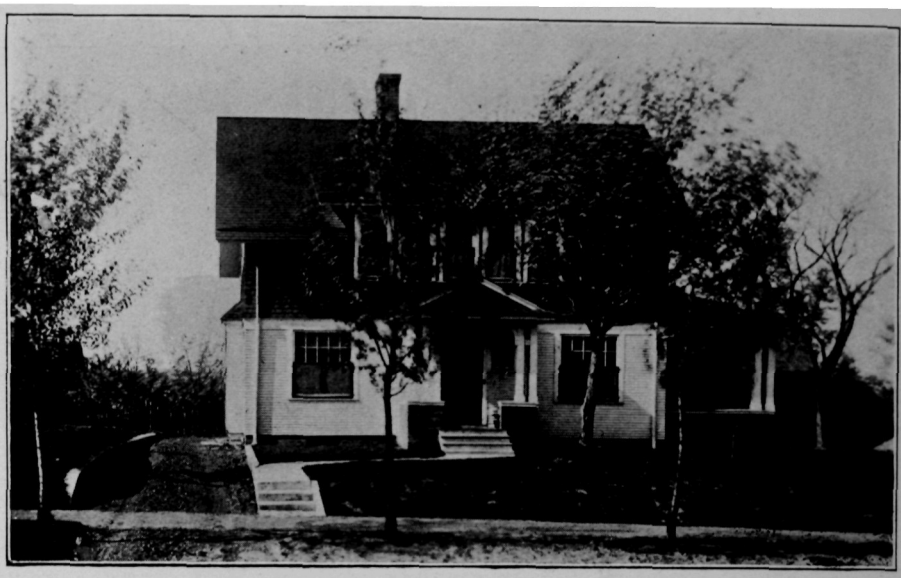
That afternoon there called at the office a lady with hard features and an acid expression. She wanted to see the editor, and the boy assured her that it was impossible.

"But I must see him!" she protested. "I'm his wife!"

"That's what they all say," replied the boy.

That was why there is a new boy wanted there.—*Catholic Tribune.*

The George H. France Home on Franklin Avenue



The B. F. Longley Home on Franklin Avenue

THE TIDYING OF THOMASVILLE

Susie Bouchelle Wight in Suburban Life

A good many years ago, when Thomasville, nestling down amid the pines of south Georgia, first came into notice as a winter resort, its ideals of civic beauty were sound aslep. Charm there was, it is true, but it was the leavening charm that a few fine old homes gave, with their ancient gardens sweet with their tangle of ramblers and roses, their deep beds of lilies and heliotrope, and borders of golden-blooming bulbs of spring,—all under oak trees which shed their green gloom alike over the lovely and the unlovely.

Gardens there were, and many, where prim circles and triangles, edged with beer-bottles in alternating ugliness of black and white, sprawled along hard walks of trodden earth, and were only redeemed from absolute hideousness by the luxuriance of leaf and blossom which sprang from the gracious soil, doing their beautiful best to cast a disguising mantle over such an expression of perverted taste.

The streets, unlevel and untidy with a litter of paper and cane peelings, were swept only by the winds of heaven, and it all was "plenty good enough for us all," until the Yankee began to pervade the land with his ideas. The unit of improvement became apparent in the person of Captain Henry S. Metcalfe, of Cold Spring, N. Y., the son of Thomasville's pioneer winter resident and a man of splendid capabilities.

Not content to take the best that was offered him in the soft climate and the delightful life of the old town, he gave in return. He saw the conditions, and foretold the possibilities. Already a favorite with the best social element of the place, when through the local press he issued a call to the ladies to meet and talk over improvement ideas, there was a ready response. They met—they whereas-ed—they organized and set the ball to rolling. Captain Metcalfe stood staunchly back of them with valuable suggestions and generous material encouragement, and Captain Triplett, the editor of the paper, and always the good genius of Thomasville, was not sparing of printer's ink.

Up in the business streets, wire baskets for the waste were placed in front of the stores, and a cart bearing upon its neat green sides the legend, "Help Tidy Thomasville," was set to patrolling the streets, hauling off rubbish wherever it might be found, and garnering in the flying paper and debris which defaced the public highways. The children in the schools, and the colored man and brother, were indoctrinated with the idea of a clean town.

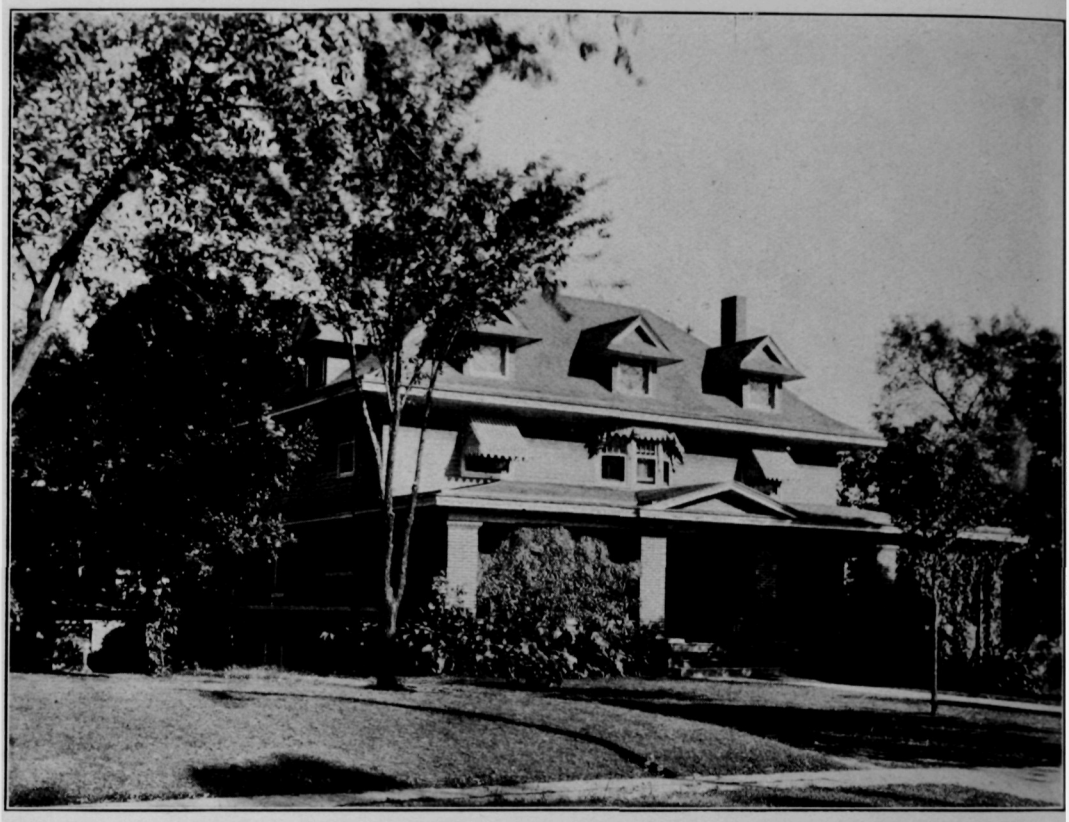
The Jesse O. Wells Home, Arlington Avenue

Success succeeds, and in addition to the enterprises of the Village Improvement Society, improvement broke out in another quarter. The handsome courthouse stood in the center of a bald and sandy square in a most conspicuous position. There were grand old oaks all around it, but if a blade of green showed itself, it was either pursley, sandspur, or Jerusalem oak, and scarcely allowed the thriving of a weed, for the heedless tramping of man and beast.

Mr. William Miller, another newcomer from the North, sized up the situation with shrewd eyes, and knew enough to put salt upon the tail of the psychological moment ere it fled. He first made an appeal to the City Council, got their consent to provide him with labor and fertilizer, and then he proceeded to lay out that square most simply with broad walks which led to the courthouse entrances. These walks he bordered unobtrusively, but substantially, with brick, and the large resulting plots on the four sides of the square were thickly sodded with Bermuda grass.

He inserted a little card in the paper, asking for trees and shrubbery. How the things poured in. Great camellia bushes, camphor and laurel and magnolia trees came, and were set and named for the prominent citizens who had thus evidenced their approval of what was taking place. The old gardens poured out liberally from their wealth of roses, lilies and bulbs; violet plants came by the bushel to soften the outlines of the plots, and by the time the square began to show just what it could do, various ladies had undertaken the entire care of certain portions of it.

About this time, President McKinley and his gentle wife came for one of their visits to Mr. Hanna. Of course they had to hear of what was going on, and after their return to Washington, two trees came with their compliments, and were set on either side of the main entrance. We have an old southern superstition that if a plant is named for a person, its living or dying is a sure sign of the regard of its namesake for the one who sets the plant in the soil. If



The Henry M. Rollins Home, 1611 Arlington Avenue

this be true, there must have been a great deal of kind feeling abroad in the land in those days, for things certainly grew and throve in that courthouse square, and today it is indeed a thing of beauty.

All this change and improvement seems to have come about without any great fuss or over-exertion. While the whole city shows the result of this movement, the greatest change is in the square around the courthouse. It is not only clean and attractive, but, as I have said, really beautiful.

It is more than that; it is an object-lesson of good taste in gardening. I don't know when nor how it happened, but upon a recent visit to my old home town, I observed a great difference. The beer bottles have all been uprooted. There are lovely green grass plots and bloomy borders in their stead, and the irregular streets are showing the care of a grading machine. Two pretty natural parks are kept clean and inviting, and, with the many new homes which have been built, the place presents an appearance that is a source of the greatest possible pride to its residents.

The E. L. Bowen Home, Grand Avenue

The Mrs. M. P. Turner Home, 801 Forest Avenue

GOOD ROADS FOR IOWA

The economy of a good road has every argument in its favor. The problem resolves itself, therefore, into a question of how to secure the desired improvement. Merely making a wish does not accomplish anything. Talk does not build a road or improve a street, except that talk helps to create a public sentiment favorable to the object in view. The way to start a thing always is "to start it," and with a little determination on the part of the individual it is not difficult to make a beginning. Dragging a dirt road by some method, no matter how crude, is better than nothing, so long as the road is made smoother and drier, and therefore more passable. It is a stepping stone to a better road. It is a good object lesson, and when the economy in time and money in having a road which is passable at all seasons of the year is better known and appreciated by the public in general we may hope for more rapid road reform. The question of the kind of road to be built is, of course, important to decide, and here is where a knowledge of conditions, of materials and of many other things comes in. It requires study of the best methods of road construction, and this knowledge can be acquired only through literature bearing on the subject, and by discussing ways and means with those who have a thorough, practical and scientific knowledge of road and street construction.

The B. A. Lockwood Home, 715 Prospect Boulevard

AUTOMOBILE DAMAGE TO ROADS

The prevailing belief that automobiles do considerable damage to the highways is asserted to be erroneous, or at least very much exaggerated, by a writer in *The Automobile* (New York, October 31). We read on the editorial page of this magazine:

"'Give a dog a bad name and hang him' has seldom been better exemplified than in the case of the accusation against the automobile in the matter of road damage. It must be conceded once and for all that the automobile does wear out the roads—the very best of roads—but whether it does so to anything like the extent that those road supervisors who can only view the matter through prejudiced eyes would have the rest of the world believe, is a horse of quite another color. But it has become quite the fashion to blame the automobile for anything and everything, from the spread of the gypsy moth to a falling off in church attendance, and so it is that on it falls the entire onus of utterly ruining roadways, which, it must be inferred, would otherwise last forever. Both the automobile and the road damage it does are new things, and, as a consequence, there has been too much of heated accusation on one hand, with retort in kind on the other, and far too little calm consideration to have made any progress possible.

"The road-builder and local taxpayer point with wrath to newly corrugated surfaces and disintegrated top dressings that bear the tell-tale imprint of pneumatic tires, and, in kindred spirit, the autoist resorts to the *tu-quoque* argument, calling attention to the road-destroying ruts made by narrow tires and holes dug by sharp iron hoofs. It is high time to recognize the fact that roads can not be used without wearing out, and everything passing over them contributes to the wear to some extent. But we have been accustomed to the unsightly and destructive ruts and holes of horse traffic ever since there has been such a thing as a road; the damage created by the automobile is something novel. Hence the pri-

The Mrs. W. E. Statler Home, Ingersoll Avenue

mal cause of the road's rapid disintegration is overlooked. Unfortunately, however, the automobile takes up the work where the horse leaves off, and, the evidences of its crime being so different, it is accused of being responsible for the entire damage. It does not take an expert road-builder to show the fallacy of such a theory, and any unbiased observer must admit that the automobile's share of damage does not exceed that of the horse. But a moment's consideration is necessary to show that the automobile has advanced the art of road-building and the spread of good roads more than any other single agency."

AWARDED PRIZES FOR ROAD BUILDING

A prize of $500 was awarded last month by the board of directors of the Ontario Motor League to the Township of Etobicoke, Ont., Can., for improvements on a mile of road extending west from the Humber river to Mimico creek. A second prize of $100 was also awarded to the township of Markham for the improvement of a mile of road running from the village of Markham. Additional prizes of $50 and $25 were also awarded to the supervisors in charge of the work on these roads. The awards were made on the recommendation of A. W. Campbell, Commissioner of Public Works, and chairman of the committee of judges.

TURKISH PUBLIC ROADS

Consul E. L. Harris, writing from Smyrna, describes the roadways of Asiatic Turkey and difficulties they present for motoring, as follows:

The public highways in this vilayet are in a bad condition. Generally speaking; road building in this part of Turkey is not in an advanced state, and but little attention is paid to it. Large appropriations are made from time to time by the government for the purpose of building highways in certain parts of the country. Good roads are often built with this money, but no appropriations are made to keep them in repair after they have once been laid out. Some twenty years ago a splendid road was built from Magnesia-on-the-Meander to Sokia. About

The Hervey M. Porter Home

the time this road was completed a branch of the Aidin Railroad was extended to the same point, running almost parallell with the highway. From the time the railroad was completed the public highway was permitted to fall into disuse, and now it is extremely difficult for even a camel caravan to use it. The recent floods in the Meander Valley have destroyed a good roadway which led from Aidin, a town in the center of the fig district of Asia Minor, across the plain to some of the finest orchards known in that region. It is feared by those interested in figs that the road will not be repaired in time, if at all, in order that this season's figs from that particular district may be moved as rapidly to market as has hitherto been the case.

The roads in the immediate vicinity of Smyrna are kept in a fairly good state of repair. This is more or less due to the initiative and energy of the British residents of Smyrna and the two suburban towns of Bournabat and Boudja. One enterprising Englishman practically built the road between Smyrna and Bournabat, a distance of five miles, and he gets the interest on the money invested and keeps up repairs by charging a toll on all vehicles which traverse the road. He is also the owner of the only automobile in Smyrna, a machine which he imported from Switzerland two years ago, but about the only place he can use it with any degree of enjoyment at least is on his own road between Smyrna and Bournabat. I am also informed that a second road is being built by him, in the same way, to connect the two suburban towns of Cordelio and Bournabat. It is therefore self-evident that the condition of the public roads in this part of Asia Minor will always militate against the use of the automobile in these parts, and it is extremely unlikely that this country will ever offer a market for these machines.

The general make-up of Turkish cities and towns also acts as an obstacle against the introduction of automobiles. The streets, apart from being narrow and winding, are paved with cobblestones and are extremely rough. This primitive pavement is gradually being replaced by flagstones, with which all principal streets are now being laid. Unfortunately the preparation of the roadbed prior to laying the flags is so insufficient that within six months a newly paved street is practically in need of repair. It is hardly to be hoped that conditions in the road and street line will soon change in Turkey.

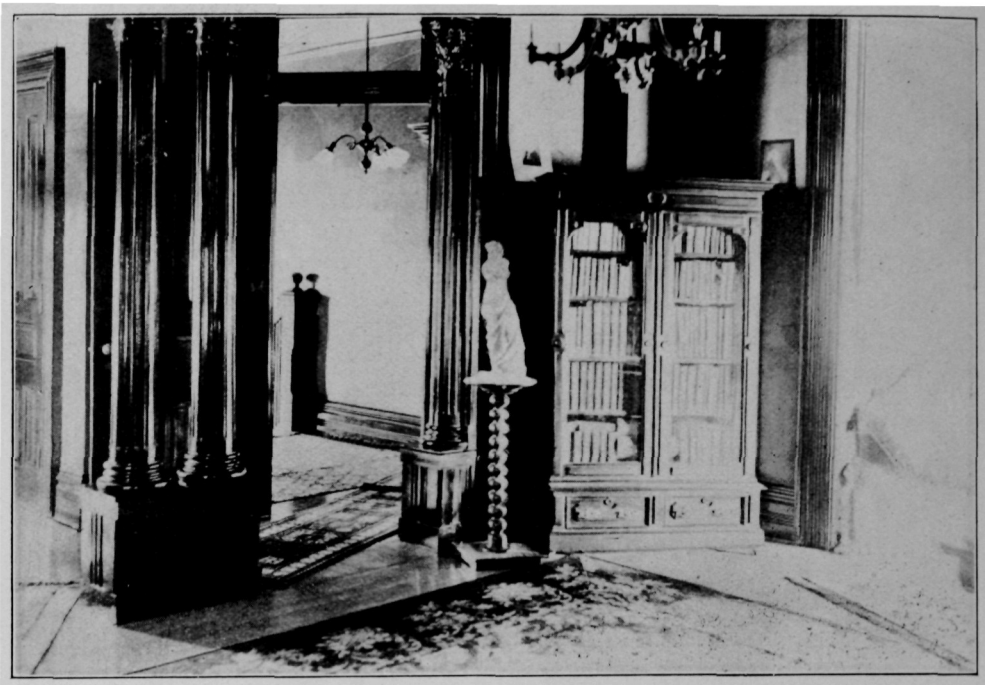
The I. M. Earle Home on Twenty Eighth Street

COMPETENT ROAD OFFICIALS SHOULD BE RETAINED

It is asserted that one of the principal causes for the poor construction of roads is that the tenure of office of highway commissioners is uncertain, and that in most cases the office goes to the candidate who secures the most votes. Politics, as we have often said, should in nowise be a factor when it comes to building roads or paving streets.

Improved road building is a new art, and a competent road builder, like a poet, is born, not made; and when his worth has been proved he should be kept in the office as long as he is efficient and keeps up with the march of progress in his line of work. So long as the office of highway commissioner is elective, the voters of a township should see that the best man is put in the office, and then re-elected. Much has lately been said in regard to making the office of highway commissioner appointive and strictly under civil service rules. Much can be said in favor of this plan, but until laws are changed, competent officials should be retained.

Interior in the I. M. Earle Home



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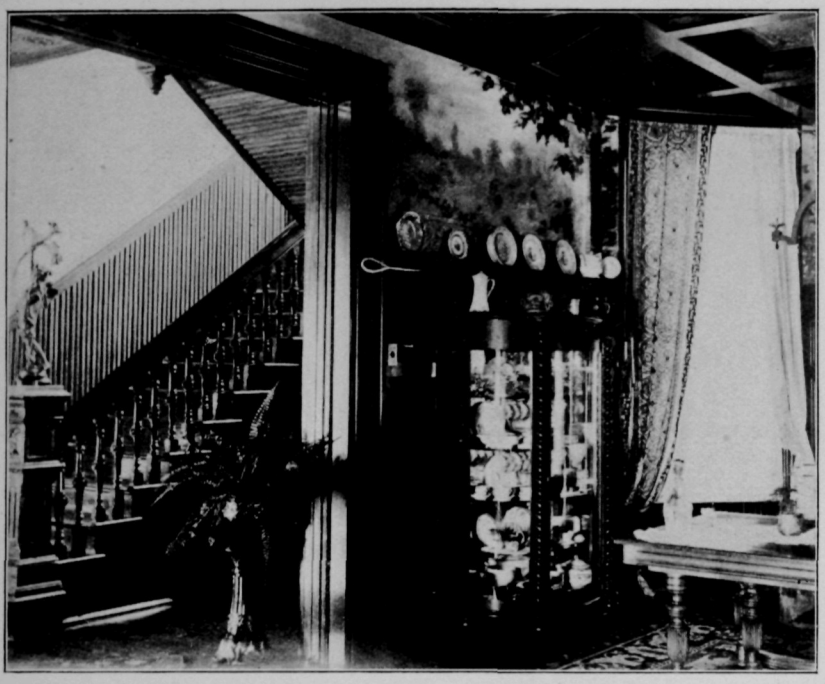
OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1908.

Besides being the most dignified body in the United States, the Senate is also, at times, the most misunderstood. One may hear almost any day, in the galleries, the inquiry, "Does he ever say anything?" varied by the further query, "Is he ever here?" This from the Washington visitor who has come far to be impressed by the Senate, and who looks in vain for the member he wishes most to see. He looks down on a skeletonized senate, and wonders at the empty seats. The explanation is, of course, that the great bulk of legislative work is done in committees. That is where bills are licked into shape or strangled like superfluous puppies. Many a bill that started out with fair prospect of becoming a law has died in committee. The committee rooms claim many of the senators at whose absence the gallery wonders.

Even when in their seats, there are many men in the senate and in the house also who are never heard in debate, many who never utter a word except to vote "aye" or "no." A member who is never heard on the floor may have great influence in shaping legislation in committee.

The senate is the greatest deliberative body in the world. More conservative, as a rule, than the house, it acts as a check on hasty legislation, and its judgments in the main are well balanced. Debate is now, as it has always been, without limit, and amendments are always in order. A senator can always talk a bill to death, as was done with the ship subsidy bill during the last congress. "The courtesy of the senate" is a tradition, and as a rule, kindly treatment and mutual respect prevail. One of our senators who seldom speaks is Senator Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, and yet he is a power in his party.



Interior in the I. M. Earle House

The chautauqua circuits seem to be a "primrose path" to fame and money, and this summer will see some new senatorial names on the program. Senators La Follette and Tillman have been most sought after and best paid. Senator Beveridge and Dolliver have had success. But among the new names are Senator Borah, who was in the public eye during the Haywood trial in Idaho; and Senator Burkett, another of the younger senators, who is looking toward the lecture field. It is a good way to get clear to the hearts of the people to come before these summer crowds.

Senator Tillman, who has been ill, will spend the summer in foreign travel and in rest. He is not likely to be in his seat again this season. In October Macgregor expects to be on his native heath, and on the stump for the Democratic ticket, unless his party should blunder at Denver. If Taft be named at Chicago, then he believes Bryan will be nominated and elected.

It was said—and as vigorously denied—that the administration was pleased with the position in which the Republicans of the house were placed the other day by Democratic filibustering.

However that may be, the President must have been delighted with the dispatch with which the senate early in the month disposed of the army appropriation bill. They spent $98,000,000 in just about ninety-eight minutes. Such speed in getting an appropriation bill through the senate has not been made in many years. Senator Warren, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, was in charge of the bill, and handled it with signal ability. The senate added nearly $15,000,000 to the bill as it came from the house, and the bill as passed provides for material increase in the pay of the army, including an average raise of 40 per cent for enlisted men. It was Senator Hale, an anti-administration Republican, who the day after the passage of the bill, protested against the policy of enlarging the military and naval forces out of all proportion to our actual needs, and without regard to the present or future condition of the treasury. The plea of course is that we should be prepared for any possible conflict, but he went on to point out that a future conflict of this country with any first-class power is practically impossible. He believed the army should be smaller instead of larger. Senator Hale was absent the day the bill was passed; otherwise it would not have

Interior in the I. M. Earle Home

passed as it did, without a single dissent.

When John Sharp Williams goes to the senate, who is going to say things like this in the house? It was when he was comparing Serena Payne, of New York, to Falstaff, and Mr. Williams was in his favorite attitude half way down the center aisle, with a hand on the desk on either side. "It was not quite parliamentary to speak of the tactics I am pursuing as 'puerile.' The gentleman did not intend to be offensive in the slightest degree. He thought he was being funny; and there is nothing funnier in the world than the gentleman from New York when he thinks he is being funny!" A moment later Mr. Williams paid his respects to Speaker Cannon: "If ever there was a man bestriding a situation of which he was afraid, and so much afraid that he fully deserved to be named after an Indian chief out West, 'Old-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horse,' it is the present speaker of the house at this moment.

This is the beauty of being the leader of the minority—one has everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Never were legislative conditions in the house more chaotic than at the present time. New leaders who do not lead, and who pose as leaders only because they bear letters of mark from the White House, rise in their seats to demand legislation, and the older and recognized leaders are angry and chagrined at being ignored. The President has, as always, intensified every situation, which is further complicated by the coming presidential campaign, and the fear on the part of members of doing anything that may jeopardize the Republican vote. This is why the bill for putting wood pulp on the free list. The pressure brought to bear by the newspaper interest was tremendous. But the "member" had other things to think of. This is the way one of them put the situation: "If we pass the wood pulp bill and enact no other tariff legislation, how are we to explain to our farming constituency or others in our districts who are anxious for tariff reductions, why we did something for one 'interest' and failed to do anything for the farmers or others who would be benefited?'

All hail the weekly press! Brilliant as is the daily press of the country, it must be that the editor of the weekly has more time to think of things to say. How else can we account for such a pen picture as this of Taft, which appeared in a Virginia newspaper recently?

"He is a tawny, sunburned, leonine

Interior in the I. M. Earle Home

giant with the hearty laugh of a Gloucester boatman; a learned and apostolic head with the story of a kindly life written in genial wrinkles on his face. He has a military mustache and a bull neck. His hands are broad and strong, with square, short fingers. He is a big, ageless man. In profile he looks enough like the American eagle to be the proud bird of freedom's twin brother." This is not nearly all of it, but one can fancy Secretary Taft swinging round in his office chair and laughing that big laugh of his.

Socially, the season is on the wane, though a genuine access of interest was given by the visit of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, with Mr. and Miss Ward, and their entertaining made one week almost as gay as the winter season. Here have been also Professor and Mrs. Bury, of Oxford, and the Governor General of Canada and Lady Grey, at the British Embassy. Col. Henry Watterson received a social ovation on his recent visit here. The newspapers, editorially, tendered him the freedom of the city. One great editor paid tribute to another when Mr. Watterson spoke at the Noyes memorial service. Crosby C. Noyes had spent the long years of his life in making the *Evening Star* what it is—an institution of the capital city. Other papers may come and go, but the Star is the rock of ages in the whirling sea of Washington journalism. It is proposed to place a statue of Mr. Noyes in the newly-completed District Building which has done so much, architecturally, for the south side of Pennsylvania avenue.

No one who does not live in Washington can realize how rapidly the city is developing into one of the great capitals of the world.

The commissioners have just asked congress for $21,000,000 for the purpose of buying land south of Pennsylvania avenue for public buildings, this purchase to be made by the Secretary of the Treasury under the direction of the President, at such prices as may be agreed upon with the owners of the land. Failing in this, the Attorney General will institute condemnation proceedings to acquire the land. The new District Building, a beautiful white marble structure, on the south side of the avenue, is an initial improvement. The Mall, extending from the capitol to the monument grounds, when finished, will be the glory of Washington. The memorial hall of the D. A. R. is at

its western terminus. The new agricultural building faces on the Mall. The projected Bureau of South American Republics, with architecture characteristic of those countries, is to be on the old Van Ness place, not far from the D. A. R. Memorial Hall. It is to be built on the site intended for the new George Washington University which will go elsewhere. Nearby is the Corcoran gallery. The state, war and navy department bulks big between the Mall and the avenue.

The Daughters of the Revolution have come and gone. Time was when Washington expected to be aroused by the turbulent sessions of the "Daughters," and they certainly were hard on the bit. But under the capable leadership of Mrs. Donald McLean, skilled parliamentarian, and unequalled presiding officer, the sessions are marked by good order and business dispatch, and the society stands for what it is, a loyal and beautiful expression of the flower of American womanhood.

The sun lies warm on Arlington Heights in these early spring days, bringing out the yellow tints in the walls of the old historic mansion that crowns the heights. The ivy that is green all winter, takes on new tones of a tenderer green; the roses that climb about the old "pleasaunce" are coming into leaf; down below the river runs blue to the sea, and beyond Washington, from the dome of the capitol to the white shaft of the monument, lies dreaming in the sun.

There is one fad that we have always with us in Washington and that is the occult. There are always hushed parlors where the Baptist may bab, to his heart's and hearers' content. Just now it is C. Jinarajadassa, a Hindoo from Ceylon, who is lecturing to us on "The Memory of Past Lives." "Not many persons in western lands," he says, "have direct memory of their past lives. In India all intelligent people know such a memory is not only possible, but is actually possessed by the great sages. Hindoo tradition is full of such recollection." The cosmopolitan society of Washington, literary, artistic, scientific, semi-scientific, restless and ever on the *qui vive* for a new sensation, is especially susceptible to this sort of message.

Lorraine

HOME

The evidence of wealth it may not show,
Yet those who live there ever know
That home exists not in the outward
parts,
But in the blend of human hearts.

Guest Room in the Col. Hedge Home

FOREST PLANTING ON THE NORTHERN PRAIRIES

Nowhere in the United States, perhaps, is the need of forest planting greater than on the prairies of Minnesota and the Dakotas, and nowhere is it more profitable for commercial return. Protection from wind and storm is essential for the well-being of the family, the stock, and the orchard. Indeed, in many cases it is the presence and shelter of belts of trees about the farm buildings, with their continuous supplies of fuel, that mark the distinction between the comfortable home and the one wherein comfort is lacking. Owners estimate the value of good groves, on an average, at $1,000 an acre, on the basis that their property, if placed upon the market, would be increased to that extent by the trees. Bankers and land agents take special note of thrifty groves, for they have learned that buyers are ready to pay for the protection and comfort of a grove. The effectiveness of the grove as a windbreak is determined largely by the number and kinds of trees planted and their relative positions.

When planting for direct profit is contemplated, inquiry becomes necessary into (1) the market, (2) the cost of production, and (3) the species planted. As a result of the absence of natural supplies, posts, poles, and fuel wood are shipped into this region from northern Minnesota at a freight rate of 10 cents a hundredweight, or about $3.50 a cord. This, with the original selling price and the dealer's profit, brings the local selling price up to from $7 to $11 a cord.

The value of the land is usually the largest item in the cost of producing a wood crop. Although the best soil will produce timber most rapidly, yet rough, sandy, or occasionally overflowed situations can also usually be utilized. In

Interior in the E. F. Bailey Home

Parlors in the Col. H. P. Hedge Home

Library in the Gov. Cummins Home

selecting a tree for commercial planting its hardiness in the climate and situation is most important. After that, rapidity of growth and the quality of wood, especially its suitability to serve local demands, are considered.

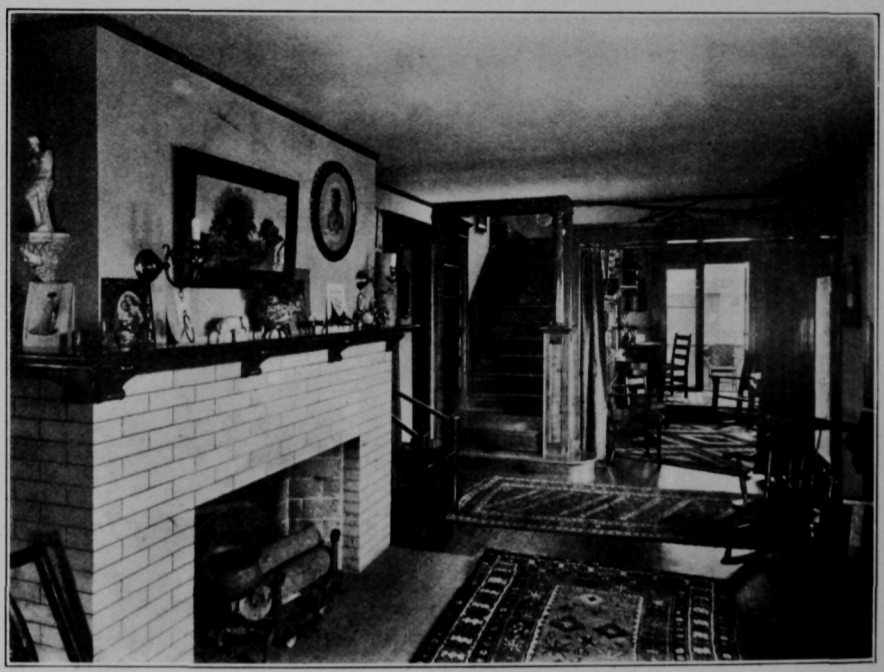
Cottonwood and white willow are profitable on the deep, porous soils of the river valleys. Seven cottonwood groves yielded in lumber and fuel an average annual net return per acre of $10.67, while eight groves of white willow gave products of posts and fuel equal to an average annual net return of $24 per acre. European larch and Scotch pine produce, respectively, an annual net return per acre of $11.93 and $13.35 when planted on upland, and would do even better in the river valleys. White spruce, Norway spruce, and western yellow pine are also adapted for planting for windbreak purposes. In species for park, lawn, and roadside planting, symmetry and gracefulness are important considerations.

Cuttings are usually used in establishing a plantation of willow or cottonwood. The expense is little or nothing. Seedlings of broadleaf trees are easily procured. Unfortunately, coniferous stock is expensive. Considering, however, their high protective value in the winter, and their ability to resist drought, heat, cold, storm, and snow pressure, and the quality of the wood produced, conifers have proved more desirable for permanent plantations than broadleafs.

The foregoing facts and other information and directions about planting are contained in a publication entitled "Forest Planting on the Northern Prairies," recently issued by the Forest Service. This publication can be had free upon application to the Forester at Washington.

Courtesy of Chase & West

Dining Room in the H. A. Rawson Home



Library in the Hervey M. Porter Home

Library in the W. H. Bailey Home

AUTO RUN BY HORSE POWER

The automobile is such a decidedly well known device that it seems remarkable, indeed, to learn of any person not familiar with its appearance and methods, but such a one was lately found in the depths of the pines of New Jersey, being one of the near-oldest inhabitants of that salubrious and scantly populated district. The story, as told by the Philadelphia Record, is that a widely known physician of the Quaker city, who has a bungalo in the "Pines," took his machine into that locality and there left it in charge of a youth who is a combination valet, chauffeur and factotum. After a few days spent in town the medical man discovered that he could scarcely return to the bungalow and telegraphed to his man to bring the machine up. In the mean time the latter had gone away, leaving bungalow and auto in charge of his father, the latter a venerable but unsophisticated personage, who read the telegram, and then, with much difficulty, attached a team of horses to the machine, drove to Camden, crossed the ferry, and arrived at the doctor's city residence amid the cheers and smiles of a crowd of city persons, who thought the whole thing a new advertising dodge of the first quality, much to the old man's embarrassment and not a little to the amusement of the owner of the machine.

Courtesy of Chase & West

Living Room of the Arthur Reynolds Home

Hall in the Geo. A. Boody Home

Library in the Genevieve Otis Home

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Have stood the test of being

The Best Brick on the Market for DURABILITY

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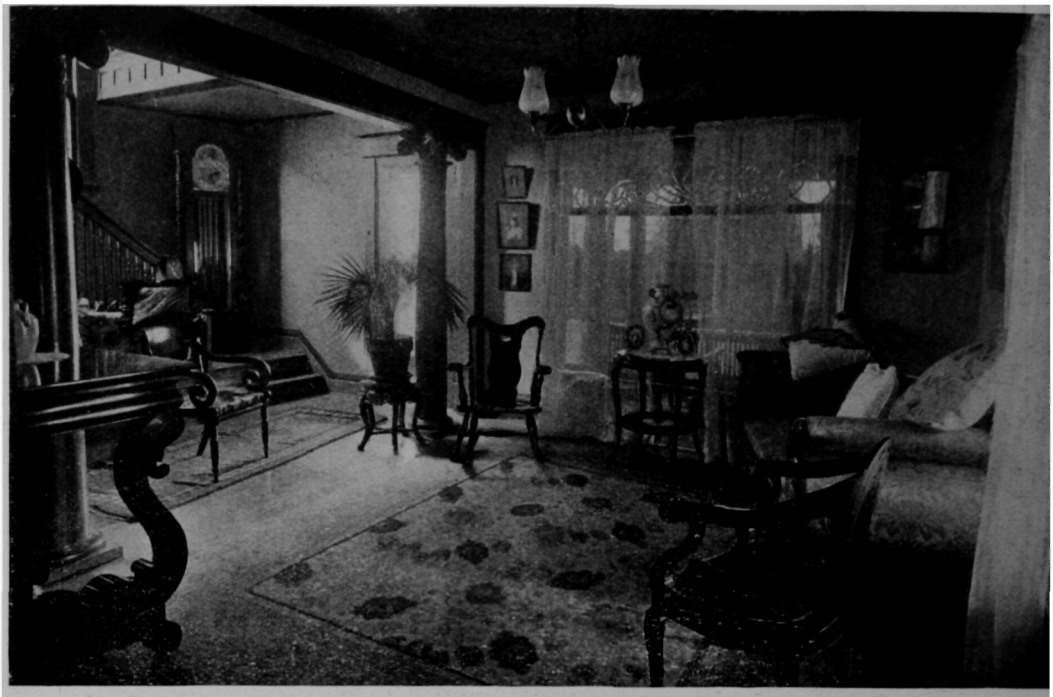

Parlors in the A. D. Struthers Home

Interior in the I. M. Earle Home

Library in the R. A. Crawford Home

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'TIS the Home of "Davidson's Good Furniture," the furniture found in Des Moines' most beautiful homes and in *most* Des Moines homes. It is the furniture, though better, costs no more than the other kind.

For Home, Office, Hotel and Institutions. Cash or Payments, as you prefer

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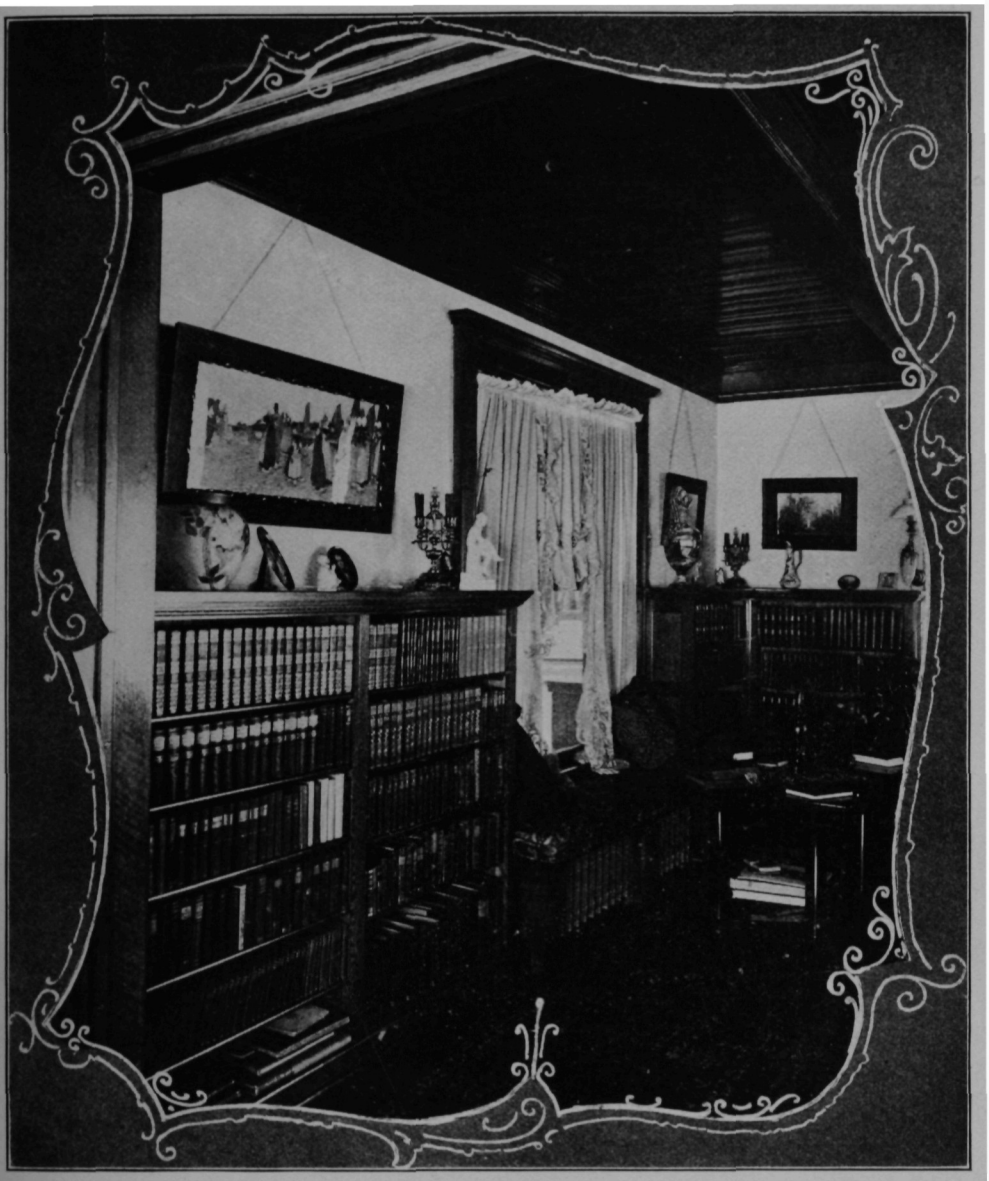
Dining Room in the Hervey M. Porter Home

Interior in the R. A. Crawford Home



Library in the Capt. Hedge Home

Bankers Life Association

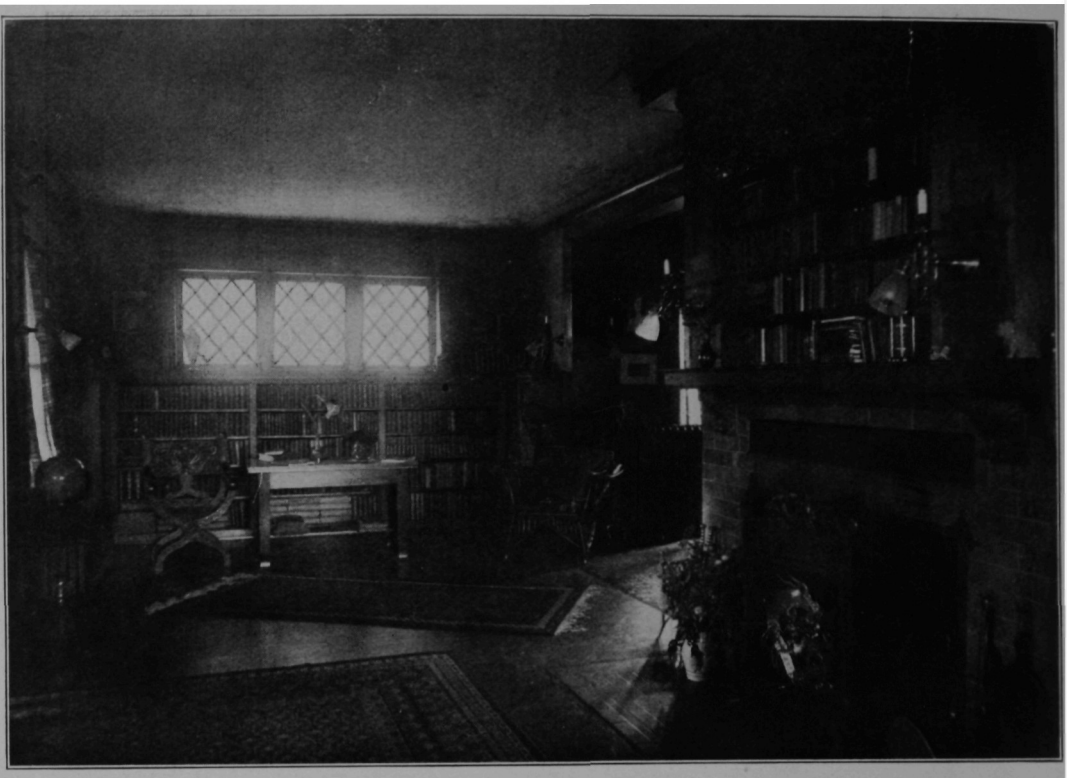
of Des Moines, Iowa

ORGANIZED JULY 1, 1879

Assets January 1, 1908	$ 11,736,775.76
Securities deposited with Iowa State Auditor	9,358,429.37
Insurance in force January 1, 1908	330,238,000.00

Cost of insurance per thousand at age 40 in 1907, $10.00

Other ages in proportion



Library in the Atkins-Weaver Home

Courtesy of Chase & West

Living Room in the D. W. Corley Home

The Oscar B. Frye Home on Franklin Avenue

FOR THE BRIDES

A STORE full of attractive things in all lines at all prices, but of one standard of quality—THE BEST. Any article, large or small, from PARRITT JEWELRY CO. is recognized at once as worthy of a place amongst the most *Treasured Gifts*, and for the prestige of our name we charge not one cent; in fact, our prices will be found below the average.

SPECIAL SHOWING OF CUT GLASS

With pride we call attention to our SPECIAL LINE of CUT GLASS. The largest, most complete and highest class line in this city, comprising large and small pieces and complete sets. *From $1.50 to $35.00*

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The Newest Patterns. All the best things of the *Leading Manufacturers* are in our line. Fancy and staple articles, Flat and Hollow ware.
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Our Engraving is of Characteristic Excellence.

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Combining beauty and reliability are the only kind we sell. Large and small. New designs.

Pickards Hand Painted China

Recognized as the Best.
Vases, Plates, Fancy Dishes.
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Largest Store *Largest Stock*
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Library in the Dr. E. E. Dorr Home

Drawing Room in the C. E. Rawson Home

ISN'T it about time to discard that old, clumsy solid bookcase, that never accommodated your books or space and buy a "Elastic" Bookcase; **Globe-Wernicke** *the kind that grow with your library, and that will fit any space.*

We carry a large assortment of styles and finishes in stock.

Call and see them or send for catalog.

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POST CARDS

A Complete and Attractive Line of Souvenir Post Cards. - Send 10c for samples

ENOS B. HUNT, Jr., Publisher.

610 Iowa Loan and Trust Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa

THE IOWA PROSPECT

Mr. J. G. Olmsted, of the firm of Bentley & Olmsted Company, the forepart of this week was in the north and eastern part of the state and he returns very much gratified over the progress the farmers have made with their spring work. He states that the acreage in oats seems larger than he has ever seen in this section of the state. A great deal of the corn is planted, the ground is in excellent condition, and the farmers all very busy cleaning up the rest of their spring work.

The pastures and meadows are also looking fine, the catch of clover is certainly exceptional. Mr. Olmsted feels that the prospect for a good year was never brighter in Iowa at this time of the season.

An attractive wagon in the Factory Day parade was that of the Harrah & Stewart Co. It was made out of hundreds of Little Polly brooms forming a pyramid, and occupied a prominent place in the procession.

The Great Harris-Emery Suit Room

Is the Best Place in Town

To buy all kinds of

Women's Ready-to-Wear Clothes

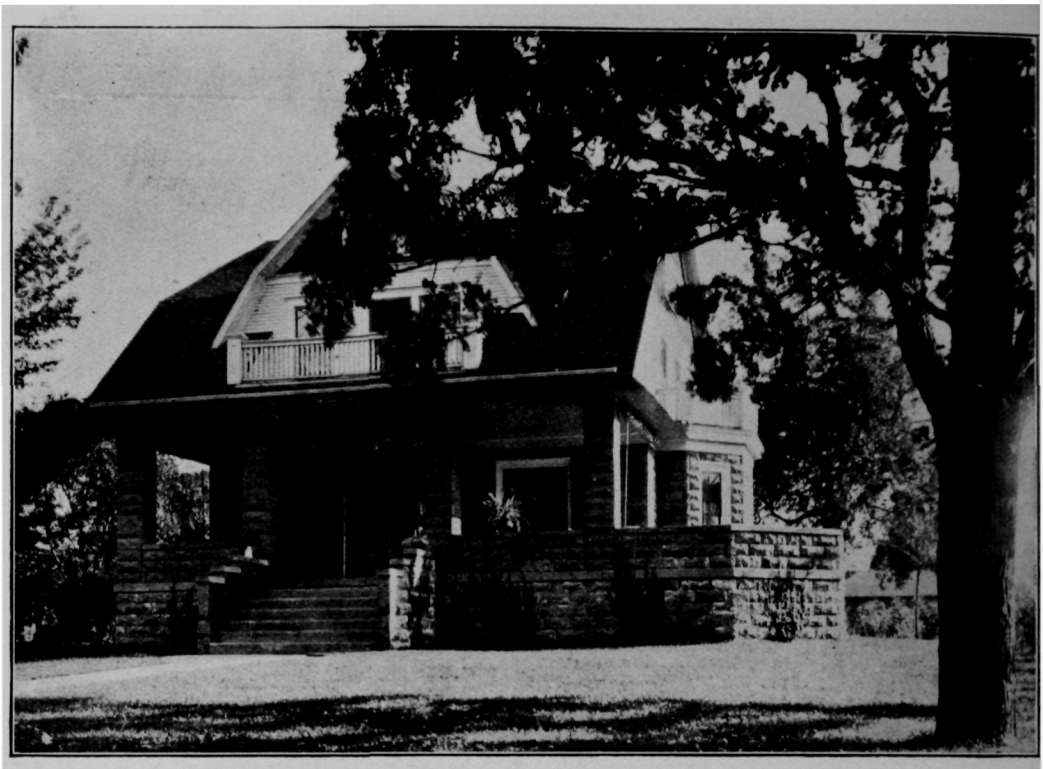
Harris-Emery Co.

PATTI'S

118 Sixth Avenue

Music 6 to 7:30 p. m. Schneider's Orchestra

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.



The E. F. Bailey Home

Frances Culbertson, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Culbertson

PRESIDENTIAL YEAR VS. BEAUTIFUL HOMES

No line of business furnishes such a splendid criterion of the financial temper of the people as the decorating, painting and wall paper business in a city. A great many people anticipated a very tight year in Des Moines on account of presidential election, but the contrary seems to be true. Geo. A. Boody, president of the Holland & New Company, informs us that their company has broken the record in the size of their pay roll for twenty-eight years and also in cash sales, which indicates very clearly that the people of Des Moines feel prosperous and are not affected by financial flurries. A few of the jobs the Holland & New Company are doing at this time would indicate that their business is having a splendid increase: Painting and decorating almost the entire interior of the Youngerman Block, Iowa Telephone Building, decorating and exterior painting of the J. M. Pierce home, Arthur Reynolds' home, Dr. Philpott's home, Dr. Frisbie's home and the Colonial Flats.

The constant growth of the Holland & New Company, which is at present the largest wall paper, paint and decorating house west of Chicago, seems to be due largely to the fact of what is generally known as the "Boody Merit Labor System," which enables every workman to participate on a co-operative basis in the prosperity of the concern.

At this time, which will last until the fifth of June, the Holland & New Company have inaugurated an all around 50 per cent discount sale which applies to every piece of wall hanging in the house. The home owners who are fortunate enough to have deferred their work until this time have a splendid opportunity to make big interest on their money, as this decorating company is absolutely selling the most beautiful imported and domestic parlors at $4.00, all hung, that were formerly selling at $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00, and they claim to do house painting that stays, and jobs that they guarantee for from 10 to 25 per cent less than any other reliable firm is able to do it, owing to the splendid system they have in handling labor, which is the essence of their contracts.

The Holland & New Company is composed of young men who are experts in their several departments, Geo. A. Boody being president and general manager; C. S. Craddock, secretary and store manager; Elwyn Walker, general retail sales manager; P. E. Taylor, office manager.

THE TRUE MODEL

A sculptor works in silence,
With maul and chisel in his hand;
In his thought he holds a model,
May be, in a foreign land.

A rough granite stands before him
With no outline on its face,
And the work of this sculptor artist
Is to bring out strength and grace.

Every mortal is a sculptor,
Modeling and chiselling out in thought
A perfect model in life's character,
As experience has taught.

If the model in this mortal thought
Has no blemishes or flaws,
We can bring out that perfection
Governed only by God's laws.

If we are living lives of goodness,
Thinking only thoughts of Love,
We are working on a model
Given to us from above.

Where He, the greatest Sculptor
Ever known to mortal man,
Has chiseled out the stars in heaven
And the ocean's span.

We must give up imperfect models
If we would outline beauty and grace,
And the beauty of the spiritual man
Is reflected in his face.

Every one is a living sculptor,
Working out some future plan,
And may the model in this mind
Develop more of that Christ man

Who is a perfect model
For all to follow in this life,
And in proportion as we follow
We are free from discord, strife.

—*B. A. Miller.*

FAIRBURN KURTY

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kurty

A STORY OF THE TORNADO AND THE FUNNY THINGS THEY WILL DO

A tornado of more than average severity started near Walston, Mo., and traveled in a northeasterly direction for about twenty miles, passing over a part of Page and Fremont counties of this state, and in its path there were many total destructions of all the farm buildings and their contents, besides a vast amount of live stock and machinery.

There were many curious freaks of the storm as told by responsible parties. A hog hide was found hanging on a tree where the hog had been as completely skinned as if done by an expert. Six large hogs weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, were carried six miles. A cook stove was dropped down unhurt, and they have not yet found where it came from. The harness was taken off a team without hurting the horses. A man, his wife and little girl were taken up and carried some distance, and laid down within two feet of one another, leaving them unconscious, but all three will recover. One man had his shoes taken off his feet. One family went into their cellar; their house was taken off from over their heads, and a mare that was in the barn was dropped into the same cellar unhurt. Two horses were carried over one-fourth mile and dropped down but little injured.

A person who has never visited the track of a storm could hardly believe the many stories told about the wonderful things they will do. Many were not insured at all, and many only partially insured. Some had permitted all or part of their insurance to lapse. The citizens adjacent to the track of the storm contributed more than $2,000 to the unfortunate ones, besides assisting them in many ways in erecting temporary shelter.

The great Iowa Mutual Tornado Insurance Asssociation, of this city, sustained about $3,300 in losses and they

MARJORIE ALDRED COPE
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cope

HENRY PLUMB WISEMAN
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Gould Wiseman

were all adjusted and paid in one week from the time of the storm. This association also paid over $2,000 in losses in Sioux, Lyon and Plymouth counties, and also sustained over $2,000 in losses in Humboldt and Wright, and many losses in Muscatine, Louisa, Dubuque, Delaware, Clinton and Jones counties, in all about $8,000 or $10,000. This amount of losses does not amount to much for such a large association, as they still have a good surplus of over $65,000 to pay future losses.

The association is making a wonderful growth now. The secretary, J. B. Herriman, informs us that he received 225 applications in one day. People are fast beginning to appreciate the benefits of this great organization, that is conducted at an actual cost.

HOW TO CARE FOR FURNITURE

Compiled by Philip Oster of Davidson Bros.

To clean and revive the finish of polished furniture wash it with Ivory soap and dry with soft cloth. Then apply "Davidson's Private Brand" Furniture Polish as per directions on bottle.

To preserve and lengthen the life of leather upholstering, rub thoroughly with sweet oil. After an hour rub oil off and dry with clean soft cloth. Do this at least once a year.

To clean fabric upholstering, rub with a soft cloth, saturated with gasoline and follow with soft dry cloth. If stains are old and hard to remove use mixture of gasoline and chloroform.

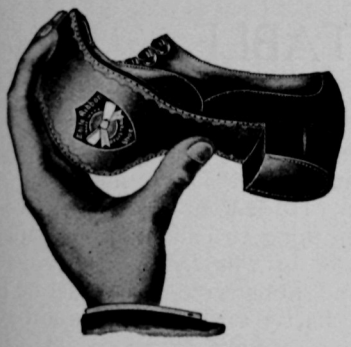
To clean brass bedsteads and brass parts of iron beds, etc., use soft water and castile soap, never any metal polish.

Wash parts thoroughly and dry and polish with chamois skin. This will revive the lustre of the lacquer and give a bright polish.

To remove soot, stains, etc., from portiers, couch covers, etc., and brighten the colors, take a loaf of rye bread, remove the soft, inner part and work into a putty. Stretch article to be celaned over table and rub briskly with this bread putty. The bread will take up all the dirt and smoke.

Harry R. Murrison, the well-known bass-baritone, who for three years has been a student of the famous basso and teacher, Dr. Carl E. Dufft, of New York City, and who is spending the summer in Des Moines, will sing the role of Raphael in the production of the oratorio, "The Creation," at the dedicatory concert of the First Methodist Church, June 28th. The concert will be given under the direction of F. V. Evans. Mr. Murrison will return to New York City in the fall to resume his connections with Dr. Dufft and also with the First Baptist Church at Mount Vernon, N. Y., where he held the position as soloist prior to his coming west this summer.

VIRGINIA LOWREY
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Dreever Lowrey



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White Ribbon
Shoes
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This Trade Mark is on the bottom of every pair of White Ribbon Shoes.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

BECAUSE every pair sold donates 5 cents to the White Ribbon Society!
BECAUSE your Society needs the money!
BECAUSE our motive is co-operative!
BECAUSE they are High-Grade, comfortable shoes!
BECAUSE it costs your society nothing whatever!
BECAUSE the plan has been officially endorsed and recognized by the White Ribbon Societies!

THE PLAN! A coupon similar to this one is sewed upon the inside of every pair of White Ribbon shoes. This is removed by the dealer when the shoes are sold. These coupons are gathered periodically by someone appointed by the White Ribbon Society and ultimately redeemed by us at the rate of 5 cents each, such money going to the Societies. For further particulars consult your dealer or write us.

White Ribbon Shoe Company,

Fort Dodge, Iowa

WILLIAM WELLS PHILIPS
Son of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Philips

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

Some of the most successful of recent plays have acquired their names by judicious "borrowing." "The Great Divide" was the title of a short story by Alice Ames Winter that appeared in *The Reader Magazine* in November, 1905, more than a year before Mr. Moody's American drama was heard of. Of course the play had no resemblance to the story. George Broadhurst's political comedy, "The Man of the Hour," was antedated many months by Octave Thanet's strong American novel of the same name. The title of that author's latest book, "The Lion's Share," proved so excellent commercially, that the publishers sought to have it trade-marked, but without success, the government holding that a book title could not be regarded as an exclusive label.

The story of *The Delineator* Child-Rescue Campaign is a simple one. The president of The Butterick Publishing Company wanted to do something for children. He has an idea that it would be a fine thing to endow an orphanage. The editor of *The Delineator* disagreed with him. Some time in the past he had heard a charity worker talk of a different method of caring for orphans. He sent out to Homer Folks, to Dr. Hastings Hart and to various other experts in child-rescue work and became convinced that the place for the normal homeless child was in a home wherever hearts were warm enough to welcome him. Gradually from the information accumulated was evolved the Child-Rescue Campaign. The editors of *The Delineator* have been working upon the campaign since last August and they are still learning.

In the six months of its Child-Rescue Campaign *The Delineator* has accomplished certain results. It is now in touch with forty-five agencies for placing

children. It is in correspondence with twelve hundred institutions caring for children. It has been surprised to find that a number of these institutions are ready and willing to surrender dependent children to good homes, believing this to be the better method of caring for them, and it is connecting such institutions with agencies such as Dr. Hart's. It has facilitated the placing of several hundred children in good homes. It has brought together and crystalized the best thought of the country upon this subject and presented it in readable form to the laity—the public which knows nothing of this form of work but which is ready and eager to hear of it. Who can measure the results of such education? It has held itself ready to consider any suggestion, and criticism that is offered, sacrificing much valuable copy, from the magazine standpoint, in the interests of the children.

It intends to go on as fast as wisdom permits, in close connection with the most advanced thinkers upon the subject, and it sincerely believes that the publicity given to this most important work will result ultimately in incalculable good to the children's cause.

A new edition of "The Heart of Lynn," by Mary Stewart Cutting, whose novel, "The Wayfarers," is now running in a leading magazine, will be issued shorly by the Lippincotts. When "The Heart of Lynn" was first published a few years ago, it was at once recognized as the work of an exceedingly clever writer, whose future would be watched with interest.

"The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century," is an interesting by-product of literary scholarship, dealing with the books published in England during the eighteenth century which either directly or indirectly were shaped or colored by Oriental influences. This includes not only such fiction as "Vathek," but also Goldsmith's "The Citizen of the World." It is Miss Conant's opinion that the vogue of eastern tales was an expression of the same tendency which at one time deluged England with Chinese house-furnishings, and led to all sorts of grotesque and extravagant architecture in imitation of the Chinese. She calls the "Arabian Nights" the fairy godmother of the English novel.

Mrs. Ralph Read and little son William Lewis Read

Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay in the May *Woman's Home Companion* assert that Hearticulture is an exact science, and they give cultural directions for the use of lovers, young and old. Every one can imagine how delightfully Oliver Herford could describe such strange flowers as Aprilfoolia, the Valentine Plant, the Hope Vine, and Gossip Weed. The illustrations of these unique plants are in color.

That there is still a large audience for wholesome fiction is evidenced by the steady and increasing demand for "Marcia Schuyler," by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, a second edition of which has just been issued.

The story chronicled in Edith Macvane's latest novel, "The Duchess of Dreams," which deals with life at Newport, is founded on a successful hoax played off by a certain well-known American society leader a short time ago, and it is more than possible that the well-informed may be able to place the original of the imitation princess—the heroine of the story.

RANALD M. MacKINNON
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilger E. MacKinnon

"The Sentimental Adventures of Jimmy Bulstrode," by Marie Van Vorst, just published by the *Scribner's*, has for its hero a character whose attractive and likable personality gives the book a rare charm. He is good-natured, kind-hearted and generous to friend, enemy or beggar, and these traits of character, coupled with unlimited wealth, lead him into many adventures often sentimental and always amusing. Back of his easy nature is the chivalry and courtesy of a gentleman in the finest sense of the word, and he is always a strong, fine, and delightfully original character.

In "Old Mr. Davenant's Money," the author of "The House on the Hudson" has written a mystery story of an even more surprising quality than the most successful book. As one critic said: "Unlike most tales of mystery in which the mystery itself is duly explained and made clear in cold type, the mystery of this book is solved by the reader, who is able to unravel it only by vague, half-defined, veiled utterances. But unravel it he does, even though the little heroine herself is unconscious and unsuspicious of the tragedy which is being enacted before her very eyes." It is indeed a capital story and one particularly good for summer reading.

Nearly all the lives of Mozart have been written by German authors, so a life of this composer by a Frenchman has a special interest of its own. There has been recently issued an edition of a Biography of Mozart, by Victor Wilder, the French writer and critic, which is based on authentic documents and other sources, and tells the story of his life as a man and an artist with characteristic French vivacity and charm. A very interesting feature of the book is a collec-

tion of twenty-three portraits and facsimiles which include many portraits of Mozart only before accessible as separate prints, some of them being now scarce and curious. Another valuable feature is the comprehensive bibliography of Mozart Literature, both English and foreign, and a list of his compositions, published and unpublished. The book is in two volumes and very attractively made up.

"Marie de Medicis and the French Court in the XVII Century," translated from the French of Louis Batiffol, by Mary King, has just been brought out in this country. In his preface the author says: "The particular endeavor of this volume is not to present the complete 'psychology' of Marie de Medics—a task for which there were required consideration of the Queen's Public life and of her latter history, after her fall from power in 1617. As its title shows, this work aims at presenting the picture of a French Queen in her Court, between the years 1600 and 1617, when Marie de Medics was Queen and Queen-Regent—a period of particular interest, because one in which a new dynasty, but recently emergent from the throes of civil war, had not yet suffered the fate which merges the individuality of princes in the general chill artificiality of Courts and courtly etiquette." The book is a most picturesque and entertaining study of characters and manners. It is finely illustrated.

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CENTROPOLIS HOTEL

The Handy Place---where you get good Beds, Home Cooking & Reasonable Rates.

CENTROPOLIS HOTEL, COLFAX, IOWA

THE MIDWESTERN FOR MAY

is on sale at the news stands. It is an exceptionally fine number and contains an illustrated article about Fort Des Moines and the Second cavalry, which has received the highest commendation from the press and from individuals.—*Plain Talk.*

We are grateful for the above mention from the editor of *Plain Talk*, a successful weekly journal, well edited and ably managed, and with a host of fast friends in Des Moines and Iowa.

Are You a Subscriber to The Midwestern?

The house of which the above is a picture taken after the tornado of April 23d, stood near the Minnesota line in Lyon county and stood just at the edge of the track of the storm. As you see the porches and chimneys were taken off entirely and the front taken out of the house and every bit of furniture in this room taken out, except a dresser and the back of that was taken off and the contents of all the drawers and not an article of furniture ever seen again. The loss to tenant and owner of the buildings, live stock and machinery was over $4,000, with about one-half that amount of insurance. A large drove of cattle were picked up and carried over eighty rods and only a few of them hurt.

WHEN YOU BUY A PACKAGE OF

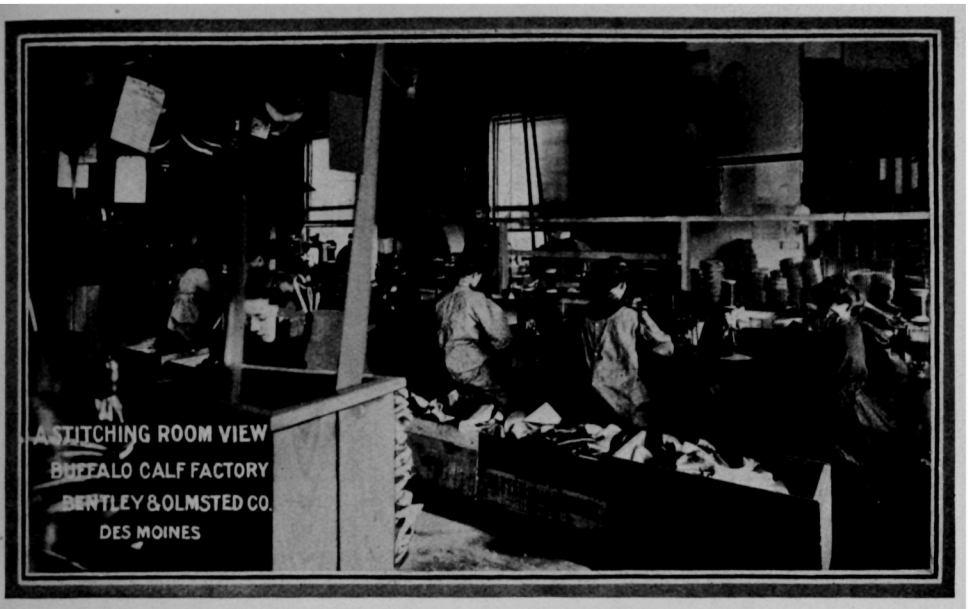
Meadow Gold Butter

You have the satisfaction of knowing that it is absolutely pure. The cream from which this butter is made is heated to a temperature of 180 degrees Fahrenheit. We invite you to inspect our creamery at any time.

We manufacture more butter than any other creamery in the United States east of the Missouri River.

BEATRICE CREAMERY CO.

SECOND AND VINE STREETS



Our "BUFFALO CALF" FACTORY is busy
Making "Buffalo Calf" Shoes for the Man who Works
BENTLEY & OLMSTED CO. Makers of "Better than Others" Shoes **DES MOINES, IOWA**

PRES. GEO. E. MacLEAN
Of the Iowa State University

A NOTABLE EVENT

President George E. MacLean, of the Iowa State University, delighted the D. A. R.'s on the afternoon of May 10th with a brilliant paper on the topics, "The Revolution of Yesterday and Today." The meeting was held in the home of Mrs. Lew J. Slye. President MacLean was introduced by Mrs. J. W. Cokenower. An enthusiastic audience listened to Dr. MacLean and his visit will be long remembered by those who were present. Judge Weaver, of Colfax, is the next speaker upon the program.

OUR COVER PICTURE

The darling child on our cover this month is the little daughter of Prof. J. W. and Mrs. Atchley, of East Des Moines, Mildred Atchley, aged four years. The photograph is artistic in the extreme and is the work of F. W. Webster, the artist photographer of Des Moines, at 312 Sixth street.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

"BEST BY TEST"

Calumet Baking Powder

RECEIVED

Highest Award

World's Pure Food Exposition

Chicago, November, 1907

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

It means that a standard for baking powder has been established and CALUMET has set the standard for the world.

It means that CALUMET makes the purest and best food in the world.

It means that CALUMET is the best baking powder in every particular in the world.

PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT

LOCATE THE CASEIN IN MILK

A simple and speedy method of determining the quantity of casein in milk, which bears the same relation to the cheese industry of the state that the determination of fat by the Babcock test does to the butter making, has been devised and perfected by Prof. E. B. Hart, of the department of agricultural chemistry of the University of Wisconsin.

TEA DRINKING

Dr. W. Scott Tebb, Public Analyst to the Borough of Southwork, England, says his people drink far too much tea. He calculates that each person in Great Britain, on an average, takes a daily dose of 3.6 grains of alkaloid and 9.7 grains of tannin. This means that the average tea drinker takes half as much alkaloid and nearly as much tannin as the maximum allowed by the British pharmacopeia for an occasional dose. And of course many thousands of people drink a great deal more than the average dose.

"Over infused" tea is the chief danger, Dr. Tebb points out that the question has been raised in Ireland whether the excessive drinking of strongly infused tea has not had something to do with the increase of insanity in that country.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

When one considers that good health is a blessing above price, and that good health depends in a great measure on what is taken into the stomach, that which rebuilds and strengthens the tissues and gives force to the nerve fiber, surely the person who furnishes good food in abundance is in his way a public benefactor.

Thousands of men and women in Des Moines are obliged to eat down town at least once a day. How to find a place where home cooking is served is in all cities a problem, but the problem is solved when one enters the doors of the Boston Lunch. Here everything is clean, fresh and inviting, and the cooking just like the best home made things. Only the best material is used. Every taste can be gratified by the variety of dishes served. The coffee is the best in town.

Open day and night. 310 Sixth Ave., and East Fifth.

DRUGS IN FOOD

If in Doubt Read the Following.

At a hearing before the Committee on Public Health, of the Massachusetts Legislature, on a bill designed to prevent the wholesale drugging of the public, the following eminent Boston physicians testified against the healthfulness of Rochelle Salts, and strongly recommended the passage of a law which would prohibit the sale of those Cream of Tartar Baking Powders which leave this dangerous drug in the food:
Dr. Hartung, Dr. C. O. Kepler, Dr. F. B. Foster, Dr. G. M. Palmer.

The average consumer of baking powder does not know that a reaction occurs in the process of baking. When a chemical reaction takes place the nature of the original material is entirely changed, so that the substances which remain in the food to be eaten are very different from those which compose the baking powder before baking. For this reason the statement that a baking powder contains Alum or Cream of Tartar is worthless so far as informing the consumer as to what he eats. What the consumer wants to know is what goes into his stomach; not what is in the can. The much advertised Cream of Tartar Trust powders are of such composition as to leave large quantities of Rochelle Salts in the food. They have never denied this; they dare not deny it. Why be induced by their clever advertising to buy their brands and pay 45 to 50 cents a pound for a baking powder that leaves in the food a medicine that should be taken only by the physician' directions? The finest baking powder in the world can be made for 25 cents a pound.

There is a high grade baking powder on the market that is sold at a moderate price, and one that leaves the food free from Rochelle Salts, Alum, or any injurious substance. The Calumet Baking Powder Company guarantees this to the consumers, and it is well to avoid all baking powder that cannot make this statement. In view of the purity and healthfulness of Calumet Baking Powder it is recommended by the leading physicians and chemists of the country.

The Kansas State Board of Health in Bulletin No. 1 reports Calumet Baking

You will find everything

First-Class

DELICIOUSLY COOKED

And

Elegantly Served

at the

Kirkwood Cafe

S. W. Cor. 4th and Walnut

Dinner Parties

Given Special attention

M. KANE, *Pres.*
T. E. VEITCH, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

Mutual 132 *Iowa 1801*

Powder to have 12.41 per cent leavening gas; about 1 per cent more gas than any other high grade Powder, and about 50 per cent more gas than the cheap powders.

IN MEMORY

REV. DR. J. A. WIRT

No more sudden shock has ever come to the people of Des Moines and Iowa than the news of the death of Dr. Wirt, beloved pastor of the Lutheran Church in Des Moines. The removal of the spiritual father from his flock is one of the saddest things known to human hearts. The ties of love between people and pastor are those of child and parent. Dr. Wirt had been in charge of his pastorate fifteen years. He had baptized the children, performed the marriage service for the young couples, ministered in times of illness and grief, closed the eyes of dying and lifted up the suffering and sorrowing in the arms of prayer to a loving All-Father. Of a singularly sweet and noble nature, he made dear and personal friends of his people. He was capable in every sense that goes to the making of a successful pastor. In his death the entire community suffers a serious loss. His fine manliness made him a valuable feature in our civic life.

MRS. B. F. KAUFFMAN

A sweet woman, brave and sunny and hopeful, understanding well the true meaning of life, and eagerly contending for the higher and more beautiful things intended for us all from the beginning of things—a devoted and faithful friend and a wise and beautiful mother to her children—this was Mrs. Kauffman, whose death brought tears to many eyes in this city. Her charm of person was united to the most sterling qualities of character. It was a privilege to know her and to love her. For her dear ones the sympathy of a host of warm friends is extended.

HOLLIS ALLEN RAWSON, JR.

There are times in the history of all human beings when life seems a mockery, when the perpetual question recurs, "What is it all for and worth." Just the other morning in a cottage home, where only joy had radiated, there was the silence of death. Outside the world sang in the rapture of May. Blue skies leaned over in a benediction. Drifts of blossoming trees filled the world with fragrance. And in the sunlit room, with dimpled hands folded and long lashes falling as in sleep, the boy—only a baby—lay still and unsmiling, never to lift his face again for the kiss of those who loved him. In the presence of such a grief, even the great aims of life seem small and poor. And the sudden stilling of a child's voice, of the patter of small feet, the clinging of baby fingers—all that wonderful appeal to the divinest emotions of the human heart lost from one's life—these things stir the deepest places in the soul and the storm of sorrow leaves even the strongest shattered and desolate. Allen was a beautiful child, with every promise of splendid manhood. He was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rawson. Mrs. Rawson is the only child of Governor and Mrs. A. B. Cummins. Sympathizing friends from all over Iowa have felt this grief to be their own

Terms Open Sep. 1, Oct. 14, Nov. 24, '08 and Jan. 4, '09

A Standard College that comes just a little nearer meeting the demands of modern education than any other College in the country.

THE FOLLOWING REGULAR COURSES MAINTAINED

1 College	11 Pharmacy
2 Scientific	12 Music
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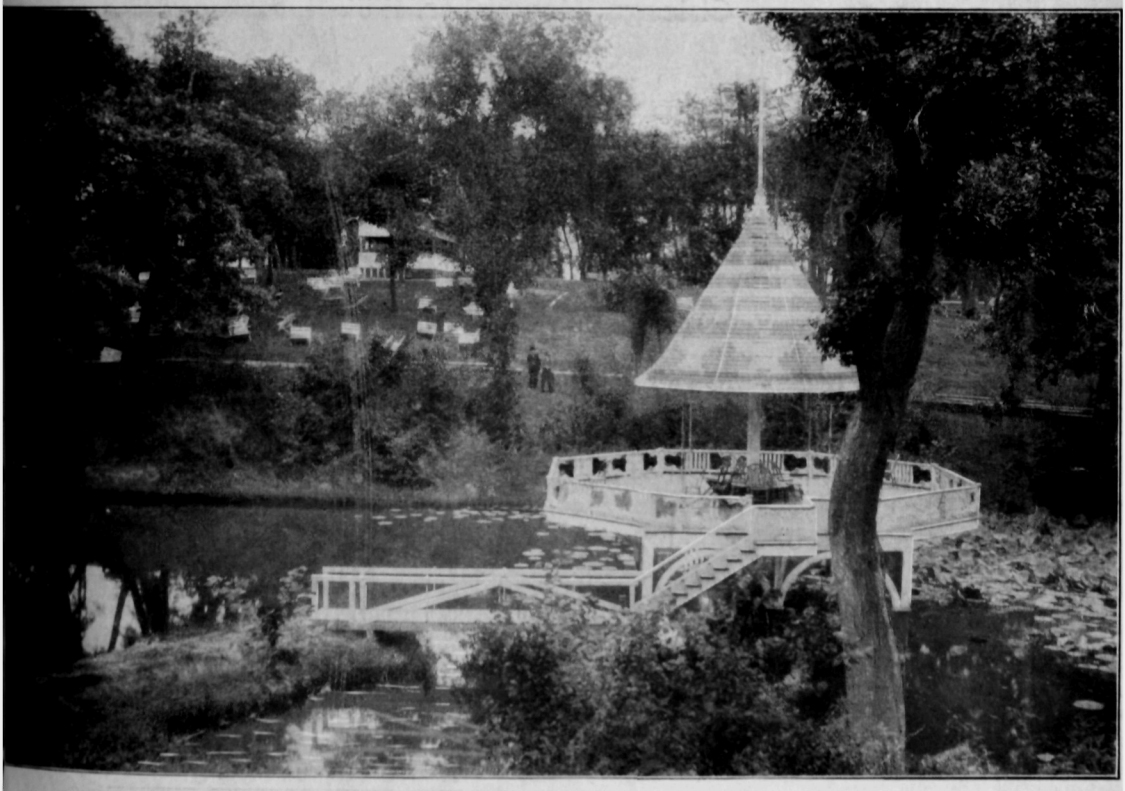
9 Machinists' Course	19 Summer School
10 Telephone Engineering	20 Home Study

Instructions given in all branches by correspondence. Board $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per week. Tuition in College Normal and Commercial Courses, $15.00 a quarter. All expenses three months $48.40; six months $91.11, nine months $132.40. School all year. Enter any time. 2000 students annually. Catalog free. Mention course you are interested in and state whether you wish resident or correspondence work.

Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

COULDN'T DO WITHOUT IT

"I couldn't get along without the Boston Lunch," a prominent business man was heard to say recently. There are many others who feel the same way. Among the down-town business men, as well as among the shoppers and interurban visitors, the Boston Lunch has become a necessity and its popularity grows with every month in the year. New dishes are being added until now there is hardly a luncheon dish that can be named which is not to be had there. The great advantage of getting something palatable at any hour of the day or night is greatly appreciated in Des Moines. The variety of dishes is so great that one does not grow tired of eating the same thing repeatedly. Cool, clean and quick service, home-made bread, cake and pies, moderate charges—all these things combine to make the Boston Lunch the most popular eating place in town. West Sixth Ave. and East Fifth street.



Band Stand in the Lake, Union Park

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

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Highest Award

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It means that CALUMET makes the purest and best food in the world.

It means that CALUMET is the best baking powder in every particular in the world.

PURE FOOD

"JUST-AS-GOOD FOODS"

Thus the jobber's private brand covers a multitude of evils. It is a medium of disposing of nearly everything good or bad which otherwise would go to waste.

He places the "just as good" foods to the retailer at alluring prices, on which he can realize big profits, and so the retailer canot resist the temptation of handling these substitutions, and besides, the retailer is generally so much in debt to the jobber through the remarkable credit system the jobber has instituted, that it would be nearly impossible to break away from him, even if he found it possible to buy from the manufacturer direct.

How to tell private brand foods? Why it is the easiest thing in the world. Every intelligent consumer is pretty familiar with all the standard brands, and whenever a brand is offered which he is not familiar with, the chances are that it is a "private brand" product put out by some jobber. Any time a retailer offers you something as "just-as-good" you may feel sure that it is a private brand product. The labels of private brands will usually bear such lettering as "Prepared for," "Manufactured for," or 'Sold by" such and such a retail or wholesale firm, or probably the bold lettering "Our own private brand."

BAKING ECONOMY

By the use of perfect baking powder the housewife can derive as much economy as from any other article used in baking and cooking. In selecting a baking powder, therefore, care should be exercised to purchase one that retains its original strength and always remains the same, thus making the food sweet and wholesome and producing sufficient leavening gas to make the baking light.

Very little of this leavening gas is produced by the cheap baking powders, making it necessary to use double the quantity ordinarily required to secure good results.

You cannot experiment every time you make a cake or biscuits, or test the strength of your baking powder to find out how much of it you should use; yet with most baking powders you should do this, for they are put together so carelessly they are never uniform, the quality and strength varying with each can purchased.

Calumet Baking Powder is made of chemically pure ingredients of tested strength. Experienced chemists put it up. The proportions of the different materials remain always the same. Sealed in air-tight cans Calumet Baking Powder does not alter in strength and is not affected by atmospheric changes.

In using Calumet you are bound to have uniform bread, cake or biscuits, as Calumet does not contain any cheap, useless or adulterating ingredients so commonly used to increase the weight. Further, it produces pure, wholesome food and is a baking powder of rare merit; therefore, is recommended by leading physicians and chemists. It complies with all pure food laws, both state and national. The goods are moderate in price, and any lady purchasing Calumet from her grocer, if not satisfied with it can return it and have her money refunded.

When in Colfax stop at the

CENTROPOLIS HOTEL

The Handy Place---where you get good Beds, Home Cooking & Reasonable Rates.

CENTROPOLIS HOTEL, COLFAX, IOWA

PATTI'S

118 Sixth Avenue

Music 6 to 7:30 p. m. Schneider's Orchestra

Lawrence Drug Co.

Cor. Sixth and Locust Sts

Everything in the Drug Line

Prescriptions Carefully Filled

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Has also made itself famous all over the world because it is *Clean and Pure*. It is stored in refrigerating rooms for months, until it is well fermented, before it is shipped, making it the most healthful beer on the market to drink. **It does not make you bilious** like green beer does. Try it.

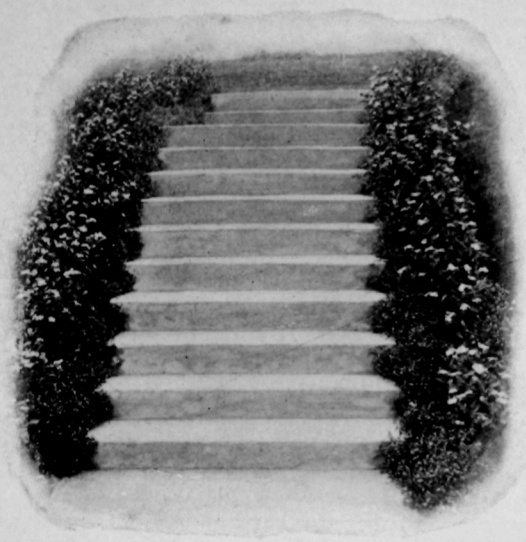
JOHN WEBER, Jr.

DEALER

416 Locust St. **Des Moines, Iowa**

Iowa 53 **Mutual 28**

Thompson Place, First Frame House Erected in Polk Co., Union Park



THE MIDWESTERN

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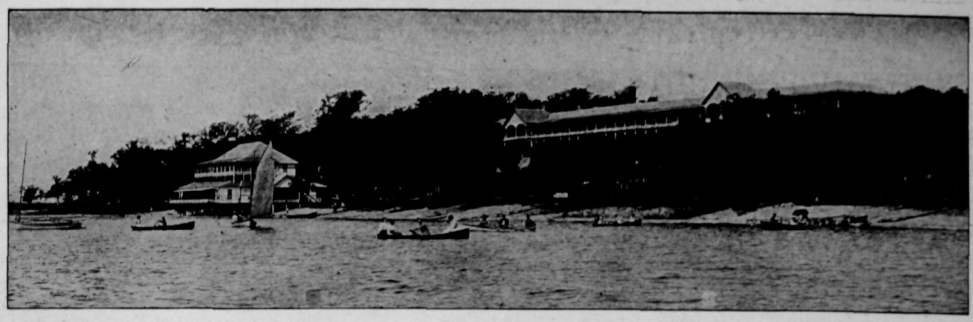


THE INN, OKOBOJI LAKE, IOWA

The Most Popular Summer Hotel in Iowa. - Always Cool. - Fine Cuisine.

Terms Moderate.

THE S. T. CALLENDAR CO., Okoboji Lake, Iowa

Scene in Greenwood Park

Standard and Popular Music

For Voice, Piano, Violin and Other Instruments

All Studies and Methods used by Teacher and Student are carried in stock at all times.

Mail Orders a Specialty. **HOWARD MUSIC HOUSE, 611 Locust St.**

WITH THE EDITOR

To us, in the Middle West, the long warm days of midsummer have come. Iowa people with all their wealth are pretty good stay-at-homes even in midsummer. Certainly nothing could be more beautiful than every spot in the garden center of America, at this time of year.

Among the beautiful things in Des Moines, nothing is lovelier than our city parks in midsummer. Easily accessible by street car rides, everybody can visit these cool shady retreats. Our debt of gratitude to the Park Board for so wisely planning for our comfort can never be paid. Their duty was a serious one, involvolving the comfort of thousands, and it has been well performed. No city of like size in America has a finer park system than has Des Moines. The great pity is that our park board could not have been continued under our new form of government, that they might have carried out their plans made for the future.

Everybody is enjoying our travel article by Dr. Linn. There will be one more installment, when the articles are to be gathered into a booklet.

The "Public Utilities" department is sure to attract attention from all over the country. That the public service is fine in Des Moines, everybody will concede, and the utilities keep pace with the modern times and with the growing needs of the city. Any questions directed to this department will be answered gladly by one who knows.

Our banking or financial department is sure to meet with approval. The fine article by Mr. Barlow, of the Iowa Trust and Savings Bank, will be read with pleasure. Mr. Heinsheimer in his paper puts up a good talk, which will be answered next month by George E. Roberts, President of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

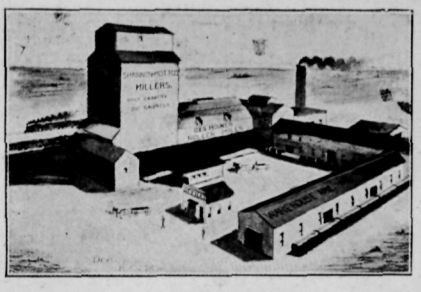
Our darling little girl on the cover is Berene Bolton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bolton. Mrs. Bolton was Miss Bulah Horton previous to her marriage.

Among our appreciative letters, comes one from a prison, thanking us for certain work we try to do. To send a word of cheer into a prison cell—is not that worth while? To all the suffering either in mind or body, our heart goes out in sympathy. God never intended sin, sickness or death in the world and what he did not intend and make, does not in reality exist outside of the mortal mind of man. Happiness and health were intended for us all from the beginning of things.

Our next issue will contain an article, with illustrations by Charles K. Skinner of Detroit, on the topic, "The Christian Science Church in Michigan." Orders for this issue should be sent in at once.

Will our friends do us a favor and mention THE MIDWESTERN when answering advertisements? Please do.

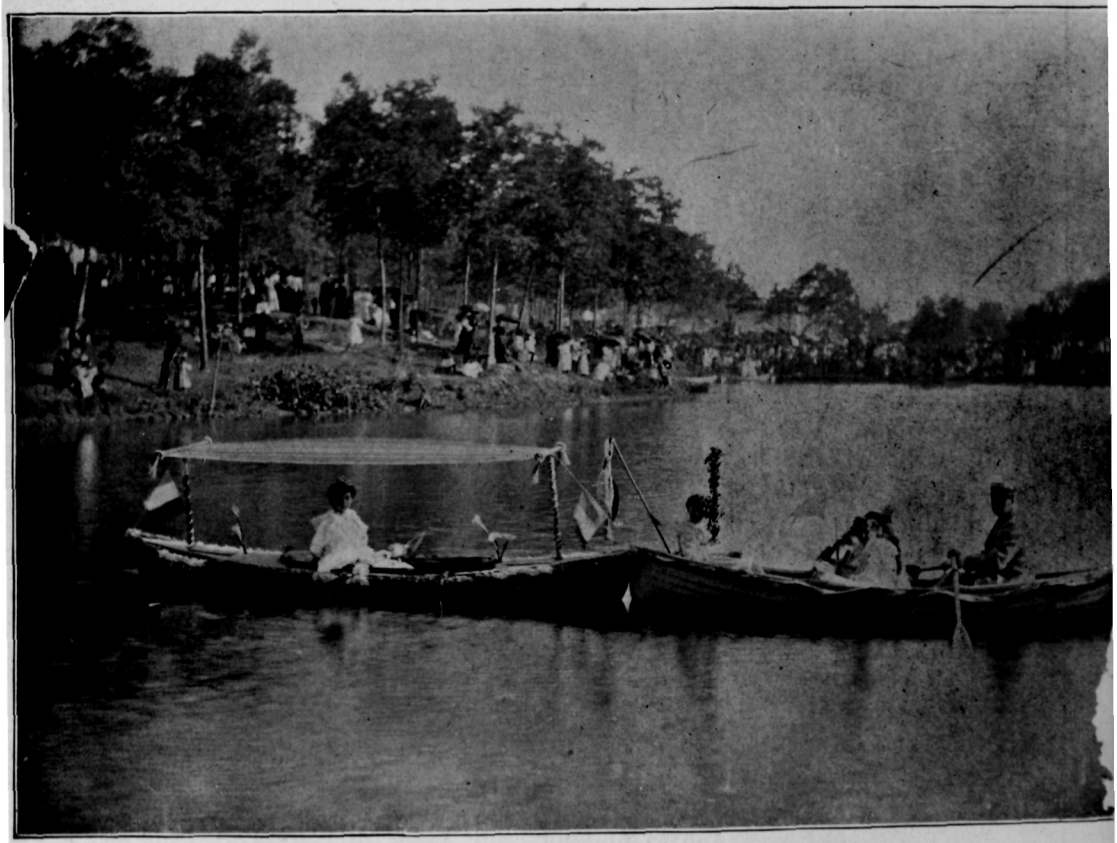
Carolyn M. Ogilvie, Editor.



Seannon & Mott Mill

ANOTHER PUBLIC UTILITY

Of inestimable value to a city is its pure food supply and not alone this, but food that builds the body at least expense in every way. Des Moines is fortunate to be the source of such a food supply in the Shannon & Mott Mill prod[uct]. Their Falcon Flour finds a ready ma[rket] all over the world and is one of [the] things making the reputation of Des Moines as a manufacturing center. The United States government tests prove that no food contains so much nutrition as does wheat flour. One pound of flour costing two and one-half to three cents will go as far as two pounds of meat costing fifteen to twenty cents a pound. In energy, muscle and strength giving qualities, wheat flour is the supreme food. Falcon Flour has no superior in the world. Only perfect, sound wheat is used in the milling and every sack is guaranteed to be satisfactory. All Iowa is proud of this perfect product and it surely stands for one of the best of our public utilities wherever it is used.



On the Lake, Union Park

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II JULY, 1908 NUMBER II

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN DES MOINES

Location and Pastors.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN—Eighth and High streets. Rev. Geo. P. Magill, pastor, 1230 Eighth street.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—East Twelfth and Maple streets. Rev. J. W. Day, D.D., pastor, 1336 East Ninth street.

HIGHLAND PARK PRESBYTERIAN—4th street and Euclid avenue. Rev. W. B. Gage, pastor, 3612 Fifth street.

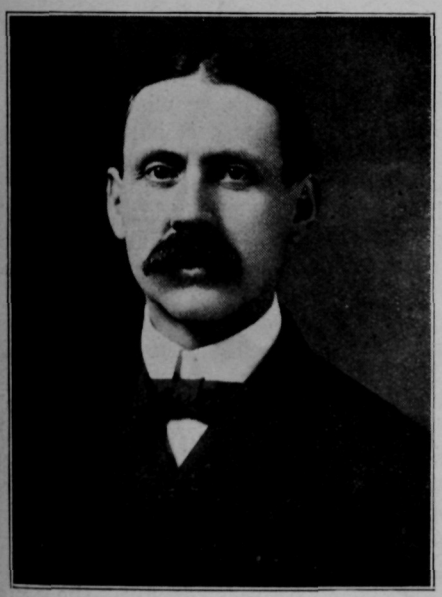
SIXTH PRESBYTERIAN—Twenty-fourth street and Cottage Grove avenue. Rev. T. G. Sykes, pastor, 2311 Carpenter avenue.

BETHANY CHAPEL—Eighth and Allen streets. South east. Rev. H. A. Leaty, pastor, 713 Southeast Eleventh street.

CLIFTON HEIGHTS PRESBYTERIAN—Bloomfield and Indianola avenues. Rev. Walter S. Crozier, pastor.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN, Twelfth street and Forest avenue. Rev. S. D. McFadden, pastor, 1329 Harrison avenue.

Rev. S. D. McFadden



REV. S. D. McFADDEN

PRESBYTERIANISM in Des Moines dates back to within a few years of the time when the territory west of the Des Moines river was thrown open to settlement. Along with the pioneers, who came to build homes on the frontier, were the representatives of the church. The first upon the ground was a minister of the Methodist Church followed closely by those of the Presbyterian. The pioneer settlements were made in 1845. In the winter of 1848, two men identified with the two branches of the Presbyterian Church as it then existed, came to the settlement and opened preaching services and prepared for the establishment of a church after the kind for which each was a missionary.

At this time Des Moines was a mere frontier hamlet. Previous to this time it had been a military post. The fort with the buildings to accommodate the garrison was located north of the Raccoon and west of the Des Moines rivers. There were settlers on the east side of the river scattered here and there for several miles back in the woods.

In this pioneering work done by these Presbyterian ministers, the Rev. Salmon Cowles stood for the Old School branch of the church. He was commissioned by the Presbytery of Iowa, as the commission read, to hold services among the new settlements on the Des Moines river.

The New School Preacher was the Rev. Thompson Bird. He was appointed

Westminster Presbyterian Church

as a missionary by the Presbytery of Des Moines which met in October, 1847 at Yellow Springs. At that time Yellow Springs was quite a Presbyterian center, having both the Old and the New School church and was the home of Yellow Springs College. It stands as an illustration of how changes take place during the course of development in the state. It was located about fifteen miles north of Burlington and is now a disappearing country village, known as Kossuth. There remains a Presbyterian Church, but the old college building has for years been used for the public school. The railroad which passed a couple of miles west has taken the population to Mediapolis which is now a prosperous little town.

The effectual work of these two ministers resulted in the organization of two Presbyterian churches in Des Moines on the same day, June 4, 1848. The Old School was known as the Presbyterian Church of Fort Des Moines. The title was afterwards changed to the First Church. It had thirteen members to begin work and was organized in the log cabin of John Dean, which was located on the east side of the river at about what is now the middle of East First street midway between Walnut and Locust streets.

The Dean family is still represented in the city. James Dean, who now lives in Grant Park in the east part of the city, was a small boy at that time and remembers very distinctly of being present at the time of organization. He is the grandson of John Dean and at the present time is an elder in the First church of today.

The services of this congregation were for some time held in the cabin of John Dean; then in the court house (which was a popular meeting place for the churches, since each organization in the city seems to have had its turn in using it as a house of worship) and other places until they erected their church building on Locust street between Seventh and Eighth streets in 1856. In this they continued to hold services until the union with the Central in 1875.

Mr. Cowles never became the pastor of the First Church. He passed on to do a similar work of organization elsewhere. They had only occasional supplies for a number of years after which the pastors were: Rev. R. T. Drake, Rev. D. L. Hughes, D.D.; Rev. A. A.

Dinsmore, D.D.; Rev. William Gill. It was during the pastorate of Mr. Drake that their first and only church building was erected and during the service of Mr. Gill that the union with the Central was effected.

The Central, which was organized by the Rev. Thompson Bird, on the same day as the First, was located on the west side of the river. It also began its life in a log cabin—a cabin that had been used by the officers in the old fort. Mr. Bird remained with this congregation and in many ways carried the burdens of the young church himself. His first thought seems to have been for a church home, which was completed and dedicated in 1850 at much sacrifice and at a heavy cost to those who had but a little. It was located on Fourth street between Walnut and Court avenue on the site of the Munger Hotel. This structure, save for a small addition, remained practically as it was built until destroyed by fire in 1867.

Mr. Bird, who had been with the Central since the time of its organization, found it necessary to give up his work due to failing health in 1866. He had been an untiring worker in behalf of the church and a power for good in the community. He had much to do with the laying of the foundations for Presbyterianism in this part of the state. He was also closely identified with the affairs of the city in the early days of its life. He is inseparably connected with the early religious history of the city.

The Rev. W. W. Wetmore, now of Ann Arbor, Mich., came and supplied the Central Church for one year, after it became necessary for Dr. Bird to give up the work. There had in some way arisen a division of sentiment as to the need of Presbyterian churches and there had been organized the Third Presbyterian Church. It never was a strong organization, but through the influence of Mr. Wetmore they came and joined forces with the Central, but his stay was so brief that he was not permitted to see the fruit of this union. He was followed by the Rev. Thomas O. Rice who served the church until 1871. It was during his time that the present building of the Central was erected.

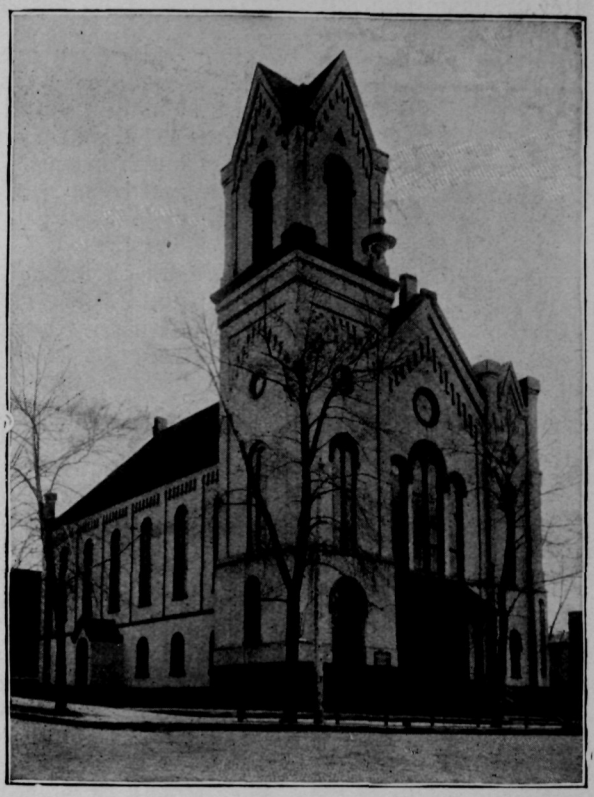
The matter of consolidating the Central and the First Churches, once it was started, moved along very rapidly. It was to facilitate this movement that the Rev. L. P. Hill, pastor of the Central, withdrew from the pastorate. The First Church had grown greatly in numbers. A larger house of worship was a necessity. This the Central people had and they needed the help and support of the First Church people. The union was consummated on November 15, 1875, with Mr. Gill as pastor of the united body. The present Central was known as the Presbyterian Church of Des Moines until the organization of other Presbyterian churches in the city made another name a necessity.

The pastors who have served this church are the Rev. Samuel Thompson; Rev. John B. Stewart; Rev. Samuel Wishard, D.D.; Rev. Howard A. Johnston, D.D.; Rev. A. B. Marshall, D.D.; Rev. B. B. Bigler, D.D.; Rev. Murdoch McLeod, D.D., and the Rev. George P. Magill, who is just now taking the work.

The Central has had a large place in moulding the religious life of the community. The other Presbyterian churches have in their early days had all the encouragement it was possible to give. At present the Central has one mission, Bethany Chapel, located at Eighth and Allen streets, of which Rev. H. A. Leaty is pastor. The Central during its life has sent out many members who have gone to aid in the formation of other Presbyterian churches. They are also found in the suburban churches of sister denominations as well as our own.

The need for a church for the east side of the city had long been felt. The early churches, while located one on either side of the river, both succeeded in getting to the west side. There was a large business district, many factories and a large population on that side of the river. There had been no Presbyterian organization there since the old First had moved away. The present First was formed to meet this demand on June 21, 1871, under the leadership of Rev. W. W. Thorp. The church thus became the successor of the old First on the east side of the river. It has been served by the Rev. W. J. Young, D. D.; Rev. W. M. Bartholomew; Rev. Frank Riale, Ph.D.; Rev. W. C. Atwood, and the present pastor, the Rev. J. W. Day, D.D.

The church building first erected was near the business district. It soon had the problems of a down town church to solve. This was not conducive to the growth of a young and struggling



Central Presbyterian Church

congregation. It was natural with the rapid growth of the city that the residence district should reach out far beyond them.

The real growth and development of the church has taken place during the present pastorate. The time came when a new church and location were needed and on April 24, 1904, the present beautiful and commodious structure was dedicated at the corner of East Twelfth and Maple streets.

The Clifton Heights Church had its beginning in a Sabbath-school which was organized by Mr. Lowes, a member of the old First Church.

It would seem that Sabbath-schools and churches were organized in that district to be disbanded; for this was the history of most of those which were started in that section during its early days. The Presbyterian school was more persevering than the others, though its trials could not have been less numerous. The Rev. J. H. Malcom, D.D., not then an ordained minister, came and began preaching in that neighborhood. The first service was attended by five women. The week following service was held each evening and many conversions resulted. A petition signed by fifty people was presented in the spring of 1879 asking to be organized into the Presbyterian Church of South Des Moines.

The first church building was dedicated in 1880. A period of discouragement soon overtook the church and it passed through many vicissitudes and became badly disorganized. The First and Central gave encouragement and help in the work until it became firmly established. The building was destroyed by fire in January, 1900, but they rebuilt better and larger than before. There is now a well organized and flourishing church and Sabbath-school. In connection with this church is a preaching station out near the army post.

The pastors of this church have been the Rev. A. Scott; Rev. S. Ollerenshaw; Rev. H. M. Robertson, D.D.; Rev. J. H. Carpenter, Rev. H. S. Condit and the Rev. A. W. McConnell, D.D., who was recently called to take a work in the suburbs of Los Angeles, California.

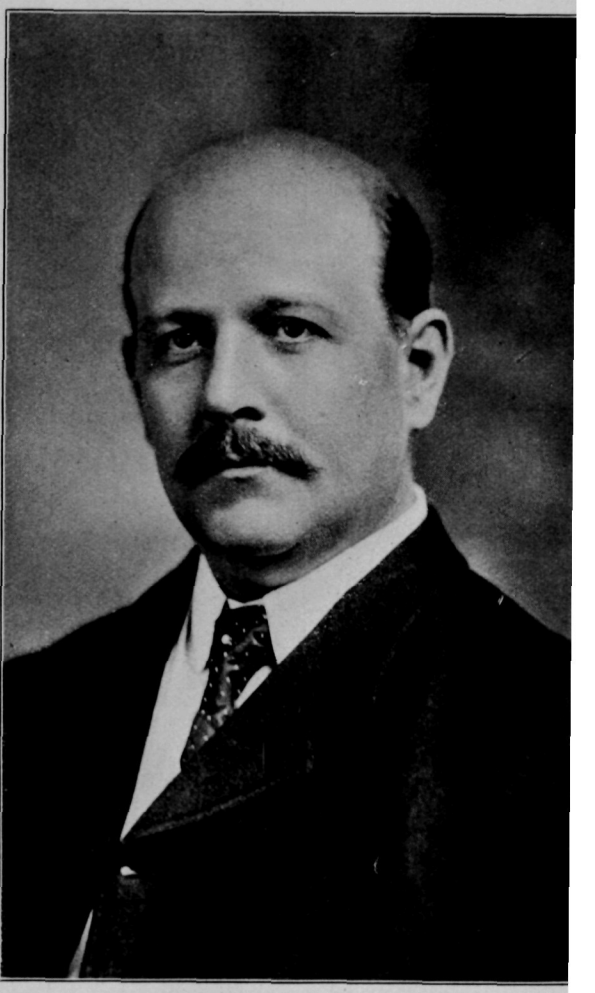
The Westminster Church grew from

a Sabbath-school which had been organized and sustained by Mrs. E. W. Edwards. The school met in summer in the shade of the trees and when the weather was bad and in winter in her house which is located at Twelfth and Laurel streets. An organization was effected March 23, 1884, by the Rev. W. J. Young, D.D., who served the church as its first pastor. The church has been served by the Rev. G. N. Luccock, D. D.; Rev. William Miller; Rev. William Gardiner; Rev. Samuel Boyd; Rev. Hugh Jack, D.D., and Rev. S. D. McFadden, the present pastor.

The first house of worship was erected on Thirteenth street and is now used by the congregation of the First Christian Church. The church and especially the Sabbath-school grew so rapidly that a new church building became a necessity. It was decided to change the location and move out farther and they came to Twelfth and Forest avenue, the site of the present building. The financial depression which followed hindered both the growth of the community and the church for a number of years. The chapel of the present structure was built at that time and remained in that condition until during the pastorate of Mr. Jack, who laid the foundation of a new building, when called to the First Church of Peoria, Ill., and resigned his charge here. The building was brought to completion under the present pastorate and dedicated December 11, 1904.

The Sixth Church, which is located at Twenty-fourth street and Cottage Grove avenue, was also organized by the Rev. W. J. Young, D.D. in August, 1888, with twenty-seven charter members. Services were held at first in a store room and afterwards in a tent at different points along Cottage Grove avenue until the first church building was erected. The pastors have been the Rev. C. H. Hoyt, D.D.; Rev. Chas. Baldwin, D.D.; Rev. Chas. Lee Reynolds, D.D., and the present pastor, the Rev. T. G. Sykes.

This organization had its share of discouragements and yet has been able to overcome them. The church building, before the debt incurred by its erection had been paid, was destroyed by fire, leaving only the walls standing. In the course of time they rebuilt until they have a very comfortable building. It is, however, inadequate for the work and the present prospect is that before long steps will be taken looking to the erection of a new and modern building in some new location near the present site.



REV. WALTER S. CROZIER

The Highland Park Church is the youngest of the Presbyterian family in the city. The rapid growth of this suburb indicated the need of a church in this section. The building was erected and dedicated before any organization was effected. The dedication took place on February 16, 1890, and a little more than a month later, on April 13th, Rev. S. W. Pollock completed the organization with eight members, which has grown until there is now a strong body. The pastors of this church have been the Rev. S. W. Pollock, Rev. J. E. Stewart, Rev. Walter Grafton, Rev. D. W. McMillan, Rev. E. B. Linn, and the Rev. W. B. Gage, who is now with the church.

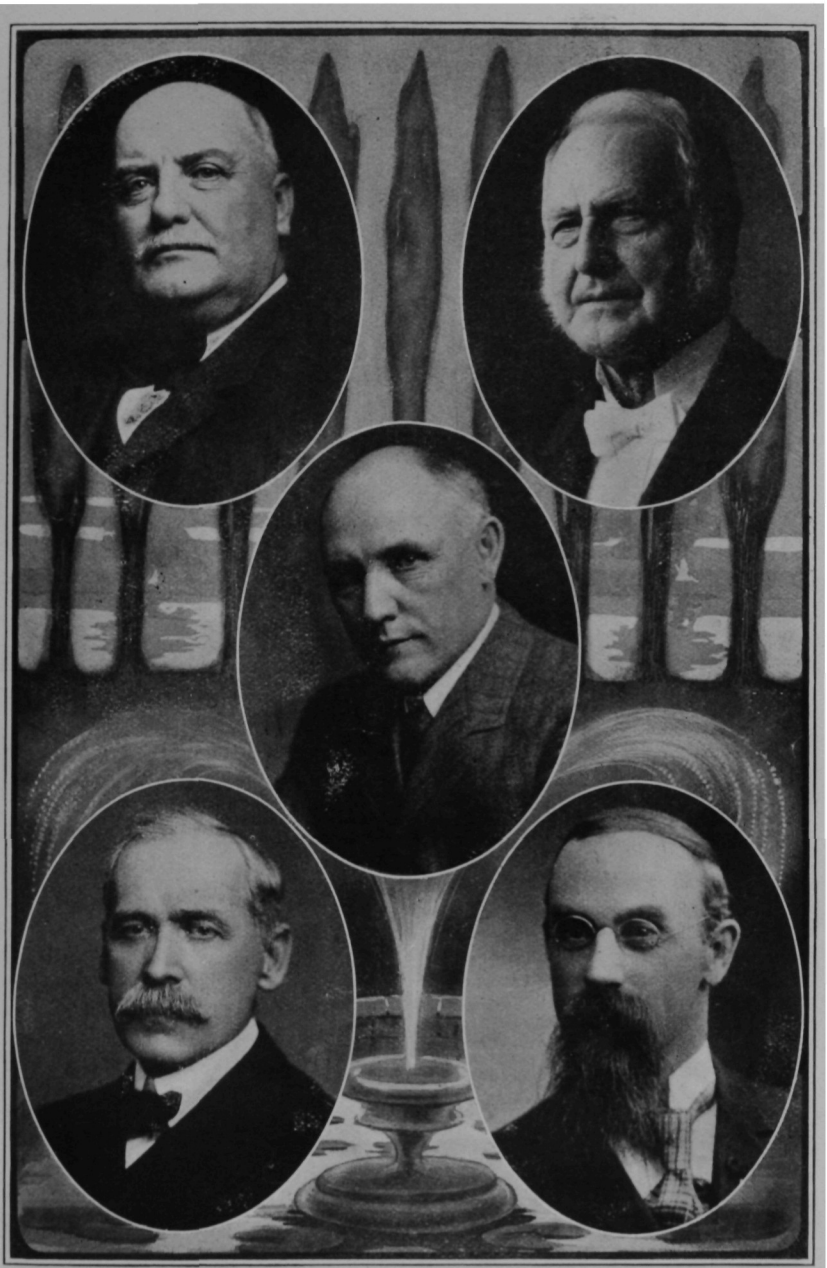
All the churches of the city are past what might be called the mission stage

Clifton Heights Presbyterian Church

and are well organized and doing a good work. Each church has a strong and flourishing Sabbath school, also its Young People's organization, Men's Clubs, and Women's Societies. The Presbyterian body in the city numbers between two and three thousand. The congregations are well and comfortably housed with conveniences for carrying forward the various phases of their work.

There have been from time to time gatherings of Presbyterian people in the city from over the state and adjoining states and Synods and Missionary Conferences. The most notable gathering was the meeting of the General Assembly in 1906 which had delegates from all parts of the United States and from all the Presbyterian mission fields of the world. It was at this meeting that the union between the Cumberland Presbyterian and the Presbyterian body took place. This was the first and only time that the Assembly has ever met in the state.

It would seem that with the churches firmly established, first things having given place to the more substantial and commodious, equipped as they are for aggressive work and reinforced by the zeal which is found in the churches, that Presbyterianism is at the opening of a new era in Des Moines.



BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS

SIDNEY A. FOSTER, Secretary
W. L. READ, Attorney

W. B. KEFFER, President

ISAAC BRANDT
S. W. BAKER, Clerk

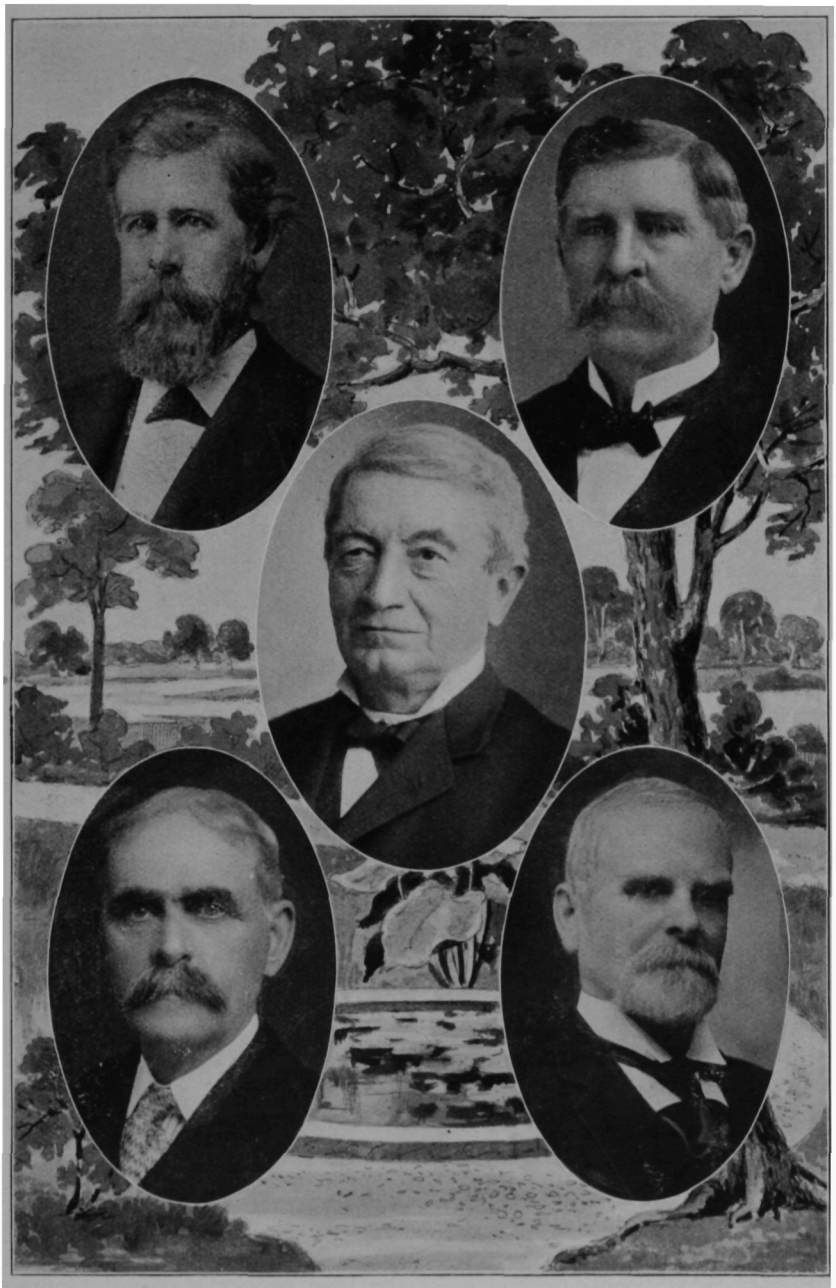
On the Des Moines River Near Union Park

A SPLENDID SHOWING

The fifteenth annual report of the board of park commissioners of Des Moines has appeared and it is a most interesting volume, and beautiful, too. There are residents of Des Moines who will remember the time not very long ago when we had no city parks. Twenty years ago the Polk County Homestead & Trust Co. offered to give to the city the tract of land between State street and the river. The city council saw fit to refuse the offer. This is now filled with beautiful homes. We should have had a glorious park in the heart of the city had the offer been accepted. Des Moines College is located in this section. All of their grounds were donated to them by this same company, who gave to the Prospect Park M. E. Church ground on which stand their church and parsonage. Adam Howell, now dead, and George W. Ogilvie were chief movers in this plan.

In 1893 the first board of park commissioners was organized. The city then owned no parks. Now the park property comprises 676 acres, in every quarter of the city, and the purchases have been made with rare wisdom and judgment. The report contains a full and satisfactory explanation of the river front question, the difficulties explained and the prospect mapped out.

The organization of the board of commissioners was the result of a bill drawn up by the late Judge C. P. Holmes. The revenues of the city for park purposes



FORMER MEMBERS OF PARK COMMISSION

GEORGE LUNDRUM
JOHN F. ROLLINS

L. HARBACH

E. J. FAIRALL
M. T. RUSSELL

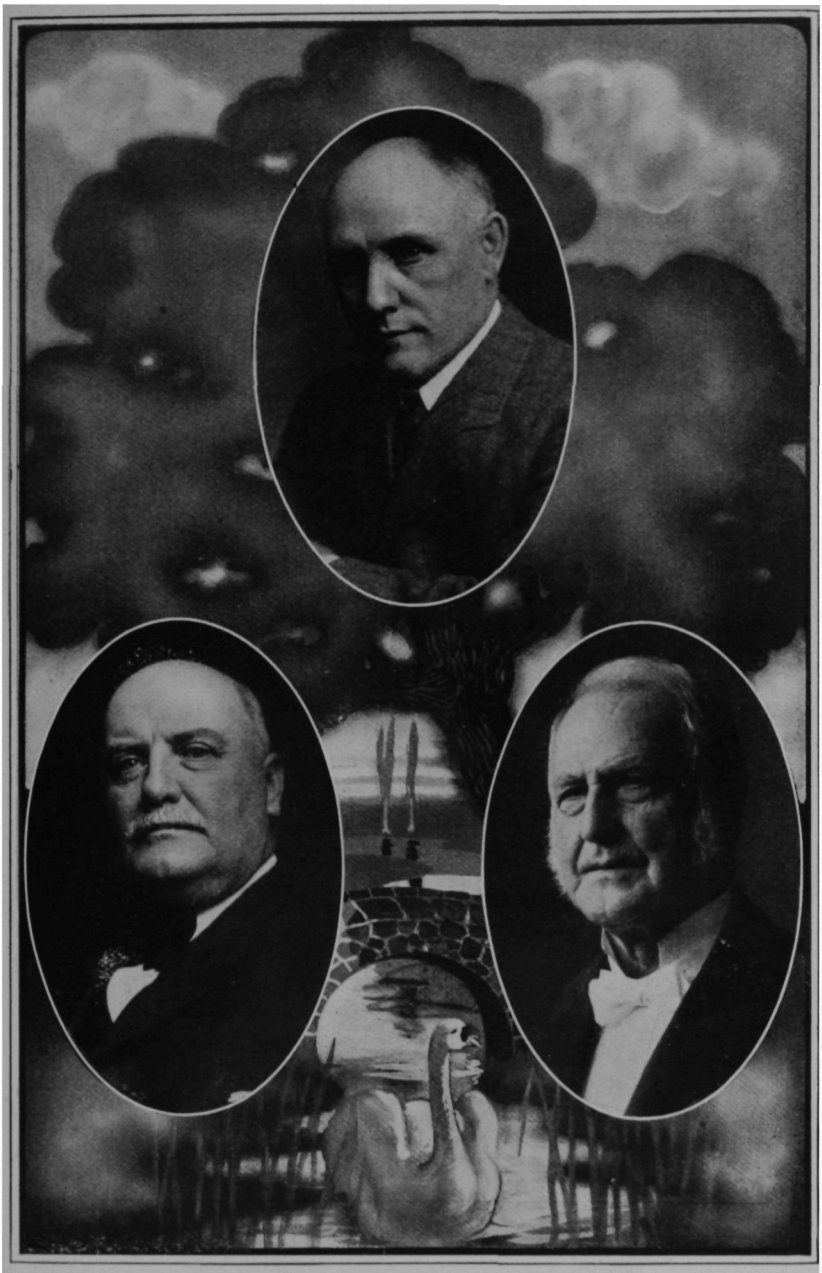
Driveway, Union Park

was based on the two mill levy. From April, 1893, to April, 1901, the sum amounted to $293,145.81.

The tax has been increased since then to four mills, and still is inadequate to the park needs. The parks at present are: Waveland, 190 acres; Children's Playground, one block, donated by Lowell Chamberlain; Children's Playground at Coon River Forks; West Riverside; Good tract, 15 acres; Drake Park, 6 acres; Hoyt Sherman Place, 4 acres; South Park, 65 acres; Bates Park, 2 acres; Carpenter Square; Highland Park, 1 acre; North Place, 1 acre; West Union Park; Union Park, 60 acres; East Riverside; Governor's Square; Redhead Park, 2 acres; Franklin Square, 3 acres; Haskins Park, 3 acres; Grand View, 132 acres.

The park commissioners have been as follows: L. Harbach, 1888 to 1892; M. T. Russell, 1888 to 1900; E. J. Fairall, 1888 to 1890; George Lundrum, 1890 to 1892; E. J. Fairall, 1892 to 1904; John F. Rollins, 1892 to 1898; Sidney A. Foster, 1898 to 1910; W. B. Keffer, 1900 to 1912; R. W. Schaub, 1904 to 1906; Isaac Brandt, 1906 to 1908.

To make an ideal park commissioner a man must have good business judgment, a love of the beautiful, love for his city as a home, and a big outlook to the future. Those conditions have been fully met in every man to whom this important work has been entrusted. Hon. Sidney Foster has been looked upon as the chief inspiration of the board, and his splendid work is well appreciated by every citizen of Des Moines. W. B. Keffer has also been an enthusiast in his work as a member of the board. Both of these men are nature lovers and believe in the uplift of the race through the education of the sense of beauty and the love of God's free outdoors. Hon. Isaac Brandt, whose address at the dedication of the Women's Club House at Sherman Place was a masterpiece of its kind, is also an enthusiast on the subject of a park system for Des Moines. It is with regret that this board was dropped from office at the beginning of our new city government.



SIDNEY A. FOSTER
Secretary

W. B. KEFFER
President

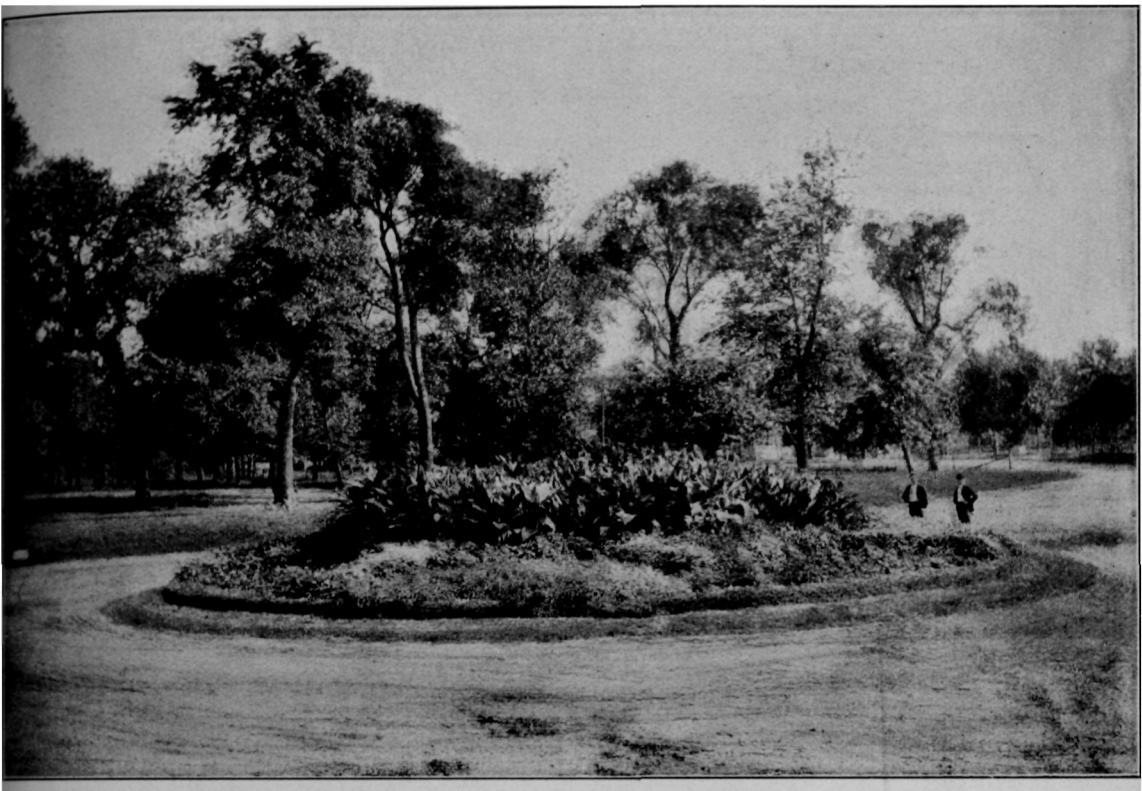
ISAAC BRANDT

S. W. BAKER
For Eight Years Clerk of the Board of Park Commissioners

The services of S. W. Baker as clerk of the board during the past eight years cannot be over estimated. Mr. Baker was familiar with every foot of land in the city parks. He gave himself unsparingly to looking after every detail of the work of the commission. He guarded their interests with a jealous eye, and much of the success of their recent work must be attributed to his efforts. Under his care the report was prepared and it is certainly a report to be proud of.

We take pleasure in giving to the public many beautiful views taken in our parks and believe that no city of like size in America can make a better showing.

RICHARD W. SCHAUB
Park Commissioner 1904-1906



Entrance, Union Park

MY INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

Paul Kann

ONE LONG blast of the fog-horn, a last wave of handkerchiefs and hats, and our honeymoon, begun only two weeks before, had suddenly come to end. Could fate have been more cruel than to take Gladys, my bride of such a short time, from my side, send her back to New York and me to London? I think not.

I had been more than elated when my chief, "Old Boss Merrill," head of the "Globe Construction Co.," called me into his office a week previous to my wedding, and informed me that in recognition of my services, and for other reasons, he had decided to send me to Europe to close several large contracts. It was upon his suggestion that I decided to take my bride. He suggested a honeymoon trip to London, Paris and Berlin.

We were in London just four days enjoying ourselves when it happened, and a great shock is was to both of us. It came in the shape of a cable, calling my dear Gladys to the bedside of her mother, who had suffered from a stroke of paralysis. I would have been a tyrant had a tried to keep Gladys with me in London, where business forced me to stay, and so keep her from the bedside of her stricken mother. She wanted me to return with her, but as this was my only chance to advance myself to a position which would enable me to give her a pleasant home, I was forced to remain at least two or three weeks in Europe. So ended our brief honeymoon on the dock of the "North German Lloyd" at Southampton.

West River Front as it was in 1901

With a heavy heart I returned to London alone. Here, however, I was fortunate enough to land a contract for my firm, and in two days was able to shake London and proceed to Paris.

I arrived at the "Gare du Nord" in Paris late in the evening and registered at Hotel "Continentale." I retired early and on the following morning was much refreshed and ready for business. Immediately after breakfast I called upon "Mirvoult Freres," our Paris bankers, and introduced myself to the junior member of the firm. He received me with surprising graciousness. Two hours later I was glad to accept his invitation to lunch. We were soon traveling over the stylish boulevards in his elegant automobile.

Speeding along "Avenue des Champe Elysees" we were passed by an automobile containing four passengers. M. Mirvault bowed. I followed his glance. In the rear seat sat my wife. At her side was an absolute stranger. I could not be mistaken. That woman was my wife. I had bidden her goodbye on the dock of the "N. G. L." at Southampton only three days previous.

"Who are those people," I demanded. The banker did not notice my excitement, but responded indifferently and politely: "One of the gentlemen is an attache at the British Embassy; the lady beside him is his wife. I do not know the parties in the tonneau. They are all stopping at the 'Regina.'"

My impulse was to order the chauffeur to overtake the party, which by this time was several blocks distant. Instead, however, I turned to M. Mirvoult. My thoughts were trampling over each other in a conglomerated complexity. "One of those women, the lady in the tonneau, is my wife," I said. "I bade her goodbye on a New York bound steamer less than four days ago. How did she get to Paris, I wonder?"

"Easy enough,' replied M. Mirvoult. "She has evidently left the steamer at Cherbough, coming into Paris long before you arrived. Many passengers take this route from London."

It looked simple enough, and harmless enough—well, probably. Yet, why should my wife come to Paris? Why should she? Wasn't she worried almost into hysterics over the illness of her mother? Hadn't she waved me a tearful farewell from the deck of the steamer "Koenig?" I was excited, confused.

"We will have lunch now," commenced the banker (could I endure this mystery until after lunch?) and then we will go to the "Regina." I decided to have lunch and to solve the mystery immediately thereafter.

When we reached the "Regina" I received the horrifying news that the attachee and wife, and the stranger and my wife had left and ordered all their baggage to Berlin.

I cabled my firm that I saw the possibility of an unexpected contract of profit in Berlin, and that I was hastening there, intending to return to Paris later. My Paris business could wait. I could not talk to bankers and contractors with the knowledge that my wife was touring Europe with a good-looking stranger.

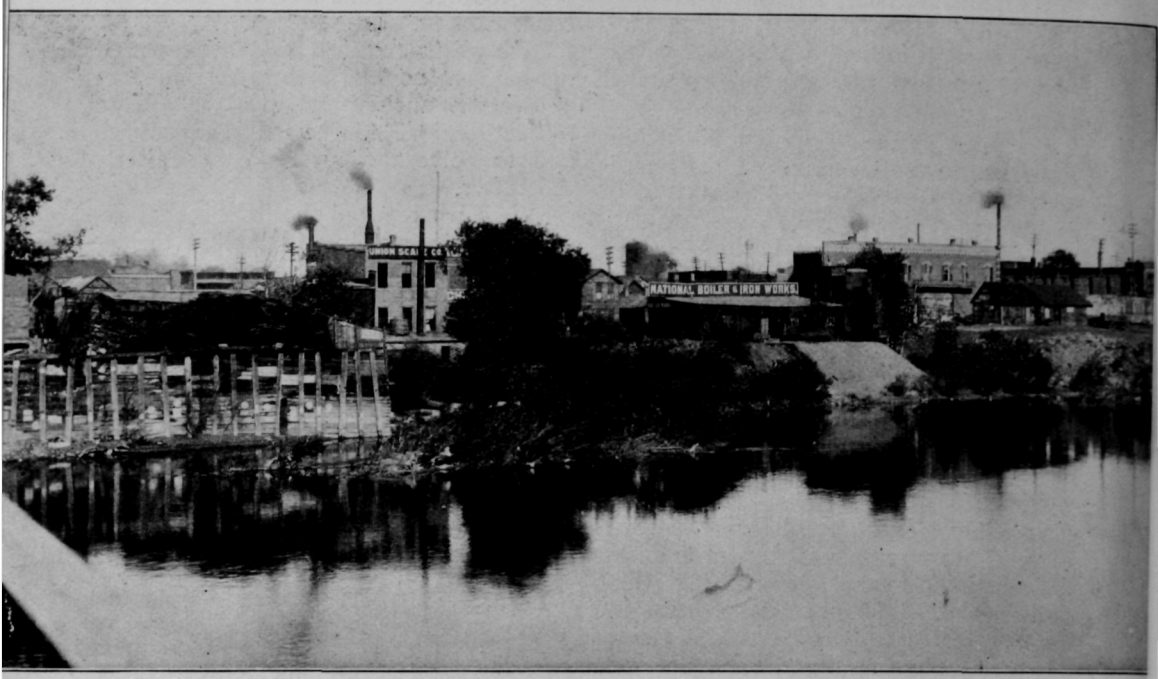
M. Mirvoult understood the cause of my worry. He was anxious to assist me. He gave me letters of introduction to his friends in Berlin, furnished me with a long list of places at which the British diplomat might be found. I thanked him for his many kindnesses, left Paris with a heavy heart, and reached Berlin on the following day.

At the end of the third day in the German capital I was disheartened. I had visited all the hotels of importance. I had exhausted my ingenuity and worn my patience; and, to say the least, was deeply discouraged.

Sitting in front of "Chaffee Bauer," I scanned over the list of hotel arrivals in the morning paper. As I looked up from my paper a carriage passed. On the top of the carriage was a big pile of baggage, plastered with the large yellow labels of "Hotel Savoy." In the carriage was my wife and the stranger. I rushed to the "Savoy."

"No," responded the clerk, no attache of the British Embassy here. An American girl with a tall light complexioned Englishman? Yes, there was. They just left for the "Lehrter Depot." I talked to the clerk only long enough to learn that the pair had automobiled from Paris and had spent only a few hours in Berlin. That explained why my three days' search had been fruitless. "No, I don't know where they are going," he replied, indicating surprise at my curiosity.

I made up my mind to abandon all thoughts of business in Berlin, and



Present View of East River Front

cabled my firm to expect me home. I followed the tall, light complexioned, good looking, fated Englishman and my wife to the station; made my train reservations immediately, and was obliged to take second-class passage. There was only one out-going train that evening, and as it was going to Bremen, I was sure that that was their destination.

My wife and the stranger were not in sight. One bell and they did not appear. Two bells—I entered my coupe; as I looked out of the window, the carriage I had seen pass "Caffee Bauer," drove up in great haste. The stranger and my wife alighted and rushed into the last car. The third bell—we were off.

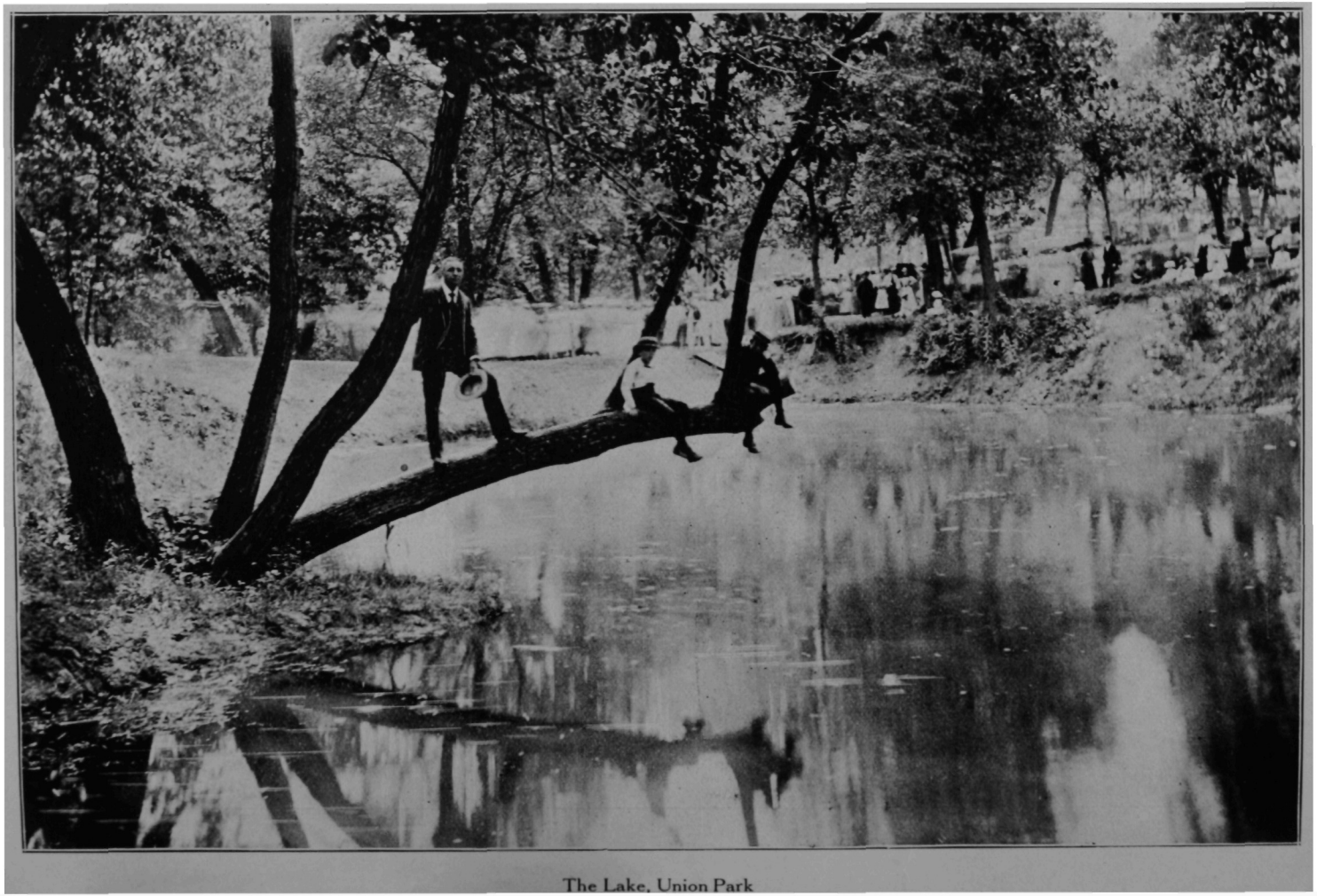
I made myself as comfortable as possible, and arranged to take a much-needed rest. I was well satisfied with myself, with no reason for rushing matters. (The prey was within my grasp.) Before giving myself up to Morpheus, my plan of action shaped itself. I knew I could with ease greet my wife when she stepped from the train at Bremen at five o'clock on the next morning. Then everything would be explained. I was too sleepy to conjecture, so I slept.

Thirty minutes out of Bremen I arose and made myself as tidy as the limited accommodations permitted, then I settled down to await the climax. The train slackened down upon its approach to the city, and when it stopped, I was the first person to alight. I turned toward the last car. It was not there.

There was no rear car. The car I had left was the last car. The car behind it had been lost or sidetracked during the night. The short, stocky conductor told me that the car had been switched at Hanover, and from there was taken to Rotterdam, to make connections with the "Holland-American" liner "Postdam" The "Postdam' sailed that morning for New York.

I did some hustling. I knew an attempt to reach Rotterdam before the "Postdam" sailed was out of the question. Luck was with me for once. I learned that on the next morning the fast "S. S. Kaiser" of the "North German Lloyd" would sail for New York, where it was scheduled to arrive two hours before the "Postdam." Bright and early the following morning found me at Bremerhafen, aboard the "Kaiser."

East Entrance Riverside Drive, Union Park



The Lake, Union Park

Four hours before reaching Sandy Hook, we passed the "Postdam." At the quarantine station, in the lower harbor of New York, we were held up for some time, owing to a case of measles that had developed in the steerage quarters, and before we could proceed up the bay, the green and white striped funnels of the "Rolland American Line" could easily be distinguished on the horizon.

There was another delay when we were held up by the custom officers. Consequently when I stepped from the "North German Lloyd" pier, I saw the "Postdam" steaming up the North River. Our arrivals were almost simultaneous.

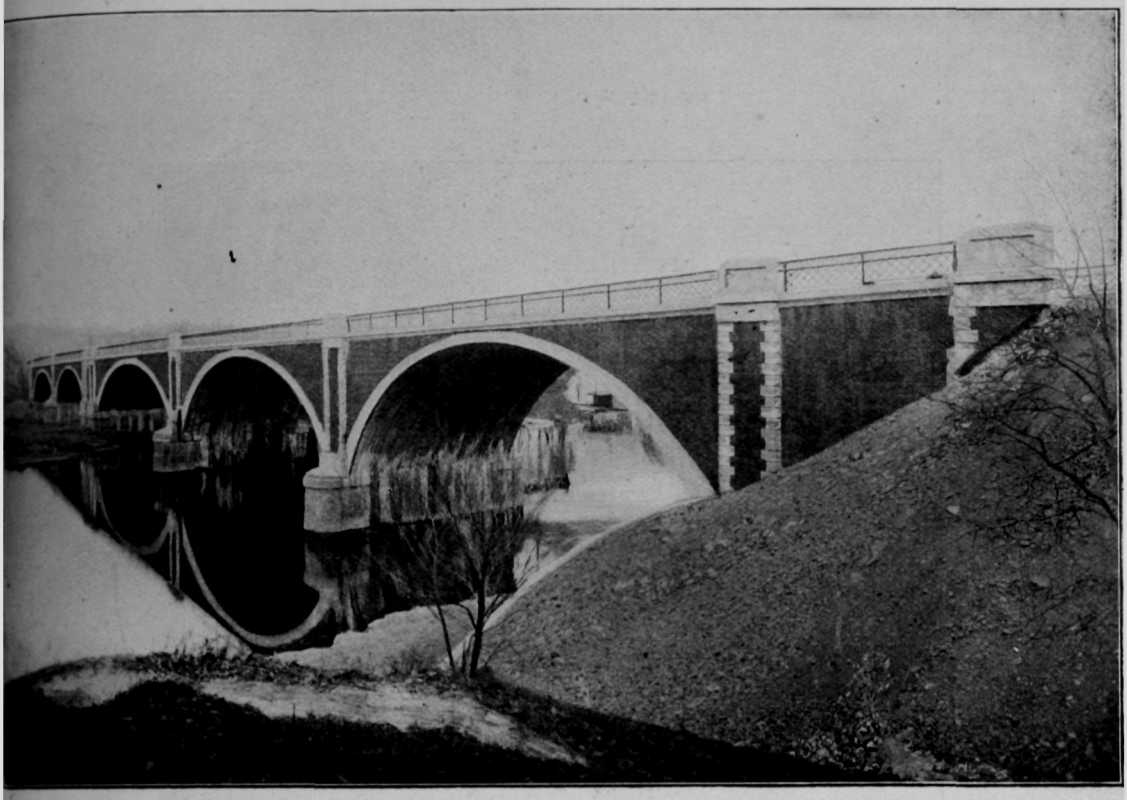
Several blocks separated us, and I knew that my victory was not yet achieved. They might yet escape me. I alternately walked and ran. I reached the "Rolland American Line" docks just as the "Postdam" was warped into her dock. I watched them lower the gang plank and was scanning the faces of the arrivals, when I heard my name called from behind me.

I was sure I knew that voice. That voice was that of my wife. As I looked around for her and saw her—it surely was her—and gave another glance at the gang plank—I beheld my wife behind me, and—my wife coming down the incline on the arm of the blond Englishman. I was positive that I had seen my wife behind me, and turning around towards her, exclaimed, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to meet Alice—Alice and her husband; you know her. My eldest sister's daughter. She's only been mar-

Public Bath House, Union Park

The Lake, Greenwood Park



The Melan Arch Bridge, Union Park

ried a month, too. How did you get back and what are you doing here?" I stopped her flood of ejaculations by attempting to explain matters, but my wife ran away from me. She threw her arms around her double. I stood aghast. Explanations were due. I told my wife how I had followed the girl all over Europe and finally to New York, believing her to be my wife.

"She's the oldest daughter of my sister Jane," laughed Gladys, "and we are often mistaken for each other."

The story leaked out at the club. "Boss Merrill" told it and thought it a rather good joke on me, promising, however, not to send me to Europe again.

The drinks, as well as the laughs that followed, were all on me, and the club wit remarked, "That's what a fellow gets for not knowing his wife's relations."

DON'T GIVE UP

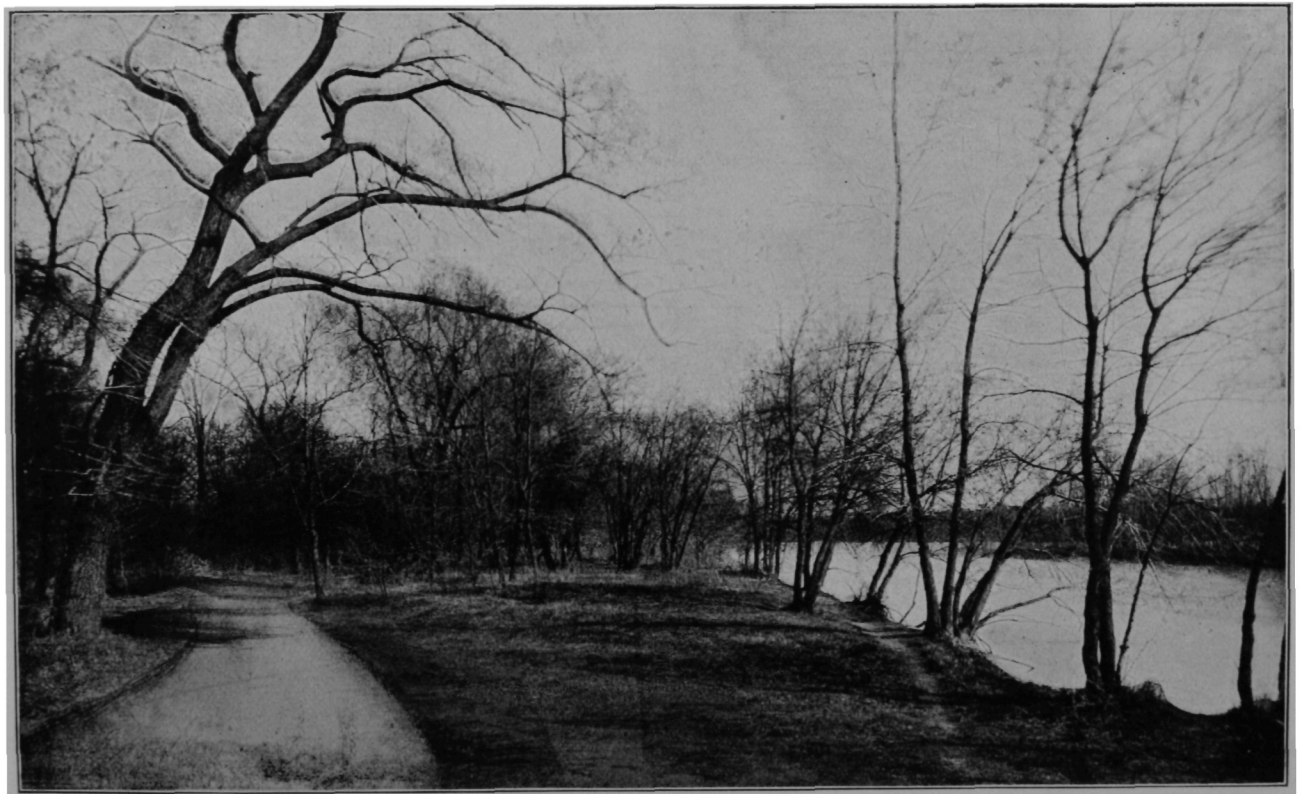
If you've tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

Tho' the sturdy oak has known
  Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
  Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you.

—Phoebe Cary.



Early Spring Scene, Riverside Drive in Birdland, Union Park

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

Washington, June 10, 1908.

Undoubtedly Washington weather is a factor in politics. One of the terrors of the long session is the probability that congress will be kept here in the spring long past the time that anyone, not born here, wants to stay. The 30th of May is as much too warm and late, as that much-discussed date, the 4th of March, is too cold and early.

The warm weather came early this year. We had heat prostrations in May; the heat in the big east room at the White House during the governors' conference was intense, which was why the reporters found Governor Johnson's cool green business suit such a refreshing feature in that assembly of frock coats.

In the senate, Mr. Fairbanks, who usually sits in a large red upholstered chair, ordered a smaller one with a cane seat, and when he was not wielding the gavel, waved a large palm-leaf fan. In the House, Uncle Joe Cannon, who during those last strenuous days did not find it wise to ask anyone else to take the chair, sagged limply in its depths, while in the speaker's room an occasional breeze fluttered the window curtains. Glen Echo, one of our few amusement parks, opened ahead of schedule time. People began to make plans for the summer. But no one thinks of going away before congress adjourns. Congress is a word to conjure with in Washington, and only adjournment breaks the spell.

Of course the last days were dramatic with La Follette's filibuster, which differed from other filibusters in being largely a one-man affair. It was really a great endurance race, and Senator La Follette displayed unexpected strength, considering he had been recently ill. It was an accident, after all, which brought it to an untimely end.

Senator Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, assistant filibuster, understood Senator La Follette's note suggesting that he might shorten up his remarks, to mean that he should conclude them at once, and did so. Senator Stone was in the elevator instead of on the floor where he should have been to carry on the debate, and the opposition was quick to get a roll call on the bill. Now nothing on earth, in a parliamentary sense, can stop a roll call; and when the Wisconsin senator, a moment later, in response to a long ring of the bell in his committee room, dashed madly into the chamber, it was too late to do anything but vote no.

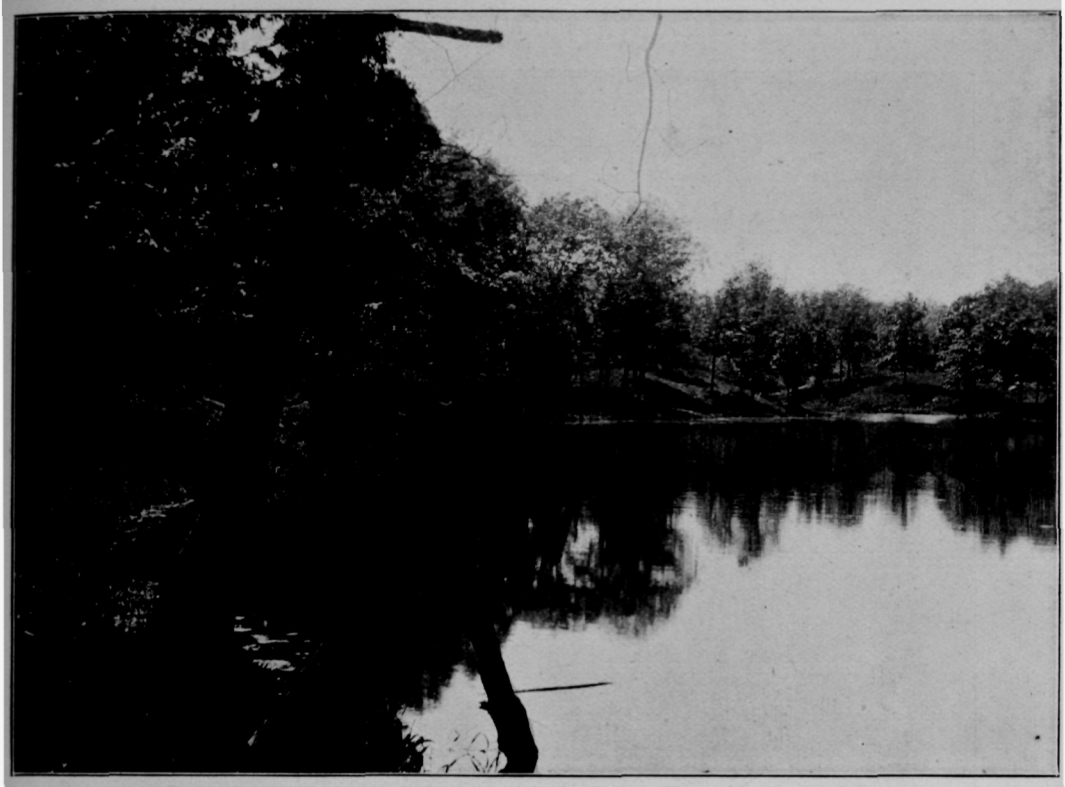
All this will sound like ancient history by the time this is read. It is possible that this latest filibuster may have a permanent effect, and result in a change in the rules which will prevent its recurrence. There is a widespread belief that the senate was dangerously near adopting a cloture rule in order to get a vote on the currency measure. In no other deliberative body in the world, it is said, is it permitted to talk a bill to death.

"Society" is going on en masse to the Chicago convention, which perhaps accounts for the unprecedented demand for tickets. Parties are being made up; and invitations are recognized as legal tender, socially. There is a reason for this. People feel yet the ground swell of the panic. Inexpensive forms of entertainment are popular, and going to the convention is enjoyable and may be exciting.

Nobody who is not here to experience it, can understand the sense of leisure and calm that settles down on Washington when congress goes. There is a great exodus. All the mighty men of war and their wives and their children and their retainers go away. Hotels thin out. Boarding houses are depopulated. The days seem longer, and only the people who belong here are left.

A police census just completed tells us just how many there are of these—339,000. Not a great city, not a metropolis, not a commercial center. There is no stress or strain of growth, no boom, nor ever has been. The United States is the only great power which has as its political capital a city not of large population or commercial importance. The government makes the city. It is by virtue of its location on the borderland of North and South, its touch of sub-tropic

Among the Big Trees, Grand View Park



Union Park Scene

luxuriance, its mild climate, and its beauty, its neither lack of strenuous living, that the city charms and holds thousands of persons of wealth and culture, who, having come here to visit, remain to live. Washington has a charm unique as a residential city.

In the light of coming events, Mrs. Taft as the possible first lady of the land, is interesting. Beautiful, though her pictures do not always make her appear so, graceful, tactful, talented, clever, she will, if called on to do so, fill the position admirably.

There are people in Washington who recall her as a bright young girl—Helen Herron—visiting at the White House during the Hayes administration. Mrs. Hayes was notably fond of young girls and always had them about her. Mrs. Taft's father, John W. Herron, was President Hayes' life long friend, and his law partner when Mr. Hayes was elected president.

Mrs. Taft is devoted to music. For seven years she was the president of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and for a much longer time an enthusiastic member of that body. Besides this, she reads and speaks French, German and Spanish fluently, and while in the Philippines endeared herself to the natives by learning several of the Tagal dialects.

There is every reason to expect, should Mrs. Taft come to the White House, a social regime in perfect form, but without ostentation, and probably with her domestic and musical tastes, she will do a great many things because it is in the words of the prayer book, her "bounden duty," rather than with the zest, of the woman who has a distinct vocation for society.

Social Washington was very much interested in the venture, last March, of one of its members into the by-ways of trade. Mrs. H. H. Hosley, the wife of Commander Hosley, who took the big Dewey dry dock to Manilla, and who died some months ago in New York, opened a millinery shop in the center of smart Washington. Mrs. Hosley, who was Miss Paul, of Maryland, owns her own home, and has as neighbors the George Vanderbilts, Perry Belmonts and Thomas Nelson Page, and she opened

Scene in Union Park

her "shop" in her own home, sending cards to all her own set and society at large, and they responded. Efforts are being made to secure for her a pension of $100 a month, but there is much official delay, and she concluded in the meantime to support herself in this way.

English women of position in such emergencies, notably the Countess of Warwick, have usually opened "tea rooms." A few years ago the Misses Mullan, of aristocratic Connecticut Avenue, opened a laundry, which has proved a great success.

Another woman, who is really an institution in Washington, is Miss Janet Richards, whose "Current Topics Classes" have had thirteen years of success. Her first class met in 1895 in the parlor of Mrs. Job Barnard. By request, a few days ago, she described her method of gathering and summarizing the news which she gives to her classes. She marks and clips the daily papers and the weekly magazines; then classifies her material under the various headings, "Home," "Foreign," "Economic," "Political" (partisan and international), "Sociological," "Ethical," etc.

Then she puts on the condenser and gives her hearer the information which they really cannot do without. At her last lecture a few weeks since she told of the significance of the sailing of the fleet, the meaning of the various conventions in Washington this week and the work of this congress. A pretty good morning's work, after which Miss Richards sailed away to a well-earned European holiday.

Lorraine

SEAL OF THE NORTH

Ages ago when the Dawn first lifted,
  Audrey, you lay in the far lake-land—
Under the pines where the sands were sifted,
  And touched my untouched hand.

Your hair was there as the beach-grass blowing;
  Your eyes—and the sea-wet stones were those;
Your flesh was one with the soft surf flowing,
  Your blush with the frail wild-rose.

Your blood was drained from the North-sun's setting,
  Your grace from the virgin-white birch-tree;—
You breathe with the pure, cool breeze begetting
  The Spring's sweet ecstasy.

—Ivan Swift.

COME BACK

Come back and bring the summer in your eyes,
  The peace of evening in your quiet ways;
Come back and lead again toward Paradise
  The errant days!

Of old I saw the sunlight on the corn,
  The wind-blown ripple running on the wheat;
But now the ways are shabby and forlorn
  That knew your feet.

Forget the words meant only by my lips!
  Could you not understand
The language of my fevered finger-tips
  When last you took my hand?

—John G. Neihardt.

ART NOTES AND NEWS

Calista Halsey Patchin

Scene in South Park

THE turn of the season marks the passing of the large annual exhibitions, the closing of city studios, and the exodus to the country. After a brief interval of a few weeks, the summer art schools will open. There are the summer sessions of the permanent schools, whose many teachers find rare opportunity for special study, and the summer school of the individual artist, who, strong enough to draw a clientele of students, establishes a little art colonoy in some picturesque neck of the woods. Summer schools naturally devote themselves to landscape; we shall get the results on exhibition walls next winter.

* * *

The arts and crafts, also, show a tendency to go to the country. "Village industries" have taken root here and there, as in Deerfield, Mass., Ashville, Tenn., and at Berea College, Ky. It was William Morris, supreme apostle of art and life, who planted his industries, whether of book binding or weaving or dyeing, in the quiet green places of country fields, and recently Mr. Ashbee, his disciple and friend, after thirteen years of work at Essex House, in the slums of London, has removed his colony of craftsmen, bodily, to the medieaval village of Clipping Camden, in Gloucestershire.

The latest and most pretentious art colony in this country is that founded by the National Society of Craftsmen, at Sugar Hill, N. H. It is metropolitan in tone, with a change of venue.

* * *

There is a new movement in the art and craft work. It is "back to the soil." It is a plea that art, instead of being the plaything of those who do not need it, shall be the serious possession of those who do need it.

* * *

The *Craftsman* makes a plea for "small farming and profitable home industries," that is, skilled hand crafts which shall fill in the leisure time in winter. It is already suggested that before long, government aid must be given to teach these industries.

* * *

The International Studio, recognizing the fact that the art development of the country rests with the young, makes special mention of the recent exhibition of public school work in New York City.

* * *

The seventh annual exhibition of the Municipal Art Society of New York, held recently, was most comprehensive. All the public utilities were represented. The Board of Water Supply sent a study for the "landscape treatment of a dam." The Aqueduct company, the department of docks and Ferries were represented. One exhibit, which might well be a help to every city struggling with the problem of the location of its public buildings, was the photographs shown by the Bureau of Public Buildings and Tenement Houses of a civic center at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., showing the best possible arrangement of high schools, city hall, fire and police departments. Designs for imposing public baths were exhibited by Messrs. Aiken and Brunner.

* * *

One of the most interesting exhibits was that of Mrs. Edward Hagerman Hall's committee on flowers, vines and area planting, which is the movement for

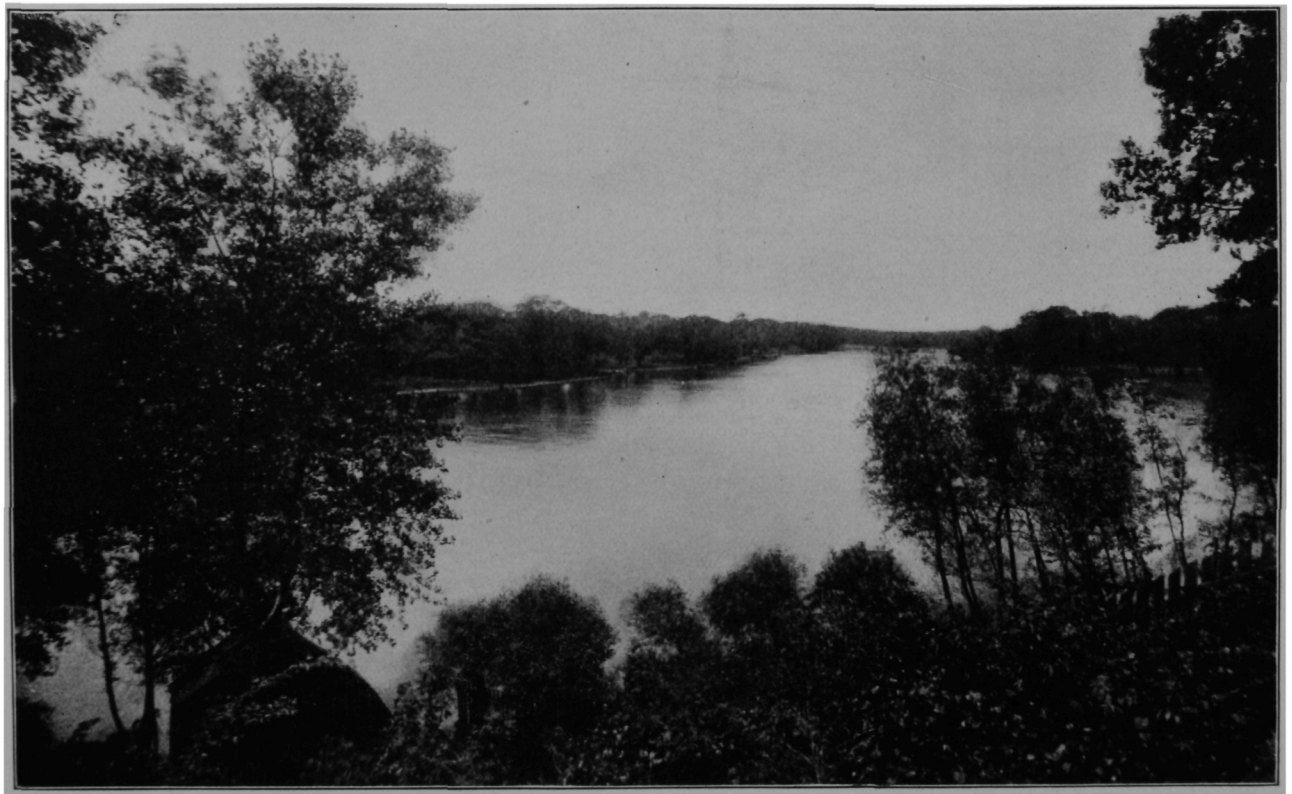
the betterment of the unsightly back yards of crowded city districts. What about the tenement house apartment whose only back yard is a fire escape? The only resource would be window boxes.

* * *

Nothing is more evident than that we shall never have beautiful and symmetrical cities until there is in each city, central control and direction of the same. Every city should have its Municipal Art Association, with an unlimited membership, which would include all citizens who take intelligent interest in the matter. This would create public sentiment and cultivate public taste. Such an association could bring to a city like Des Moines frequent exhibitions like the above mentioned. Architects and builders are willing to loan designs. Indeed, there is in this country, under the pressure of a common need, the utmost liberality and a spirit of mutual helpfulness, as witness the traveling exhibitions. The most vital question in any city is the location and the architection and the interior decoration of its public buildings. The first, under the present order of things, is left largely to chance, local prejudice and the price of real estate. A Municipal Art Association would at least educate the public into the habit of thinking of the city as a whole, and planning largely and wisely for its development.

Des Moines should have a Municipal Art Association. It would crystallize and organize much intelligent interest in matters artistic which now goes to waste. Des Moines people go abroad to rather an unusual extent for a city of this size. Our absentees should be given a roving commission to note any architectural or artistic improvement, which, modified, might make for the betterment of the Greater Des Moines. We have rivers to "redeem," boulevards to lay out, a fine new court house which calls for the best mural decoration. If all travelers, abroad in this country, would have their home city constantly in mind, and make intelligent note of other cities' treatment of these problems, it would give an invaluable fund of suggestion. Such reports

West River Front as it was in 1901



Thompson's Bend

must be practical to be useful; not mere vague enthusiasm over "lovely" effects.

* * *

Another thing which Des Moines should have is an Arts and Crafts Society. Enough people are now working here, in the art and craft spirit, to form the nucleus of such a society, and the organization would attract new industries. There should be here an art pottery. It has been ascertained that we have the quality of clay for fine art pottery, and although it is not absolutely necessary that such a pottery be near the clay beds, it might be an inducement.

Des Moines has an Art and Crafts Shop, in the Odd Shop, where most artistic wares are made and sold. There is no reason why someone should not start here the making of furniture original in design. A suggestion, made some years ago, but not carried out, was to reproduce the old Dutch furniture, models of which can still be found in Pella. There is no reason why there should not be here a group of art industries, such as weaving and rug making. These are the portable "profitable industries" about which there is rising earnest discussion. The question has already been raised of the need of government aid for these industries, so that they may be put within the reach of the masses who need them most.

Minneapolis has a guild house whose classes and work rooms draw pupils and buyers from the surounding country. We have Chicago on the east and St. Louis on the south, but there is a geogrophical reason, if no other, why Des Moines should have an active, working Arts and Crafts Society.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

B. A. Miller

Christ is the Good Shepherd
  Who watches o'er His sheep
In their daily wanderings
  Over the hillside steep.

He goeth on before them,
  Showing them the way
Out of night and darkness,
  Into the full light of day.

They follow His footsteps—
  For this is their choice;
And above all noise and confusion
  They recognize His voice.

A stranger, they will not follow,
  But will flee from him,
And the sheepfold of this stranger,
  They will not enter in.

For the Master, He has taught them
  "I am the door of the sheep;"
All others are thieves and robbers,
  And these they fear to meet.

Jesus, the Good Shepherd, for His
  Sheep will give His life,
To save them from the hireling
  Who causes discord, strife.

The hireling, he fleeth, and careth
  not for the sheep,
But not so with the Good Shepherd,
  Who is so kind and meek.

Our Master patiently waits, for all
  To enter this fold
With sparkling streams and pastures
    green
  And waters pure and cold.

Let us strive and watch and pray
  This fold to enter in,
Where sickness and sorrow disappears,
  And we are safe with Him

Who is the Good Shepherd,
  In word and deed
And all the dear sheep
  Does He gently lead

To drink of that living water
  And partake of that bread from heaven
That is sustaining all the world
  And the worldly thought will leaven.

Riverside Drive, Birdland, Union Park

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Dr. Ellis G. Linn

(Continued from June Number)

YOU could write a postal card and mail it in less time than you could direct it to most any point in London. For instance, we roomed at twelve and thirteen Montague street, Russell Square, London West City, England. You may abbreviate the W. C., but nothing else except the message; for there are so many streets of the same name that to cut off anything means to have your letter delayed. For example there are said to be more than seventy Prince streets, more than eighty James streets, over ninety King streets, one hundred Queen streets and one hundred and twenty-five York streets. You can easily see that a letter directed to John Jones, twenty-three York street would be slow to reach that amiable gentleman unless you pointed out in which of the one hundred and twenty-five York streets he might be found.

Another custom which is very odd is to have a change in the name of a street without any change of direction. You may come into Chicago from the north and journey twenty-five miles to the south, and all the way on Halsted street. In London we would mount to the upper deck of a two-story bus in Oxford street and go in almost a straight line to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital two miles away. But in that distance Oxford street became New Oxford, then Hart street, then Vernon Place, then Theobald's Road, then Clerkenwell Road, then Old street and we got down just before it became Hackney Road. However, the heavy horses move along on a steady trot, and with a comfortable seat for every one on board and an open sky above, you soon learn to love old London. You like the old bus, and the driver will tell you that "Hits the constant ammer, ammer, ammer of the 'orses 'oofs on the 'ard pavement 'urts the hanimals," and not the thirty miles which each team makes each day.

Just at the northeast corner of Hyde Park where you enter that great play ground, to mingle with its twenty or thirty thousand pleasure seekers for a stroll on Sunday afternoon, your eye falls on a dozen or two dozen groups of people crowded around as many speakers, each one mounted upon a temporary platform and each expounding on a subject of his own choosing. There you hear an old gray-haired saint wailing on the wickedness of his fellow men; a young infidel with much bravado pointing out the fallacies of holy writ; a would-be political leader telling why the internal revenues of Bohemia should remain unchanged and why the House of Commons is going to the dogs. A wise astronomer explaining the gyrations of the comets; a shaggy-bearded anarchist condemning everything and everybody and consigning the powers that be to the demnition bow wows. These and a dozen others pouring forth each his especial doctrine upon the ears of the gathered listeners, unmolested and unafraid. I do not know why it is that all this wisdom, wind and wit should be focalized and rained upon the passers by in this circumscribed area; but they seem to gather there on Sunday afternoons as naturally as the crows come home to roost at sunset.

Just to the west of Hyde Park is Kensington Palace, from a bedroom of which Victoria was called late one evening to be informed that she had been chosen queen. It was then she said, "I'll be good," and history credits her with having endeavored to keep her promise. There are the toys with which she played when a girl, and for a shilling they will allow you to look upon the dress she wore when she was crowned.

Across the street from where we roomed, stands the British museum; the greatest institution of its kind in the world. It is said that if you have lost any really curious thing you will find it in the British Museum. It is a most in-

teresting and instructive place. There are letters from great men on great occasions; letters of most of the English sovereigns from the days of Richard 2d; and rare and costly books and manuscripts dating back a thousand years. Letters from Drake, Rahleigh, Woolsey, Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn, Cromwell, Wellington at Waterloo, Nelson's report on the battle of the Nile, and his unfinished letter on the eve of Trafalgar. Letters from Napoleon, Washington, Newton, Galileo and a thousand men who have had brains and have used them. There is the Rosetta stone from which scholars learned to decipher the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. Tablets and cylinders of stone on which the scribes of Babylon tell of the flood and of the creation. Stones on which are cut laws and edicts to govern powerful nations long since passed away. There are, too, the mummies of some of the ancient kings. Kings who governed an enlightened people long centuries before the first rude huts of barbarians marked the site of the city of London. Here in his stone coffin is the mummified corpse of a man who lived and loved seven thousand years before Judas betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver. A tourist said to his companion, "See here, why is this 2500 B. C. tacked up over the mummy of King Mycerinus? Did he live to be that old?" "Oh, no, that's the number of the automobile that killed him." Here are sculptures which adorned the Parthenon, brought here at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; fragments from the temple of Diana at Ephesus; others from Karnak and ten thousand, thousand other things which are rich and rare and beautiful. You could spend a month in this great museum and then go back and learn that the half had never been seen.

Half a dozen blocks from the museum is the "Old Curiosity Shop." I asked a dozen enlightened Englishmen where to find it and finally learned of its location from a bus driver. Verily, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Five minutes' ride from there is "Old Cheshire Cheese," where Ben Johnson and Goldsmith with their coterie of literary friends enjoyed such dinners as you can now sit down to there on Tuesdays and Fridays. Here they reviewed the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and wit and wisdom was a portion of their daily fare.

A great shaft stands in the center of an open square in one of the busy districts of London. Mounted a hundred and fifty feet above the ground upon this granite pedestal, his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword, his empty right sleeve pinned to the skirt of his coat, stands the statue of England's idol. It has been said that there are two great classes of English naval commanders. In one class is Nelson; in the other class are all the rest. This of course is overdrawn, but you must remember that England had seen him win at Aboukir and at Copenhagen. She had seen him send to the bottom the fleet of her relentless enemy

Old Curiosity Shop

in the battle of the Nile. For these things she had stood with uncovered head as he passed along the streets of her great metropolis. Under size and under weight; with an empty sleeve and a sightless eye, they gave to him more honor than they gave their king. And now across the channel lay the army of the unbeaten emperor of France, awaiting only the destruction of the English fleet when his transports would land him upon English soil. And then came Trafalgar. The destruction of the combined fleet. Napoleon doomed to remain upon the continent. England saved. She looked out upon the open waters of the sea and as the smoke of battle cleared away she saw a prostrate enemy and herself the undisputed mistress of the deep; but there in the cabin of the Victory she beheld the lifeless form of her naval idol, and in the hour of her rejoicing because of the victory, she wept tears of sorrow because of the dead.

England is the commercial center of the universe; London is the center of England and St. Pauls is the center of London; and directly beneath the cross which rises above its stately dome, in a black marble sarcophagus lie the remains of Nelson. England's military prowess rests with her navy. "England expects every man to do his duty," is the motto of that navy. Trafalgar is its best victory; and Nelson gave her both. You cannot wonder that they erected this granite shaft upon which to place his heroic statue. You cannot wonder that to the square in which it stands they gave the name Trafalgar.

Three blocks below where Old street crosses City Road is a somewhat famous old burying ground known as Bun Hill cemetery. In a rather unpretentious old sarcophagus upon which rests a reclining figure, just south of the central walk, lie the remains of John Bunyan; while across the walk to the north, Daniel Defoe and Dr. Isaac Watts are buried. Adjoining the cemetery on the south is the drill ground of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company which received its charter from Henry the Eighth and for three hundred and seventy years has been drilling here. John Milton and Christopher Wren were members of this company, but their services here do not seem to have added particularly to their crowns of immortal glory. Directly across City Road from Bun Hill cemetery stands a much-visited though quite unassuming chapel. In front of it on a low pedestal stands a marble statue of its founder. It is known as Wesley's Chapel and it is the cradle of Methodism. A winding stair leads up to the elevated pulpit which stands well out toward the pews. From this pulpit John Wesley proclaimed the doctrines which now govern a great following. His body lies beside those of some other ministers, all in a single tomb just back of the church; but his brother Charles refused to be buried here in unconsecrated ground.

I went one day through a very ordinary looking low flat building which is in the center of the business district of London and which is the monetary center of the world. It is the "Bank of England," though you never hear it called that. It is simply "The Bank." Other money institutions have particular names and there are any number of such institutions, but this one is the bank. When you pick up a new crisp bank note it is always a note on this bank; and the notes are always new and crisp, for as fast as they come from circulation back into the bank they are destroyed and new notes are issued in their stead. When you go to any bank and they hand you these notes they always take the numbers of the notes they pass out. It would surprise you to see men writing with quill pens, but those are the pens (not the only ones) used in the bank. It is a great institution with any number of departments and gaudily costumed guards keep you from getting into the wrong ones.

Half a dozen blocks along Cheapside from the bank brings one to St. Pauls. To one who is unaccustomed to sit in enormous structures this cathedral seems needlessly large for any church purpose. I attended services here three times, but always sat quite close to the choir. You of course know that in most services the entire performance from beginning to end is chanted or read from the church ritual, though I heard one sermon here. The room is almost two blocks long and when any distance from the speaker one can understand nothing, for you know the clergy read in the most uninterrupted monotone they can acquire. They seem to practice until they become proficient in that deplorable accomplishment of being able to read through an entire service without the slightest modification of the voice, save, at the end, instead of

St. Paul's Cathedral

sitting down they slide the voice down a couple of octaves as though they were out of wind; and when sitting some distance from the reader, it has much the same effect you would get were you to sit in an empty barrel and saw away for half an hour on the open "A" string of a cracked violin.

But there is something majestic about St. Pauls; and while it ranks fifth in size among the churches of the world its immensity impresses one greatly. I climbed an almost endless flight of winding stairs to the whispering gallery and looked down upon the congregation assembling for service; and it looked like a handful gathered in a place where thousands might sit. From the dome I could look out upon the great city with its endless sweep of crooked streets and irregular blocks; but while the city is impressive because of its immensity, it is dirty and grimy and uninviting. About the walls and in the niches are the busts and statues of many men and many allegorical figures and these help to break the sameness of the unattractive walls; but even in this, one is impressed with the thought, that for some reason these busts and statues have not been desired at Westminster; and because of that they have found lodging here. In the crypt, however, one finds the sarcophagus of Nelson and that of Wellington, while near by stands the magnificent funeral car which bore the remains of Wellington to their last resting place. It was cast from cannon which he had cauptured in his victories and it is the most magnuificent thing of the kind I have seen.

It is, however, to Westminster one turns for the final resting place of England's famous dead. It is here, too, he beholds an endless number of statues of men who have written their names on the pages of history. One will wander for hours through this famous hall and scarcely tread upon a block beneath which does not lie the remains of one who has earned the esteem of his countrymen. It was a peculiar experience to sit above some mortal's grave and peer between the statues of the great to catch a glimpse of the robed divine, and listen to his teaching of the resurrection of the body, as well as the immortality of the soul.

Enter the Abbey from the north and you tread upon the graves of Fox, Grattan, Canning, Wilberforce, Pitt the Elder and Pitt the Younger, Londondery, Palmerston and Gladstone; while the marble forms of Peel, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Mansfield and four score other men of England look down upon you, as with uncovered head your guarded footfall disturbs the solemn quiet of the place. But it was to the poet's corner I returned again and again to sit beneath the inspiration which envelopes one just here as in no other place in all the world. Here is the tomb of Chancer above the graves of Browning and Tennyson. Wreaths of fresh

Westminster Abbey

flowers lie there upon the grave of Dickens; others upon that of Sir Henry Irving who might almost reach over in the night and tap on the last resting place of Garrick. And beside the grave of Dickens you may stand with one foot upon the grave of Macauley and the other upon that of Handl; while only a step or two will bring you to that of "Old Parr," who practiced medicine for four score years and ten, lived through the reign of ten sovereigns and died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two.

Against the old gray walls of the poet's corner, which plainly show the finger marks of time, there stand in enduring marble the forms and faces of many whose names stand bright in the English world, because they like "Burning Sapho loved and sung." There are the faces of men who have written history, music, prose and poetry; and men who have stood before the footlights and delighted kings. There are Grote, Macauley and Argyll; Handl, Garrick, Thackeray and Burns; Southey, Coleridge, Goldsmith and Dryden; Spencer, Milton, Gray and Tennyson; Chancer, our own Longfellow and greatest of them all, the Bard of Avon. These and many more remind one that it is not riches make men great, and that all the wealth of Rockefeller could not procure for him an honorable funeral here nor even four square feet of ground to stand beside the upright skeleton of Johnson.

Here in this old Abbey, too, lie the remains of most of those who have sat upon the throne of England within the last six hundred years, and some who passed away long before that time; while some lie here who wielded the scepter of authority almost "Within the memory of men still living." Here Edward the Confessor lies; here is the tomb of Henry Seventh standing in the beautiful chapel which bears his name; and the very real, reclining figures of Buckingham and his duchess above the caskets where they sleep in peace. There lies Argyll, and just bside him at the end of the chapel is the tomb over which England wept, and into which with regal pomp they lowered Cromwell from his high estate. From this same tomb in four and twenty months they dug up his old body and carted it away together with those of two of his adherents to be hung, just to show to what degree they could degrade the corpse of the Protector long after the

View in Greenwood Park

mighty soul had winged its flight into the presence of an errorless and an impartial Judge. Outside you can see the spire on which they stuck his head away up there in the breezes where it remained until one morning after a high wind the janitor found it in his yard and carried it away.

At your left, in her shapely tomb, after a brilliant reign they placed all that was mortal of Queen Elizabeth. Just across the chapel one looks upon the finely executed marble effigy of Mary Queen of Scotts, resting upon the heavy sarcophagus beneath which lie the remains of this unhappy queen whom Elizabeth beheaded. A few steps away lies James the First, son of the one, successor to the other. Here lie the remains of the infant Edward Fifth and the little Duke of York who were smothered to death by their uncle and then chucked beneath a stairway in the Tower.

Kings and queens; princes, dukes and earls; bishops and priests; warriors and statesmen; composers, historians, poets and those who rule in the realm of prose. The old, the young, the good, the bad and the awful bad, sheltered by the broad roof of the Abbey and hoveerd over by the wings of charity, they lie there side by side "careless alike of sunshine and of storm, each in his windowless palace of rest."

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YOUNKER BROTHERS

Residence of F. A. Kern, Eighth and Franklin

PUBLIC UTILITIES OF DES MOINES, IOWA

The public utilities of a civic community are important and valuable parts of the assets which constitute its wealth, present and prospective. The progress and perpetuity of such utilities depends upon the legislation of the municipality, its stability, and a reasonable comprehensive consideration of their physical and financial condition, their relation to the public, and of the public to them. As a rule they are projected far in advance of the times or the needs of a community, involving the expenditure of immense capital. Capital is timid, it will not venture for public utilities where there is uncertainty of legislation, or without the good will of the public. The upholders of Eastern capital will not advance money to corporations who are subject to antagonism by city councils or civic municipal leagues and political schemers. Without money, therefore, but little more can be done than maintain their equipment; there can be no extension, no improvements. A case in point is that of the Civic League and City of Des Moines seeking to compel the City Railway Company to vacate the streets of the city, not because of any deficiency of service, extortionate fares, inadequacy of equipment, any demand or complaint therefor by the public, but because of a supposed termination of its charter, and this of a company that has spent millions to develop and perfect a system for the express benefit of the whole city. For over fourteen years it was operated at dead loss. There has been no profligate salaries. For more than twenty years Mr. Polk gave to it his time and best thought, for which he received nothing. No stockholder has ever received a dividend. Every available surplus dollar has been given to extensions and improvements. The company must now suspend contemplated extension of lines and improvements, until the contest is determined, and confidence restored to Eastern money lenders. There does not seem to be any call from the people for this condition of affairs, respecting one of their most important utilities.

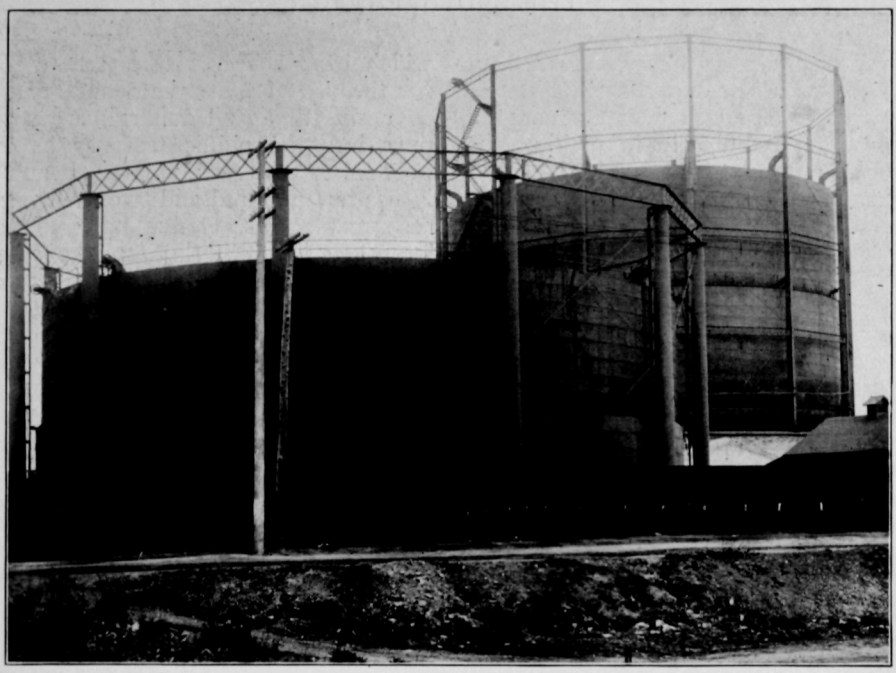
A thorough study of municipal economics will suggest that public utilities should be considered and treated upon sound business principles, untrammelled by caprices or political influence; that contracts and agreements made and vested rights thereunder be kept inviolate.

In times past, public utilities, and affairs of the city have, unduly affected by politicians, and impracticable schemers, but under the new dispensation, and new Des Moines idea, there is a predominant public sentiment that right, righteousness, and equity will prevail.

It was ten years after Des Moines became the Capital of the State before any effort was made to establish either of the six public utilities, gas, water, street railway, electric light, telephone, or inter-urban railway, now in operation.

GAS.

The first step taken was the formation of a gas company, April, 1864, by James M. Starr, of Richmond, Ind., who came here with a proposition to make a new and superior illuminating gas from superheated steam and coke, at a much lower rate than ordinary gas could be made, as there were no railroads, and the cost of transporting gas coal from Pennsylvania was erroneous, while the two rivers afforded abundant supply of water for steam making, free as the air—so Starr said. He persuaded B. F. Allen, J. N. Dewey, and some others to take an interest in it, and finally secured from the City Council, in April, a grant to make the illuminant, conditioned that he erect works and lay one mile of street mains on or before the first day of September following. A small one-story brick building, about thirty feet square, was erected at west Second and Market, in which were placed four verticle re-

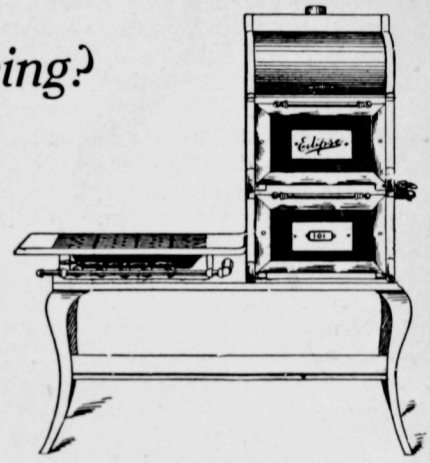


Plant of the Des Moines Gas Co., in East Des Moines

Are You Going to Cook this Summer

or Do the Cooking?

The Gas Range solves the Servant Problem



DES MOINES GAS COMPANY

torts, or crucibles, as they were called, in which to "cook" or superheat the steam, from which the gas was generated. There was no difficutly in making the gas, but the intense heat required, caused the crucibles, though made of the best material obtainable, to crack, allowing so much waste of gas, the system was abandoned, but the mains were laid, and on the evening of July 11th, 1865, several stores were first lighted with gas. The company however, continued in business, adopting the common coal gas system.

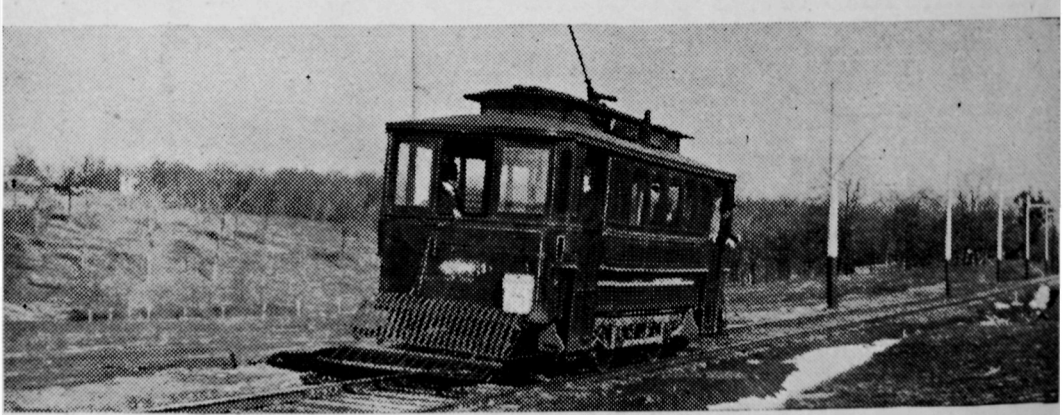
In September, 1875, the Capital City Gas and Light Company was organized, and in March following, received a charter for making illuminating gas and electric lights. Colonel J. N. Dewey was elected President. Works were erected where they now are. Immediately a fight was on. The old company attacked the new company in the manner proverbially common in the city in cases of proposed public improvements, with writs of injunction, and a strenuous contest in the courts was had on the ground that the first company had the exclusive use of the streets, but the Supreme Court held otherwise. The old company then sold out to the new one, and November 23, 1876, the streets of the city were first lighted. Little or no attention was given to electric lighting by the company.

In 1906 the company was reorganized, younger blood and keener enterprise enlisted, its business established under a more progressive and up-to-date system, and its name changed to Des Moines Gas Company, since when it has joined the big "booster" procession to do things. It is the only one of the public utilities which pays a franchise tax to the city for the use of the streets, amounting to over nine thousand dollars per year. It pays into the public treasury as taxes over thirty thousand dollars. It now has in use one hundred and twenty-five miles of street mains, twelve hundred street lamps, and eleven thousand consumers. Under the sliding scale of rates, consequent on the number of consumers, the rate is now practically one dollar per thousand feet. The latest and most approved appliances are constantly being adopted for perfection of service. It has recently finished the largest gas holder in the State, to meet the surely coming increased demand.

The company has never paid a dividend, the rapid growth of the city demanding the use of every dollar in excess of expenses for maintenance for extension of mains and improvements. The policy of the company is perfection of equipment and service rather than dividends.

STREET RAILWAY

The second movement for public utilities, was in October, 1866, when Dr. M. P. Turner procured a perpetual charter and organized the Des Moines City Railway Company, with himself President, J. S. Polk, Vice President, U. B. White, Superintendent, F. M. Hubbell, Secretary. The first year track was laid on Court Avenue from the Court House to the foot of Capitol Hill. The cars were small, and drawn by mules. The next year the track was extended north to Walnut, thence to West Fifth, thence to Court Avenue, forming a loop. In 1872, it was extended on High to west Fifteenth, and east on Grand Avenue to



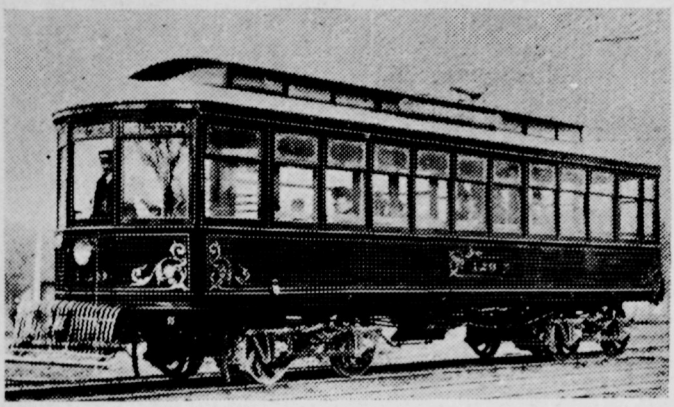
Car on Des Moines' City Railway

Take a Trolley Ride

And See Des Moines

5c You Can Reach all Points of Interest in the City by Trolley **5c**

5c FARE



FT. DES MOINES CAR This is a nice, long, four-mile ride, going southeast past South Park through one of the large nurseries, on to one of the finest forts in the United States. Here are many large brick buildings, all new and all built in uniform style of best material and entirely modern in every respect. Uncle Sam has spared no expense in making this military headquarters attractive and convenient for the worthy soldiers.

UNIVERSITY CAR Goes through Northwest Des Moines, one of the finest residence districts in the city. The cars also pass Drake University, one of the finest colleges in the west; then on past the Old Folks' Home and on to Waveland Park, where a beautiful public golf links is kept in the best of shape for all lovers of this popular game.

INGERSOLL PARK CAR Takes you west on Grand avenue, then northwest one block north of Grand avenue, the prettiest residence part of the city. This is a beautiful ride and it lands you at Ingersoll Park, the greatest amusement park in the west. All kinds of amusements with a large summer theatre, matinee and evening performance daily. Across the street is Greenwood Park, a very large park with lots of shade and flowers and a big lake.

UNION PARK CAR Takes you to East Des Moines, north through the prettiest residence district of East Des Moines on to Union Park and to the Danish College. Union Park is one of the prettiest picnic parks in the city and is made more attractive by many beautiful flowers. A great many wild native animals are kept here which are interesting to the visitors

VALLEY JUNCTION CAR This gives you a six-mile ride west, past the Country Club and Golf Links, and also past Ingersoll Park to Valley Junction, a beautiful little city which has grown fast on account of its being a division of the Rock Island railway. This is a fine, long ride for only one fare, giving the people of that little town the same advantages in car service as the people of Des Moines. A car leaves the waiting room every fifteen minutes.

HIGHLAND PARK CAR Takes you due north of the city along the Des Moines river, across it, and in view of the elegant Sixth avenue bridge, a handsome concrete structure sixty feet wide, and over the prettiest part of the river. Then we go north to Highland Park College, with its beautiful campus and large, handsome college buildings on the hill. Then we go west to the grove, making it a very delightful ride.

URBANDALE CAR This is a five-mile ride northwest of the city, past the large brick and tile factories and coal mines, west into the country. Many fine suburban homes are being built along this line which makes it an interesting ride and well worth the time spent. A beautiful view of the Des Moines river may be had along this line and many kodak fiends take advantage of it every summer.

GRAND VIEW PARK CAR This car takes you due east through East Des Moines, past the State Capitol, Historical Building, and on past the great Iowa State Fair Grounds, north over the hill from which a beautiful birds-eye view of the city greets the eye of the passenger. At the end of the line is Grand View Park, a handsome timbered park of natural trees and where many wild animals are also kept

Take a Trolley Ride and See Des Moines

Car on the Interurban Ry.

Tenth, making a total of two and one-half miles. Mr. Polk then disposed of his interest to Turner, having tired of paying expenses without any remuneration.

In 1887, H. E. Teachout and Gerrit Van Ginkel were granted a charter to build and operate a broad guage road with animal motive power. Track was laid from the East Side on Locust street to West Fourth, north on Fourth to Center and west on Center. The same year Van Ginkel and John Weber were granted a charter for a broad guage road from 'Coon River bridge to Sevastopol. New, and the latest style of cars, drawn by fine horses, put in use. They soon began to parallel Turner's lines, whereupon the doctor resorted to the common preventive, an injunction, claiming the exclusive use of the streets and stopped them. After nearly all the lawyers in the city had had their say in the proceedings, the Supreme Court held that the doctor's exclusive right was the use of animal motive power. The Broad Guage Company then changed its system to that of electric, and was one of the first in the country, to try the experiment, its feasibility not having been fully demonstrated.

In 1888, a charter was granted the Belt Line Company for a road up along Des Moines River to Highland Park, and to J. S. Polk for the Rapid Transit Railway Company. Track was laid from Seventeenth street to Greenwood Park and from East Twentieth street to the Fair Grounds on Grand Avenue. The motive on the Park line was for a time, a gasoline engine.

Thus we had six different conflicting lines in operation which accommodated nobody, except the few along their routes. At one time four different lines were operated on Walnut street. There was different colored cars for each line, distinguishable in daylight, but impossible at night, for it never occurred to anybody that a signal light corresponding with the color of the car was of any importance, thus making confusion worse confounded, especially at night. There was no central station; everybody had to stand on a street corner regardless of weather, watch and guess for his car. If perchance he boarded the wrong one his only resource was to get off, walk back and anathematize the company. A slight repetition of the experience was had during the recent repaving of Sixth street between Walnut and Mulberry, when the lines were all broken up.

There were no transfers in those days; it was a nickel for every person who rode on a car. If you wanted to go from Highland Park to Greenwood Park it was a nickel for the Belt Line to Second, then walk to Walnut, give Turner's line another nickel to Seventeenth street, then Polk another nickel to Greenwood Park. Cost Fifteen cents. Time one hour. If you wanted to go from Greenwood Park to the Fair Ground the trip was over four different lines. Cost twenty cents. Time two hours. There was no time schedules, nor attention given to connecting lines. Cars were run according to circumstances. Such was the condition the cars were of little or no advantage to the poor and labor classes.

In 1889, Polk purchased all the other lines, consolidated them with his own into the Des Moines City Railway Com-

There's water, water everywhere,
But the Des Moines kind is exceptionally rare;
If you drink a little you'll surely want more,
Then you'll swear you never tasted such good,
pure water before.

Des Moines Water Works Co.

View of Grounds at Pumping Station

pany, rebuilt and equipped them for electric motive power, and developed a city railway system, unparalleled by, and unlike that of any other system in the world. Every car in the system, also the Interurban, passes the postoffice and Union railway station and every car crossing Des Moines River, passes the Northwestern railway station.

There are eighty miles of track, two hundred cars, one hundred and ninety of which are the large, double truck pattern, and employment is given to more than nine hundred men. Extensive improvements and extensions have been planned, but are held in abeyance for a final disposal of the injunction plastered against the franchise of the company, when outlying districts are clamoring for greatly needed transit facilities.

While Mr. Polk was developing his city railway system, he inaugurated the interurban, by building a line from Greenwood Park to Valley Junction, five miles.

The officers are George B. Hippee, President; Harry H. Polk, Vice President; Albert G. Maish, General Manager; N. T. Guernsey, Secretary and Treasurer, all with one exception, born and reared in the city, and having a mutual interest in the growth and prosperity of the community with every other citizen—even more— that of all that is

good Des Moines shall have the best.

WATER

The third advance in public utilities was the organization of Des Moines Water Company, April 3, 1871, by B. F. Allen, J. S. Polk, P. M. Casady and Fred M. Hubbell, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars. May 2, the company received its charter, which was a perpetual one, in general terms, with a proviso giving exclusive use of the streets for forty years, and the privilege of the city to purchase the property of the company whenever so authorized by a vote of the people.

Soon after the charter was issued Polk and Hubbell purchased the franchise, and a plant was established where it is now. The Holly system was adopted.

In 1880, Polk & Hubbell sold their interest to a stock company. Enlargement of the plant has been made from time to time, to meet the increasing demand and growth of the city. Its pumping capacity is now nineteen million gallons per day. It has in use one hundred and thirty miles of street mains (four to thirty-six inches in diameter, less than one mile being four inches;) fifteen hundred fire hydrants; and about twelve thousand consumers. Its cost to date is approximately, one million five hundred thousand dollars. Improvements contemplated in the near future, and now in the preparatory stages, will cost about five hundred thousand dollars.

The rates to consumers are fixed by city ordinances. They are believed by the company to be fair, all things being reasonably considered. In fact they are lower than in many larger cities, when compared with the service rendered, and the policy of the company as a public service corporation.

The source of water supply is Raccoon river. After filtration through a deep bed of clean coarse sand of Nature's own formation, deposited during the glacial period on a hard bed previously made by erosion and cutting by the glacier ice, the water passes into large chambers under and south of the river, enclosed with solid stone masonry which retains it free from contamination. A monthly analysis of the water during the past five years by Prof. Floyd Davis, generally admitted to be the best authority on public water supplies in this country, shows the water is far superior to that of the majority of public systems, and especially free from deleterious bacteria. But once has he discovered the presence of the colon bacilli. The water shed tributary to the river is also remarkably free from pollution. Regular inspeciton of hydrants in winter is made every day, for fire protection.

The pumping machinery consists of a

View of Grounds at Water Works

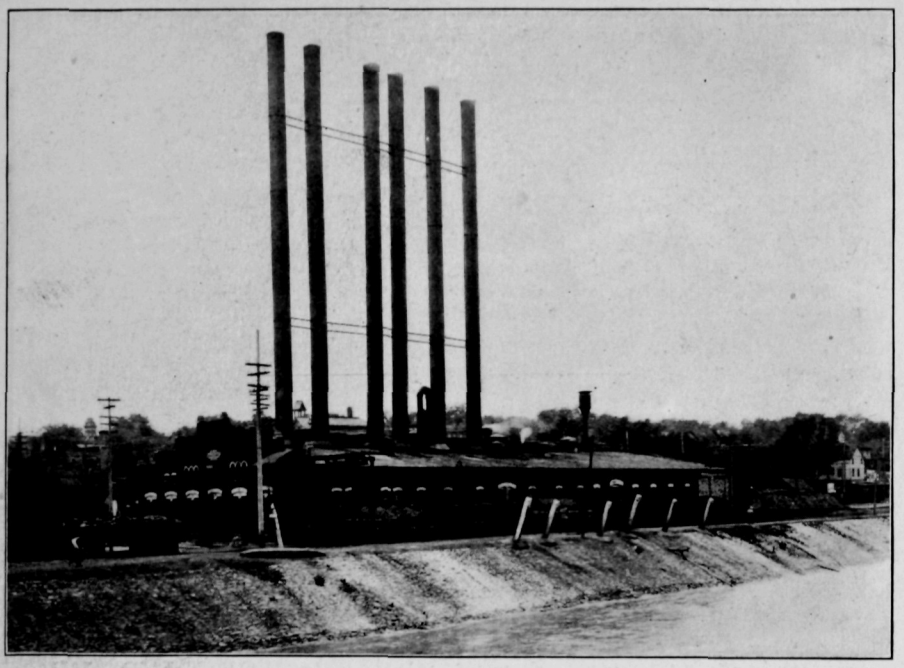
View in Park Surrounding Water Works

Worthington six-million gallon pumping engine; a six million gallon Gaskill pump; and an eight-million gallon Holly pump; six horizontal, tubular boilers, sixty-six inches diameter, eighteen feet long. As a protection from fire the system has proved adequate to all demands. When the Holly system was adopted, wiseacres shook their heads, declaring that to fight fire it would do very well for a country village. But time has demonstrated otherwise, July 21, 1899, in front of the thirteen-story Observatory building, with a two-and-one-half-inch nozzle, four-run Eastman deluge, and one hundred and fifty pounds hydrant pressure, a verticle stream was thrown two hundred and twenty-five feet. When the Grand Opera House was burned adjoining the Observatory building, the latter was saved. In this respect Des Moines is unique, as in many other things. It is the largest city in the United States using the Holly system, the pumping capacity of which has not yet been fully tested by reason of its efficiency in preventing a large conflagration.

The capital stock of the company is five hundred thousand dollars, with an authorized bond issue of two million five hundred thousand dollars, of which bonds amounting to one million five hundred thousand dollars have been sold. The property valuation for taxation is fixed at one million five hundred thousand dollars.

The officers are: Charles H. Payson, Portland, Maine, President; E. J. Fletcher, Treasurer; Charles S. Denman, successor of his father, General Manager.

Under the provisions of the charter, in 1907, a movement was made for municipal ownership of the plant. It was put to the people, and lost, since when there has been no apparent public desire to repeat the proposition, for under the management of Denman, who, by his careful, liberal methods, evident desire to give satisfaction to all concerned, and the rule which, fifteen years ago, when he assumed control, he gave employes, who come in direct contract with the people: "Deal gently; bear all patiently; act quietly; speak cheerfully, and in moderate tone." There is remarkable cordiality of the people toward the company.



Edison Steam Plant

ELECTRIC LIGHT

Electricity for illuminating purposes was first introduced in the city by the Capital City Gas Company in 1875, in a desultory way, as a side line, more especially to hold the field under a perpetual charter, but soon after the Edison Company and the Fort Wayne Company established plants, and for nearly a score of years the divisive strife between them was so keen as to consume all the profit, their capital as well, and so cripple the service until 1899, when, to escape collapse, the three companies were merged.

Pending the negotiation for the merger, and construction of a new plant the city council began a movement to establish a municipal lighting plant. It appropriated twenty thousand dollars therefor. Under the rights of the chartered companies the city was enjoined by the courts from carrying out its project.

The Des Moines Edison Light Company, successor of the merged companies, immediately began the building of a new plant and new system, in accordance with the latest and best methods. The policy of the company has been to secure the good will of the people and overcome the old time prejudices and grievances, by giving the best possible service, at fair and reasonable rates, and constant effort to please its patrons. In this respect it has been eminently successful, not only in gaining public esteem and supplying light but in supplying motive power for factories, manufacturing industries, illuminated signs, elevators, and multifarious other uses, daily increasing. One of its most important improvements was placing its wires underground, in common with the telephone companies, thus clearing the streets of the gridiron of wires, so dangerous in case of fires. It also was the advance guard in the effort to promote the public health and rid the city of the smoke nuisance, by installing in its plant a successful smoke consumer.

Its officers are F. L. Dame, President; I. Howard Hanson, Vice President; H. M. Francis, Secretary and Treasurer; Paul B. Sawyer, General Manager. Mr. Sawyer makes it the study of his days and nights to secure the good will of patrons to his company. The signs of his progress and success are numerous, and increasing day by day.

The capital stock of the company is $1,125,000; bonded debt, $730,000; assessed valuation of plant, $775,000. It pays taxes amounting to $15,888.10 per annum.

An erroneous opinion prevails to some

ELECTRIC
FLAT IRONS

Thirty Days Free Trial

To make it possible for every housekeeper in this city to test the greater comfort and convenience of the Electric Flat Iron, we will send one to any address for

Thirty Days Free Trial

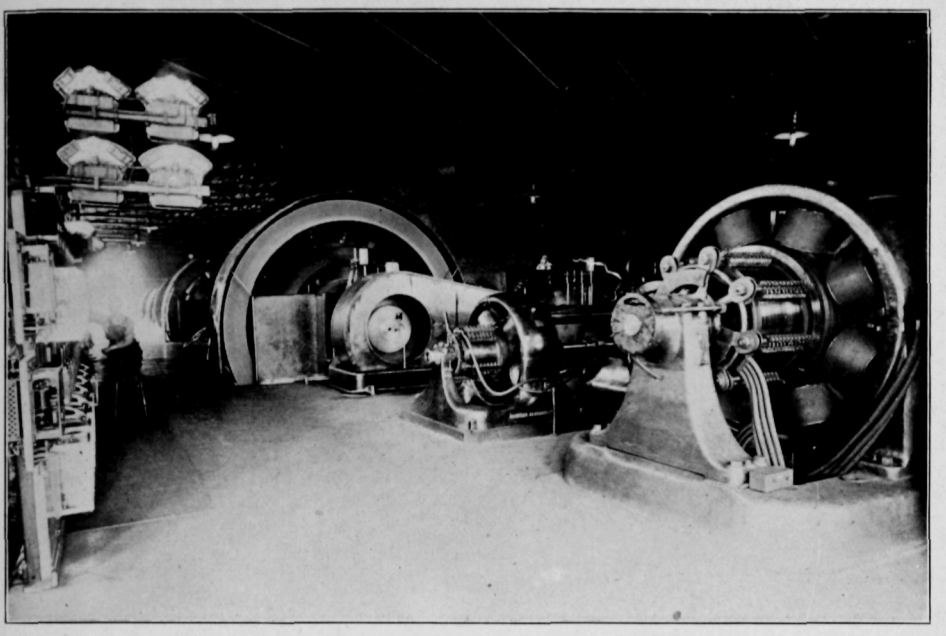
If, at the end of that time, you think the few dollars we ask for it is worth more than the iron, we will take it away, and the trial will not have cost you a cent.

Call us up and we will deliver the iron at once.

Iowa Phone 596 **Mutual Phone 1326**

Des Moines Edison Light Co.

Cor. Fifth and Mulberry Streets



Interior of Edison Light Co., Showing Generator of the Engine Room

extent in the city, that there is a mutuality of interest between the company and the gas light company. They are distinct and strong competing companies. If there be any doubt of it, ask any of their trade solicitors. It would doubtless be of advantage to the city if they were united under one management, as is becoming the custom of public utility companies in other cities thereby saving a large expense which could be given the public in reduced rates, additional to the voluntary reduction made by the Edison Company last Summer, estimated at twenty thousand dollars per annum. No dividend has yet been paid by the company, all surplus earning being expended in maintenance and improvements.

INTERURBAN RAILWAY

Last, but not least in value of the public utilities, is the interurban railway. Since 1870, when Mr. Polk inauguarted and built the narrow guage steam roads to Ames, Fonda, and Clive, he persistently advocated a system of roads radiating from the city in every direction as a source of great benefit and profit to the town. In fact he put his views in practical operation again in 1902, by making further addition to his Valley Junction project by organizing the Interurban Railway Company and building a line to Colfax, a distance of twenty-three miles; to Perry and Woodward, thirty-seven miles; to Fort Des Moines, six miles, and equipping the entire system for first class passenger and freight rapid transit service. The company also furnishes terminal facilities for the Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern, with its branches to Ames and Boone, with an hourly service, which practically makes it a part of Polk's system. Passenger service is now given every hour to Colfax, every two hours to Perry; every twenty-one minutes to Fort Des Moines, and every fifteen minutes to Valley Junction. The interurban system is under control of the City Railway Company.

All these public utilities have advanced under unusual and expensive conditions. The city spreads over fifty-four square miles. Its population increases in spots. A segregated community is formed in some locality and demands gas, water, light and transit, compelling the laying of mains, rails and stringing of wires long distances across areas sparsely or wholly unoccupied, thus involving large expenditure for which there is no compensation, but they have thus far laudably complied with the public demand and growth of the city. Under the sagacious, progressive, yet successful management of Haines of the gas company, Hippee of

the city railway, Denman of the water company, McFarland of the Iowa Telephone, Walker of the Mutual Telephone, and Sawyer of the Edison Light, the city in respect of its utilities is far in advance of any other of like population.

THE TELEPHONE

The telephone has become one of the most prominent of the public utilities. Its use has reached a point well nigh universality. It has become almost a necessity. It has spread all over the state, even into the rural districts. Every progressive farmer has a telephone. He purchases an instrument, connects it with his wire fence at one end and with some wire of a central exchange in his vicinity, and he is in touch with all that is going on in the world.

In 1896, the Mutual Telephone Company was organized with an authorized capital of five hundred thousand dollars, direct from the city of Des Moines. It is home-formed, so it declares, "of the people, for the people and by the people of the city of Des Moines; owned and operated by seven hundred and forty-one independent shareholders, seven hundred and twenty-nine of whom are Des Moines residents."

It began business under unfavorable conditions with a capital stock of ninety thousand dollars, divided into two thousand shares, at forty-five dollars each. With each share went the right to one telephone at any point within one mile of the central exchange. Beyond that distance the additional cost of construction was chargeable. Its first rate was for business offices, twenty-four dollars; residences, eighteen dollars. In 1905 the city council authorized the raising of rates for business places to forty-two dollars and residences thirty dollars.

Recent changes in its plans have been made so that it is now practically a stock company. Its authorized capital is one million dollars. Its charter requires the payment to the city of five per cent taxes on its gross receipts. It has one hundred and eighty miles of pole lines; four thousand eight hundred miles of circuit wire in cables; six thousand five hundred total miles of wire; one hundred and eighty thousand telephone connections within the state, and fifty-seven thousand within seventy-five miles of Des Moines. It has five thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven instruments installed in the city. All its instruments are long distance telephones. Its patrons can talk directly with subscribers and farmers on rural lines connected with the various exchanges throughout the state.

The company has recently erected a large headquarters building at Tenth and Grand avenue at a cost of nearly fifty thousand dollars, and also opened, with full and complete equipment, an exchange on the East Side at East Sixth and Des Moines streets, thus giving that portion of the city all the advantages of the West Side for quick service. It gives employment to about two hundred persons.

Under the management of R. A. Walker the success of the company has far exceeded expectation. His policy is to please the public with the best possible service, and so being, there have been no dividends.

In 1896 the Iowa Telephone Company was organized as a branch of the Bell Telephone Company, with headquarters at Davenport. It spread its wires over every county in Iowa except Pottawattamie. In 1904 the headquarters of the company were removed to Des Moines and a fine general office building erected at Seventh and Pleasant streets at a cost of $57,272.88. It has twenty-eight thousand two hundred and thirteen miles of toll wire strung in Iowa, ten hundred and sixty-five stations, forty thousand four hundred and sixty-four instruments in use. It has connection with about four hundred other exchanges in Iowa. In Des Moines it had on March 31, 1908, six thousand three hundred and sixty-nine instruments in use. An enlargement of its switch board has been made to give connection with twelve thousand phones in the city. Its rates are for business phones, individual, sixty dollars; two-party, forty-eight dollars; four-party, thirty-six dollars. For residence phones, individual, thirty dollars; two-party, twenty-four dollars.

The entire equipment is the latest and best known to experts. The whole system is under the management of G. E. McFarland, whose twenty-nine years of practical experience, sagacious, conservative methods, cordial relation with the public, studied effort to give patrons prompt, efficient and satisfactory service, upon the theory that a satisfied clientele is one of the best assets of the company, has largely increased the business and

Interior of Pumping Station, Des Moines Water Works

Switchboard of Edison Light Plant

more firmly anchored it in public estimation.

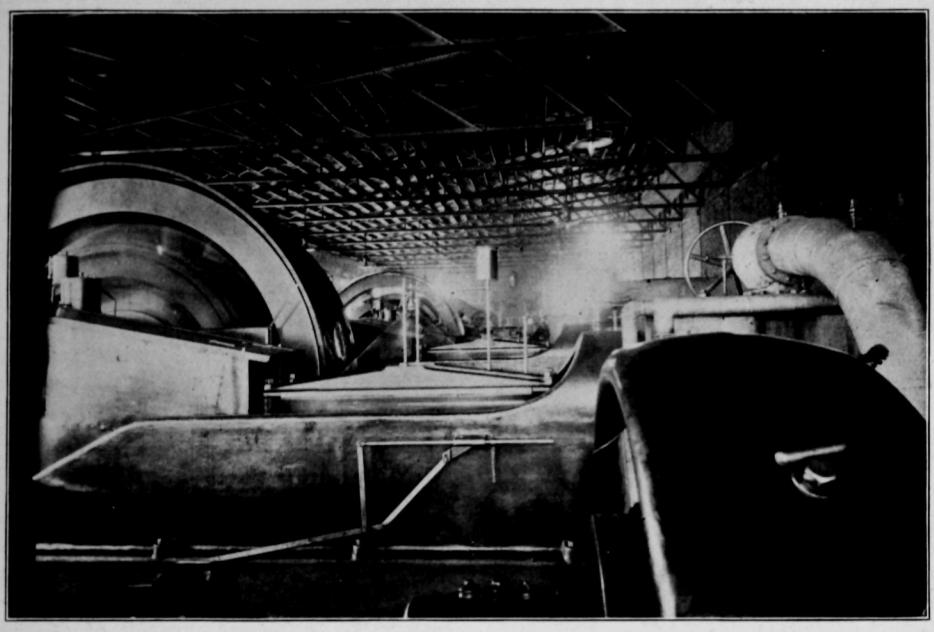
Now that the primary causes which led to the formation of the two companies have become obsolete, there is a strong public sentiment that much would be gained if there were but one company. Business houses and offices now find it imperative to patronize both systems, which is a double and onerous expense. A consolidation, under a single management, would not only largely reduce cost of service, but better please the public, besides making possible a reduction of rates.

A FORTUNATE CITY

It has long beeen the habit to speak of certain towns as healthful places in which to live. Fortunate climate, location and habits of the people have to do with the health of the inhabitants at large. But perhaps the most important feature of the daily living is the article used in drinking, pure water and pure milk being absolute essentials to good health. Des Moines is most fortunate in possessing abundant supplies of each. Our city water is second to none, while the delicious and perfectly sanitary pasteurized milk furnished by the Iowa Dairy Company is not only conducive to pleasure, but to the health of all who drink it. A careful housewife will see to it that no other milk or cream is used in her family but the Iowa Dairy Company pasteurized products. The best way to get it is to have their wagons deliver it. It can also be had at all enterprising grocers' establishments.

MAKING A REPUTATION

The new American Dress Club putting out first-class work, prompt in filling orders, with a fine, new, clean establishment, their help in livery and everything about them betokening order and ability to serve the public well, is making a reputation for themselves which any business firm might envy. They use the latest and best approved methods and clean everything perfectly from the finest dresses to the heaviest bed clothes, rugs, portiers, etc. The Midwestern cordially commends this new establishment to the favor of the public.



Engine Room of the Edison Electric Light Plant

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

No spider preying on his kind,
An idler and a parasite;
No autocrat of people blind
Ruling his slaves by right of might.

No plaything of a by-gone age,
A picture pleasing to the eye,
Strutting for one brief hour the stage,
A foolish, useless butterfly.

But one whose hand is brown with toil,
Whose face is tanned by wind and sun:
Who beautifies and tills the soil,
Whose crown by right divine is won.

A toiler, not a useless drone
In the world's busy hive of men;
His sceptre is a tool, his throne
A symbol, and his sword a pen.

He wears a laurel wreath for crown,
And throughout all the land men sing
His good deeds, praises and renown—
The twentieth century king.

—Henry Coyle.

SUBSIDIZING MATRIMONY

Thomas Roseman, a wealthy ranchman of McPherson county, Nebraska, has come out with a startling proposal to pay a bonus for matrimony and for babies. He offers to give $100 to any and every couple marrying and settling down in that county, and $50 for each and every child, male or female, born in that county.

The experiment of this stockraiser of Nebraska in raising human beings will be watched with unusual interest. If it shall prove successful, it would open up unlimited possibilities for Mr. Carnegie to draft Cupid into his service in an effort to get rid of his surplus wealth. Think how many happy couples at $100 per, and how many nice babies at $50 apiece, Carnegie or Rockefeller could buy. Carnegie homes blessed with Carnegie babies might make the desert places of America blossom like a rose, and the sparsely settled West would in two generations be teeming with millions.—The Monitor Magazine.

BANKING DEPARTMENT

WHAT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF BANKING HAS DONE IN DES MOINES

L. M. Barlow, Asst. Cashier Iowa Trust and Savings Bank

G. D. ELLYSON
Pres. Marquardt Savings Bank

THE American Institute of Banking is an organization of, and conducted under the auspices of the American Bankers' Association, to promote the education of bank men in banking along theoretical as well as practical lines through the organization of chapters.

The bank man of today must know something more than practical banking in its narrower sense. So great in our complex modern civilization are the ramifications of the banking business, that to understand it thoroughly one must keep in touch with all the industrial, political and social questions of the day.

The more knowledge of a general nature the bank man has, and the more he has learned to think correctly on any of the problems of the day, the more useful he will be to his bank in whatever position he may hold.

The necessity of a thorough training for success in banking is being accentuated day by day by the trend of business, and no one not so trained and educated can hope to achieve more than a small degree of success. There never was a day when there existed a greater demand for the thoroughly trained and competent man, and surely never before was the level of compensation so high.

The need of an opportunity for self education and improvement along broader lines had long been felt by the bank men of this country and the demand for such became so strong as to be recognized by the American Bankers' Association as the greatest need of the profession.

Its inception was looked upon by many bankers and bank clerks as something of an experiment, while there were those who freely predicted its speedy dissolution and opposed its progress. Others appeared to doubt the abilities and energies of the bank men of the country, and gave way to wholly ungrounded fears of labor unionism and other evils which they thought might spring up.

Six years of experience have been sufficient to silence the scoffers, to reassure the borrowers of trouble, and to win over to the appreciation of the merits of the institute the great body of the intelligent and progressive bankers and bank men of the country. The organization is no longer classed as an experiment, but may with confidence be said to be firmly established as a permanent power in the betterment of banking conditions throughout the country.

When the American Institute of Banking was organized, our friends in the American Bankers' Association believed that the clerks and junior officers would heed, especially educational, suggestions to increase their value, but few if any believed that the changed status in the business world which today requires so much more thorough preparation for executive positions, would be so wisely discovered, that self sacrifice would be so generously made among the younger bank men to grasp opportunities to pre-

People's Savings Bank

CAPITAL $100,000.00
SURPLUS 75,000.00

C. H. MARTIN, *President*
T. F. FLYNN, *Vice President*
F. P. FLYNN, *Cashier*
E A. SLININGER, *Asst. Cashier*

Statement of the Condition of the People's Savings Bank at the Close of Business May 14, 1908 Auditor's Call

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$1,492,086.86
Real Estate	3 544.51
Furniture and Fixtures	7,500.00
Overdrafts,	1,529.53
Cash on hand and in banks	437,621.18
	$1,943.282.08

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 100 000.00
Surplus	75,000.00
Other Profits	30,006.94
Deposits	1.737,275.14
	$1.942,282.08

pare to meet future contingencies and conditions, that the demand for capable men to fill important positions would be so readily recognized, and undoubtedly soon supplied.

It is the individual with a thorough bank education and training both practical and theoretical, with a genuine feeling of brotherhood toward his fellow man, one who is firm, yet not inflexible in his beliefs and opinions, one who is conscientious and obliging yet diplomatic, one who seeks not temporary advantages, but lasting benefits, that makes the successful banker of today.

It has been said of the American Institute of Banking, that if there is one service more important than others that the Institute has rendered, it is to make its members more considerate of each other, to make them more conscientious and zealous in their duties, and to inspire an ambition for and a realization of the higher and better things in business life.

Conditions as they existed in Des Moines were the same as in every other city; bank men were learning their business through experience, often bitter and expensive, as there were no opportunities for self education and improvement outside of the regular daily routine of work.

The bank men of this city were quick to recognize the value of such education

Intelligent, conscientious efforts to please are making our service unsurpassed in this field. The increasing volume of business entrusted to this institution by banks, corporations and individuals is proof of the efficient service rendered.

Resources over $4,500,000.00

The Des Moines National Bank

COL. H. P. HEDGE
President Central State Bank

and training as might be gained by affiliating with the Institute and the organization of a local chapter was launched on the evening of October 28, 1905, when seventy-five bank clerks and the officers of the different financial institutions of the city met together at the Grant Club.

Mr. G. E. Mackinnon, the cashier of the Mechanics Savings Bank, who had so ably assisted both by his time and influence in bringing about this meeting, acted as the chairman. We were honored by the presence of Mr. Fred A. Crandall who was at that time president of the Chicago Chapter, now the assistant cashier of the National City Bank, also H. E. Hallenbeck, now cashier of the Capital National Bank of St. Paul, who told us of the great good that had been derived by the bank men of other cities through the Institute work, and urged upon us the necessity of getting busy at once.

Every bank clerk present signed the application for membership and by unanimous vote Geo. B. Irick, who at that time was the exchange teller in the Des Moines Savings Bank, but who is now cashier of the Exchange State Bank of Stuart, Iowa, was elected president, and through his untiring efforts the work was soon well started. Regular meetings have been held every two weeks where we always have the pleasure of listening to very able addresses and discourses by some of the most prominent business and professional men of our city.

Beginning our second year a class in commercial law was organized and very fortunately we were able to secure as our instructor Hon. Chas. L. Powell, one of our most prominent and leading lawyers, who worked hard and faithfully with the class, and the enthusiasm and interest which was always manifest at the meetings showed how much the work was being enjoyed and the good that was being accomplished. The work having been so successful, Mr. Powell was persuaded to continue it through another year when the study of notes and bills and the negotiable instrument law were taken up in detail. The year just closed

H. B. HEDGE, President
J. D. WHISENAND, Vice President

J. G. OLMSTED, Vice President
FRED S. RISSER, Cashier

CENTRAL STATE BANK

DES MOINES

Auditor's Call. *May 14, 1908*

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans ..... $	844,254.70	Capital Stock..... $	50,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00	Surplus and Profits.....	53,429.60
Cash and due from banks	246,193.55	Deposits	988,018.65
	$1,091,448.25		$1,091,448.25

DIRECTORS

H. B. Hedge, J. G. Olmsted, Chas. R. Chase, H. A. Elliott, J. W. Hill, R. T. Wellslager, J. K. Dempster, J. D. Whisenand, J. G. Berryhill, W. H. Langan

was marked by greater enthusiasm and interest than before and will always be remembered by the class as one of great improvement and personal benefit to all.

The regular chapter meetings have been continued in addition to our law class, and under the very able administration of E. A. Slininger, the assistant cashier of the People's Savings Bank, who served us as our president during the past year, an unusual amount of interest has been taken in the work. Debates between the various members on the current financial questions of the day, and contests along the lines of our daily duties have encouraged greater efforts and efficiency among the members in their work.

The social side has not been entirely overlooked, and since organization, several dancing parties have been held which have always been well attended and greatly enjoyed by all the members and their lady friends, and each year an annual banquet has been held when we have been honored by the presence of the senior officers of the banks and had the pleasure of listening to some speaker of note.

Of course it is true we have not accomplished as much along certain lines as we had hoped for, yet the benefits are inestimable, the educational advantages that have been enjoyed have made better, more conscientious and obliging bank men, more capable of discriminating between the good and the doubtful, and above all such opportunities are preparing us for a readiness to meet future contingencies and conditions as they are sure to come to the ambitious and aggressive bank man of today. But above all it has inspired in many the ambition for the higher and better things in life, has awakened a due appreciation and recognition of our fellow clerk, and a realization of the mutual dependence of man and man, which will go to make better men and better citizens.

So while there has not been accomplished all that had been planned and hoped for, yet it cannot be said that the American Institute of Banking has failed in its purpose in Des Moines.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Citizens National Bank of Des Moines, Iowa

Capital $200,000 Surplus $100,000

J. G. ROUNDS, President
S. A. MERRILL, Vice-President

GEO. E. PEARSALL, Cashier
W. W. MAISH, Asst. Cashier

CHAS. H. MARTIN
Pres. Peoples Savings Bank

GUARANTEE OF DEPOSITS

By D. L. Heinsheimer, Glenwood, Iowa

This paper was read by Mr. Heinsheimer at the State Bankers Association in Sioux City in June. A reply will appear in our August number from Hon. Geo. E. Roberts, President of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

IT IS not so much the question of more dollars, but how to keep busy what we have. The object lesson we had last October ought to convince the bankers of this country that confidence is our greatest asset, and when confidence is gone, our dollars disappear.

There were plenty of dollars the day before, but scarcely any the day after, the notice from our correspondents of the lockout, nor for many weeks thereafter, notwithstanding the millions of gold that were imported, and the unlimited circulation of clearing house certificates and cashier's checks, all trying to do the little business that there was to do.

What does this prove? No matter

Mechanics Savings Bank

315 Fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa

CAPITAL $50,000.00 *SURPLUS $5,000.00*

OFFICERS

H. B. Wyman, *Prest.* G. E. MacKinnon, *Vice Prest.* Jno. A. Elliott, *Cashier*

DIRECTORS

D. M. Johnson, F. C. Waterbury, Harry F. Gross, John H. Gibson, C. B. McNerney, R. R. McCutchen, H. B. Wyman, Nelson Royal, G. E. MacKinnon

what the proper remedy may be, we are now all agreed that our present system is not satisfactory.

I regard the banking business, under our present financial system, as the most hazardous of any in existence. The public grants the banker a greater credit on his reputation than a banker would grant to a manufacturer or merchant. A statement for credit from one of these, with a showing of $25,000 capital, and $100,000 indebtedness, nearly all of which is due on demand, would not be regarded by a banker as strictly "gilt-edge," and security would be asked for a loan in any amount, and yet this is a better statement than the average banker offers of his condition to the public.

Is it, therefore, surprising that it is possible to disturb so radically, the existing commercial affairs through the banks? No, gentlemen, I am only surprised that we get along as well as we do.

There is no good reason why the banks, and through them the commerce of 85,000,000 of people, should be so radically disturbed at a time when other conditions and resources were never equalled, because of the action of a few high-grade promoters and gamblers.

These we shall always have, but their power to injure ought to be kept down to the minimum, so that they would not be able to create distress beyond their own associates and immediate connections. But under our present system this is impossible.

The history of all panics proves that they were inexcusable, and came at times when the country was full of resources, and were brought about by the actions of a few individuals, and in every instance,

"Are You Going to Take a Vacation?"

Then you can appreciate what a help it is to have a

SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Open an account with us and add to it weekly
We Pay Dividends on Savings

Iowa Trust and Savings Bank

N. E. Corner East Fifth and Locust Sts.

W. B. Martin, *President* G. S. Gilbertson, *Vice-President.*
A. O. Hauge, *Cashier* L. M. Barlow, *Asst. Cashier*

VALLEY NATIONAL BANK
AND
VALLEY SAVINGS BANK

Capital and Profits $500,000,00

We would appreciate your checking account and offer you **4 per cent interest** on your savings in our savings department. *Corner Walnut and Fourth Street.*

only by the destruction of confidence.

Now, what is the remedy? Is it emergency or asset currency? This remedy is, at the present time, the leading one proposed in congress.

But I am unable to understand, with our recent experience, when the cause was a lack of confidence, how an increase of currency would be the proper medicine.

When it requires 96 per cent of confidence and 4 per cent of currency to do the business of the country, why take up so much of our valuable time in discussing the kind of securities necessary to bolster up the 4 per cent? Why not devote more time to the more important feature, and insure the stability of the 96 per cent?

It seems to me that we keep on discussing currency and more currency, when it is only through a lack of confidence that we have been deprived of the currency that rightfully belongs to us.

Now, I don't want to be misunderstood, and have you believe that I think that the guarantee of deposits will, in itself, correct all the existing evils, for it will not. There should be a good emergency law in connection with this, so that, if at any time, there is a genuine demand for additional currency, it could be provided.

However, I want to be distinctly understood that an emergency currency, based on furnishing sufficient confidence for the 96 per cent used in business, will be a failure and a disappointment, for, in times of panic, the emergency currency would be locked up as fast as it was issued, and would not do the business expected.

There have been many plans suggested to improve and remedy our financial system, but all, except the guarantee of deposits, are based on the issuance of more currency in times of stringency, and not one without a guarantee, or else backed up by the government, or both. Then why should the friends of these measures

Capital City State Bank

BANK BUILDING, EAST FIFTH AND LOCUST STS.,
DES MOINES, IOWA

Capital, Surplus and Profits, $125,000.00
Deposits, $1,461,695.12

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J. A. T. Hull, *Vice-Pres.*
J. A. McKinney, *Cashier.*
D. J. Van Liew, *Asst. Cashier.*

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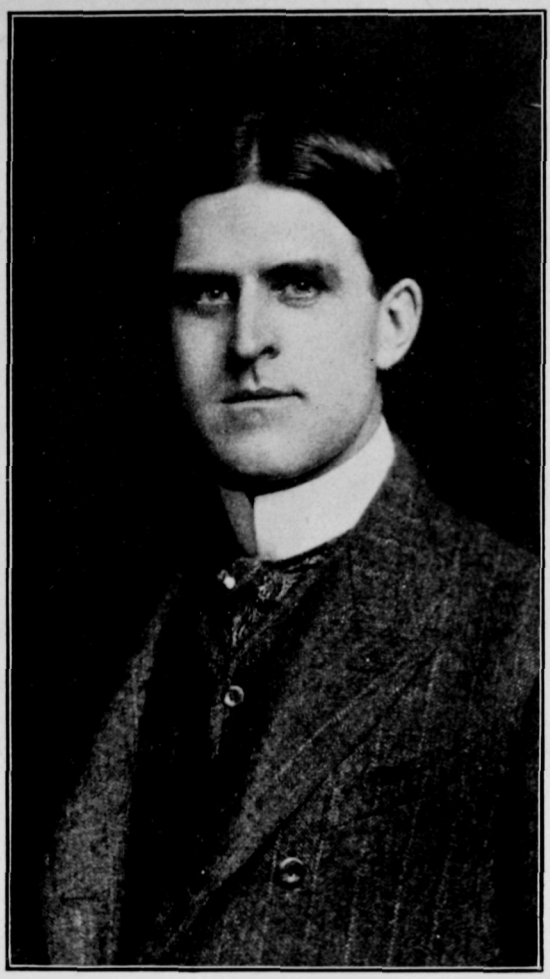
J. D. McGarraugh
W. L. Read — J. A. McKinney
Henry Wagner — D. J. Van Liew

If you are looking about for the services of an institution well equipped to transact all branches of legitimate banking, this bank solicits your business, promising liberal treatment and courteous consideration.



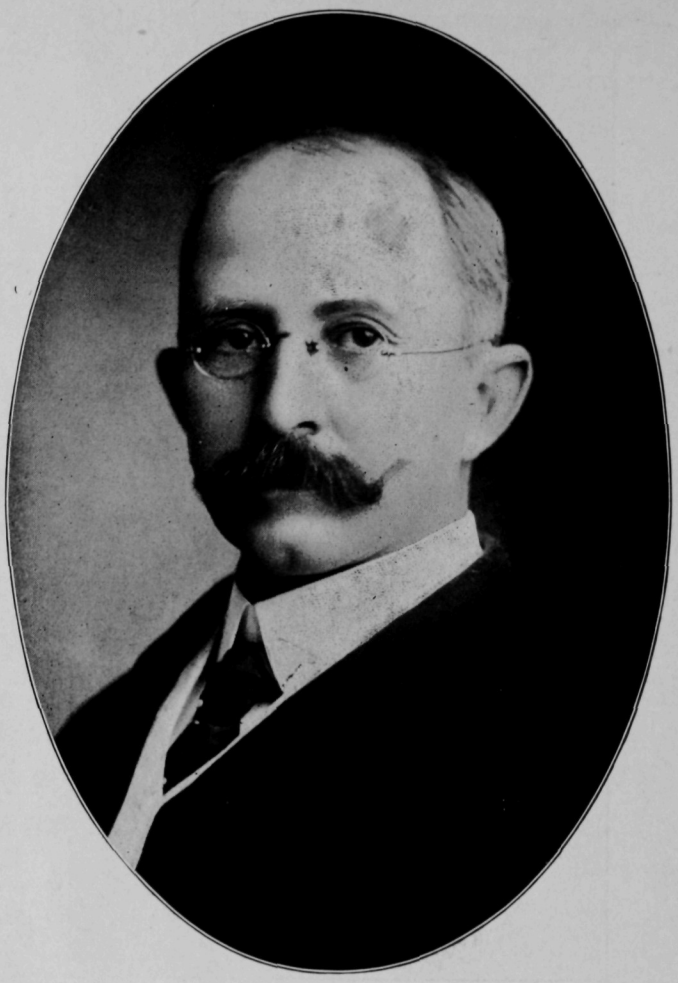
GILGER E. MacKINNON
Cashier Mechanics Savings Bank

cry "socialism," "paternalism" and other bad names at the believers in the guarantee of deposits, when we are willing to furnish the funds for the payment of depositors, and do not ask the government or the state to act otherwise than as a depository for the funds.

It seems to me, gentlemen, that this cry is unfair and misleading. Look at it from any standpoint, and carefully analyze all the proposed remedies, and you will find that the government will have more to do with the banking business under these plans, than under the guarantee of deposits. And while you are at work digesting all these proposed remedies, please do not overlook the strength of the postal savings bank proposition, endorsed by the postmaster general and the president of the United States.

This measure is very formidable, and unless the bankers come to their senses and do business, we will have the government in the banking business on a grand scale, and our strongest competitor, so much so, that when we look backward, the friends of the insurance of deposits will be looked upon as extremely conservative, and not as socialists and destroyers of the reputations of banks that flatter themselves that they are able to do business regardless of the rest of the world.

I wish it understood that I fully appreciate the personal worth and reputation of the honorable banker who has, and is deserving of the confidence of the people. This is generally true of most banks and the undeserving are few in comparison.



A. C. MILLER

President of the Home Savings Bank

During the recent unpleasantness, many of the country banks, deprived of their deposits as they were, and notwithstanding the advice and action of their correspondents paid out cash in unlimited amounts to their customers, while during the same period, their correspondents locked up everything in sight and gave as their reason for so doing, that "they were afraid of the country banker."

There are many more of the country banks than of the large city banks, and if their deposits are not as great, neither are their liabilities. Yet in times of stringency, as in 1907, their reputation will compare favorably with the larger banks, and it is for the stability and protection of their capital, and for their profits and in their business that the "guarantee of deposit" sentiment has been growing among them, and like the city bankers, they are inclined to look at the question from a selfish standpoint.

Mr. Forgan, of the First National Bank of Chicago, has been quite busy of late, circulating opposition to the insurance of deposits, and among his various objections, he says it would place all banks on an equality and a depositor would deposit his funds in the first bank he came to, and the reputation of years would not count. If this be true, why does the First National and other old and tried city banks continue to increase their banking capital and surplus, when, as their reputation increases, they could keep their deposits with less.

The facts are, gentlemen, banks are limited by law in loans in proportion to their combined capital and surplus, and

the commercial interests from the smallest to the greatest are borrowers, consequently the bank that can accommodate their needs are the ones selected by them, and with them they deposit. This is why the great banks in recent years have increased, and are still increasing their banking capital.

The inference of Mr. Forgan, that a commercial institution would deposit in one bank, and seek another for necessary funds to conduct his business, would never be permitted by him or any other very long. He would soon give him to understand that both go together.

Mr. Forgan also appears to be afraid of an increase in fraudulent banking in the event of insurance of deposits, and that it would be wrong for the banker of high standing to be made to pay for the recklessness and bad management of others. To this objection I can only say, the insurance fund could be used only for paying deficiencies, after all assets are exhausted and assessments have been made against the stockholders as provided by law, therefore I am unable to see where there can be any inducement on the part of any one to do reckless banking, when, as now, their own capital is involved, and only depositors' deficiency is to be paid from this fund.

As it is now, if there is a failure in his town, the banker will discover that his deposits will shrink from the effects of loss and general confidence, while on the other hand, under the guarantee plan, the depositor will find a ready market for his claim. So the remaining banks will receive the benefit and business of the failure. And the community in general, will not find their funds, which are necessary to conduct their business, tied up and unavailable for an indefinite period.

Otherwise the banks would be obliged to contract their loans, and accumulate a reserve to counteract a loss of confidence, and thereby assist in paralyzing business. But did the Chicago Clearing House, of which Mr. Forgan was president, apply this method of reasoning at the time of the failure of the Chicago National Bank? Did the clearing house say to Mr. Walsh, "You have done fraudulent banking, and it would encourage others to do the same if we paid your depositors." No, like sensible men, looking out for their own interests, they wisely paid the depositors, and substantially applied the principle that we are advocating today.

But we, as independent bankers, cannot accomplish what the big clearing house banks can, with their perfect organization, and the millions of dollars behind them. Then why should they now oppose so vigorously the same principle to prevent a panic that the clearing house applied for their own protection, in the case of the Chicago National?

The Iowa State Bankers Association, in the past years, has been interested in, and has accomplished much in matters pertaining to their financial welfare. If we had deposit insurance, it is reasonable to suppose that they, being financially interested, would interest themselves in weeding out fraudulent banking.. This would become an important feature of their business, and I will vouch for much cleaner banking, when these competent men, many of whom I have served with on committees, interest themselves in this matter. They are much better informed as to the banks and their management than it is possible for a few men to be, on whom all the responsibility and duty of investigation now devolves.

Gentlemen, I do not intend to worry you with statistics and figures as I have on former occasions, as this question has been so frequently discussed of late. The item of the cost of this insurance is conceded to be so comparatively slight that our opponents do not usually argue from that standpoint. The comptroller's report shows that the loss is about one-twentieth of 1 per cent on the average yearly deposits of national banks since they have been in existence, and for the last ten years it has been very much less, so the loss is but nominal.

The main argument against insurance of deposits used by our opponents is not so much the expense, as the principles involved. Gentlemen, I am free to admit that I do not like to pay for other people's deficiencies and crime, but do we not do so and do it willingly when we patronize fire, burglary, fidelity and numerous other forms of insurance? Would not the banker decline or decrease the line of credit to the merchant who refused to insure against fire because he was opposed to paying for the carelessness and crime of others?

No, gentlemen, we must look at both sides of the ledger and cut out all sentiment and nonsense and not depend so much on the length of our pedigree.

We must not forget that such men as Bigelow, Stensland, Crocker and many others, up to a short time ago, could outshine the most of us in that respect, and that now and then our depositors remind us of this at a time when we try to convince them that they are perfectly safe and call their attention to our reputation and standing in the community. We cannot depend too much on our reputations, as we have witnessed time and time again that general confidence declines more rapidly than Wall Street stocks when there is something special doing.

Runs are common even among the largest and the oldest banks and only a word from an evil disposed person without reputation can, at certain times, interfere materially with a bank's career and expectations. What we need and must have at all times in banking is confidence and stability. It is everything to the banker and we cannot have it as long as we are subject to such performances as we had in 1907. At that time we were politely told that we could shift for ourselves and our correspondents would care for our funds. I do not criticize the big banker in this because he, like everyone else, had lost confidence in everything and was obliged to look out for himself regardless of results.

We were all to blame, and yet it is not our fault, but the fault of our banking system. Our banks were suddenly transformed into hoarding institutions and thereby created more mischief in a few hours to the commerce of the country than can be repaired in years.

The present is an age of insurance and security. We, as bankers, demand the highest recommendations from our borrowers and employees and yet we ask security from both. This is right and it is also right and proper to grant the depositor the same security that the government and state demand of us, especially when it is to our interest to do so. Is it surprising that the depositor loses confidence when the only privilege granted to him for safety is to examine our published statements which, in almost every instance in unsound banks, failed to state the truth. Often, after a large failure, the bank examiners or their superiors admit that the bank was insolvent long before, but for fear of general loss of confidence they did not act as provided by law. Is it surprising that the depositor should lose confidence when the truth is withheld and he is deceived so that he continues to increase his deposit while the condition of such banks have been covered up by the public officials?

The wealth, safety and reputation of conservative banks are today too much dependent on the movements of the unprincipled stock jobbery annexes to the great banking institutions. We must have something that will disconnect the affairs of the legitimate banker from these. With the guarantee of deposits such men as Morse, Heinze and others will not be permitted by bank examiners and public officials to cover up their peculations of long standing for fear of producing a panic. With the guarantee of deposits the career of this class of banks would be shorter. There would be every inducement to expose their condition as soon as their banking methods were discovered and their power and influence for harm to commerce in general would be greatly diminished.

In conclusion I will say that when a proposition is favored by probably one-half of the bankers and practically all of their customers, is it wise to act as the railroads did, who now appreciate the fact that they were too slow to act and remedy their faults and so compelled the people to act?

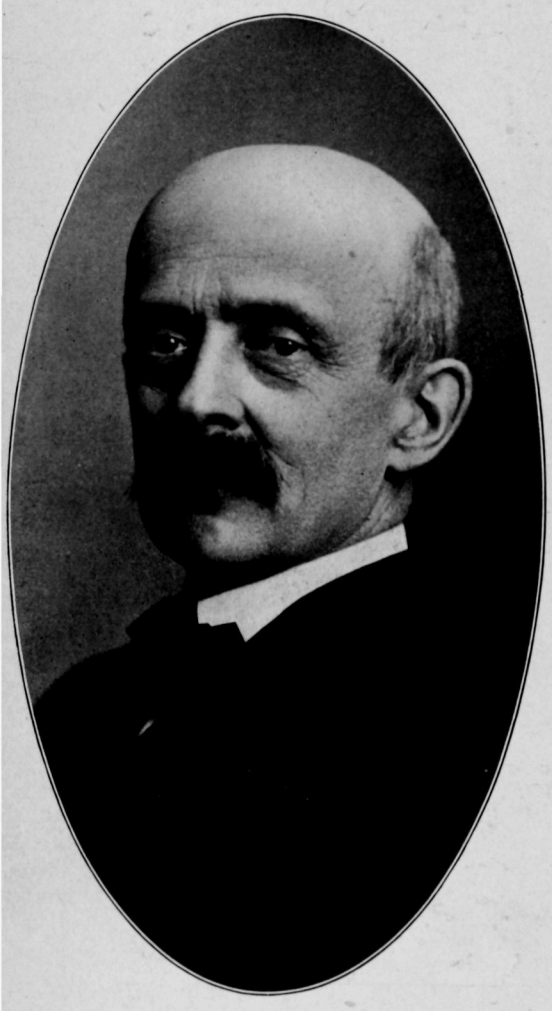
Insurance of deposits cannot be downed because of the individual banker who places himself, through pride in his strength, personality and reputation, against what is for the good of the nation. The demands of great commercial interests, stagnant and prostrated at this time, will not consider this kind of logic as of much importance.

The banker who opposes the guarantee of deposits because it might help a weak competitor and make all banks safe must give his attention to something more logical because this argument is not sufficient. By this plan we hope to make all banks safe because our system is like a fence, it is no stronger than its weakest place. The guarantee of deposits may have its faults, but a plan that will furnish and maintain confidence the principal asset needed in the commercial world is one that, I believe, will in time overcome all the minor objections.

MISS MARY RUSSELL

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Russell announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary, to Dr. H. A. True, the wedding to occur in August.

THE NEW HOME OF THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH



REV. DR. E. S. HAGERMAN

The first Methodist meeting ever held in Des Moines was held in a log cabin in the year 1845. Rev. Abner Rathbun was the pastor. In 1848 the little brood of faithful ones purchased a lot on Fifth street where the Iowa Loan and Trust building now stands. This building served them until 1886 when the building now known as the Shrine Temple, at Ninth and Pleasant streets, was erected at a cost of $60,000. This church was at that time the finest church building in Des Moines and was used by the Methodists, calling it the First M. E. Church, for twenty years. In 1905 the beautiful site now occupied by the new church was purchased, and the ground broken for a new building. The cornerstone was laid July 21, 1906. The lecture room was completed and the congregation moved into their new home July 21, 1907.

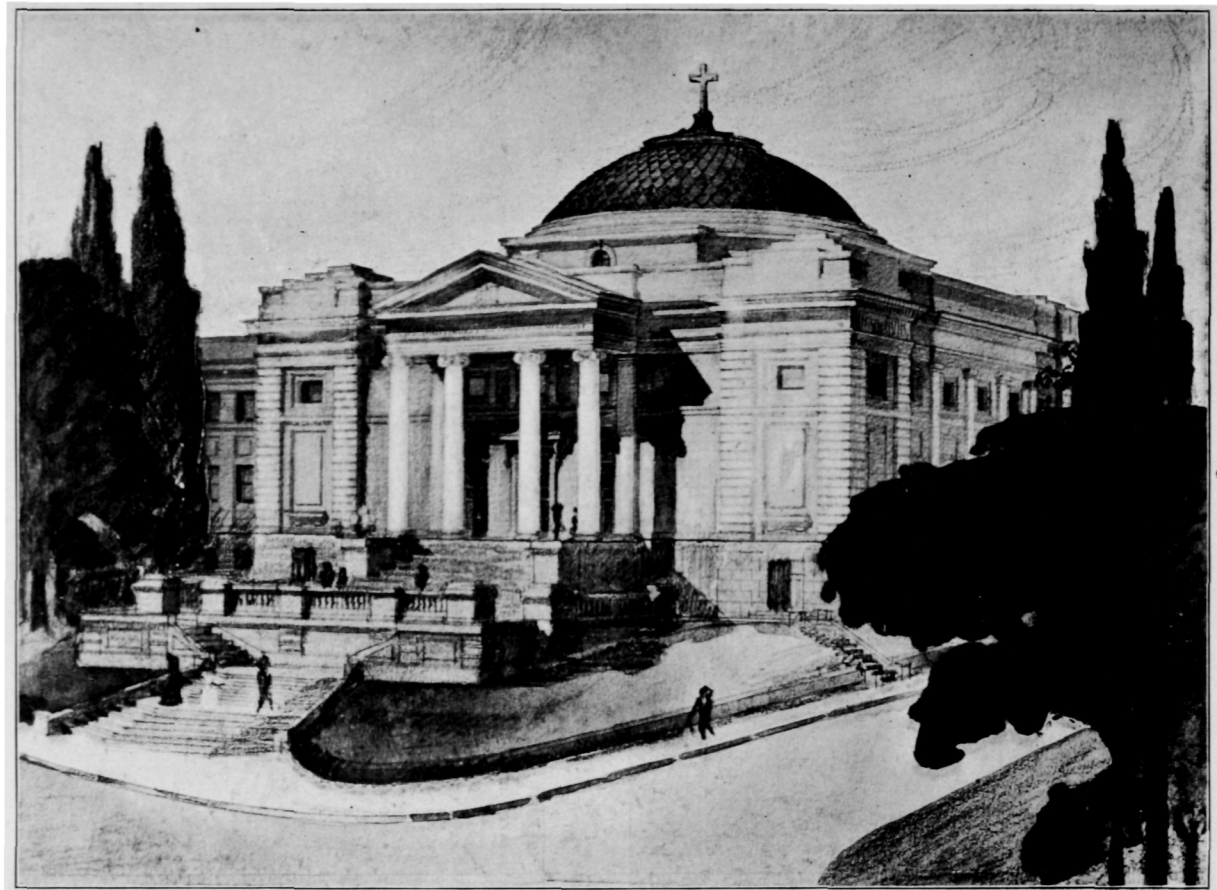
The property has a Pleasant street frontage of 310 feet and a depth of 317 feet. The whole impression of the new building, standing completed, is one of splendor and beauty, with a dignity belonging to the Greek temples of old.

Both exterior and interior are modeled after the churches of the renaissance period of Italy. Simplicity is united with strength in its classic fashioning, and the site, the outlines of the building, the splendid proportioning all are in such harmony that at first glance one feels that here we have the poetry of building, architecture in a noble sense, so loved and worshiped by the ancients.

The Pantheon at Rome is suggested by the interior. The fine marble columns supporting the dome are memorials for former members of the church—Mary H. Denman, A. N. Denman, C. H. Gatch, J. I. Martin, Adam Howell, Wm. Phillips, Theo. F. Gatchel and B. F. Kauffman. Various other memorials, inscribed with bronze tablets, are also seen. The most beautiful thing in the whole building is the ceiling dome of art glass. The colors are so exquisitely blended that a soft, mellow light pervades every corner of the auditorium.

The dome is thirty-eight and one-half feet in diameter, with a rise in the center of over six feet, and contains more than 1,250 square feet of the finest and costliest opalescent glass. It is the largest ceiling dome in the West and is the work of the Allward-Bowman Glass Company, of Des Moines, whose place of business is 211 West Ninth street.

All of the finishing is in quarter-sawed white oak stained and waxed. The main



New First Methodist Church

Proudfoot & Bird, Architects

Auditorium from the Pulpit

ESTABLISHED 1856

J. K. & W. H. GILCREST CO.

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EVERYTHING DRY

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AMERICAN DRESS CLUB, 921 Locust St., Des Moines, Ia.

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

Pastor's Study and Reception Room

Sunday School room, with eighteen class rooms, seats seven hundred. These, with the pastor's reception room and study are in the west wing.

In the basement are the dining room, kitchen, reception rooms, parlor, gymnasium, etc.

Dr. Edward T. Hagerman is the present able and much-loved pastor. Many of the church's greatest preachers have been pastors of this church. Its membership is more than one thousand. There are eleven other Methodist churches in the city.

The grand organ of three thousand pipes was bought by the special organ committee, L. H. Bush and C. S. Walker, of the Austin Organ Company, of Hartford, Conn. The building committee was composed of the following members: G. W. Marquardt, president; Edward T. Hagerman, secretary; M. A. Lumbard, treasurer; L. H. Bush, C. L. Nourse, H. R. Howell, C. H. Ainley, H. C. Harris, W. R. Marshall, Gardner Cowles. The committee of general arrangements were L. H. Bush, C. S. Walker, Edward T. Hagerman, John M. Callander.

The following firms contributed to the building of this fine church: Arthur Watson, stone contractor; Holbrook Mantel and Tile Co., Metal Construction Co., Iowa Boiler Works, Proudfoot & Bird, architects; John Collins, electrical wiring; Buck Bros., decorations; Standard Glass and Paint Co., Queal Lumber Co., Allward-Bowman Glass Co., Des Moines Gas Co., Des Moines Edison Light Co., Fraley & Young.

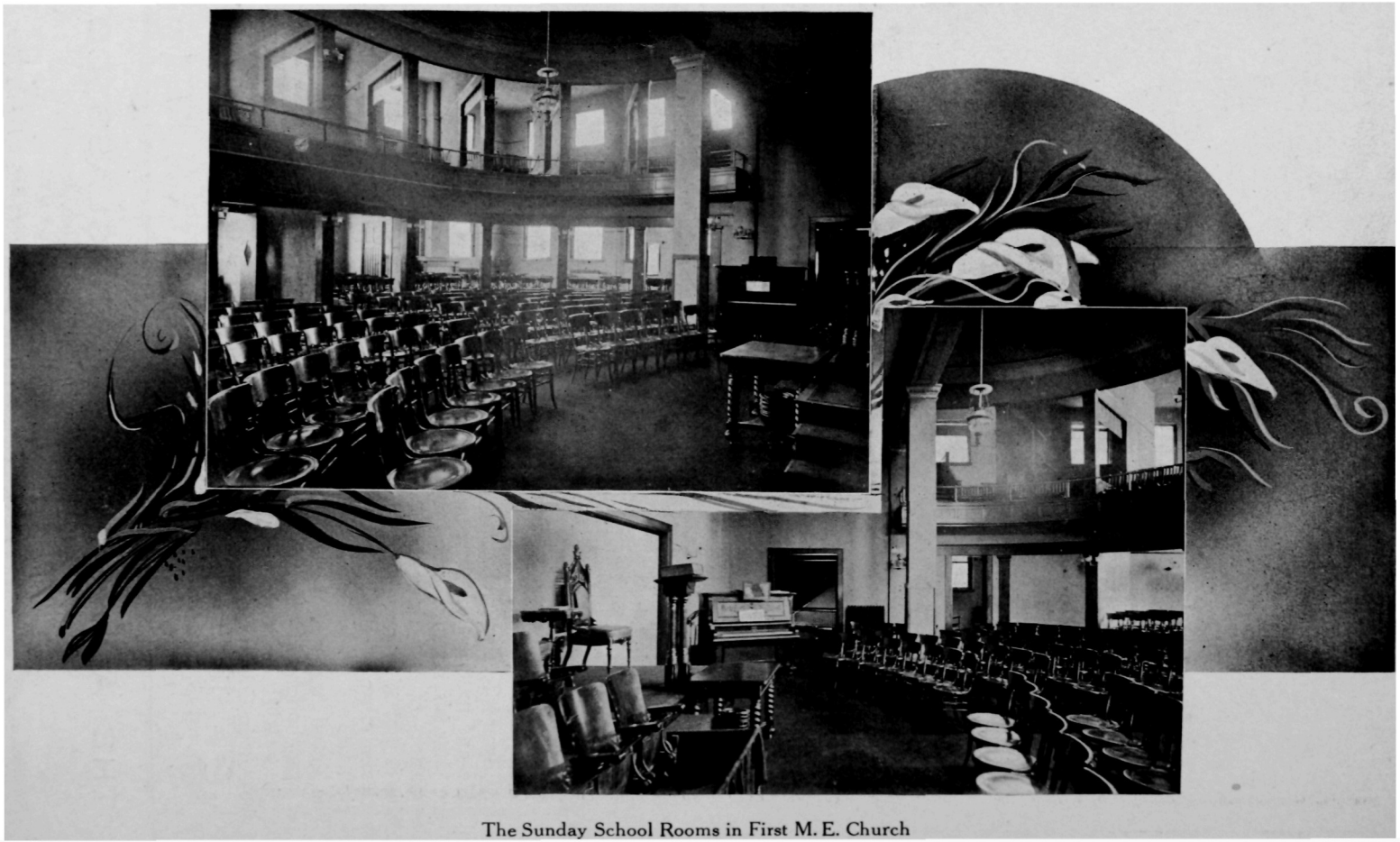
THE ALLWARD-BOWMAN GLASS CO.

209-211 West Ninth Street *Des Moines, Iowa*

DEFOREST BOWMAN, PRESIDENT

Furnished all the ART GLASS *For the New First M. E. Church*

When you want something beautiful in stained glass for churches or home go see them. It will pay you, as their prices are right and their work unexcelled.



The Sunday School Rooms in First M. E. Church

The Sheet Metal Work and Roof

for this building was furnished and erected by

The Metal Construction Co.

East Fourth and Walnut Streets.

THE FLOORING, ETC.

FOR THIS BUILDING
WAS FURNISHED BY

J. H. Queal & Co.

W. Seventh and Chestnut

HOLBROOK MARBLE AND TILE CO.

CONTRACTORS IN

Interior Marble Work, Ceramic Mosaic Tile Floors, Ornamental Terra Cotta Terratzzo Floors

806 LOCUST STREET

IOWA PHONE 1010,
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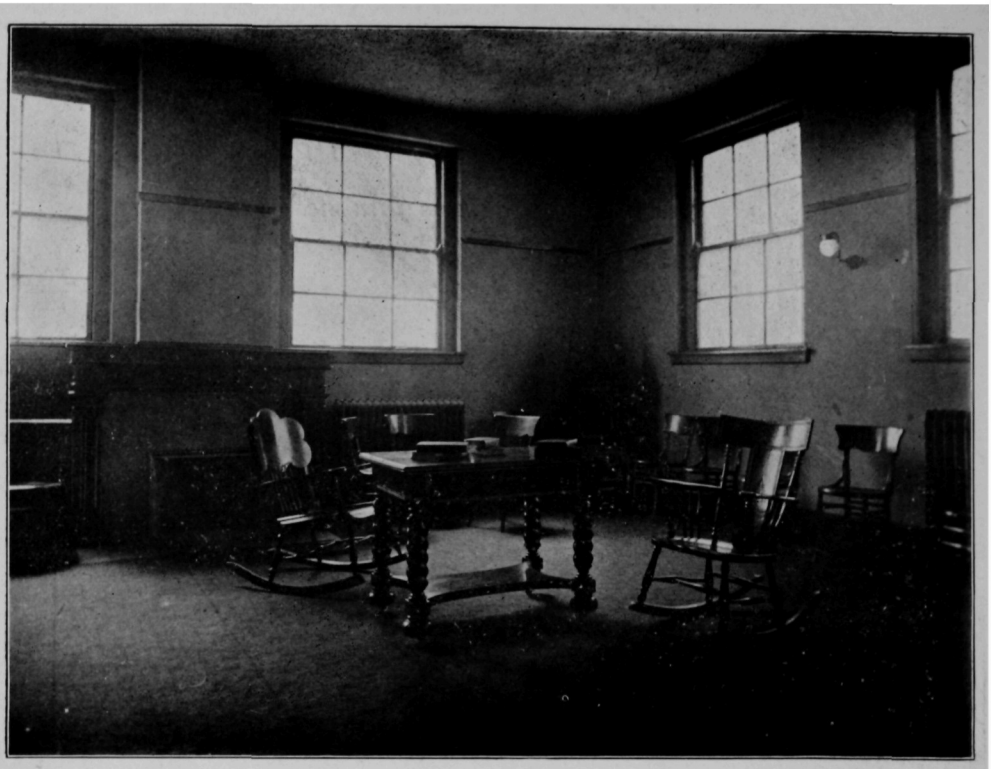

Young Men's Class Room in First M. E. Church

All Plate Glass

FURNISHED BY

Standard Glass *and* Paint Co.

Mutual 905 *Iowa 451*

915-917 Walnut Street

THERE has been much favorable comment on the Ornamental Plastering of the new First M. E. church, which was done by

FRALEY & YOUNG

CONTRACTORS

whose offices and yards are located on

Eighth and Chestnut Streets

***Some Day** you may want a fine job of Wood Finishing*
***Some Time** you will want a high-class job of Papering*
***Some Where** you will need a substantial job of Painting*

Then Let Your Contract to

Buck Brothers Company

The oldest Wall Paper, Paint and Glass House in Des Moines
ESTABLISHED 1876
613 EAST GRAND AVENUE

The Building Committee of the First M. E. Church awarded five separate contracts extras to Buck Bros. Co. because of their Reliability and Reasonable Prices.

JOHN COLLINS, 707 Observatory Building

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

Installed all the electrical wiring and also furnished and hung the lighting fixtures in the First M.E. church

A Full Line of all Kinds of Electrical Supplies

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

I asked a little friend of mine the other day, what was the dearest book in her little bookcase. She put her hand unhesitatingly and caressingly upon a pretentious volume and handed it to me. "I love this best of all," she said. It was "Stella's Adventures in Starland," by Elbridge H. Sabin, of Des Moines. That evening I found the volume in my own library among a hundred others waiting to be read. I opened its pages to look it over. But the first page enchained my attention. And when I found myself again three hours had passed and the story was mine. The narrative as such is delightful. The humor is quaint and the real literary merit of the book commends itself at first glance. Fancy calling an ostroid "Roidy" for short, and a comet getting moths in his tail because it was covered up too long! And this little girl asked Jupiter for a thunder bolt to take home with her, to fire off on the Fourth of July. And she found the Moon sick and disconsolate because he was on his last quarter. But really, the book must be read to be appreciated. It has had an immense sale. Any child must love it, and it is so full of information, so suggestive of the wonderful life of the sky that it could not be read without profit. Mr. Sabin has achieved something far above the ordinary in this volume. His pen should never be idle, for the gift of writing child stories that are really worth while is a rare one. Coming from a Des Moines writer, Iowa people are especially interested in this first book of Mr. Sabin. He is a son of the Hon. Henry Sabin and brother of Edwin L. Sabin, the well-known magazine writer. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

Alice Brown is always dear and always entertaining, and her latest book, "Rose McLeod," is considered by many to be her best. The story itself is entertaining and each character is alive—a personality that stands for something. Perhaps Madam Fulton, who wrote a

boo. eminiscences, all made up, not a lin. f truth in it, is the most unique charac r in the book. The dear little old lady in her youth had chosen from her lovers a Harvard professor, because he was the most eligible of them all from a worldly standpoint. He was a widower and owned a great house in Cambridge. The writing of her book was years after his death and in her confession to her old lover, returned for her, that she never had had any fun in life, and just had to have some—so she wrote the book and fooled the public—we have the most exquisite bit of pathos and humor in the whole book. Miss Brown gives the reformers a broadside in her delineation of Markham McLeod, leader of the Brotherhood. She shows how a spirit may be saved from ruin by love, so that it may triumph over and control the body, in Osmond. Rose herself is darling and sweet and the book ends happily. It is well worth reading.

John T. McIntyre's new story, "In the Dead of Night," a detective tale issued lately by Lippincotts, is on the order of "The Brass Bowl." Mr. McIntyre, who is a Philadelphian, led off MacMillan's "First Novel Series" some years ago with "The Ragged Edge," and has since published a half dozen juveniles. What may not be so generally known is that he is the author of thirty or forty plays, mostly melodramas, and all written since 1895. He is a very rapid worker and sells his dramatic pieces to the managers outright. "In the Dead of Night" is to be dramatized, and it will soon appear in one of the theaters.

The Lippincotts have just issued a most unusual novel, "The Blue Lagoon," by H. De Vere Stacpoole, which has made an enormous success in England, where it is now in its fourth edition. The tale reminds one of "Paul and Virginia," although prominent English critics are quoted as stating that the handling is superior to that of Bernardin saint-Pierre's classic. The author of the story is an

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English physician, who has of late years abandoned medicine for literature. He has had several other books published in England, two of which have been republished in this country, but "The Blue Lagoon" has been his first big success.

An extraordinary number of authors now prominent and popular are Californians. Geraldine Bonner, Gertrude Atherton, Will and Wallace Irwin, Gelett Burgess, E. A. Walcott, Warren Cheney are only a few of the many. The latest names to be added to the list are Esther and Lucia Chamberlain, whose mystery story, "The Coast of Chance," has been an instant success.

Harold MacGrath's favorite pastime is riding horseback. He and his brown mare are the best of comrades. They go off together for a week at a time. There is much about this fine sport in all of MacGrath's popular novels.

The Ladies' World for June is the most attractive number of this periodical that we have yet seen, and there is small wonder at its popularity when so much that is good is offered for so little. There are three notable special articles in the number, one of them describing the Bryan family life at Fairview, and another the growing up of Ethel Roosevelt, the young lady of the White House, while the third has some remarkable pictures showing the ways of a bird with its young. The fiction is unusually good, a new story, called Rosamond the Second, by Mary Mear, being the chief feature. The household departments of this publication seem to us more practical than those in any other of the women's magazines, and no doubt they are thoroughly appreciated by the home-workers, who will also see a number of very pretty fashions for all members of the family, with good plain instructions in dressmaking. The makeup and illustrations throughout this number are excellent.

The editor of the National Magazine, Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, has made a strikingly successful departure in the editing of a magazine. He has invited his subscribers through a page in the National to fill out a monthly bulletin as to their personal preferences for magazine articles telling of men and women they want to know about, and the subjects in which they are most interested. He has on file a record of what a hundred thousand subscribers want from month to month and the highest compliment that can be paid to this energetic young editor is that he seems to be pleasing them all. The "Affairs at Washington" fulfills this demand of subscribers' personal suggestions, and the "Happy Habit" departure fulfills another need. This department has had such a wide and popular interest that a book called "Happy Habit" has just been published by the Chapple Co., Boston, containing selections from the scattered leaves of Joe Mitchell Chapple's notable career as a magazine editor.

The Western Musical Herald

WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor

THE Western Musical Herald is a monthly review of music in the West. It covers the musical news of the leading western cities and in addition that of the smaller communities, colleges, conservatories, music clubs, etc. A file of the Western Musical Herald will be a musical history of the West. Subscription is $1.00 per year and every music teacher, musician and music student should be a subscriber. Send for sample copy.

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THE MIDWESTERN

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ON THE DES MOINES RIVER IN MIDSUMMER

WITH THE EDITOR

So many people tell me they turn first to this page, that I really wish I had more time to give to its writing. I do this at the last moment, when all the rest is ready. Often the printer waits for me a half hour, while I sit down just as tired out as one can be and speak a personal word to our readers. This will explain why, often times, there is nothing in it.

But the word of approval and friendly interest does me good just the same, and then I feel like making an effort to do more. The reason that I do not do better is the same reason that might be given by all heads of enterprises, who find it well nigh impossible to discover the man or men who are capable of "carrying a message to Garcia."

I might expatiate unendingly upon this topic. But I forbear. I've been learning why life is so full of failures. Not only do men lack the faculty of doing for others, but they lack the courage and bull dog tenacity of blazing a way for themselves and of sticking to it.

Many of our readers will be interested in Mr. Skinner's article about the Christian Science Church in Michigan. We hope to follow this with articles from other states. The fine article by Hon. Geo. E. Roberts, Pres. of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, will be read with interest from one end of the country to the other.

Our little peep into one of Iowa's loveliest and most progressive towns will interest you all. Waterloo is up and coming and you will hear of it again through our columns.

If you like THE MIDWESTERN could you not persuade some friend or neighbor to subscribe? Try it for the coming year. I hope you will all go to the State Fair. This splendid annual event needs all the encouragement it can get.

—*Carolyn M. Ogilvie.*

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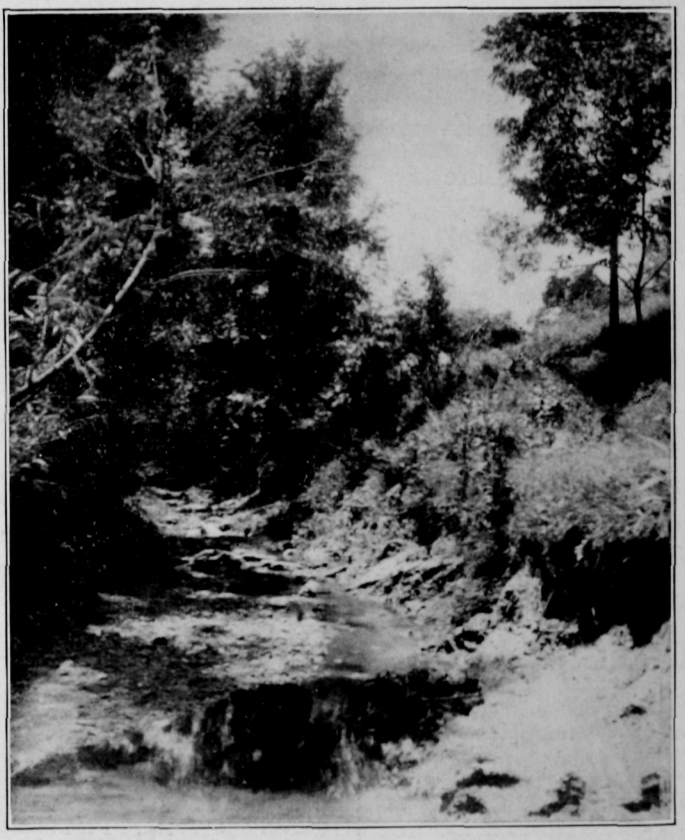

A Forest Scene in Iowa

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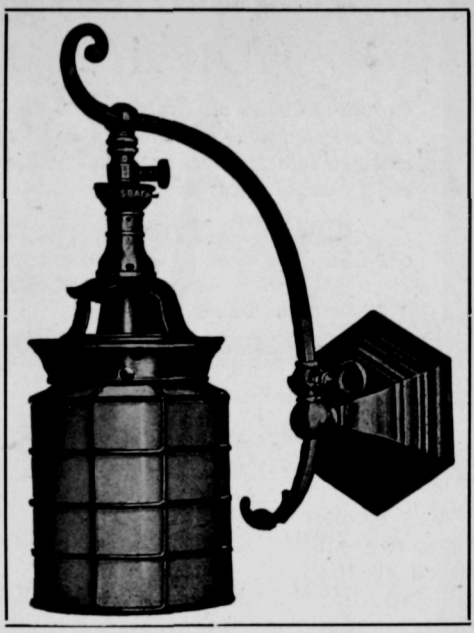

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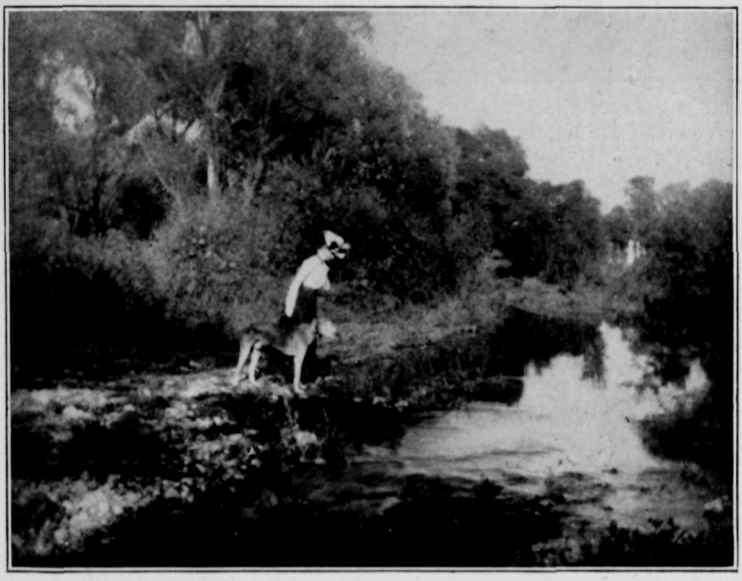

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"You'd better subscribe for McSwat's Magazine, madam," said the agent as he slipped his toe inside the door so "madam" could not close it. "Costs you only fifty cents per year; and every new subscriber gets a life insurance policy, a bicycle, a mushroom hat, a bottle of Finnigan's Oil of Joy, and a copy of Nicholson Meredith's 'House of a Thousand Cradles.'"

"Not me," said the madam. "I've just subscribed for McSquirt's Monthly and they gave me a 'God Bless Our Home' motto, a kitchen range, some fly paper, a rainy day skirt, an ice pick, a picture of Edward Bok crossing the Delaware in a gilt frame, and send me to the next exposition throwed in."

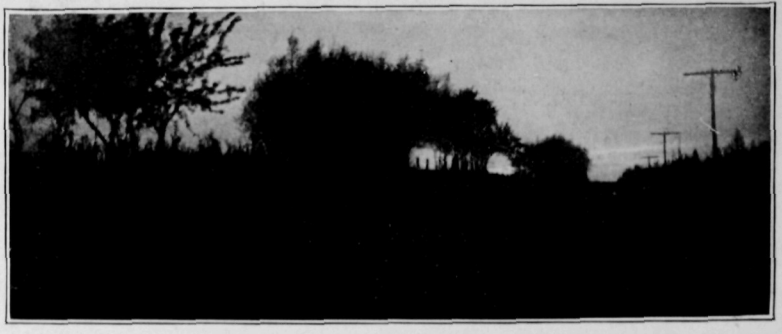
Smiling is not costly,
Cheerfulness is not dear,
Kind words are never frosty,
Good deeds cause no fear.

A CAUSE FOR THANKS

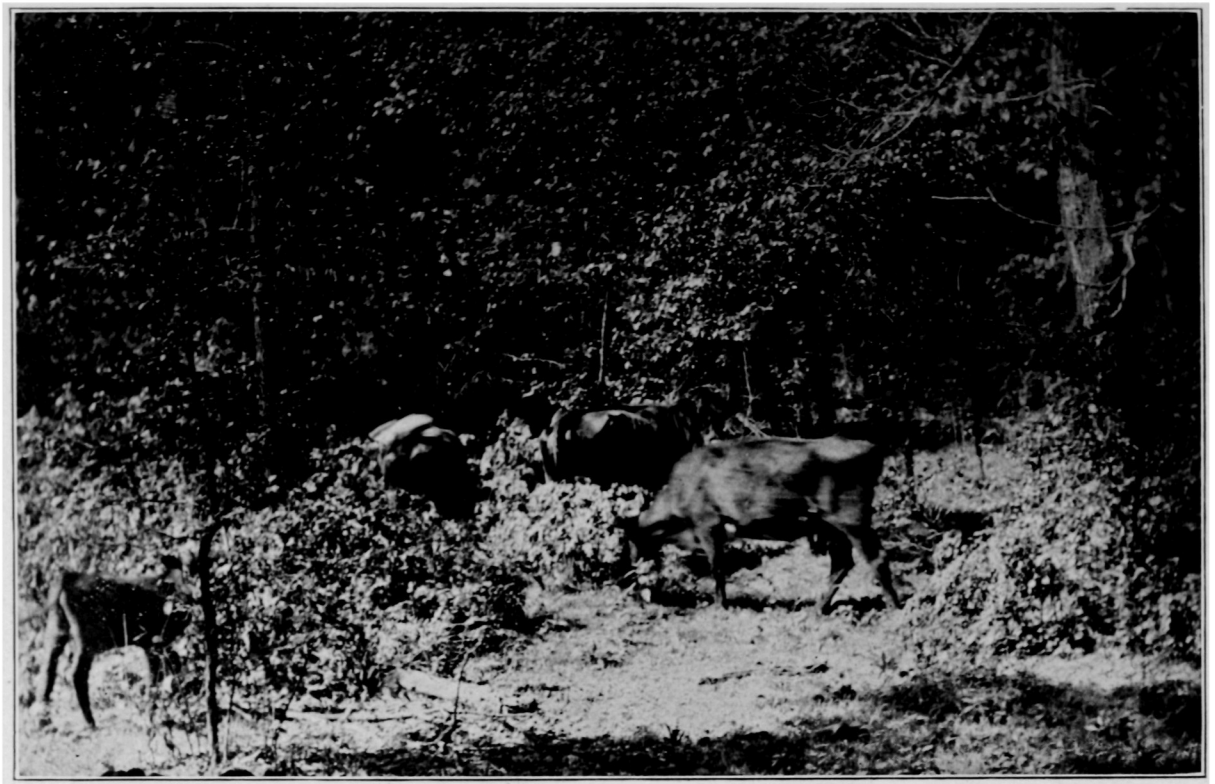
In the audience at a lecture on China, there was a very pious old lady who was slightly deaf. She thought the lecturer was preaching, and every time he came to a period she would say "Amen" or some other pious exclamation. The people in the audience, which was composed mostly of the village church members, knew she was being reverent, and did not even smile when she uttered the exclamations, until finally the lecturer mentioned some far off city in China, saying, "I live there." At this point clearly and distinctly could be heard the old lady saying, "Thank God for that."

SELF CONTROL

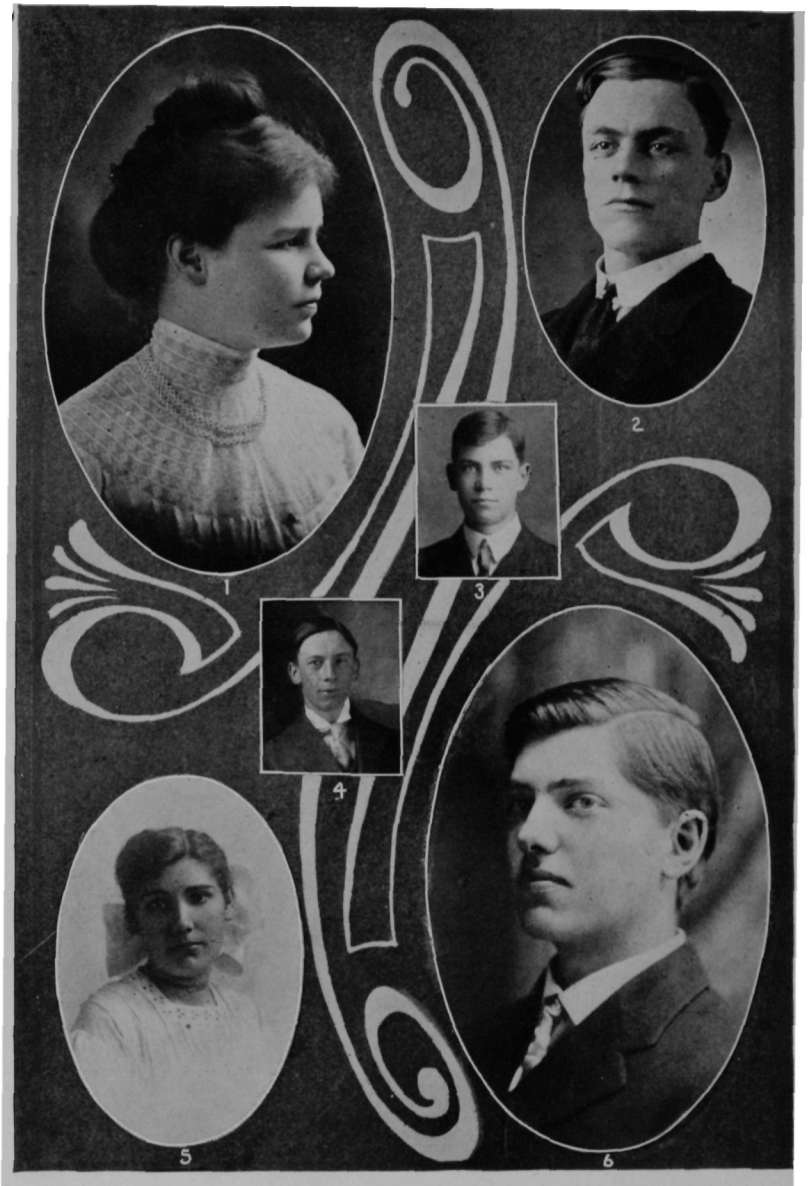
Earth has its sorrows, life its pains,
But all the joy that yet remains,
Is worth more to the human soul,
If it but have its self control,
Than kingdoms, crowns or perfect bliss.



Scenery Near Des Moines



July Scene in an Iowa Forest



WINNERS OF COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

Girls.—1. Florence Dunham, Ames, first. 5. Margaret J. Gray, Ames, second.
Boys.—6. Howard Vaughn, Marion, first. 4. Carl N. Kennedy, Ankeny, second.
2. Ivan O. Hasbrouck, Humeston, third. 3. Willie Lynes, Plainfield, fourth.

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME II AUGUST, 1908 NUMBER 12

THE MODERN FAIR

Ora Williams

If you have acquired the habit of attending the fairs you have a right to be classed with that large body of progressive citizens who are building in America a great modern commonwealth. But without this habit you can no more live up to the ideals of an agricultural community than you can when you avoid the educational and religious current all about.

The modern fair is a great institution. It is not like its predecessor in either plans or purposes. It is, of course, strictly educational and it is maintained for the good it does to the people in general. The fair is for the sale purpose of advancing industry, thus promoting prosperity and contributing to the general stock of happiness in the world. It does this by educating the fair visitors in all that is latest and best in industry. Any other view of the modern fair is deficient.

Why attend the fair? The question is often asked and not so often answered. Perhaps it can be answered in a great many ways and all be correct. The answer may depend upon the view point of the inquirer. Nearly everything is touched upon at a fair, especially a great state fair, hence it is of interest to nearly everyone and to each one according to his needs or according to his prejudices and predilections. Accept it that you ought to go to the fair, then let it be said that you ought to go because—

The fair gives you information and adds to your stock of knowledge of the things all about you, makes you more familiar with the everyday affairs of the world and better fits you for the duties of life.

The fair broadens you, mentally and morally, gives you a new view of life, makes you realize what progress is being made, and by bringing you into contact with others facilitates the exchange of views.

The fair will bring you direct profit in that you are sure to gain ideas that have actual value to you in whatever line of business you may follow.

The fair will give you pleasure, for no fair is complete without that feature, and the relaxation is worth something. There are the races, the music, the spectacular entertainments, the parades of fine animals—all giving a healthful enjoyment to every participant.

There are those who complain that the big fairs are running too much to the purely entertainment features. That is not a sound criticism. Every real fair has aimed to please as well as instruct. It must ever be so. The average person takes his studies with much better grace if seasoned with some pleasurable features. No fair could be or would be successful without purely entertainment features. It ought not to succeed. Now all that is done in the development of the modern state fair and exposition is to arrange the amusement features so that they will draw the largest possible number of persons to the fair, yet not interfere with the educational portion. As a result we find the fair managers adjusting their programs so there will be harmony between the educational and the entertainment features. They are mixed together so that one cannot very well take the one without the other. If the boy gets his science while enjoying to the

Home of the Cattle, Horses and Swine at Iowa State Fair

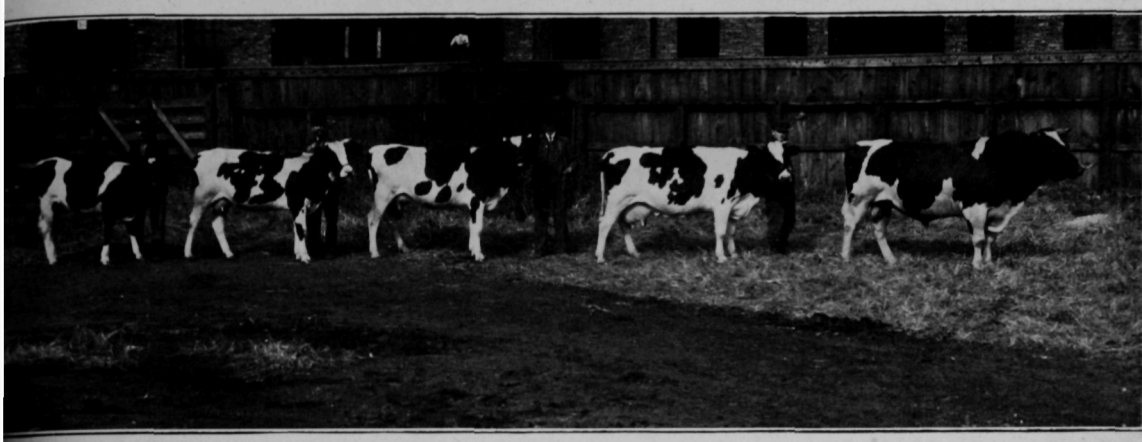
fullest the quest for the unknown or the beautiful, he likes it better and it goes further. So, also, with the man—he wants a nice mixture of the solid matter of a fair and the frothy. And in all this the modern fair is a study.

The evolution of the Iowa State Fair illustrates well the development of all modern fairs. In fact, Iowa has the typical state fair and exposition. In the early days there were a few races when it was regarded as phenomenal if an unnamed horse made the mile in three minutes. Then they had a few work oxen and all sorts of live stock gathered up without much regard for breeding. The vegetables and grains were always fine, for Iowa from the first has been great on the soil products. Now we have a great park owned by the state of Iowa, splendidly improved and given over to the exhibits of the state fair, and a hasty view runs this way:

In live stock the very finest show that can be seen anywhere. Take it in cattle, for instance, where all the very best breeds are shown, with anywhere from 50 to 300 of each breed, animals valued at from $500 to $15,000 each, all cared for in the best manner and exhibited under the most favorable circumstances. Then in horses the same thing over again. And in hogs, in which Iowa excels all other states, a great three-acre pavilion with show ring filled to overflowing with 3,000 or more of the choicest porkers in the world. The troublesome mortgage lifter of the Iowa farms may not be a thing of beauty in his pen behind the barn, but here at the state fair he becomes something worth while. In poultry and sheep the story is repeated.

In fact here is an exhibit of live stock, brought together by the offer of $25,000 in premiums, a million dollars' worth of living flesh; and if there is one who cannot be entertained and instructed by a careful inspection of this part of the show he is indeed dull.

Go over the machinery department and traverse the thirty acres given over to machinery, vehicles, manufactured goods, novelties and all the labor-saving devices which are sent from the factories to the farms and shops. It is a great sight. Here are the great new harvesting and



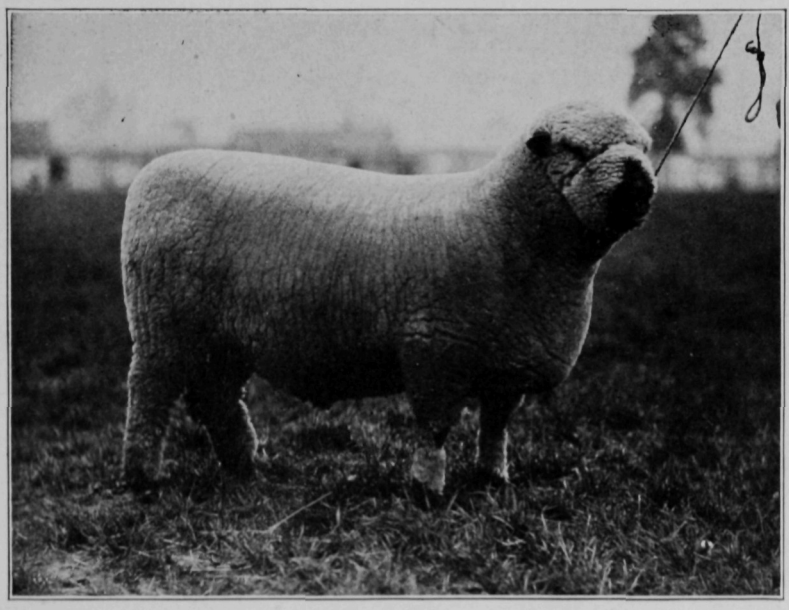
A Champion Herd on Review at the Iowa State Fair

grain saving machines which work automatically and perfectly. Here are the implements for cultivating and for tillage. Here are the devices for using cement. The wagons and carriages are shown in infinite variety and the visitor knows very well that the automobile is not lessening the popularity of other kinds of vehicles. Over in a corner are all the latest devices for dairying and for converting the rich clover cream of Iowa into yellow butter.

In the large buildings the exhibits are well worth while—the fruit and flowers, the grains and grasses, the cheese and cake, the carpets and embroidery, the textile goods and the art work.

The Iowa State Fair and Exposition for the year 1908 has some features entirely new. The most important of these is a great night show in the live stock pavilion. It has been often remarked that it is a shame to permit the fine stock pavilion to remain dark each evening. This year a special entertainment will be put in this pavilion five nights. This is about the way it will run:

A live stock show, or parade of prize



Champion Shropshire Ram shown by Chandler Bros. at Iowa State Fair and Exposition, 1907

Prof. C. F. Curtiss and Pres. C. E. Cameron Leading the Parade of Prize Winning Horses before Amphitheatre

winners each evening. In this will be shown all the finest of the winning animals.

In connection with the different classes something of special interest to that class. For instance, when the Belgian horses are brought into the ring there will be exhibited a team with imported harness and carts and everything just as in Europe. When the Clydes are brought in there will be a team hitched up in English style and handled as in England.

A fine dairy cattle exhibit, with which will be given an exhibition of continental dairy maids in costume and singing the songs of the simple life.

Here, also, will be shown the magnificent teams of Armour and Pabst, the finest in the world. The Armour team has been here before, but this is its first appearance since the return from a tour of Europe.

An exhibit of sheep preceded by a trained collie dog driving a herd of sheep.

Along with this will be music and animal vaudeville. This latter will consist of the finest possible display of trained animals—elephant, dogs, ponies, horses, sheep, donkeys, etc.

The last of the five nights of this show will include also the Liberati band concert and such portion of the Pain pyrotechnic show as may be suitable.

While this pavilion show is to be held every night, there will be the usual most excellent night show at the race amphitheater. Here will be seen each night the latest of the Pain creations, the "Sheridan's Ride" or the "Battle of Cedar Creek." This is the latest thing which the great maker of outdoor spectacular shows has done. His "Vesuvius" and "Mount Pelee" are well remembered, but they were not equal to this latest historical production. In its presentation an army of 400 will be necessary.

Then there is the music. This is where the Iowa State Fair has a well-deserved reputation. This year will come again Signor Liberati and his great band. In fact it will be very much greater as a musical organization than ever before. There will be sixty people in all. This

Imported Hackney Stallion, "Prickwillow Canaught," 1st Prize Winner at Iowa State Fair and Exposition, 1907

includes eighteen vocalists, of whom four are ladies, all rare artists. This company will give real grand opera concerts in costume before the amphitheater each evening in the open air. The popular and well-known operas will be taken only, so that there will be no music so very classical that nobody can appreciate it.

With the Liberati band will also come the Fifty-sixth regiment band from Fort Dodge, Reid's military band from Sioux City and Graham's orchestra of Des Moines.

With the races each afternoon, beginning this year on Saturday, will be the choicest vaudeville. This includes a special list of the very best acrobats, gym-

Camping Scene at Iowa State Fair

Lunch Time at the Iowa State Fair and Exposition

Magnificent Shade Trees where the People of Iowa Meet and Listen to the Choicest Music.

nasts, comedy artists and aerial entertainments. The race program of course will be fine.

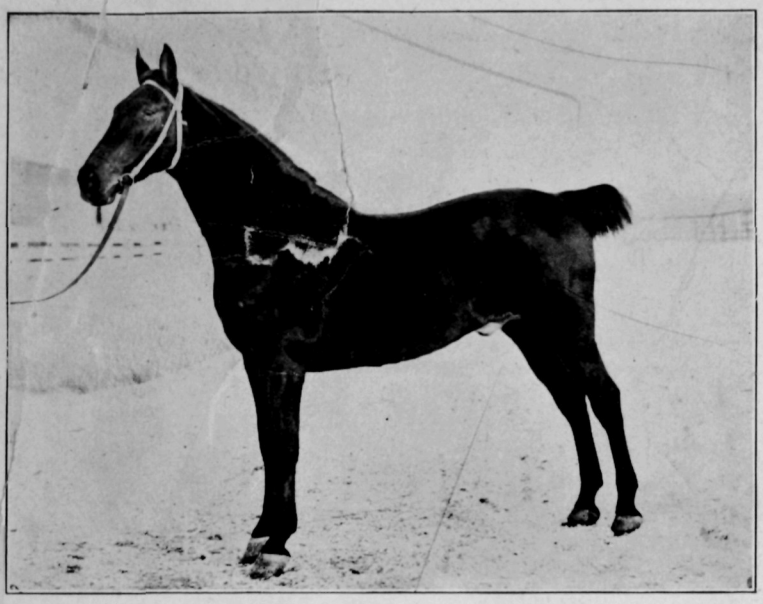
This is but a hasty sketch of a modern fair. That which is filled in between is also interesting. For instance there is the contest of Iowa boys and girls for scholarships at the state college. The boys compete in live stock and grain judging, and the girls have a contest in cooking and preparing meals. This will be held on Saturday, August 22d.

The state college will have a model cottage to show to the young people how easily and how cheaply a house may be furnished suitable for commencing housekeeping. The college will also have a special exhibit to show its great work in educating the farm boys and girls for life. There will be lectures and meetings and conferences galore.

Take it all in all a modern fair—and more especially the Iowa State Fair and exposition—is one of the institutions of the day. It is the meeting place of industry. It is a summer school for farmers and the makers of our wealth. It is an annual outing and recreation for thousands. It is instructive and entertaining. It gives something worth while and it affords delight in the doing of it.

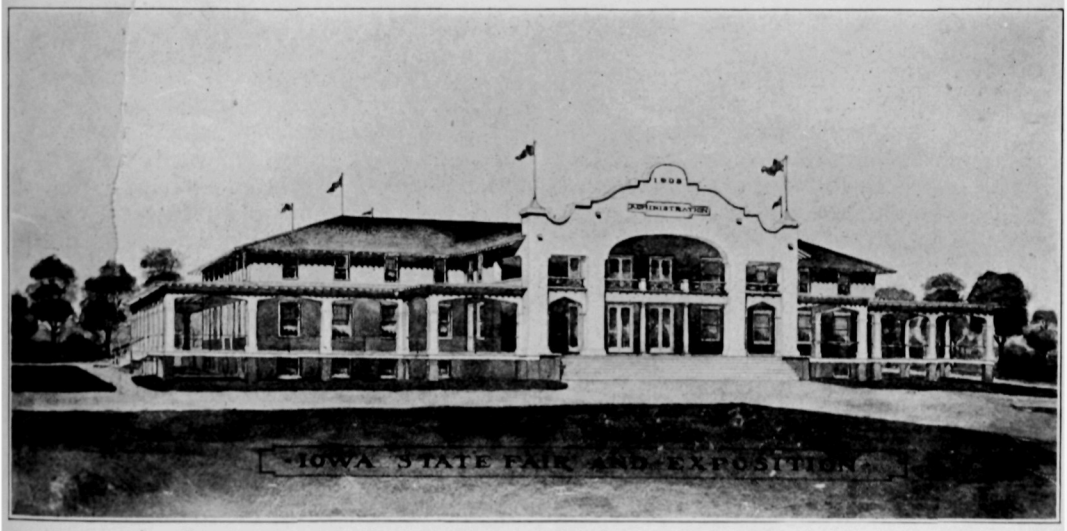
This year the Iowa fair begins August 20th and continues to and including August 28th. Two years ago the receipts ran up to $111,000 or over. Last year the receipts were reduced for various reasons. This year they probably will go to the limit again and far exceed anything ever known. The attendance runs up to the 200,000 mark and is steadily increasing.

This year, for the second year, Chas. E. Cameron, of Buena Vista county, is president, and W. C. Brown, of Wright county, vice-president. These two men, with J. C. Simpson, the secretary, have upon themselves as the executive committee much of the responsibility of the fair. But with them are associated a group of men comprising the state board all alert and loyal to every institution of the state and all competent to handle each his own department.

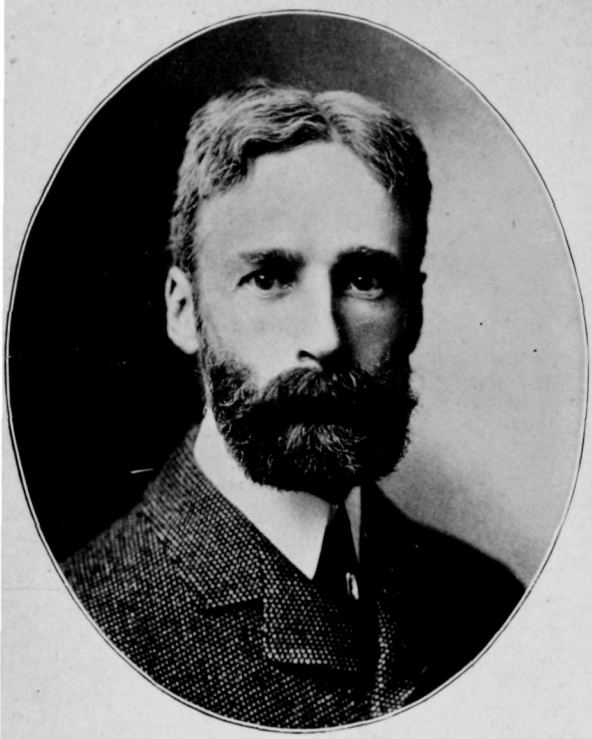


Prize Winning Coach Horse

The Iowa State Fair is a strictly state institution. It is legalized and the board operates under state laws. The state is in fact responsible for the fairs and gives them encouragement in every way. With thousands of Iowa people it is a matter of great pride to have some part in making the Iowa fairs the best in the country. This year the indications are that the record will be broken.



New Central Office or Administration Building



GEORGE B. HIPPEE
Pres. Des Moines City Ry. Co.

H. H. POLK
Pres. Interurban Ry. Co.

OUR PUBLIC UTILITIES

THERE is an increasing tendency throughout the country with municipalities and public service corporations to get together by a system of publicity, which it is believed will remove the frequent causes of friction between them. No city in the Union is so favorably conditioned as Des Moines for an exemplification of such a policy. There is an unusual cordiality between her citizens and her service corporations. She is also *sui generis* in other respects, for from her government politics, political schemers, and many other detrimental influences have been ostracised and eliminated, and its affairs vested in the exercise of justice, fair dealing, good judgment and equity in all directions.

Her public service corporations are performing their functions with remarkable fidelity, not only in utility, but in economy. There seems to be no desire of the masses to obstruct or interfere with their management or progress. The systems for furnishing light, water and transit are superior to those of any city of like population in the United States. It is only necessary to differentiate their physical and financial condition with exact justice, to arrive at conclusions. By such process the indications are now strong that the long continued friction between the City and Water Company as to rates will be amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned, as a result of the "get together" policy.

Take for instance, the gas company, the oldest of the service corporations. Consider its early history, trials and failures; its old open flue burner of even ten years ago, consuming ten cubic feet of gas per hour, at a cost of one cent, and compare it with the one hundred candle power Welsbach incandescent upright lamp, consuming five cubic feet at a cost of one-half cent; the inverted Welsbach Reflex consuming three and one-half

cubic feet at a cost of one-third of a cent, or the five hundred and fifty candle power arc lamp with four mantles, consuming twenty cubic feet, at a cost of only two cents per hour, the nearest approach to sunlight possible in artificial illumination. And while about it, also look over your old gas bills for the same period.

While improving the light the company has also made an important innovation in domestic economy in the use of gas stoves for cooking, by which there is a great saving of time, strength, worry and waste, and gain in cleanliness, healthfulness and accuracy. Beside that, there are no kindlings to buy, no coal to break up and bring in, no ashes to take out, no nasty flues or pipe to clean, no overheating when cooking, no uncertainty, requiring constant watchfulness. Strike a match, set the valve right, and the flame is just as hot at the beginning as it will be—no hotter today than yesterday; it does not make a bakery of the house, and what is still more desirable it is safe, and is rapidly superseding the dangerous gasoline stove, a human destroyer which has not yet been made that is absolutely safe to use.

The company is prepared to demonstrate satisfactorily this economy in lighting and cooking. It puts out only the best. Its latest cooking device is a double-oven range in which both ovens are heated with one set of burners, thus saving one-half the gas, and very liberal terms are being offered to introduce them and give the people the benefit of this latest invention for utility and economy. While they are doing this, if there be trouble with your gas or meter, a notice to headquarters will be promptly and courteously responded to by a person bearing a badge of the company, a device intended to insure patrons against sneak thieves entering premises under pretense of examining meters and fixtures only to plunder and steal.

Another public service which has long been the special pride and boast of the city, is the water supply. It has given other municipalities a new idea—that Des Moines does things. Its Holly high pressure system is also *sui generis*. No other city of like population has it. It is only necessary to compare it with the old fire steamer "General Crocker," and the cisterns built in the streets, to demonstrate its efficiency as a fire protection. What other city would dare let its pet fire team "Jack and Jack" go exploiting about at county fairs?

So superior is the high pressure system, the city of New York has just adopted it at enormous expense, and will send its steam fire engines to the junk pile.

Again, the purity of the water supplied the city is a blessing which cannot be computed by dollars and cents. Hygienically it gives an assuarnce of health and life which few cities in this country have or can have, and it is the constant endeavor of the company to maintain this high standard. A chemical analysis is made of the water every month by Prof. Floyd Davis. The following is his last report of water taken from 2825 Brattleboro Avenue, June 24th. The result is given in parts per 1,000,000:

Total solids	255,000
Loss on ignition	68,000
Chlorine	1,500
Free Ammonia	.016
Albuminoid Ammonia	.094
Oxygen consumed (Kubel)	1,900
Nitrogen in Nitrites	Trace
Nitrogen in Nitrates	.440
Bacteria per cubic centimeter	143
Species of bacteria	4
Liquifying bacteria per cubic centimeter	12
Colon bacilli	None

With such water the mortality rate is very low, and wherever it is domestically used, typhoid fever, so prevalent in many cities, rarely makes its appearance.

Very few people are aware of the fact that the company is compelled to pump about three million gallons of water per day—not only once, but twice—to supply the demand, of which the city uses about one million gallons, a large proportion of which is used to clean the streets of the filth and nuisances deposited on them by the teams of transfer, coal and express companies, and individuals, under what is in the nature of special privileges, which, respecting the water company, gives the right to lay its mains in the streets, obstructing nothing, and causing no inconvenience to the public.

The rates to consumers are deemed by the company to be fair and reasonable, considering the cost of construction and maintenance, but the city council, however, has just reduced them, which will be resisted by the company, the effect of

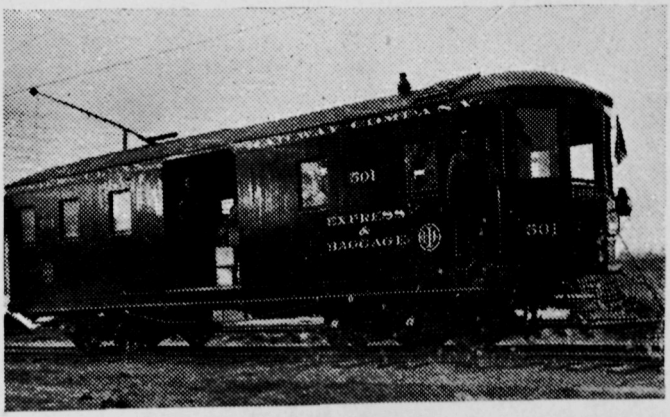
which will be the suspension of extensions and intended improvements of the system pending long litigation and a judicial decision of the contest. Meanwhile Manager Denman says he will do the best he can to please the people, and maintain the high standard of the water purity.

The city railway company has adopted the "get together policy" of giving publicity to its affairs by frequent statements in the daily papers of what it is doing, and the part it is playing not only in improving its service, but in developing the outlying sections of the city, thus taking the public into its confidence and having a better understanding of the whole subject. A city is composed of all sorts of people. There is the fat, jolly fellow who don't care; the hysterical one, always fidgity; the chronic grouch and growler; the one who holds a transfer, given as a pure gratuity, never reads the back of it, if after spending an hour between cars hobnobbing with friends, or shopping, gets mad, curses the conductor and anathematises the company if attempt is made to collect fare on the forfeited privilege. The cars mix with thousands of people every day, and while it has troubles of its own, the company endeavors to please them in all possible ways, and is always ready to receive complaints or suggestions which will assist in improving the service. Though it has what is declared by the best railway experts, the most unique and superb system in this country, of which the people ought to be proud, it is constantly seeking to improve it, and were it not for that court injunction incubus, which has closed the purses of eastern money lenders, would very quickly give evidence of its good intentions, by double tracking and extending lines to accommodate outlying, seggregated communities formed to get into pure air and away from the noise and smoke of the more congested portion of the town.

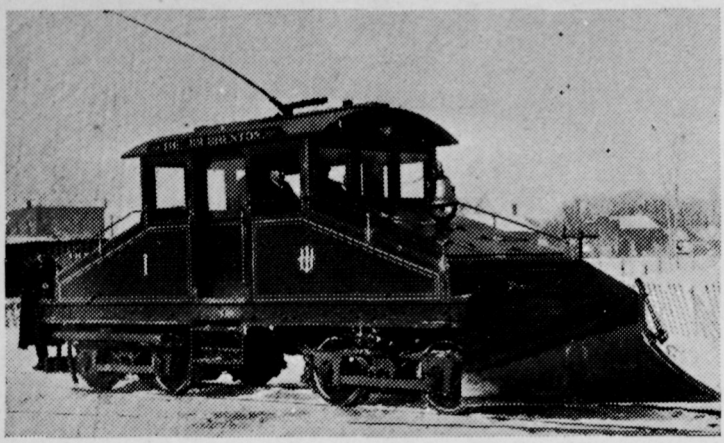
The newcomer can have no conception of the advancement and improvement of the service of the company. It is vouchsafed to the oldtimers, who had to stand on street corners in sunshine and storm, watch and wait the uncertain movement of six different car lines, slow at the best, and hand over a nickel on boarding a car of either. There were no transfers.

One of the latest devices of the comuany is the fare-collecting machine, a veritable novelty. It was received with good sense and reason, ridicule, suspicion and aversion, according to the temperament of the person confronted by it. But whatever be the purpose of its introduction, it will prove an educator to patrons, and suggestor to have the nickel ready for its grip. It will also save time and labor and prevent friction in many ways. The longer used the better it will be understood and liked.

Another addition is a new monster generator recently placed in the power house, and which will increase the pulling power of the system fifteen hundred



Baggage Car on the Interurban



Snow Car on Des Moines City Railway

horse power, an investment made necessary to meet increased traffic, the heavy loads at the rush hours, on the hills, and keep cars on schedule time.

Other plans in contemplation will be presented in our next number.

Electrical energy is rapidly coming to the front as an utility in every department of industrial and social life. It will be but a few years when coal, instead of being transported long distances at great expense for producing steam and heat, will be taken at the mine, and there produce electrical energy to be sent along wires all over the country for industrial and domestic purposes, even to pushing ponderous railroad locomotives —it is doing that now. Instead of electrical plants in each city or town, a central one in the coal field will furnish the supply to a large territory, as plants at Niagara Falls are supplying Buffalo and other cities with power to even run their street railways. Electrical progress has indeed been marvelous. Within the life of men now living, and not very old, the first wheel was turned by electricity, as a motive force. Its use for heat and light has come comparatively late. It was not until 1878 when Edison produced the carbon filament of the incandescent lamp that it was utilized for light. It has had the best thought and research of inventive genius throughout the world, resulting in its universal use, and equally remarkable is the fact that with all the thought, labor and experimentation to harness this subtle agency, ask the most expert electrician or student of science what it is, and he will reply that he does not know. It is technically known to "the boys" who handle it as "juice," and it goes at that.

The Des Moines Edison Light Company is a dispenser of this energy; is prepared to demonstrate the wonderful evolution which has come in the devices and arrangements for the comfort and satisfaction of human life. The wizards of invention have given the best of their inventions for these creations. The cost has also now become so reasonable the masses can enjoy them, especially for domestic use.

Think of the miles and miles the home keeper travels from the coal stove to the ironing board; the handling of coal, all avoided by the use of an electric iron, which will do more and better work with less labor than any stove-heated iron, and there will be no smutting to soil fabrics, requiring a second washing. The cost is only two to three cents per hour. The comfort gained is four times that. There is also the tailor iron, coffee percolator, cooking stove, broiler, bread toaster, chafing-dish and the washing machine and wringer, the latter at a cost of one cent per hour, and a saving of back aches and bad temper.

The company would deem it a pleasure to give a practical demonstration of the utility and economy in use of these various appliances at their rooms, corner of Fifth and Mulberry, from a washing machine to a curling-iron heater with which

Electric Chafing Dish

milady can "friz up" her hair to her heart's content without burning fingers or getting smudged with soot; or a free trial of them will be given in your home. If the house is wired, all that is necessary is to attach the device to the socket of any lamp fixture, and turn on the current.

The company is making special effort to extend and improve its service. It offers its patrons only the latest and most approved devices, and recently made a large reduction in rates. One of its newest advances is the introduction of the Tungston lamp which gives three times the light of the ordinary incandescent lamp for the same consumption of current. It is especially adapted for store and window lighting, as it is intense pure white, and shows the color of fabrics as they are with sunlight.

It seems to be the style now for merchants to tear out the entire old-fashioned store front and have them all glass, a sensible movement, for people like to see what they are buying—not guess at it. It also gives the street a more attractive appearance, as is evidenced every evening where the change has been made.

Further indication of what the company is doing for the public benefit will be given in our next issue. Meanwhile, Mr. Deemer, contract agent of the company, will deem it a special privilege to explain things.

THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND THE WALL

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness, day and night.

As it grew and blossomed, fair and tall,
And slowly rose to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength
With never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the brightening view
Were found the same as they were before,
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay! let us faith and hope receive—
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side—
Just as it will forever more.

—*A. L. Fink.*

MRS. ETHEL SEAGER CAMPBELL

ART NOTES AND NEWS

THE recent discussion which filled the newspapers, regarding the artist who had been putting out clever copies of pictures by famous artists, signed by their names, gives interest to the plan suggested in Paris for insuring artists against forever losing the fruits of their labors. It is this: To form a society for the protection of artistic property which the government shall empower to collect for a certain number of years for the artists' benefit a percentage of the price every time a picture or sculpture is sold. Thus a picture would be followed through all its possible wanderings. The society would keep a perpetual catalogue in which every artist would enter each of his works with a minute description thereof, and the society would place its stamp on each work, forming an additional safeguard against forgeries.

* * *

It is said that there are some hundreds more of "genuine" Corots at large in the world than the master could have painted if he had painted every day of his life.

* * *

When the Book of Exodus is opened, as the summer heats come on city studios are closed, pictures are turned to the wall, and the artists go like homing pigeons to mountain, sea and shore. Often they live in colonies. Sometimes one, like Dundreary of blessed memory, "flocks by himself."

One New York artist when asked if he was not a member of the Lyme colony, said, "I have no studio at Lyme, have never been there in the summer. I go to a place as far away from New York as possible, where there are no New York artists." This is Lyme, Conn., where A. B. Talcott, Frank Dumont, Jules Turcass, Louis P. Dessar, Clark G. Vorhees, Will Howe Foote and others have built summer homes and studios. One of the most artistic of the artist colonies is that of the "Hudson River School" at Onteova Park, comprising some 1,500 acres in the heart of the Catskills, 2,400 feet above sea level Originally it was planned by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, of artistic needlework fame, Benjamin Porter, Durand, Whittridge and Gifford. Here Carroll Beckwith spends his summers at his house, "The Ledge," remaining until about September 15th, when the altitude becomes too cold for comfort. Here also are John W. Alexander and George Reid. Henry W. Ranyer, the landscape painter, has a summer home on the Sound near New London, with a studio built out over the water. Nantucket Island has long been a popular resort and one of the New York artists there is Verplanck Birney, whose colonial residence is a show place, and who has succeeded in making an old fashioned flower garden bloom in sand which the oldest inhabitants had never dreamed could produce such floral results. The inhabitants will not tolerate the automobile, however, because it tears up the roads.

* * *

The quiet beauty of Long Island Sound is a lure. H. Irving Wiles has a studio on a forty foot bluff overlooking the Sound at Noank, Conn. Carl Blenner, at Peconic Bay, utilizes an abrupt slope to get a two story colonial front on the water front, while one comes in at a pretty white doorway in the rear, one story up.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lamb live and work from May to November back of the Palisades beyond Nyack, in a lovely house of concrete, with shingled studio.

* * *

A new artist colony has just been established near Philadelphia, where a large tract of land, including an old mill site and scores of old-fashioned houses, has been bought and remodeled by a wealthy Philadelphian. By the way, has anyone quite ever analyzed the charm of these old houses, built of the rock taken from the ground and built of the same material all the way up? Is it not that it relates them closely to the soil from which they spring?

Miss Blanche Ostertag, the mural painter, summers here. Artists who live

in the Bronx the year round, have no need to go away from home. Among them is Will H. Low, for whom one looks in vain, even in winter, in the big studio over a garage on 43d street which he occupied a few years ago. The Mormans summer at East Hampton. Geo. Inness goes to Ellenville, as does E. L. Henry.

* * *

Mr. A. B. Wyant retains her husband's home at Arkville, in the Catskill. Here also are Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Murphy.

* * *

Miss Pratt of the Van Dyke studios has for many summers gone to Devonshire, England.

* * *

In a little stone house, two hundred years old, and buried in roses, lives Mrs. M. E. Scott, the well known flower painter.

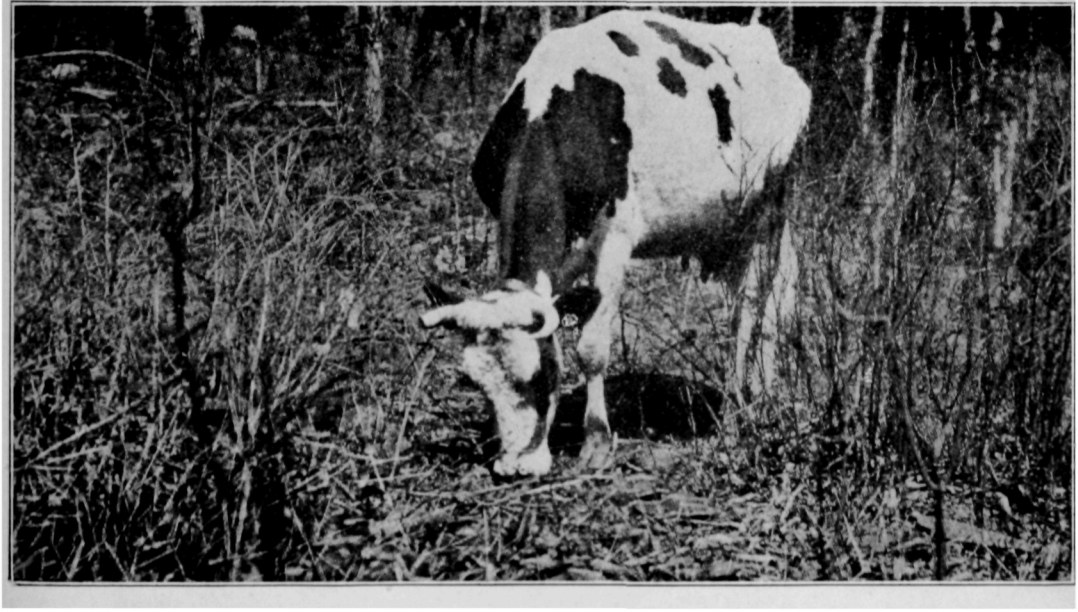
And speaking of art, this is the time of year when that greatest artist of all, the landscape gardener, gets in his work. With his pigments of earth and air and sky, he makes the pictures that are framed in by every window. It is an art that should be made a study by every one who controls a foot of ground. A universal flexible, which may apply equally to a large park or a modest lawn. This is the sort of thing that comes close to our daily life, and a knowledge of where and how to plant the tree or vine or shrubbery, makes for civic pride and beautiful living. The simple principles of arranging the home grounds are well set forth in the "Beautiful America" leaflets.

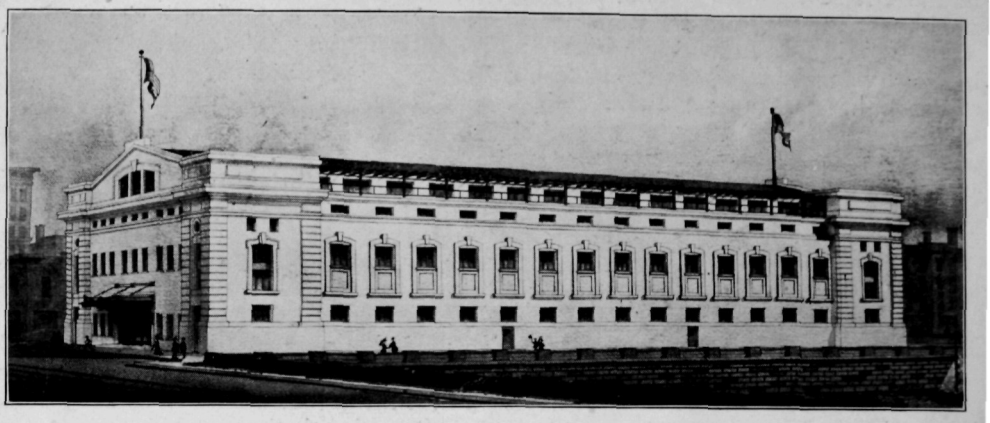
* * *

A mile of rhododendrons! This is Mrs. Russell Sage's beautiful gift to Central Park; and how could money give more pleasure? A wide new field of work for women is opening up in metal work.

This does not mean that a few, a little hasty knowledge, acquired at a summer school, will do. The gold and silver craft work, whether applied to jewelry or table ware, demands thorough art training in a school of applied art, such as have long existed abroad, and such as we have, at too infrequent distances, in this country. A woman artist in New York, making a precarious living at painting studio pictures which sometimes did and sometimes did not sell, now earns an exceptionally high salary designing and executing artistic table silver. But to her art training she added special work in the best European craft schools before she began.

The teaching of the drawing in the public schools with its recent touch of art and craft work, is the most hopeful feature at this moment of the development of art in this country.





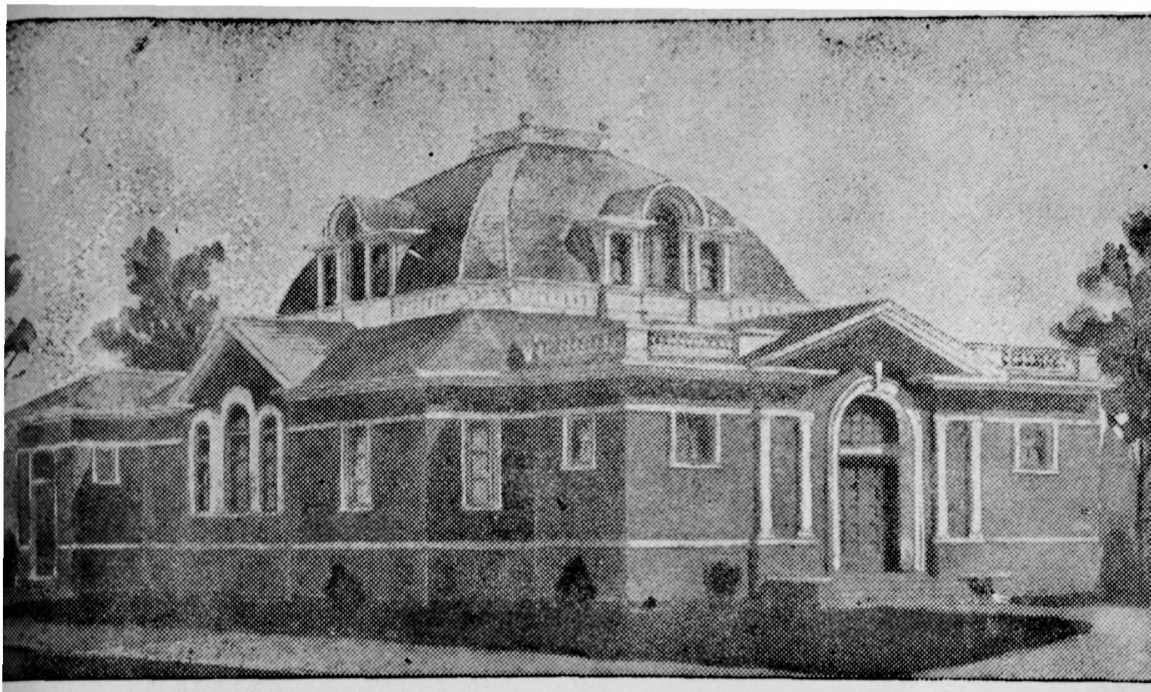
THE COLISEUM

Soon to be erected in Des Moines. Stock is now being sold. Address letters of inquiry to Lucius Wilson, Secretary of the Greater Des Moines Committee.

The Coliseum will be erected on the west river bank north of the public library. The site is already under lease upon extremely favorable conditions. The building will be 280 feet long and 140 feet wide. It will be a modern steel-frame structure and will contain a huge arena 195x104 feet, entirely free from obstructions and open to the roof. Two balconies will extend around three sides of the arena. The balconies will be seated with opera chairs and accommodate four thousand people. The arena will be provided with folding removable seats, which can be arranged to handle about five thousand people.

The National Guard will be provided with quarters over the Locust street entrance. Twenty-eight booths, approximately sixteen feet square, will surround the arena on three sides, and are already under lease by Des Moines manufacturers who will maintain a permanent exhibit of their products. This will be the finest continuous exhibit of manufactured articles west of Chicago. The building will accommodate every sort of gathering from a trade exhibition to a charity ball, and it can be converted to one hundred uses without difficulty. Because of its multitude of possible uses the building will, under efficient management, pay a fair return on the investment.

The officers of the company are: John H. Cownie, Jr., President; Simon Casady, Vice-President and Treasurer; Lucius E. Wilson, Secretary. Directors: F. H. Luthe, W. G. Agar, C. A. Rawson, Lafe Young, Jr., John Gibson, John F. Kratzer, J. R. Hubbart, Addison Parker, John H. Cownie, Jr.



First Church of Christ Scientist, Saginaw, Mich.

THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN MICHIGAN

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES OF ITS FOUNDER, MARY BAKER G. EDDY

By Charles K. Skinner

Christian Science Publication Committee for Michigan

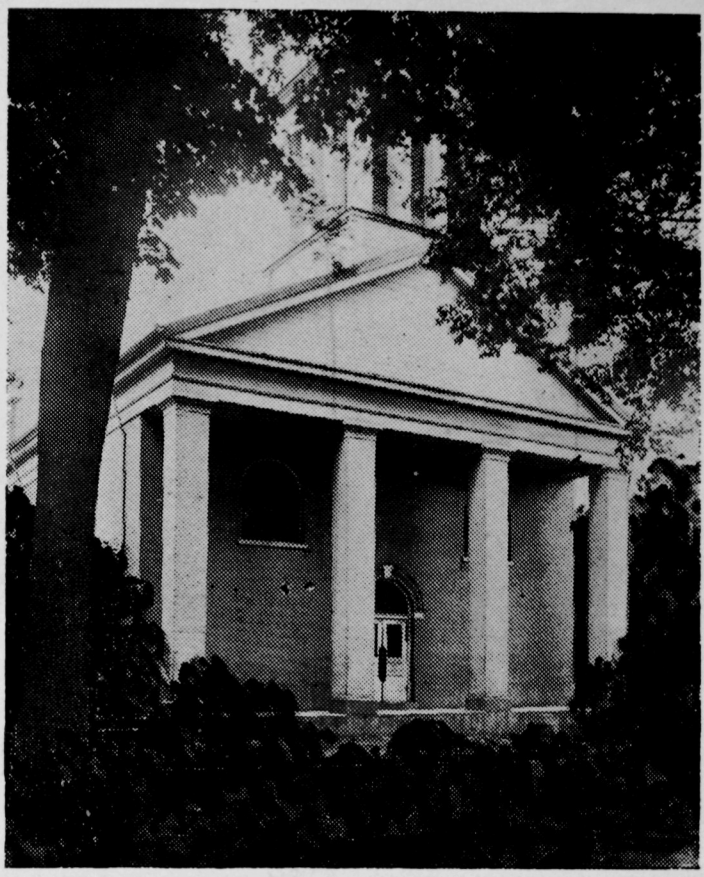
THIS is an age of great mental unrest, in which mankind is running hither and yon, for relief from real or fancied troubles. The pessimist tells us how dreadfully bad the world is getting, and that but little space intervenes between the present time and positive demolition.

We are told that the church is losing its power, that its usefulness is waning, that nothing short of a spiritual earthquake (if such a metaphor is permissable) can arouse the people from their lethargy. Even the ardent churchman at times finds himself wondering what the outcome will be, as he views with consternation the increasing throngs in our large cities, who rarely, if ever, attend church.

As a matter of fact, there is little cause for alarm, if statistics can be relied upon. While changes of church affiliation are constantly going on, and a seeming increase in the number of those professing indifference may be noticeable, there is also an increase in the number of those reaching out for what they hope to be a haven of rest.

One of the greatest factors for the awakening of religious interest in the average man and woman in the present age is the new, yet old religion of the Christ healing, named by its founder, Christian Science.

To Mary Baker G. Eddy, now of Brookline, Mass., Christian Science owes its birth and existence. Nurtured by the same unselfish devotion to the cause of



First Church of Christ Scientist, Jackson, Mich.

humanity, it is growing rapidly to the age of manhood, its right to recognition proved by the fruits of its work.

We are told that "man's extremity is God's opportunity," and thus it came about in 1866, in the quaint old town of Lynn, Mass., while on her death bed, according to her physician's verdict, (the result of an accident) the spiritual illumination of God's ever-present omnipotence to save, came to her, who in later years, was to be the leader of a great religious movement.

Having bidden her pastor farewell, as both supposed for the last time, she called for her Bible. It opened at the 9th Chapter of Matthew, and having read the story of the healing of the paralytic, she said, "This is for me and all mankind." She arose from her bed, dressed and walked out into the next room. In answer to the startled cry of her friends waiting for her last moments, "Has Christ come to earth again?" she replied, "I have just learned that he has never left it."

In her volume "Retrospection and Introspection," Mrs. Eddy gives an interesting account of her early experiences and struggles in bringing the text-book "Science and Health" before the world.

She says, "I withdrew from society for three years to ponder my mission, to search the Scriptures, to find the Science of Mind, that should take the things of God and show them to the creature, and reveal the great curative Principle —Deity. The Bible was my text-book. It answered my questions as to how I was healed; but the Scriptures had to me a new meaning, a new tongue. Their spiritual signification appeared, and I apprehended for the first time their spiritual meaning, Jesus' teaching and demonstration, and the Principle and rule of Spiritual Science and Metaphysical Healing —in a word, Christian Science."

The first edition of "Science and

MRS. ANNIE M. KNOTT, C. S. D., Boston,
Associate Editor of Christian Science Publications

Health"—the only text-book of Christian Science, was published in 1875. In 1891 it had reached sixty-two editions of one thousand volumes each, and during the year 1906 it had passed its 400th edition. Since that time no published record has been made of its rapidly increasing circulation. The great demand existing for the very early editions, has caused connoisseurs to pay as high as three hundred dollars for a single volume.

In 1879 "The First Church of Christ, Scientist," now known as "The Mother Church," was organized with 26 charter members enrolled. The church now numbers many thousand members and from it has sprung a large number of churches, many of them owning beautiful and imposing edifices.

In 1894, the students and adherents of Mrs. Eddy erected a church in the Back Bay District of Boston, at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars. One feature of the edifice is that a room, known as Mrs. Eddy's room, was built and furnished by Christian Science children, organized into a band of "Busy Bees." This work was chiefly through the efforts of Miss Maurine R. Campbell, formerly a resident of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, and later a member of the family of Minister Conger during his embassy in China.

Among the beautiful furnishings of this room were many individual gifts. The mantlepiece of onyx came from Pueblo, Mexico. The floors and baseboards of this room and its toilet, are of white, gray and African marble of Numidian red.

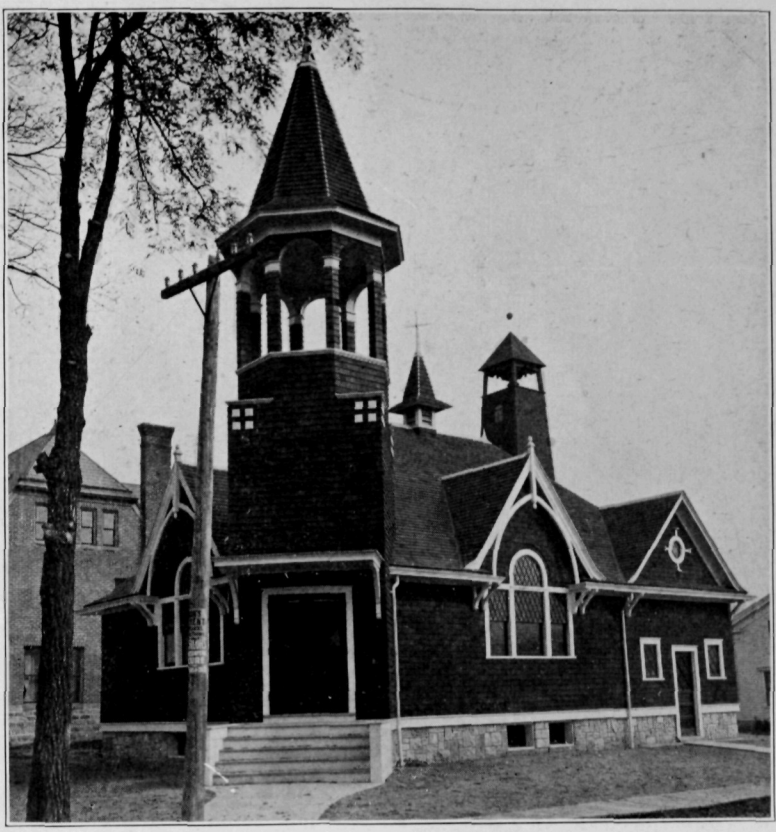
In 1904, it was plainly evident that a larger building was a necessity, and a fund of two million dollars was pledged for the purpose, at the business meeting in June. In June, 1906, this annex, with a seating capacity of five thousand persons, was completed and formally dedicated, every dollar having been paid. The interest in Christian Science has increased to such an extent in Boston, that this vast auditorium is taxed Sundays and Wednesdays to its fullest capacity.

Mrs. Eddy has very strangely, been charged with desiring public notice. The statement is most absurd, and is the outgrowth of misapprehension.

During the past twenty years she has appeared in public but a few times. Once at the National Christian Science Association held in Chicago in 1888, at which time she was compelled to retire to a side room, to avoid the crush of people about her. Once in New York on a similar occasion the following year, where the audience was compelled to file by her under the guidance of ushers. These public functions were, however, never pleasing to Mrs. Eddy, and she resolved to withdraw from such scenes, that the adulation of her personality should cease. Since that time she has appeared twice at The Mother Church, and twice at Pleasant View, to address, from her balcony, an audience of ten thousand visitors.

Mrs. Eddy's recent removal to her present home in Brookline, Mass., was made at a time, and under such circumstances, as would attract the least possible notice. Naturally shrinking from the public gaze of the curious and unfriendly, she has found peace and quiet in the seclusion and work devoted to her beloved cause.

Although dating back in the religious history of Michigan but little more than two decades, and ranking among the youngest of religious bodies, Christian Science has firmly established itself, and its steady and consistent growth has been



First Church of Christ Scientist, Plymouth, Mich.

such as to dispel any doubt of its future.

To Mrs. Annie M. Knott, C. S. D., now Associate Editor of the Christian Science Journal, Sentinel and Der Herold, Boston, belongs the distinction of being the pioneer of Christian Science in Michigan. Mrs. Knott, while living in Chicago with her little family, became a convert to this religion through the healing of her youngest child, after the assurances of the best medical experts, that there was no hope for its recovery. Having studied for a year, she came to Detroit in the early part of 1885, resolved to devote her life to the cause which had restored her child to health. The following year she went to Boston, graduating from the Normal class under the personal instruction of Mrs. Eddy, and in 1887 taught the first advanced class of Christian Science in Michigan.

In 1890, she was ordained Pastor, this being the form of service in the early years. In 1898 she was called to the lecture field. From this position Mrs. Eddy advanced her in 1903 to that of Associate Editor of the Christian Science Publications.

Modest in the extreme was the beginning of Christian Science in Detroit, services being held for a time in Mrs. Knott's parlors on John R. St. These were informal meetings, consisting of reading, an address by the Pastor, and the singing of hymns from the Universalist hymnal, the Christian Scientists as yet not having one of their own. In 1889 it was found necessary to rent a hall on Woodward Avenue, to accommodate the increasing numbers who had become interested.

As an illustration of the struggles and trials to which reformers are always subjected, Christian Scientists being no exception, the statements of some of the early adherents who belonged to the prominent orthodox churches, is quite interesting, when viewed from the standpoint of the world's consideration of Christian Science in this hour.

Said one lady, "In going to our services, we would walk down the avenue,

First Church of Christ Scientist, Kalamazoo, Mich.

passing the hall-way a little distance, and turn back to see if any of our former church acquaintances were in sight. If the coast was clear, we would dodge in, if not, we walked on and turned again."

It is possible that some of the present strait-laced critics will say, "To be ashamed of one's religion showed very little moral courage." To such critics I would say, that at that time there were very few adherents, the greater number being investigators, who hoped, yet doubted, if this strange doctrine were true.

The weight of popular opinion is so great, that the most conscientious sometimes pause on the brink of some new step, and query if this is the right thing to do at this hour.

In 1891 larger quarters were found necessary, and the popular music hall of Schwanskovsky was rented, and later "The Church of Our Father" was secured for Wednesday evening testimonial meetings.

It was in 1895 that Mrs. Eddy requested the churches of the country to adopt the Bible and the text-book, "Science and Health" as their impersonal pastor, thus eliminating as far as possible, all personality. This change at first produced a storm of opposition from those who liked to hear the personal sermon, but later was followed by greater interest than ever as the reason was understood.

In 1897 the church had grown to need its own edifice, and the Emmanual Episcopal Church being desirous of selling their edifice, it was purchased, and although the membership was but 147, the amount—twenty thousand dollars—necessary for its purchase and improvements, and a new organ, was raised, and in February, 1898, it was dedicated free from debt, with not a subscription paper having been circulated.

This being one of the first churches to dedicate its edifice, the occasion brought large numbers of Christian Scientists from many large cities, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, New York, Buffalo, Grand Rapids, and the local field being represented. Although the church seats one thousand people, it required three services to seat the people on this occasion.

To those of the present time these incidents may seem of little importance, but they are mentioned to show that each succeeding stage of growth in such a movement, marks the changing popular thought from bigotry to tolerance, from doubt to belief and demonstration.

As the seating capacity of the church has been almost attained, the thought is reaching out to the proper organization of two other churches, on the east and west sides of the city.

The church supports large and handsomely equipped reading rooms in the heart of the city, where all publications

First Church of Christ Scientist, Battle Creek, Mich.

of Mrs. Eddy and the Christian Science Publishing Society are free to the public.

As an instance of the increasing interest in the popular thought toward the investigation of Christian Science, the records show that during the past year, nearly six thousand persons visited these reading rooms. The sales of the textbook, "Science and Health," since the recent attack upon Mrs. Eddy by her "next friends" have increased almost double.

The activities of the Christian Scientists of Michigan are by no means confined to Detroit. There are sixty organizations in the state, and about one hundred other places where services are read, each being the nucleus of a society later on. Such being the results in the short space of little more than a score of years, what may not be looked for in the future?

Grand Rapids, the second city of Michigan, can truthfully be called a city of homes. Fine old-fashioned homes—modern ones, too, for that matter—standing far back on spacious grounds, which in our large cities would represent a great outlay, surrounded by tall old oaks and other kings of the forest that have escaped the ravages of vandalism, here a rising slope, there a frowning bluff, lawns well kept, and streets the pride of the ever-present "white wings." To visit there once is to hope to go again.

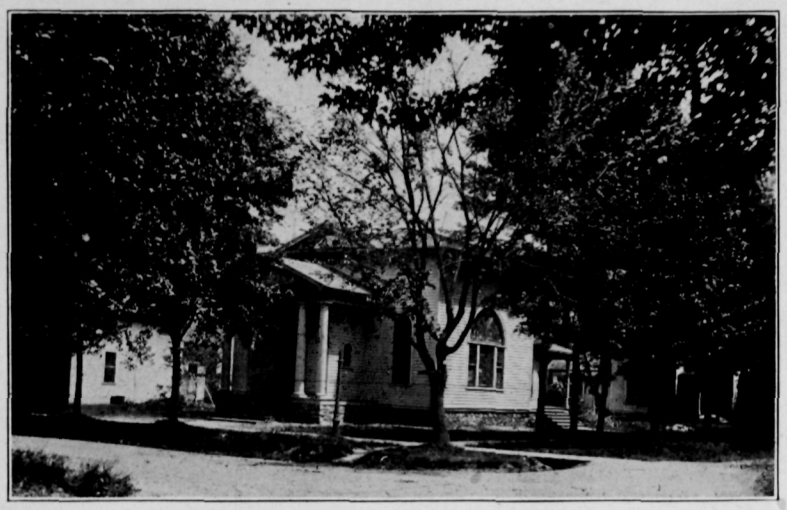
First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Grand Rapids, Mich., had its origin in the cases of physical healing performed in that city in the year 1885 by students of Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science.

The first healing work was done by Miss Lucinda Willsie, C. S. D., in the spring of that year. In the following winter, Mr. Edward H. Hammond, C. S. D., located in Grand Rapids, taught the first class and established the work.

Subsequent classes were taught and the outgrowth of this instruction was the organization of a Society, the object of which was to re-emphasize the doctrines taught by Jesus and to reinstate in human consciousness the understanding of his theology, which renders inseparable the preaching of the gospel and the healing of the sick.

The first religious services of this Society were hold in Good Templars' Hall in 1889. The church was legally incorporated October 20, 1893, with eight charter members. It held its services for a short time in Lockerby Hall, then returned to Good Templars' Hall in March, 1895. In 1897 the church moved to the Ladies' Literary Club House, and there continued its services until 1900, when the St. Cecelia Auditorium was secured as a place of worship, where the congregation remained until the completion of the new church edifice on the corner of Washington and Lafayette streets.

In January, 1901, a building site was purchased at a cost of eight thousand dollars, the entire amount being paid in that year. July 20, 1902, it was decided to build. The corner stone was laid in



First Church of Christ Scientist, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

June, 1903, and the edifice, with a seating capacity of 755, was completed at a cost, including furnishings, of $63,700, and formally opened for services February 12, 1905. Dedicatory services were held October 14, 1906.

In October, 1895, a Sunday School was opened with six members. This branch of the church work has wonderfully prospered. The present membership of the school, including officers and teachers, is 220.

Early in the history of the movement in Grand Rapids, a public reading room was established, thus providing an opportunity for all who desired, to read or purchase the literature of Christian Science. The reading room was first opened in the Gilbert Block, which was its home from 1881 to 1895. In February, 1900, new rooms were opened in the Houseman Block. In December, 1901, the location was changed to 178 East Fulton street, where it remained until removed February, 1905, to the new church edifice. The first year's sales of literature amounted to $150. The sales for the year 1907 were $3,389.63.

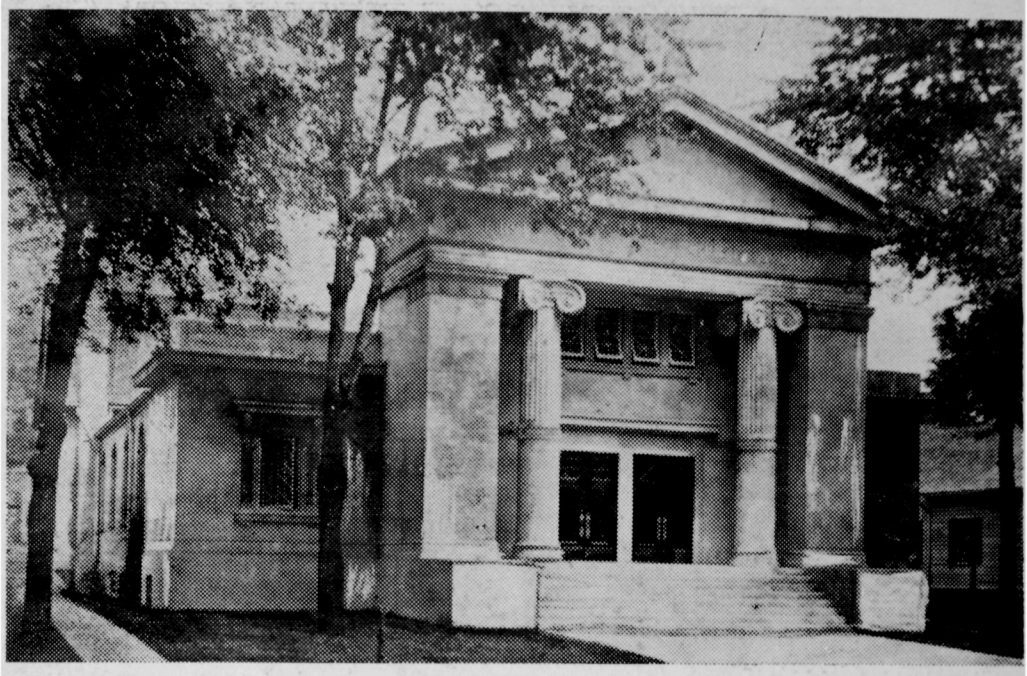
Saginaw, one of the larger cities, and the great lumber center of Michigan, organized its church in 1895. Its growth has been moderate but steady, and it has built and furnished a handsome edifice at a cost of $20,000. While its actual membership is less than one hundred, the attendance is double that number, and the beneficent influence of its healing work is being felt all over the "thumb" of Michigan.

In the beautiful city of Kalamazoo, its broad streets shaded by lofty elms, and ofttime crossing the meandering river of the same name, Christian Science was first introduced during the early '90's. A church was organized in 1898 under the care of Miss Cora E. Downer, now a teacher and practitioner of Christian Science in Paris. In 1902, the society purchased and remodeled its present edifice, which is located on a corner of its central park and facing the other churches of the city. During the past five years its growth has been steady, and the organization is in a most healthful condition.

The work of Christian Science in Jackson, the fourth city of the state, began in 1890, the society occupying a rented hall until 1902, when the Jewish Synagogue on the City Park was purchased and refitted. The attendance has grown so large that the second service on Sunday has become a necessity.

One of the points of interest of this church is the work it has done for the inmates of the state prison. The seed for right living implanted in the hearts of the inmates, is bringing rich reward to the givers, in expressions of gratitude for the help received.

In Battle Creek, one of the largest southern Michigan cities, Christian Science Services began in 1890, and despite the mammoth sanitarium located



First Church of Christ Scientist, Detroit, Mich.

there, the growth of the movement has been sturdy.

In 1906 the society purchased and improved the present edifice at a cost of $12,000. Since that time a second church has been organized in another part of the city with increased interest as the result.

To the little society in the town of Plymouth belongs the proud distinction of being the first in the state to build and dedicate its house of worship. The design was selected from an Italian church, by one of its members while traveling in that country. The edifice is tastefully furnished, an ornament to the village, and cost the society $5,000.

In Ann Arbor, the home of the world-famed University of Michigan, the Christian Scientists organized under a charter in 1901, although services had been held for some years previous. In 1902 they purchased property, and are now in a flourishing condition. The University of Michigan is one of the few educational institutions of the country which have permitted and recognized the organization of Christian Science societies among their students. The society was organized in 1906, and now numbers forty members, drawn from some of the best families in the country.

At Lansing, the state capital, a charter for a church was given in 1898, although the work had been started there some years before, as the result of some wonderful cases of healing. The society is preparing to erect a suitable edifice in keeping with the city.

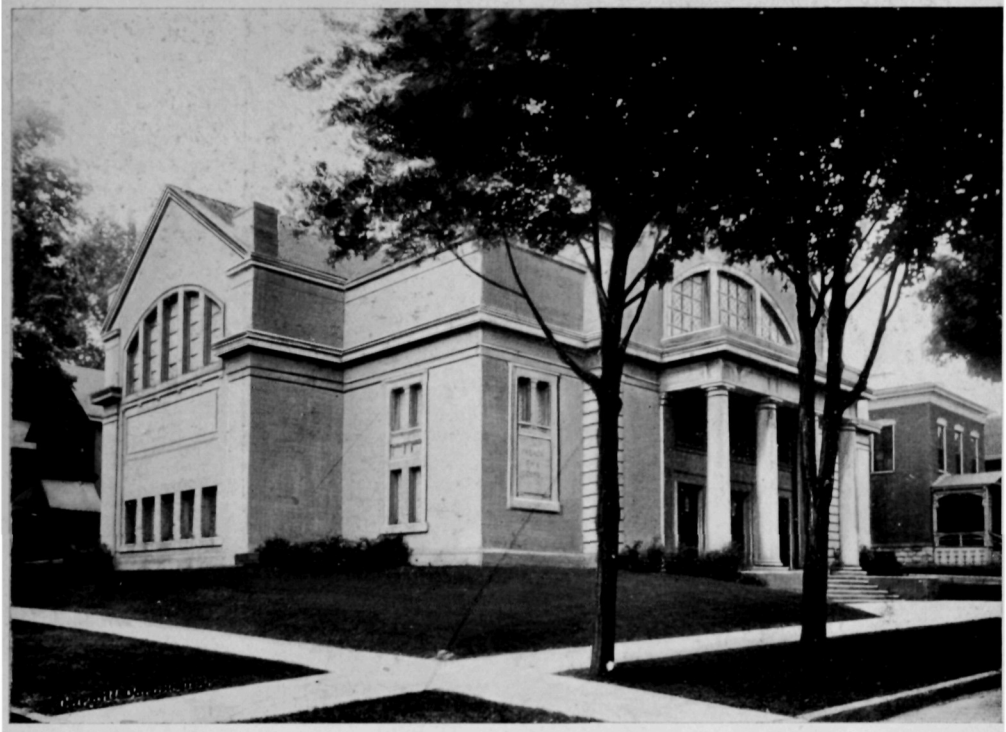
The society at Mt. Pleasant has recently dedicated its new home, and is one of the healthy churches of northern Michigan. Caro, Albion, Marshall and Charlotte are among those which have secured their own edifices.

The indifferent onlooker sometimes asks in amazement, as he sees the crowds passing out of our large city churches, "What is it in Christian Science which constantly attracts the people in such great numbers to your services?"

The answer of one is the answer of all: "The realization of returning health, peace of mind, and freedom from anxiety and worry."

A prominent magazine writer while posing as an opponent of Christian Science, once paid a glowing tribute to this movement in these words:

"And who are attracted by Christian Science? There is no limit; its field is horizonless; its appeal is as universal as is the appeal of Christianity itself. It appeals to the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the cultured, the ignorant, the gifted, the stupid, the modest, the vain,



First Church of Christ Scientist, Grand Rapids, Mich.

the wise, the silly, the soldier, the civilian, the hero, the coward, the idler, the worker, the godly, the godless, the freeman, the slave, the adult, the child, *they who are ailing in body or mind, they who have friends that are ailing in body or mind.* To mass it in a phrase, its clientage is the Human Race. Will it march? I think so.

"Remember its principal great offer; *to rid the race of pain and disease.* Can it do so? In large measure yes. How much of the pain and disease in the world is created by the imaginations of the sufferers, and then kept alive by those imaginations? Four-fifths? Not anything short of that, I should think. Can Christian Science banish that four-fifths? I think so. * * *

"The average Christian Scientist has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. He does have a victory over fear and care, that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian.

"*He has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet.* What proportion of your earnings or income would you be willing to pay for that frame of mind, year in, year out? Where can you purchase it, at any outlay of any sort, in any church or out of it, except the Scientist's?"

As an illustration of the spread of Christian Science in forty years, a recent notice has been received of the organization of a church in far off St. Petersburg. There is scarcely a country on the globe in which this religious movement has not its Publication Committees, not even excepting Egypt, China, Japan and South Africa.

DR. LULU GILBERT BELL,

Osteopathic Physician of Sheridan, Wyoming, who has been the guest during the month of Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Still. Dr. Bell is a former Iowa woman.

THE HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEM

"Oh, how I would like to keep house!" one of the boarders exclaimed the other day. "I'm just crazy for a hot corn pone, some apple dumplings; and I'm so tired of that dish of apples for breakfast, or else stewed prunes."

"Well, why don't you keep house?" answered the Other One "I'm afraid to," was the reply, "everybody has such a time getting help. Why Em—my sister, you know, had to change cooks last month, spring cleaning, etc., and Jennie was 'tired.' Well, she had an order at five offices, and couldn't get anybody. One lady promised to come for $6.00 a week, no washing, and you know Em has a second girl, too. There are the two of them and the two children, and the man. But she didn't show up, and Em had to do the second work for two weeks, while the second girl went into the kitchen. Fortunately she could cook. Em has always been very lucky about help; she pays good fair wages, and never nags The girls have a pleasant home, and though a good deal is expected of them they are well treated. But nowadays everybody is in trouble, so I just have to keep on boarding."

"I suppose you wouldn't think of doing your own work," ventured the Other One. "Mercy no! how could I? You know George always wants to go somewhere or do something, evenings. And he expects me to be fresh and in trim to do it. I'd be dragged out all the time and he'd be disgusted.

"Besides, it's such a slave's life. Just cook and wash dishes, cook and wash dishes, with variations of cleaning and bed making. I'd rather eat prunes When you come to think of it, the wonder is that Em can find anybody that will broil in a hot kitchen of a July afternoon, getting up a six o'clock course dinner and washing dishes till eight. Six dollars a week wouldn't tempt me to do it, even with board and no washing."

"Yes," said the Other One thoughtfully, "why need we have course dinners of a hot summer evening? How much better off every one would be, with a simple meal, mostly prepared in the cool of the day. The Simple Life,—that's the solution of all this trouble."

All through this country, housewives are going distracted, because the old-time "servants" simply cannot be had. Many have given up trying, and content themselves with food from the bakers, the Women's Exchange and the delicatessen shops. In the cities, this relief is possible; but the situation of the housekeeper in the country, and on ranches or farms, is positively tragic. With several men to feed to say nothing of one's own family or the other work, sewing, washing, etc., the housewife is indeed a slave, and often succumbs under the strain.

What can be done? If women and girls positively will not do house work at any price, or at such prices as make help prohibitive for the orinary income.

First, as we have so often said—the return to the simple life. We must simplify our eating and our dressing and our furnishing, so that we can, in the large majority of househols, do our own work, and not be slaves either. Nobody should be a slave to endless tasks, and to this end our men, many of them, must first be enlightened and educated to a perception of the burden entailed by present modes of living, and a willingness to dispense with unnecessary and exhausting labor. It is a trite but true saying, that most men have no conception of the labor involved in woman's household tasks. They must get new views, and adapt themselves to them. If your wife is all tired out at supper time, help her clear up, instead of growling, "I hate a woman that's always tired," and banging the front door. I know a lawyer, and a good one, who helps dress the two small children every morning, while his wife gets the breakfast. They live in the country and can get no help, and when she had to "put up" a big lot of peaches, he helped pare them. Why shouldn't he, if it was a choice between that and using up his wife?

The second thing we can do, is to make household service less odious. Yet, I know there are plenty of girls not capable of appreciating good treatment. These are not worth having at all. But you all know what I mean. There is a general prejudice against housework because house servants are treated as menials, and looked down upon by the commonest "clerks" in stores or offices.

We can elevate the "profession" of housework so the intelligent women will be willing to do it. There are many intelligent women, who really love housework—in reasonable quantities, and who can do it well, while they cannot do other kinds of work well. Many of them are refined in manner and speech, and lady-like in appearance. Why should we subject such women to the annoyance of having to ask permission whenever she wishes to leave the house? Why must she be always on duty, even in the evenings, when her work is done, if we choose to call upon her? Why must she be spoken to as Jennie or Mary, while her sister in Donaldson's is called Miss Smith? Why do we maintain such a barrier of reserve, as if there were a great distance between us, never speaking except to give directions, as is the habit of many housewives? Why is so little pains taken in the location and furnishing of their apartments, and usually they are required to room together and often to sleep together It is no wonder that intelligent girls will do anything rather than housework. And while it is true that on the lower class of domestics such consideration would be "pearls before swine," there is no sense or profit in refusing it where due. In England, there has been organized "The Dames of the Household"—ladies by birth and education, whose aim is to raise housework to a level with other work. They wear a uniform and go out to service, but they have fixed hours and a fair amount of leisure. They require a place to receive their friends at suitable times apart from the kitchen. They must be given separate bedrooms where possible and in any case separate beds. Their work is defined, and they are called Mrs, or Miss, as the case may be. Why not?

It does not seem improbable that if housework were thus raised to the dignity it deserves, there would be enough intelligent workers choose this method of earning a livelihood to supply those who could afford to pay for them. And this new influx of high grade workers would necessarily reduce the number of situations now open to poorer and less valuable service, and so ease up matters all around.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

Washington, July 9, 1908.

WITH a president at Oyster Bay, a secretary of state in training at Muldoon's Farm, a secretary of agriculture gone for a long rest to his Iowa farm, and in fact only two cabinet ministers here, official Washington resembles a last year's bird's nest. The new secretary of war, General Wright, is here, taking up the duties of his new office, and Secretary Cortelyou also, the latter's family remaining loyally by him, in spite of the Washington heat. General Wright, whose family will not come here until fall, is the guest of General Franklin Bell at Fort Meyer, and comes over the new aqueduct bridge every morning in an automobile, and back in the evening into the cool Virginia hills. Mrs. Wright will take up her duties as a cabinet hostess well equipped. She is a daughter of Rear Admiral Semmes, U. S. N., and spent some years in the Philippines, where General Wright succeeded Judge Taft as governor, and went with him to Tokyo when he was made ambassador to Japan.

With the advent of warm weather the legations virtually are closed, being left in the care of attaches. The German ambassador, Baron Speck von Sternberg, with his beautiful American wife, spends the summer at his ancestral estate in Saxony. The summer embassy is at Beverly Farms. Bar Harbor and Manchester have always vied with each other as summer resorts for the diplomats. The Danish summer legation is at the former place. The assistant secretary of state and Mrs. Robert Bacon have gone to their newly completed home at Westburg, L. I., one of the most attractive homes of the Long Island millionaire colony. Secretary Bacon, you know, is the member of the administration who looks like a "Greek God."

And yet in spite of the flitting, there are some thousands of people in Washington who must have amusement and there are still little dinners and dances. The Chevy Chase Club's Saturday night dances have been extremely well attended all through the season, the one the night before the Fourth being a gala night, the dancing sandwiched between the fireworks. This is the time of year when a woman can almost walk from one end of residential Washington to another without hat or parasol, so dense and so continuous is the shade. The trees are the glory of Washington; and they are watched, protected from vandalism and cared for with a care that human beings might envy.

A building of historic interest passes in the destruction of the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad Company's station at Sixth and B streets. It is removed by order of the president, and in the interest of the development of the Mall, which is to stretch superbly from the monument to the capitol. It has historic interest. It was the gateway to Washington for statesmen, diplomats, incoming presidents, great soldiers, naval officers, and the great "seeing Washington" crowds that has all seasons for its own. Here Garfield was shot, and for a long time a silver star, set in the tile floor of the waiting room, marked the spot where he fell. It was removed some years since; but morbid curiosity hunters continued to look for it long after its removal.

Undoubtedly the event of the summer was the dedication of the magnificent new Municipal Building on Pennsylvania avenue, and as it happened to fall on the Fourth of July, we killed two birds with one stone. If ever a building filled a long felt want, it is this same municipal building, for the District building over on Judiciary Square was very inadequate. For years the district government, like an old-fashioned school teacher, boarded round, the different departments frequently being housed in different parts of the city. The new building, of marble and granite, is, architecturally, a thing of beauty and civic pride. It cost $2,000,000, and it is eight years since it was "begun," by a recom-

mendation from the commissioners to congress that it was needed. A crowd of 125,000 people witnessed the impressive dedication ceremonies, and at night the avenue, from the capitol to the treasury, was illuminated as never before in the history of that famous thoroughfare. The erection of this building at Fourteenth street seems to mark the beginning of the redemption of the south side —which has always been the "seamy side" of the avenue. As everyone knows, there is the greatest possible difference between the two sides of the avenue. On the north side the crowds come and go—to the capitol, to the hotels, to the theaters—it is a world promenade. People walk on the south side also, but only when they must. The work of removal and substitution of granite for the sandstone pillars of the treasury building goes on, and it is proposed to utilize the old pillars in the erection of a mammoth band stand down in Potomac Park.

Of course it is old news how the president took the news of Taft's nomination. He gave out, or caused to be given out, the statement which he had had typewritten earlier in the day, and did not stop his game of tennis on hearing the result.

All Washington was saddened, as was the nation, by the death of Grover Cleveland, and there was a touch of personal grief at thought of the widow, who in the beauty of her young womanhood was one of the best loved women who ever reigned in the White House. If it took the public years to learn fully to appreciate the personality of Grover Cleveland there was no hesitation in the public verdict on the charm of Mrs. Cleveland.

Of feminine presidential possibilities—and it all depends on the turn of the wheel, Mrs. Taft is best known to the public. Mrs. Bryan would come almost as a stranger to Washington society. She was in Washington with Mr. Bryan when he was in the House, but was at that time engrossed with the care of young children, and went out little. She has a charmingly frank and gracious manner, and is a bright, brainy woman.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, made almost her first visit here this spring, when she accompanied her husband to the Governor's Council. Petite, vivacious, pretty and very girlish, those who met her at the reception given found her charming.

Mrs. Sherman, wife of the vice-presidential candidate, has frequently remained in the family home in Utica, during congressional seasons, but last winter, her children being grown, she was in Washington and in an apartment at the New Williard, proved to be an exceptionally popular hostess.

A long-cherished ambition found its reward when Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, made a successful debut in Paris recently as a professional singer. Four years ago Miss Wilson renounced the fascinations of a cabinet hostess in Washington, and went abroad to study. Her appearance was an acknowledged success. Her ambition is for concert and oratorio work, and it is said she will return to her native land next winter.

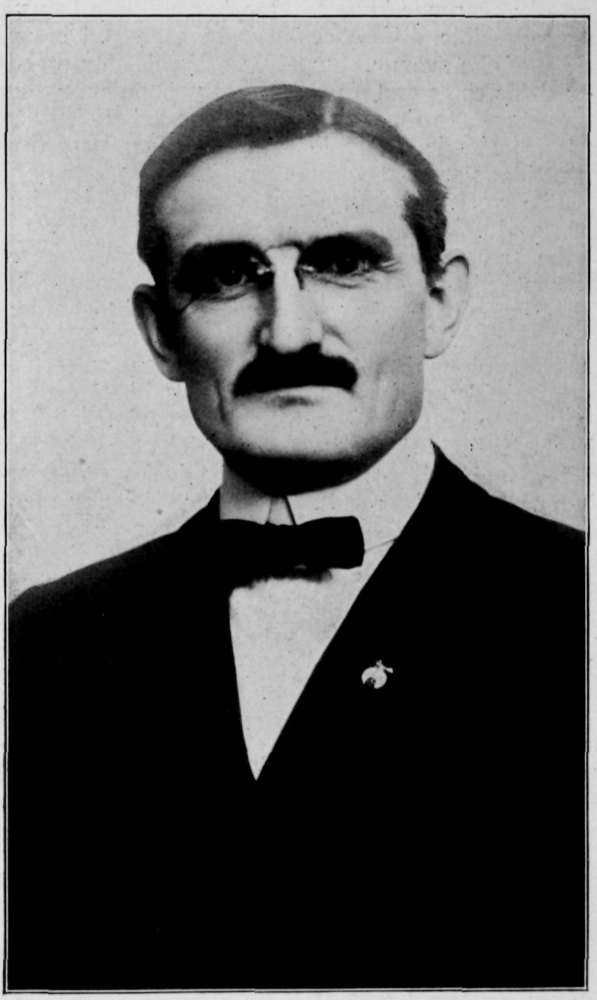
If Richmond Pearson Hobson continues to insist on "war with Japan," of what use is it for the president to go on appointing people to serve on the United States' Commission to Japan's coming exposition? It is to be hoped that Mr. Hobson's hysteria may abate, and that the exposition may occur.

Mr. Loomis, it is believed, will make an admirable commissioner, and in the president's latest appointment of Callan O'Laughlin as secretary, a brilliant newspaper man will see foreign service. "Cal" O'Laughlin was the Herald man who accepted a decoration from the Russian ambassador, and when Mr. Bennett cabled him that he would give him three days to return it, cabled Mr. Bennett that he would give him three days to fill his place.

Lorraine

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Ellis G. Linn



DR. ELLIS G. LINN

(These travel sketches, of which this is the last, were written by Dr. E. G. Linn in a letter for his own people; hence the many references of a personal character which are found running through them.)

Stretching a thousand feet along the west bank of the Thames, with half as great a width and towers rising three hundred feet above the level lowland on which all London rests, one gets a splendid view of the Houses of Parliament. The seven arches of Westminster bridge carry this handsome structure four hundred yards across the slowly moving waters of the Thames, just below this

Houses of Parliament

splendid capitol; and those who ride and those who walk amidst the ceaseless throng which crowds this thoroughfare from day to day, must look with pride upon this magnificent home of one of the best governments that ever gave laws to a great people.

South of the central hall of the building the Peers sit on their long red leather benches in a magnificently furnished room of only moderate size; while the Commons deliberate in apartments a little less luxuriously equipped and a little smaller, in a direct line at the other end of the building. It was pleasing to note the very profound respect with which the Honorable member from Devonshire wished to assure the Honorable Secretary for Foreign Affairs that "This House will gladly give its closest attention to any statement the Honorable Secretary for Foreign Affairs would be pleased to make on this floor at this time regarding the situation in Macedonia," and the equally profound respect with which the Honorable Secretary for Foreign Affairs assured the "Honorable Member from Devonshire that His Majesty's Government hoped soon to offer to this Honorable Body information touching upon the situation there." They were splendid healthy men and business seemed to be pushed rapidly along without interruption.

I once saw a white-haired, stooped and feeble old senator from Alabama lead a still more aged, feeble and white-haired old politician into the senate chamber and introduce him as his colleague-elect who desired to take the oath of office as United States senator; and I could but think that our senate chamber seems sometimes like an anti-room to heaven where white-haired old saints who have run their course may sit down, rest and refresh themselves before pursuing their journey.

I did not climb all of the one hundred stairways nor inspect any large per cent of the eleven hundred apartments in the Houses of Parliament, but the paintings and furnishings were many of them beautiful and the busts and statues of the long line of England's rulers carries one well back into the checkered past.

Ten years ago Thoryncroft's fine bronze statue of Cromwell was mounted on a granite base just to the west of the building and almost beneath the shadow of the spire on which his skull was exposed to winter winds and summer suns for twenty-five or thirty years.

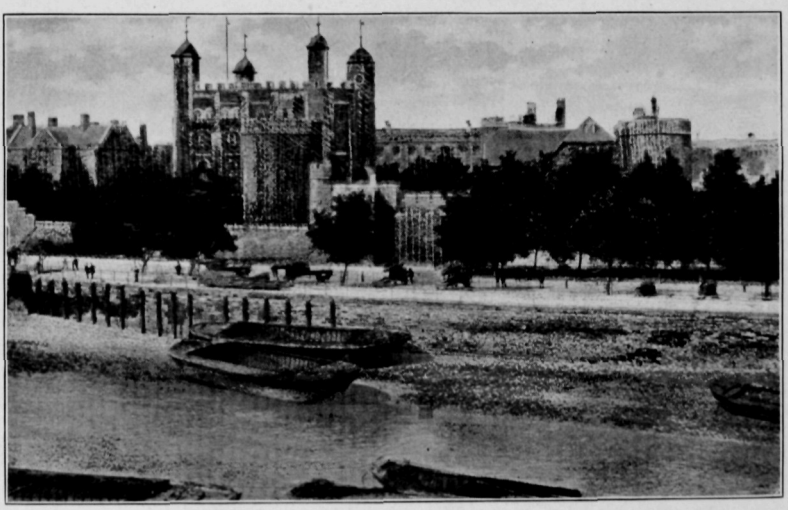
Saint Margaret's Church stands across the street there almost between the Abbe and Parliament House. A lot of good men have been laid to rest beneath its flagstone floor. Along with others here lie the remains of Raleigh. You know they used the headsman's ax on his neck

just down the street there, then they brought his body in here and said some respectable things about him. Here beside the door is his brass memorial tablet. Twenty-five years ago some Americans placed a handsome window over the west door there in his honor and James Russell Lowell wrote the poetical inscription which you see there beneath his portrait set in the glass. During all this performance, however, Sir Walter has been dead and most of us would prefer that not too large a proportion of the respectable treatment due us be delayed for succeeding generations.

A little way below London Bridge, upon the left bank of the Thames, stands the historic Tower of London. Like other old castles its walls were surrounded by a ditch which was readily filled with water. It served its purpose of a means of defense in early warfare, but in after centuries it was the place of confinement for political prisoners. Opening on the river is an entrance way known as the "Traitor's Gate," because many political discontents, after being arrested were brought down the river to the tower, and when this gate once closed behind them their guilt or innocence too often never counted in determining their fate. Could all the wrongs that have been enacted here be blotted out, the heavy shadows which blur the records of many of England's kings might be so lifted, that in those records, something not altogether bad might be discerned. Many a poor mortal has heard the turning of that bolt behind him and in despair has shut out the light of hope like him who crosses over the "Bridge of Sighs," only to learn after many weary months or years that he might walk out and, unrestrained, mingle again with his countrymen. Many, too, have entered here whose innocence availed them nothing.

A block of stone surrounded by a chain railing marks the spot where the scaffold stood within the enclosure; though for its quieting effect upon the public most executions took place just outside on tower hill. The headsman's ax was usually employed, though when Henry Eighth disposed of his Queen Anne Boleyn, he imported an executioner who did the trick with a sword. However, for his fifth queen he found the ax to be equally serviceable.

The crown jewels kept in the Wakefield tower are not so beautiful as those seen in Vienna; though fifteen millions



The Tower of London

dollars worth of precious stones and golden ornaments are kept within this room of very ordinary size. The crowns of the king and queen are especially beautiful. The king's, which was made up for the coronation of Queen Victoria, contains almost twenty-eight hundred diamonds, many of them of exceptional size and value, and all of them clear and brilliant. Three hundred other precious stones adorn this crown, among them the uncut ruby given to the Black Prince by Pedro of Castile and a large sapphire handed down from Edward the Confessor. The crosses of the various orders of knighthood, with the insignia of the ruling official, are all richly set in diamonds; and there are necklaces, rings and golden sceptres. It all goes to make up a splendid collection. You will be interested in knowing that a daring Irishman once succeeded in stealing much of this rich treasure from the tower and almost got away with it; and then, most singular of all, he was not only not punished, but he gave the king such an awful scare that he was actually given a pension of twenty-five hundred dollars a year just to be good.

In the Bloody Tower Sir Walter Raleigh passed much of his long imprisonment, though for some time he was in an inner cell in the dark underground part of White Tower. In this same basement, too, Guy Fawkes, who attempted to blow up parliament with gun powder, was confined. They will show you the little room, about three and a half feet wide with the same length and height, in which he was kept all the time except when they took him out to put him on the stretcher. They will show you, too, where a fellow who was quite fond of grape juice was disposed of by planting him in a barrel of wine. It was under a winding stair of the White Tower that the bodies of the two young princes, now buried in Westminster, were placed after they were murdered by their uncle, Richard the Third. They will show you in the basement of this portion of the tower a large inner room, with almost no ventilation, in which were kept a few inches of stagnant water in order that the large number of inmates, having no other place than the floor on which to lie or sit or stand, must lie or sit or stand continually in this awful filth. The White Tower is the central and the oldest part of this great structure. Its massive walls are as solid as when they were placed there by William the Conqueror more than eight hundred years ago; and there cannot be the slightest doubt that in ten times eight hundred years these massive walls will still be standing there, if unmolested by the hand of man.

Just back of the White Tower is St. Peters Chapel and beneath its floor lie many of the famous dead. Here lie the coffinless remains of the Scotch Lords, all beheaded. Sir Thomas More, two Earls of Essex, James Fitzroy, Lord Admiral Seymore, Lady Jane Grey and a dozen others mighty in the affairs of other days all sent to the block. Just before the alter lie the remains of Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, the Duke of Sommerset and the Duke of Northumberland. "Two dukes between two queens," all four beheaded. No wonder Macauley said "there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery." Write the interesting story of the life of a great man of those sorrowful times. Bring him to the gates of the tower of London, and complete the story with the word beheaded.

The old tower is now a great museum of war, though part of it is used as a barracks. Here are old cannon, old guns, old battle axes of the time of the crusades, old armor of every type and swords of every pattern. Here are mounted knights, dressed in heavy coats of mail which bear the marks of some fierce combat on the field of honor. Others wearing armor that withstood saber cuts aimed at a king upon the bloody field of battle. There is a shield which once was worn upon the good left arm of an English prince, and here are instruments of torture which once wrung cries of agony from the souls of the dying. But enough of the Tower of London.

A little way to the south of Regent Park is the house in which Dickens lived when he wrote Martin Chuzzlewit, Dombey and Son, Christmas Carol, David Copperfield and Barnaby Rudge; and a block farther west is the famous waxwork exhibition of Madame Tussaud. In this exhibit are shown strikingly real scenes and historic events. I do not just now recall many of them. There was the finding of Harold's body on the Field of Hastings; Bismarck at the Congress of Berlin; John signing the great charter; the surrender at Appomattox; the death of Nelson, and dozens of scenes

and men, all very interesting. There is the wax face of Marie Antonette made from a mask moulded by Madame Tussaud from that handsome face immediately after the stroke of the guillotine; and there are many others from faces which the day before were seen behind the prison bars of the conciergerie.

Step over here and look at this. It is a short, solid, heavy board, probably sixteen inches long, a foot wide and three inches thick; and to one edge is bolted a thin plate of steel somewhat like a plow share. The cutting edge of the steel plate is somewhat worn and shows that it has been frequently sharpened. That piece of steel clipped off the heads of twenty-eight hundred people in twenty-seven months. It is the blade of the guillotine. No other single object in Christendom is so closely associated with so great a mass of horrible, inexcusable, damnable disregard for human life as is that single blade of steel. To be guillotined is not an unmerciful means of execution, so far as the poor mortal who lies down upon its frame, with his hands tied behind him and his head above a blood-stained basket is concerned; provided of course that he is not shocked by the thought of having his head shuffled around in the basket with a lot of other heads, or the fear that if they should chance to drop a head in the box with his body it might not be his own. Such a device was used in other countries long before the reign of terror, and for that matter it is used in some provinces yet; but under names which suggest less of woe and more of justice. It is said to have "spilled the best and the worst blood of France." No man can look upon that weighted block of wood with its blade of steel, without a shudder creeping over him and a blush of shame mounting to his cheek because of the record of his race.

We left our stick pins, our watches, and our pocketbooks at home one Sunday morning, mounted to the top of a bus, rode through the heart of the city and got down in the center of the rabble, the rubbish and the turmoil of the White Chapel district. If there is any shabby, shoddy, cheap, glittering, deceptive, worthless, useless article not hawked from those dusty stands to the promiscuous mob in those dirty streets on Saturday night and Sunday morning, it is because it has been overlooked.

There were out of date hats, cheap suspenders, heelless socks, faded coats, shop-worn pants, flimsy vases, two penny jack knives, two shilling watches, razors which cost little and were worth nothing, worn out shoes, soiled neckties, dirty shirts and oil cloth handbags. There were broken handled axes, rusty hand saws, crooked tined forks, old counterfeit bayonets, and pewter spoons. There were hock joints of skinny beeves, fish which ought never to have been caught, hens which have done their duty and roosters which have lived long enough; and there were fruits stamped with decay, meats which should have been thrown away yesterday and vegetables which should have been eaten last week. Yes, and there were patent stuffs to rub on your corns at bed time and gouty joints at day dawn; medicine to make the pulling of teeth a pastime and something to restore hair where you do want it and remove it where you don't want it. Anything that is of no account, never was and never will be, they will insist on selling you at these dirty stalls in those White Chapel thoroughfares. We brought away nothing but the memory of a scene altogether distasteful. When canvassing for the endowment fund for Iowa Wesleyan University, Doctor Hancher said, of a stingy but wealthy old miser, "He gave me no money, of course, but I am glad I canvassed him for two reasons, first, because I had always wanted to canvass him, and second, because I will never want to again." I am glad I took the hours of Sunday morning to go among these people who would seem to have no desire for a better present and no hope for a better future.

I should like to tell you of Hampton Court, presented by Cardinal Wolsey to Henry the Eighth, eight hundred of its rooms being now occupied by aristocratic pensioners of the crown. I should like to tell you of Windsor Castle which is one of the most magnificent residences in the world and which was a favorite home of Queen Victoria. Two miles before the train reaches Windsor, you get off at the little village of Slough and walk down the broad country road, then along a pathway by the hedge, through a couple of funny gates, across a pasture, over a little crooked stile, then pass through a clump of scrawny trees and pause before a stone memorial, erected in honor of the poet, Gray, which stands in an open field still owned by the descendents of Wil-

liam Penn. A hundred yards over there in the grove, is the little churchyard and old Stoke Poges church, made famous by the most nearly perfect poem in the English tongue. And just at the end of the old church, surrounded by the headstones of many "To fortune and to fame unknown," in a little tomb of common brick, lie the remains of the poet beside his much-loved mother. The world does not provide a more ideal place in which to write an elegy. The language does not contain a more nearly perfect one than that written here.

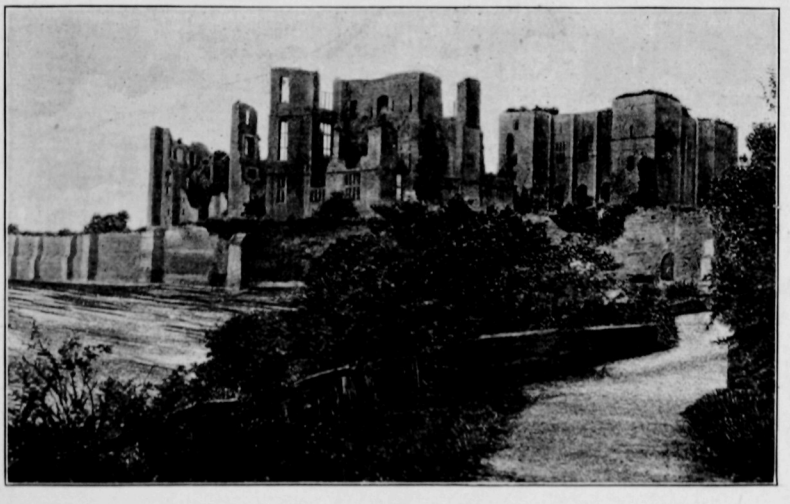
Who are those ungainly boys with big feet, stove pipe hats, great broad collars, black coats bobbed off at the waist line, sleeves three inches too short and pants cut off at their shoe tops? These are students at aristocratic Eaton College. They work those over and makes statesmen of them.

I should like to tell you of the almost ideal life in the house boats which lie along the bank of the Thames about Putney and Kew and Twickenham Ferry; and about very many other places and things which interest us all, but this letter is growing to too great length.

You would like to wander for a day in and around the old college town of Oxford. To go through its crooked streets, along its by ways, into its old chapels and college halls, climb the narrow stairs and peer around the plainly furnished students' rooms, and then wander to some shady nook and sit and gaze and wonder. You would like to listen to the story of how some boy, all unobserved, gathered knowledge here which in after years he used to uplift the state. Resting lightly upon the placid waters of the Thames, the rythmic stroking of your oars giving impulse to the soothing motion of your bonnie craft, you would love to pause beneath the over hanging boughs and there survey the scene where, in their student years, wearing the blush of youth upon their cheeks, eyes speak to eyes and bearing the benedictions of a starlit sky, tell the same old story in the same old way.

I would like to take you to old Warwick Castle and show you its elegant tapestries, beautiful paintings, handsome furnishings and its collection of old armor. There is the helmet which rested upon the brow of Cromwell. Here a painting of the present Lady Warwick, one of the most handsome women in England. There in a house built for its reception is a large vase, which for many centuries lay beneath the waters of an Italian river. It is semi-transparent, was doubtless carved in Greece in the age of her greatness, is of priceless value and the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world.

It is a pleasant drive across the country from Warwick to Kenilworth Castle. I have not seen another such a ruin. It was well located, strongly constructed,



The Ruins of Kenilworth Castle

and the ruin is now covered with creeping vines. It is historic and its name has been set in bold type in the pages of fiction.

It is an equally pleasant drive from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon. Stratford is famous only because of having been the birth-place and residence of Shakespeare. Marie Corelli lives and writes in a comfortable home not far from where John Harvard's old home stands; and while many people read Marie Corelli's works and some praise them, and while John Harvard founded a great American University, it is not because of either or both of them that anyone ever goes to Stratford. Everything about Stratford takes its form and its color from Shakespeare. A goodly portion of the people derive their support by catering to the wants of tourists who are there because of Shakespeare. Stores are filled with Shakespeare books, Shakespeare busts, Shakespeare pictures, Shakespeare spoons, yes and knives and forks, watches, fabrics, everything and anything, and all Shakespeare. Hotels thrive and livery stables flourish and even the town as a corporation has prospered because tourists, most of them American, are dropping here a constant stream of gold. Here you see the house in which he grew from nothing to a man. You see his desk, his chair and a portrait painting which may somewhat have resembled him and which now stands, frame and all, in a fire proof safe. There are his watch and his signet ring and about everything except the switch with which his mother pointed out the way.

There, too, is Anne Hathaway's cottage, visited every day by dozens of people who pay a shilling to look upon the scene where William fell in love with Anne and Anne fell in love with him. At the north end of the old fire place is a stationary seat for one person; at the south end is another; and they will tell you how William sat in one seat and Anne sat in the other, while he explained to her across six feet of dying embers, how the fire of an all consuming love was playing havoc with his heart strings and only the unconditional surrender of her sweet self could stay the awful agony of his untimely death.

Over by the Avon is a little village church. Twenty thousand tourists every year pass along its aisles and there before the altar stand with uncovered heads above the grave of the grandest poet of the world. They will show you, too, the field in which he shot another man's deer and tell you where the justice lived who fined him for doing so.

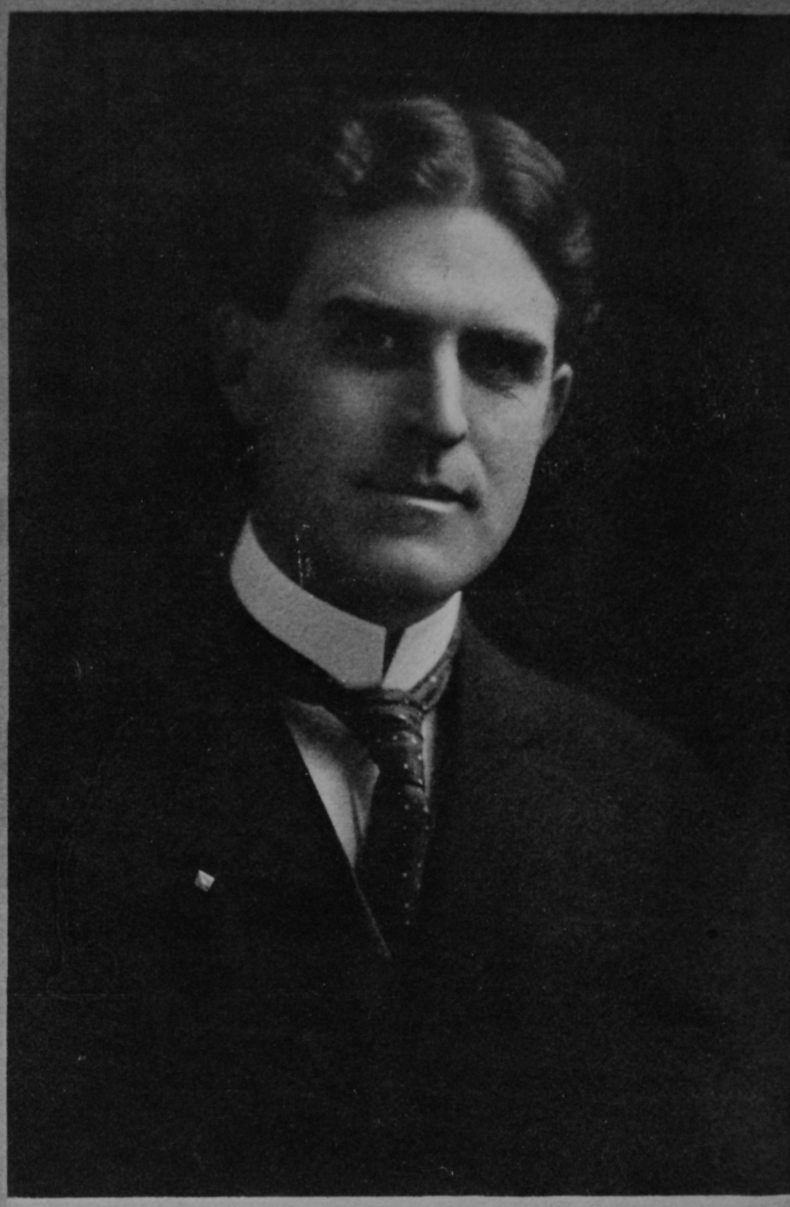
I would like to take you a long walk in the open sunshine on the broad top of the unbroken wall which since the days of the long ago has defended the quaint old town of Chester. Three hundred and fifty years ago these old walls stood for more than thirty months against the constant assault of the Puritan armies in defense of Charles the First. Behind them, too, Henry of Lancaster imprisoned his captive sovereign Richard Second, and long before the days of Richard the Second the Widow of Harold hurried here for safety after the battle of Hastings. Yes, and a thousand years before the battle of Hastings the Twentieth Legion rested securely behind the walls of Chester and took its orders from Imperial Rome; and at the very moment when Antony drew aside the blood-stained mantle and poured forth upon the frenzied ears of outraged Rome the will of Caesar, an emissary of the mighty empire, standing upon these battlements may have proclaimed some act of vandalism inflicted by the hardy Welch and unfurling the Roman standard to the breeze have "Cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war."

I would like to have you sit beside me as the little launch plows through the waters of the river Dee. See this broad roadway. It winds through the groves, the extensive grounds and leads to the palatial home of England's richest duke; the Duke of Westminster. "Excuse me, sir; but is that the duke there on that prancing steed?" "Oh, no, the duke is in the wilds of Africa shooting elephants." By a single question I had discovered the purpose for which dukes were born.

Groups of passengers were gathered all about the decks. Beneath the ladies' hats

were nothing but waving locks and pleasant smiles and men seemed more content than they had been since we watched the fading outline of the city of Liverpool. Away up near the tip of the topmost mast a small bundle swung loosely and looked like a speck against the bright blue sky. A cord run from the bundle to the hands of a man upon the deck. For a time he loked first at the top mast and then across the deck to an object off to our left. All eyes were on the man. He looked again at the top-most and two thousand eyes were fixed upon the tiny bundle away up there in the sky. Then a pull on the cord and there above us opened, fold on fold, the flag of our country; and as the wind caught up the unfurled banner and the stars and stripes floated grandly upon the breezes of our own clear sky, hats went in the air, handkerchiefs caught up from cheeks the tears which would not down, and from a group beside me there rose the inspiring strains of the Star Spangled Banner. A thousand voices caught up the air and from every part of the great vessel there burst forth in tremendous volume the anthem of the free. We had rounded Sandy Hook. We were home.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage



GILGER E. MacKINNON

Vice-President Mechanics Savings Bank

BANKING DEPARTMENT

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS BANK ACCOUNT

Gilger E. MacKinnon

Attainment in the business world comes only through persistent endeavor.

Some men meet with success suddenly and unexpectedly, but the majority get there by the longer road and the idle mind never does either. The man who saves money must think about saving and think seriously enough to make his mind control his habits. The man who makes money must think about making money and think all of the time. Absolute devotion to the end you seek is the price of attainment. I say this because I believe all young men in business life are ambitious to attain a competence. The young wage earner who has started right has a bank account and is careful and methodical about his expenditures. Bankers are usually too busy with other matters to watch such things, but a glance over the cancelled checks when the young man's bank book is balanced at the end of each month will usually tell a story of care and economy. His bills for all his monthly expenses show plainly in the checks he has drawn, and month by month, it will be noticed that he is gaining on the expense account and saving a little more here and there. It will not be long until he seeks a small investment—he has thought about saving money and now he is thinking about making it. If he has cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of the manager of his bank, he will probably ask that banker how best he can place his investment. He may ask about buying a small home on installments or if, when opportunity offers, he could not buy a few shares of stock in a good bank or some successful manufacturing concern. The mere fact that he asks his banker these questions is evidence that he is headed in the right direction and instantly the man at the desk has a better opinion of the man outside the counter.

Every young man should have a bank account and most of those who have them have lost sight of a very important feature. I venture to say that but few of the young men of Des Moines who have bank accounts have a close acquaintance with the principal officers of the banks with which they are carrying their account. Most of them get acquainted with the teller who takes their money and let it go at that. So far as it goes, that is all right, for the bank tellers of Des Moines are all fine fellows; but when this young bank patron needs money for the necessities that confront him he finds that the teller does not loan the bank's funds and he is face to face with the mistake he has made in not knowing the real head of the concern he has patronized, even in a small way.

The account of the average young man, when first opened, is not a profitable one to the bank, but it is his future that is of interest and their interests are mutual. I venture to say that the bank or banker can be of more real service to the young man the first few years than he can be to the bank, but, as I have said before, if he is helped and advised in his undertakings he will show his appreciation by bringing many other customers to the bank.

The writer's purpose in this article has been to convince the young man that a bank should mean much more to him than a place to leave his money only. He has the opportunity, every time he passes out of its doors, to leave behind him an impression of what may be expected of him in the future.

SHALL BANK DEPOSITS BE GUARANTEED?

George E. Roberts, President of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago

A reply to the article by D. L. Heinsheimer in the July Midwestern

The proposal to require the banks of the country to guarantee each other's deposits owes its present strength to the financial disturbance of last fall. It is urged as a means of preventing panics, and there is no disagreement about the desirability of accomplishing that purpose. Most of us agree that a repetition of the conditions which existed last fall should be made impossible, but this is by no means the only way to do it, or the best way.

For years the advocates of comprehensive currency reform have pointed out that with $14,000,000,000 of bank deposits in the country and only about $3,000,000,000 of money all told in the country, both in the banks and out, there should be some method provided by which, on the basis of good assets, the supply of lawful currency could be readily increased to meet exceptional demands, whether such demands were due to seasons of unusual business activity or to alarm among depositors. Their foresight and arguments did not avail, but they are hardly to be swept off their feet now by impatient zeal for this new, and, as they regard it, ill-considered scheme. They stand for a complete and scientific treatment of the subject.

The guaranty of deposits is a crude and imperfect remedy at best. It does not recognize or attempt to cure the defects in our banking and currency systems, but aims only at persuading depositors not to draw their deposits. The losses to depositors by the failure of national banks has become an almost insignificant percentage, and is growing less every year, as a result of natural, evolutionary progress in banking. The standards are being constantly raised, and the efficiency of official inspection and supervision constantly improved. The true line of development is not by any revolutionary policy, but by holding individual bankers to yet stricter account, and at the same time enabling every properly conducted bank to readily obtain a supply of currency to meet all demands upon it.

The fundamental weakness in our currency system is in the fact that it is not readily responsive to the needs of the country. The legitimate demand for money varies from year to year, and from season to season in the same year. It is a familiar fact that there is a great deal more business to be handled from September 1st to December 31st each year than in any other four months of the year, but there is no more money in the country unless gold is imported for the purpose.

Look at the elements in our monetary stock: We have $346,000,000 of United States notes, never more or less; $568,000,000 of silver dollars and certificates, never more or less; approximately $700,000,000 of national bank notes, the volume depending upon the price of government bonds rather than upon the demand for money; and, finally, about $1,500,000,000 of gold, which is the most responsive element in our monetary stock. Gold can be imported to satisfy a persistent demand, as was done last fall, but it takes time, involves considerable cost, and a great deal of mischief may be done before importations are available, as was evident last fall. It does not ordinarily pay individuals to import gold to meet a temporary demand. The stock of money in the country adapts itself to the ordinary conditions. Individuals will not carry money idle for eight months in the year in order to employ it during the other four months. The result of these conditions is that we always have a tight money market in the fall of the year. Interest rates are high, accommodations are curtailed, bank reserves are encroached upon, and the banking system is not infrequently placed under dangerous strain to tide the country over these months. At best the system is crude and costly. Money is not available to finance our

crops to the best advantage, and producers suffer in consequence. Our currency system is less flexible and responsive than that of any other country.

The perils and losses incident to this system have been pointed out for years, but without avail, until last fall the strain reached the breaking point. It had been nearly to that point in each fall of the two preceding years, but the advocates of guaranteed deposits offered no warning and proposed no remedy. They did not wake up until the evils of an actual panic were before them, and their remedy is directed only to the evils of actual panic. The guaranty of deposits will not give to our currency system the flexibility it lacks, and the lack of which precipitates panics and renders the banks helpless in the face of a panic. It will not satisfy the legitimate demand for more currency which arises in the country every fall. It will not relieve the producers and business interests of the country from the sacrifices which our present inadequate system force upon them every fall. In fact it does not come into play at all, except as a remedy for actual panic, which is the last sign of the conditions requiring treatment. It doesn't even guarantee a prompt payment of the deposits, but only that they will ultimately be paid. As a matter of fact, of all the banks which failed in New York City in the fall of 1907, every one has since either resumed business or demonstrated its ability to pay depositors in full, showing that in practical results the present system yields about all that is promised by the guaranty of deposits.

As a remedial measure the guaranty of bank deposits is therefore inadequate. But it is worse than inadequate, for it proposes to overturn the principle of individual responsibility by means of which the banking business has been raised to its present high standards, and upon which all individual and social progress is based.

The proposal contemplates that the public shall be relieved entirely from the exercise of judgment and discrimination in the choice of banks, and while it may be agreed that it is highly desirable that all banks shall be made safe, to the end that even the most ignorant and confid ing may be protected, it is still true than an alert public opinion has great influence in maintaining proper banking standards. We cannot afford to do without that influence.

Under present conditions the investments, the personal habits, the general character and abilities of the banker are under the constant scrutiny of the community, and a matter of public interest. Notwithstanding occasional instances in which the public has been deceived, it may be stated as a general proposition that an unblemished character and a reputation for good business ability and conservative judgment have been necessary to success in the banking business. The public looks over the individual who is to receive, and invest and may be responsible for its money with some discrimination, and the elimination of the unfit by the scrutiny and composite judgment of the community is a factor of the highest value in maintaining the standards of the banking business. It is, however, a factor entirely overlooked by the advocates of this scheme.

They gravely calculate the insignificant percentage of loss to total deposits under present conditions, and make the illogical assumption that no greater losses would occur after character ceased to be a factor in the business, and all deposits were given blindly to whoever would bid highest for them. To the objection that this elimination of character as a factor in the acquirement of deposits must certainly tend to promote reckless banking, reply is made that bankers will be deterred from recknessness by fear of losing their own money. The reply misses the mark. All men are not deterred from recklessness by fear of losing their own money, but reckless men are now, as a rule, kept out of the banking business by the unwillingness of the public to entrust money to their care.

Under present conditions there are some compensations for an apparent sacrifice of profits in favor of careful and conservative banking. There are people who are not influenced in their selection of a bank by the highest rate of interest offered on deposits, and who, indeed, have their suspicions aroused by the tender of exceptional inducements. They know that such offers put a strain upon the business, and they deliberately prefer to place their money with a banker who will not subject himself to such strain. These depositors esteem safety above all other considerations, and they are numerous enough to exercise a very wholesome

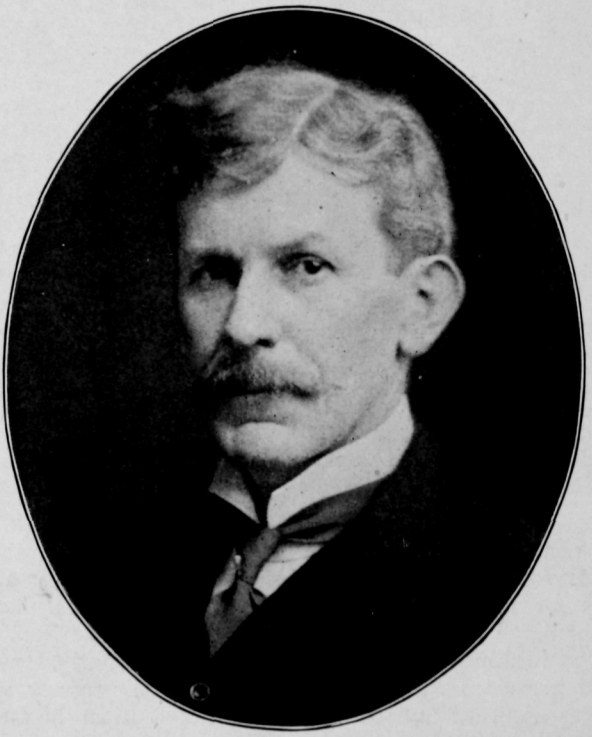
The Commercial National Bank
of CHICAGO

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $7,000,000
Deposits, $40,000,000

OFFICERS

GEORGE E. ROBERTS . . . President	GEORGE B. SMITH . . Ass't Cashier
JOSEPH T. TALBERT . . . Vice-Pres.	HARVEY C. VERNON . Ass't Cashier
RALPH VAN VECHTEN, 2nd Vice-Pres.	H. ERSKINE SMITH . . Ass't Cashier
DAVID VERNON . . . 3rd Vice-Pres.	WM. T. BRUCKNER . . Ass't Cashier
NATHANIEL R. LOSCH . . . Cashier	

This bank is pleased to place at the disposal of its customers the facilities gained during forty years of continuous service and growth



SIMON CASADY

Vice-President of the Iowa National and President of the Des Moines Savings Banks

H. B. HEDGE, President
J. D. WHISENAND, Vice President

J. G. OLMSTED, Vice President
FRED S. RISSER, Cashier

CENTRAL STATE BANK

DES MOINES

Auditor's Call. *May 14, 1908*

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans	$ 844,254.70	Capital Stock	$ 50,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00	Surplus and Profits	53,429.60
Cash and due from banks	246,193.55	Deposits	988,018.65
	$1,091,448.25		$1,091,448.25

DIRECTORS

H. B. Hedge, J. G. Olmsted, Chas. R. Chase, H. A. Elliott, J. W Hill, R T. Wellslager, J. K. Dempster, J. D. Whisenand, J. G. Berryhill, W. H. Langan

restraint upon reckless tendencies in the business. A banker now prizes the reputation of doing a safe business, and cannot afford to have a reputation for imprudence and speculative inclinations. And yet, although held in check by these powerful considerations, the pressure of competition carries the business near the danger line even now. There is too much competition for deposits, and the ambitions of the more venturesome members of the fraternity, and the pace they set, puts the whole system under strain.

But what are likely to be the conditions in the business when the public is no longer concerned about the management of the bank, and all the rewards for conservatism and restraints upon recklessness are removed? Practically all the considerations which in the past have tended to safeguard the business and advance its standards would be gone. The public would care nothing for the personality of the banker. The questions relating to his fitness for the custody of money, and his qualifications as an investor of money, which are now asked, would become obsolete. He might bet all the deposits on horse races without that fact becoming a matter of any concern to his customers.

And how would the conservative, prudent banker fare under these conditions? The legitimate reward for maintaining that character would be lost to him. He would get no deposits unless he bid as high for them as his rivals, for the government would stand behind the latter

Report of the Condition of the

IOWA NATIONAL BANK

At the Close of Business July 15, 1908:

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	$5,370,608.68	Capital stock	$1,000,000.00
Overdrafts	11,339.49	Surplus	50,000.00
Stocks and bonds	151,900.00	Profits	58,236.48
Furniture and fixtures	19,000.00	Circulation	233,000.00
U. S. Bonds and premiums	508,000.00	Deposits	6,534,271.35
Due from banks and U. S. T.	992,577.98		
Cash	822,081.68		
	$7,875,507.83		$7,875,507.83

Report of the Condition of the

DES MOINES SAVINGS BANK

At the Close of Business, July 15, 1908:

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and discounts	$2,264,095.17	Capital	$ 200,000.00
Cash and due from banks	359,762.55	Undivided profits	17,696.77
		Deposits	2,406,160.95
	$2,623,857.72		$2,623,857.72

Combined Deposits $9,000,000.00 — We pay 4 per cent interest on Savings Deposits

FLEMING BLOCK

L. M. BARLOW
Asst. Cashier Iowa Trust and Savings Bank

and assure the public that they were just as safe as he, and tax him to make them so. In short the reckless and incompetent people, who are now either excluded from the banking business, or held in check by the distrust which a discriminating public feels toward them, would make the pace to which everybody else in the banking business would be obliged to conform or get out of the business.

The hardest competition in any line of business is the inexperienced or incompetent man who doesn't know the real cost of doing his own business, or the margin required to afford a real profit. There are, however, in most lines some considerations which count for a man who conducts his business on sound principles. There is usually some difference in the service or the quality of the thing sold. But in the banking business, with deposits made a joint liability, it is difficult to see why all the deposits will not go to the people who offer most for them, a condition that would be both unjust and intolerable to the class of men best qualified to handle the banking business of the country.

Banking is an important function in the community, and it will not be for the best interests of the community to have the business subjected to these demoralizing influences. It cannot be advantageous to the community in the long run to have its capital accumulations pass out of the hands of selected conservators, chosen for their prudence and ability, into the hands of the venturesome class who will bid most for them. Such a system will break down eventually through its inherent weakness, as a similar one did break down in the state of New York years ago. The fact that the first bank failure in Oklahoma since the law went into effect was followed by immediate reimbursement of the depositors, at the expense of the other bankers of the state, proves nothing as to the practicability of the system in the long run. What will the influence of the system be upon the banking business and its standards? Will it tend to secure more careful and capable investment of the vast sums which the people of this country keep in banks, or will it tend to weaken the personal responsibility for these funds, and divert them into incapable and wasteful hands? Instead of looking for security to the in-

Security Loan and Trust Co.

of Des Moines, Iowa

Capital $50,000 *Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent*

D. G. EDMUNDSON, *President* J. W. FOWLER, *Secretary*
CARROLL WRIGHT, *V. Prest.* C. D. COLLINS, *Treasurer.*

dividual banker who receives the deposit and invests it, the depositor will pay no attention to him, but rely upon an outside "fund." It is a superficial policy, which neglects real safeguards and relies upon a false principle which is itself an element of peril.

It is said that the system will make every banker a policeman to watch the other bankers. This is a purely theoretical supervision. One banker can have no actual knowledge of the investments of another, and of course they can have no authority over each other. The only way any force or effect can be given to this theory is by having the bankers form and control a central organization to which shall be given authority over the individual banks. It is manifestly unjust to make bankers as a class responsible for each other without giving to them this power of inspection and regulation. If this central organization was given a paid up capital, and the power of note issue, together with the authority of supervision, this question of whether deposits should be guaranteed or not would become unimportant, for bank failures would become practically unknown. The central organization would maintain an effective supervision, and have power by means of its note issues to tide over and relieve any bank under pressure and meet any emergency that might arise. Moreover this central organization would cure the fundamental defect in our currency system by adapting the supply of currency to the legitimate and varying needs of the country from time to time. Finally, its influence upon the banking business, instead of being to relieve individuals of responsibility, and to direct the deposits into the hands of the most incapable and unworthy, would be to fix responsibility more closely, and to eliminate the incapable and unworthy from the business. This is the true line of effort. This is the natural and desirable evolution in the banking business, raising it to higher standards, eliminating speculation and waste, and assuring prudent and capable management for the vast sums which constitute the savings and working capital of the American people.

People's Savings Bank

CAPITAL $100,000.00
SURPLUS 75,000.00

C. H. MARTIN, *President*
T. F. FLYNN, *Vice President*
F. P. FLYNN, *Cashier*
E A. SLININGER, *Asst. Cashier*

Statement of the Condition of the People's Savings Bank at the Close of Business May 14, 1908 Auditor's Call

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$1,492,086.86
Real Estate	3 544.51
Furniture and Fixtures	7,500.00
Overdrafts	1,529.53
Cash on hand and in banks	437,621.18
	$1,943.282.08

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 100,000.00
Surplus	75,000.00
Other Profits	30,006.94
Deposits	1.737,275.14
	$1.942,282.08

THE NEW VENTURE OF F. O. EVANS

To open a piano house carrying only high class goods and goods really worth a high price seemed to many in Des Moines to be taking a great risk. But Mr. F. O. Evans, a piano man of many years' standing, thought the time ripe for such a venture, and firm in his faith in the middle western public, he engaged rooms at Ninth and Locust and several weeks ago opened up his new house. This beautiful house has the finest show window spaces in the city. The room is fitted out in elegant style, and the well known Story & Clark pianos are now on sale there. The opening of this house attracted wide attention, and the public were on hand before the place was really in order. Immediately upon receipt of the first shipment, a great many of the best pianos were sold, the opening sales proving conclusively the value of Mr. Evans' judgment concerning the public demand.

The Story & Clark piano is of the most exquisite tone quality as well as of power, with perfect ease of action.

A visit to this modern music house will well repay both Des Moines and outside people who are in town at intervals.

EIGHTEEN YEARS IN DES MOINES

Des Moines is the home of the only Keeley Institute in Iowa. This Institute was established eighteen years ago and has been doing business continuously in Des Moines. The work of this home and institute is a work that appeals to all people and one that certainly deserves commendation and blessing. Thousands of lives are saved by the Keeley Cure each year from going to ruin, and the grateful hearts of those who are thus saved prompt the spreading abroad of the good news that there is hope for all. The Keeley Institute, at 706 Fourth St., Des Moines, Iowa, is the only place in the state of Iowa where the genuine Keeley remedies and treatment are given. It is conducted so beautifully and so satisfactorily in every particular that patients come here from all over America, and often from foreign lands. A booklet of information can be had by writing to the Keeley Institute, 706 Fourth St., Des Moines, Iowa, from which it will be seen that many of the leading men of America commend their work in the highest terms.

A NEW LADIES' TAILOR

Mr. L. Schaeffer has opened up a ladies' tailoring establishment in Suite 430 to 442 Good Block. Mr. Schaeffer was one time with Marshall Field Company, in Chicago, and four years ago took a place here with Mr. Goldstein, and was one of the best men on his force, thoroughly familiar with all branches of his work. Mr. Schaeffer solicits the Des Moines and Iowa patronage, with the assurance that he can give good satisfaction. Ladies are invited to call and inspect his stock of goods.

A BUSY PLACE

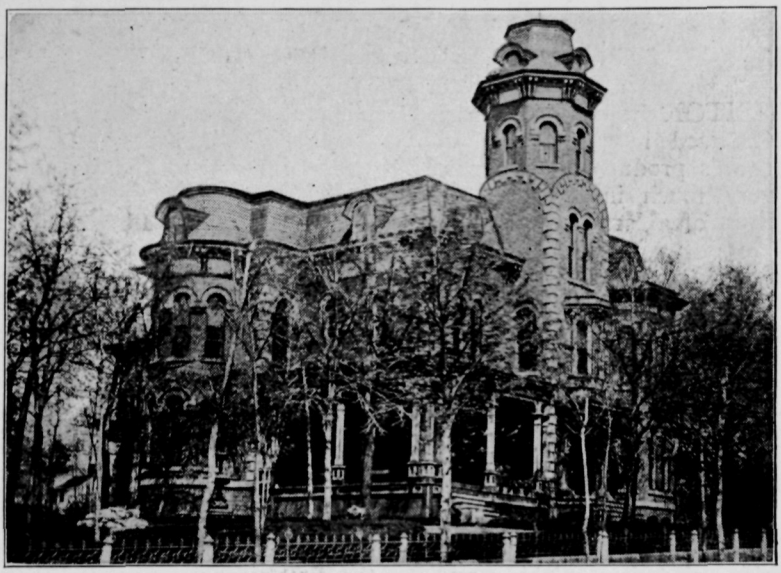
One of the best signs of the times in Des Moines is the fact that the manufacturing plants are running to the limit of their capacity and one of the busiest among them is the **Jaeger** Manufacturing Co. Almost everybody in Des Moines visited this establishment on factory day, and know what it means to see almost a hundred men at work making fine interior woodwork for banks, fine residences, stores, office buildings, etc. Nothing more beautiful is done in America than the work turned out by the **Jaeger Mfg. Co. W. C. Jaeger**, who owns and operates the plant, is a man of the best business judgment and pursues methods which have made his business one of the most successful in the middle West. He is one of our representative business men and has great faith in Des Moines.

The Keeley Institute

(INCORPORATED)

706 Fourth Street

Iowa Phone 997 DES MOINES, IOWA *Mutual Phone 997*



THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 706 Fourth St., Des Moines, Iowa

ESTABLISHED EIGHTEEN YEARS

Liquor, Drug and Tobacco Addictions and Neurasthenia CURED

The Keeley Institute at 706 Fourth Street, Des Moines, Iowa, is the only Keeley Institute in Iowa, and the only place in the state of Iowa where the

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Write Today for Our New Free Booklet

Callers Welcome at any Time **P. O. Box 483, Des Moines, Iowa**

THE DAIRY INTERESTS OF IOWA

DAIRYING IN IOWA

By H. H. Wright, Dairy Commissioner for Iowa

A VISITOR from another state, unversed in the statistics of Iowa's products, would not be very much impressed by the sight of a farmer with shining milk pails on his arms, going out to milk seven or eight very ordinary cows. The stranger might envy the farmer his enjoyment of fresh clean milk and sweet cream and wholesome butter, but he would hardly reach the conclusion that he and his few cows represent in Iowa an industry that is valued at $40,000,000 annually, that pays nearly 100 per cent on the investment, is distributed among 150,000 farms, includes 1,200,000 cows, and is of vast financial and economical importance to the people of this state.

Dairying in Iowa means almost wholly buttermaking. Of course, there is a trade in milk and cream for immediate consumption, and there is a small amount of cheese produced, but butter and the by-products skimmed milk and buttermilk, make up almost all the value of the state's dairy product. This state makes more butter than any other state. This states makes more butter than any other equal area in the world. This state makes one-fifth of the creamery butter manufactured in the United States. This state furnishes one-tenth of all the butter that goes upon the markets of the country. Besides making sufficient butter for the needs of 2,250,000 of the best fed people of the world, the state sends to the markets outside of the state about 90,000,000 pounds of butter. The whole butter production amounts to 150,000,000 to 160,000,000 pounds, of which three-fifths is made in the 600 creameries of the state, the remainder being made and largely consumed upon the farms.

Besides the values of the butter sold, whether at home or outside the state, there is left at the farm the valuable by-product, skimmed milk, and a smaller one of buttermilk. No known method of pig raising is superior to that based upon the use of skimmed milk for the youngsters of the pen, and no small part of Iowa's superiority in hog production is attributed to the fact that dairying and hog raising go together upon nearly all our farms. The value of skimmed milk used upon our farms is usually estimated at about $5,000,000.

In no state in the Union has the creamery been so prominent a part of the dairy industry as in Iowa. Starting in 1868 the creamery soon became quite well established in the state. The first dairy commissioner's report published in 1887 showed 449 creameries in existence in ninety-one counties of the state. From the first, it has been the case that the northeastern portion of the state has been more devoted to dairying than the remainder. For a good many years, counties such as Delaware, Bremer, Fayette and others adjacent have had twenty-five or thirty creameries each and have each produced annually and shipped out of the state from $500,000 to $600,000 worth of creamery butter, nearly three times the average for the counties of the state. It is therefore not too much to hope and believe that some day when the dairy possibilities of the state are more nearly realized, the state instead of producing $40,000,000 worth of butter will produce $100,000,000 worth or even more of dairy values annually.

The original creamery idea was to make a large quantity of butter that was all alike, instead of making the same quantity of butter in the hands of numerous farmers, butter of different colors and of all degrees of desirability. The collection of the cream and milk at one factory to be made into butter rather than the collection of the various lots of butter after they have been made was found to be desirable both because of economy in the first place and of desirability of the product and increase in value

THE NEW IOWA

The most sanitary cream separator in the world and a favorite with the ladies.

Awarded Gold Medals at St. Louis and Portland Expositions and the ONLY Gold Medal awarded cream separators at the Jamestown Exposition.

THE NEW IOWA has a low supply can, just the right height to be convenient. Its gear is absolutely enclosed in a dust-proof frame and its anti-friction gear makes it the easiest turning separator in the world. ¶ We would like to have you get one of our new machines and if you will write us we will mail you our 1908 catalog which explains in detail our excellent NEW IOWA Cream Separator and it will also tell you something about the great factory that builds it.

IOWA DAIRY SEPARATOR CO., : : WATERLOO, IOWA

in the second. And so instead of the old dash churn that produced butter in five and ten pound lots at the expense of much labor on the farm there came the power churn, operated nowadays by steam or electric power that churns and works 1,000 or 1,500 pounds at one time.

Economy of production demanded that the losses occasioned by incomplete separation of the cream from the milk in the old deep-setting systems should be reduced to the minimum. The centrifugal separators solved that problem. The hauling of milk to and from the factories was expensive, and the hand separator, or more properly the farm separator came into general use, so that now three-fourths of Iowa's dairymen have hand separators upon their farms. The state still has creameries to which the whole milk is hauled for separation and the skimmed milk pasteurized and returned to the farms. The largest of these makes 600,000 pounds of butter annually. But the use of the farm separators renders the farmer independent of his home market and permits him to ship his condensed product by rail almost any distance to market. It therefore comes about that great centralizing creameries have sprung up, drawing supplies of cream from great distances, covering the state with their purchasing agencies, collecting cream by the can or by the car load, and manufacturing butter in immense quantities. Whether this last plan is for the best interest of the dairy interest as a whole or not is a debatable and a violently debated question in Iowa just now, but such plants exist and make butter by the millions of pounds each.

The modern butter maker is a scientist. He doesn't taste the cream to see whether it is sour enough to churn. He takes a sample and tests it with chemicals and *knows* the exact degree of acidity. He inoculates his 500 gallon vat of cream with a "starter," which causes it to sour with desirable kinds of flavors. He no longer measures his milk or cream for the purpose of payment; he tests it in a machine made for the purpose and *knows* how much butterfat is in it and its exact value for buttermaking purposes. His butter goes to market in refrigerator cars, is sold and stored at a temperature below zero and comes out in the winter with little deterioration for its six or eight months of freezing. No one knows better than the buttermaker that cleanliness counts, because the returns from his butter tell him in terms of dollars of his failures to observe the greatest of care. He is in a constant fight with his patrons, his helpers, the railway and the cold storage man for better and cleaner and more up-to-date handling of his product. No food product in the world is cleaner than Iowa creamery butter.

The manufacturing of butter is now a matter of machinery and science. The results are no wastes of materials, increased value of butter to the consumer, and resultant profits to the keeper of the cow and the producer of the milk. In this change from the old method to the new, Iowa has been largely the experiment station for the whole West. But the mistakes and failures have each in their turn taught a better way and have more firmly than ever established the creamery as the principal factor in the development of the dairy industry. Every year a larger proportion of our butter is made in the creamery rather than at the farm.

Not only have methods of manufacture been greatly improved in the last few years, but the same advancement has been experienced in manners and methods of production of the raw material. During the hard times of 1896 the farmers learned by bitter experience that the other products of this state are subject to violent market changes for reasons far beyond the control of the farmer. They learned also that dairy products are always at a relatively high price, not subject to such sudden and unexpected changes in value, always in demand. They learned that the practice of dairying was an insurance against want or stringent times. They have therefore in the last decade given to the subject more time and thought than ever before and have again learned that in no line of agricultural effort in Iowa do time and thought and brains pay such high dividends as does dairying. The average cow of the state produces but 140 or 150 pounds of butter annually. It is easily possible to find herds that produce twice this average and some that produce nearly or quite three times as much. The difference is attributable wholly to the difference in the "know how" of their owners. The fact that dairy knowledge is in more demand every year prophesies well for the future of the industry in

E. M. ELLINGSON
DIAMOND
@
100-106 SEVENTH ST DES MOINES IA.
TRADE MARK

Uneeda butter the very best that modern methods have devised. Our Diamond Brand as shown above fills all the trade demands.

A Des Moines Product *The Standard of Excellence*

Sold by Leading Grocers

E. M. ELLINGSON, Mfr.

this state. The farmer who works with his head as well as his hands is both a cause and an effect in dairying, but in both capacities he makes for the betterment of the industry as a whole.

Forty years ago Iowa was known as a dairy state, but not in such a sense as now. The East and West and South depend upon the north Mississippi valley for millions of pounds of butter. It is easy to prophesy that for the indefinite future this part of the country must continue to be the place of production for the butter to supply the constantly increasing demand. There may be many reasons for this fact, but the predominating one is that the soil, climate and people are all suited for dairying.

The dairy cow came into this state tied at the end of the pioneer's prairie schooner. She gained her own living, gave little trouble, needed little care, and furnished subsistence to his children and made living possible during the years of pioneer hardship. She and her like have been the foster mothers of one-third the population, and the real mothers of the great cattle industry of this state; they have made the raising of hogs possible and easy and in the past generation, thirty years, have given to the Iowa dairymen a billion of dollars.

Ask the country banker what is the most desirable money that comes into his hands. He tells you that it is the butter money. In hard times it increases in amount. In stringent times the real money comes from New York by express, and relieves the banker and his clientage. Ask the merchant the same question and get the same answer. It's cash, it comes into his hands from every dairy farmer, while others must have credit till the annual crops are sold. The wholesaler knows that the dairy centers will always pay their bills. The farmer knows that the butter he produces represents that much more money than his neighbor has unless he is also a dairyman. For the farmer the dairy represents the independence of a cash system; it represents the necessities of life and the luxuries of existence, continued and certain well being and happiness.

In Iowa it is said that corn is king. The dairy cow is as certainly queen, and prosperity is the offspring of this royal pair.

We Invite Everyone

TO VISIT OUR

DAIRY FARM SCENE

WHILE AT THE

STATE FAIR

THIS WILL BE ON EXHIBIT IN THE REFRIGERATOR IN THE DAIRY BUILDING AND WILL CONSIST OF FULL LIFE SIZE FIGURES MADE FROM PURE

MEADOW GOLD BUTTER

MR. DANIELS OF ST. PAUL, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR, WILL DO THE WORK

BEATRICE CREAMERY CO.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FRAUDULENT ICE CREAM

A vigorous campaign has been started against insanitary ice cream factories. A number have been found in an extremely filthy condition. It has been found that ice cream is being manufactured from condensed, skimmed milk, or mixtures of condensed milk and skimmed milk in basements, barns and living rooms. This is the product that is peddled on the streets and sold to children; under the conditions it is dangerous to health.—Chicago Health Bulletin.

Established 1896 *Incorporated 1906*

McQuaid Co.

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IOWA 847-851
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CASH BUYERS MARKET

Groceries, Meats, Fish, Bakery, Drugs, Prescriptions
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312-14-16-18-20 SEVENTH STREET DES MOINES, IOWA

Please Mention "The Midwestern" in Answering Ads. We Would Appreciate It.

CREAM CREAM

WE BUY DIRECT from the producer.
We pay WEEKLY (every Friday.)
Our prices are always track your station.
We want YOUR cream shipments.

Call at our Booth—Dairy Hall—State Fair Grounds.
Ask for a COW BELL.

DES MOINES CREAMERY COMPANY

DES MOINES, IOWA

A COMPANY APPRECIATED

No business enterprise in Des Moines of late years has met with more royal success than has the Iowa Dairy Co. From a small beginning, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Morrow, president of the company, the business has grown into great proportions. The reason for their success lies in the fact that they have used business methods approved by the people. They have furnished milk of the highest grade. They have introduced the pasteurized goods into Des Moines and their service is reliable and efficient. Des Moines certainly does appreciate the Iowa Dairy Co.

BEAUTIFUL WATERLOO

If one thinks to meet anything like the traditional failure attached to the name of the famous French battlefield upon visiting the lovely Iowa town which bears the same name, he will know with the first handshake that he is mistaken in his calculation. Set in the midst of the fertile Iowa prairies, divided by the Cedar river, surrounded by a perfect garden land, Waterloo has all in her favor. Added to these natural geographical advantages, the people are a unit when it comes to loving their town and to all matters of advancement for it.

The ride over the C. G. W. railroad from Des Moines to Waterloo is a charming one at this time of year, with the forests in their shadings of green, the cornfields tossing in the wind, crimson lilies growing at the edge of wheat fields, and the blue skies bending over. In the city itself the most casual observer must note that cleanliness and order prevail and everything has the air of thrift and progressiveness. The glad hand is extended most royally to strangers, and the visitor is made to feel at home. Local pride and faith in the town have done much to give Waterloo the advance shown in every way during the past five years.

It is possible for the united citizens of a place to make it attractive to every visitor, to make it look so good that the man seeking for a business spot or a home for his family wants to go there. This is what Waterloo has done and THE MIDWESTERN extends congratulations and thanks for courtesies shown us during a recent day's visit.

HOW IOWA BUTTER GETS TO MARKET

E. M. Wentworth

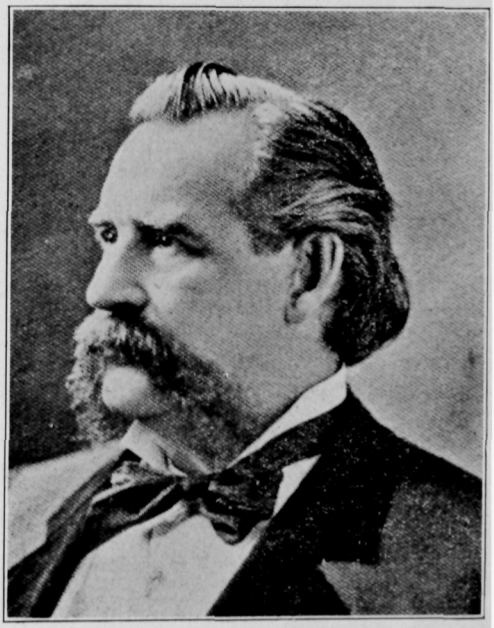
E. M. WENTWORTH
Freight Agent Star Union Lines, Penn. Ry.

"There be three things that make a Nation great and prosperous; a fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place."—*Lord Bacon.*

WHEN one reads of the really wonderful progress the state has made along dairy lines, he is apt to acclaim the activities of the producer when, as a matter of fact, a closer consideration will likely convince him the record is one of neglected opportunity rather than splendid achievement.

The history of the dairy industry is so closely interwoven with the story of transportation that no study of the former is complete without some consideration of its dependence upon the railroad, that "'iron hand' that passes the butter across the table of a continent" by means of the through refrigerator car service. Within the experience of many yet in active business, the butter made by an hundred housewives and bartered for coal oil or cod-fish at the nearby general store, was thrown into barrels to be reworked and renovated (the necessity will be apparent) ultimately finding its way to the eastern cities which were reached from two weeks to two months later.

It was but a few days ago that one of Iowa's most prominent old-time merchants told me of a shipment which he made in October, 1863, that reached New York after the holidays. There were no through routes or through cars—every shipment was subject to delay at each and every transfer point, and it is questionable which was the poorer—the produst or the service. The delay and damage in transit was the source of endless annoyance to all, so when Mr. William Thaw, of Pittsburg, approached Mr. J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania, with a plan for doing the through business without "breaking bulk," he met a sympathetic official who

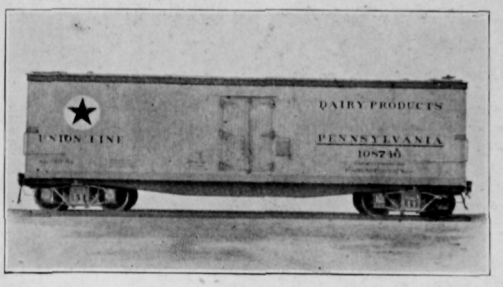


W. W. CHANDLER

readily promised co-operation. The result: The legislature of Pennsylvania, in January, 1864, chartered the "Union Transportation & Insurance Co.," the pioneer through freight line, which, in July, 1864, established the first through car service between the Atlantic Seaboard and Chicago.

In March, 1865, Mr. W. W. Chandler, their Chicago agent, obtained permission to refit thirty Star Union Line cars after a plan of his own "with a view to transporting butter, eggs, cheese, dressed poultry and fresh meats to eastern markets." The common box cars were relined throughout, thus making double walls, roof and floor, which were packed with saw-dust. To hold the ice a large box was dragged into the center of the car after loading and securely braced between the doors. Thus the first "ice house on wheels," as it was christened, started, demonstrating at once the value of the idea and establishing the fame of William W. Chandler as the greatest benefactor of the western dairy interests.

A little later the ice box was suspended from hooks to give additional loading space, after which followed, in order, permanent ice boxes in the roof, sides and finally the ends, as seen in the wellnigh perfect refrigerator cars of today.



Dairy Car on the Pennsylvania R. R.

There was no change in the "time" between Chicago and New York, seven days, or the "rate," $1.55 per cwt. Since then equally radical improvements have been made in the various departments of service, so now the Iowa farmer may receive his check in payment for butter fat, which has been manufactured, transported 1,200 miles, sold and returns made in the time occupied in making the runs between Chicago and New York.

In those "good old times" it took thirty-five pounds of Iowa butter to pay the freight of each one-hundred weight shipped from central Iowa to New York; now less than five pounds will take care of the transportation charges. The original refrigerator cars weighed ten tons and had a maximum load limit of 20,000 pounds; the modern refrigerator cars weigh thirty tons and are built to carry a load limit of 110,000 pounds—but, although the weight of car has been increased three-fold and the load limit over five, such has been the fostering care of the transportation interests the "carload" weight is still 20,000 pounds minimum. Not only that, but any local shipper having 10,000 pounds of butter, eggs or poultry may order a refrigerator car which will be iced by the railroad company, sent to his local station, placed at his factory door (if located on a switch) and four days later delivered on consignee's order at New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, 1,250 miles away. To care for the less than carload shipper, the western roads run regularly scheduled pick-up cars on the way freights, which, at division points, are put into fast through trains and rushed to Chicago, where transfer is made to the eastern lines, as per shipper's routing.

The handling of less than carload shipments has been so satisfactory that a majority of the shippers, though they make more than the 10,000 pound minimum per week, are using the pick-up car and getting their butter "on the market" as soon as possible. This season, for the first time, the butter at Chicago is being transferred via the Illinois Tunnel instead of by drays or the switch cars through its congested terminals, a great saving of time, expense and liability for damage from exposure to the weather, or the careless handling of teamsters. New York City takes the largest proportion of Iowa's butter and the various trunk line terminals are so located that the cartage and weather exposure attendant thereto is minimized, practically all the dairy shipments being unloaded on covered piers, the drays driving in and loading under roof, insuring delivery to the commission houses in as good or better condition than when received by the transportation company.

There have been few grounds for complaint, as to time or rate, the several trunk lines sending solid dairy trains daily from Chicago, moving on a schedule that, for regularity of performance, is not excelled by the passengers trains on the various systems. The thirty cars, of small capacity and crude construction, which Mr. Chandler deemed sufficient to handle the business, have given place to a magnificent equipment of more than thirty thousand cars designed and available for dairy traffic in the territory east of the Missouri and North of the Missouri, Ohio and Potomac rivers.

Others have written of the industry, pointing to the possibilities that lie in the Iowa combination of Cows, Corn and Clover; in this connection I recall Governor Hoard's toast at the Wisconsin Dairyman's Meeting some years ago,—

"The cow and the car, the cow makes the cargo."

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done more for civilization."—*Lord McCauley.*

CENTER OF IOWA'S DAIRY INTERESTS

E. C. Shoemaker, Editor of Creamery Journal

Waterloo is now, and has for a quarter of a century at least, been the center of activity in the dairy interests of Iowa. Twenty years ago, when Fred L. Kimball started The Creamery Journal, the first creamery paper in the world, Waterloo was the headquarters for the New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago commission merchants who, several times a year, made their trips through the western country soliciting butter from our creameries.

Today Waterloo is none the less the center of the dairy business of Iowa—and perhaps I should say of the West—but in a different way. Waterloo and Cedar Falls are towns of such size that they consume all the butter manufactured by the creameries in the immediate vicinity, and there is no such amount shipped

out as in the days gone by, though the production is increasing year after year.

But now, instead of being the western headquarters of the eastern commission merchants, Waterloo is the western manufacturing point and distributing point for an enormous amount of creamery and dairy machinery.

First and foremost among the dairy machinery interests of Waterloo must be mentioned the Iowa Dairy Separator Company. Ten years ago W. W. Marsh, who had had years of experience in the butter business in New York City, had solicited butter from practically every creamery in the West and knew the butter business from start to finish, saw a waiting field for the sale of a farm cream separator. He took hold of a little plant in Waterloo whose total floor space was less than 1,200 square feet and which had been struggling along for several years, and from it has developed a manufacturing plant whose buildings cover several acres, which gives employment to 600 to 800 men, and whose daily output of cream separators is enormous. Ten carloads of cream separators was a recent single day's shipment from this factory.

The Waterloo Cream Separator Company have a first-class plant in East Waterloo, where they turn out the Peerless cream separator. This is one of the newer farm separators, has some mechanical principles that are different from the others, and has met with an unusually favorable reception. The business is managed by T. R. McCoy, and their product is disposed of largely through dealers in the West and Northwest.

William Galloway, commonly known among us Waterlooans as "Bill," is president of the Wm. Galloway Company, which, among other things, sells cream separators. Their cream separator plant is now located at Clarinda, but he expects to move it to Waterloo before long. Mr. Galloway sells everything by mail—"direct from factory to farm"—on a money-back-if-not-satisfied basis. The William Galloway Company is said to spend more money for advertising in farm papers than any other concern on earth. Mr. Galloway's faith in advertising may well be illustrated by the fact that last fall, when that thing they call a panic struck the West, and a large percentage of the advertisers pulled out of the papers, Mr. Galloway enlarged his space and did an increasing business, while some of his competitors were wondering where they were going to get off at.

The Creamery Package Manufacturing Company are conceded to be the largest manufacturers of and dealers in creamery machinery and supplies in the world. Their headquarters are in Chicago and they have branches wherever there is creamery territory to supply. The house at Waterloo is one of their most important branches. It is in charge of Warren J. Smith, who has been working for this same company since he was in knee pants, having started as office boy in Chicago years ago. The house at Des Moines is in charge of the Waterloo house and operated under its management. Iowa is a great creamery territory and the Creamery Package Manufacturing Company's business in this line is very large. They have always made it a point to get hold of what they considered the best machines in the dairy and creamery line, and this, coupled with their remarkable selling force has given them a constantly growing business and a large clientage among the creamery and dairy people.

The Waterloo Manufacturing Company is one of the oldest concerns in the line of dairy manufactures in Waterloo. They have for years been turning out a splendid line of dairy and creamery tinware, including milk cans. The business is in charge of and has been developed by L. C. Burkitt.

The latest addition to the dairy manufacturing interests of Waterloo is the National Milking Machine Company, who have had one of their machines in operation on a herd of thirty cows near Waterloo for some time. They have been perfecting it in many ways and now seem to have a milking machine that is really satisfactory, and as soon as plans under way are perfected they will begin manufacturing it in Waterloo. The one drawback to the dairy business is the labor of milking, and it is earnestly hoped and believed that the National Milking Machine Company has solved the riddle and will give us a milking machine that approaches perfection. If they do, the dairy business will be relieved of its greatest drawback, and the bank accounts of the men who produce the machine will wax fat.

The Chamberlain Machine Works have built up a very large business in extra parts for all makes of cream separators. They also do repairing and general machine work besides manufacturing rope belts and other creamery and dairy supplies. Their business extends from coast to coast and their factory is a busy place.

Along with Waterloo's importance as a dairy and farm implement manufacturing center it is very fitting that there should be located here two publications—The Creamery Journal, which has the largest circulation of any creamery paper in the world, and Kimball's Dairy Farmer, which, though but five years old, now has the largest circulation of any dairy paper in the world.

PATTI'S

118 Sixth Avenue

Music 6 to 7:30 p. m. Schneider's Orchestra

Northey Patent Cooling Rooms

For Creameries and all Purposes

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Northey Mfg. Co.,

Waterloo, Iowa

Or any First Class Supply House.

Waterloo Cream Separator Co.

(INCORPORATED)

Manufacturers of

Peerless Cream Separators

Waterloo, Iowa

Why not buy the PEERLESS? It is the only combination hollow and disc bowl on the market

It produces a superior quality of cream.

The Following Guarantee Goes with every Separator Sold:

Guarantee We, the Waterloo Cream Separator Company, guarantee every Peerless Separator, when set up and operated in accordance with the directions sent with the machine, to skim at its rated capacity and to produce as fine quality and as great quantity of butter from a given amount of milk as any other cream separator in existence. We further guarantee that all the mechanical parts are perfect in every respect; and in case any part, except rubber rings, brushes for cleaning, and parts of like character, shall become disabled within one year through actual wear or defect in construction, and not on account of negligence or lack of care, such parts will be replaced by us without cost to user.

WATERLOO CREAM SEPARATOR COMPANY.

THE USE OF PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM

By F. H. Leighton, of the Beatrice Creamery Co.

F. H. LEIGHTON

IT IS only within the past few years that the theory of pasteurization of milk for household use and cream for buttermaking purposes has been put into general practice, but since that time pasteurization has been adopted as a practical proposition and today the country is covered with complete pasteurization plants for both milk and cream.

But in all cities there is more or less milk offered for sale that is unpasteurized and in many instances this milk is as pure and free from unhealthful germs as some of the such-termed pasteurized milk, but when this is the case, the utmost cleanliness must be maintained in the handling of the milk from the cow to the consumer.

There are, in every city, concerns who advertise pure pasteurized milk, but an investigation will disclose the fact that the method used for pasteurizing does not improve the milk, but, on the contrary, tends to decrease its value. There are at the present time two methods of pasteurizing milk. One of them is called "continuous pasteurization." By this method milk is passed through the pasteurizer and heated to a temperature of 170 to 180 degrees. It remains at this temperature possibly one minute and it is immediately cooled. The result of this is merely destroying a few lactic acid germs, making an article of milk that will remain sweet a longer period. Few other germs are destroyed by this method and the real benefits to the consumer of such milk is of slight benefit.

The other method of pasteurizing is the slow process, or in dairy language, the "Still" process. In this manner milk is heated to about the same temperature, but this temperature is maintained for a period of twenty minutes. The larger part of the germs are destroyed and the result is a safe article, granting that all other conditions are equal.

A much better plan than either of these methods and one that is so simple that it is a wonder that every housewife does not adopt it, is the pasteurizing of milk at home. All that is necessary is a thermometer which can be purchased from any druggist. The milk or cream to be pasteurized is placed in a tin pail or other tin receptacle and placed in a kettle of cold water. The water is then heated to a temperature of 180 degrees and when the milk or cream reaches this temperature it is allowed to remain at this temperature about twenty minutes. It is then placed in cold water and immediately cooled to as low a temperature as possible before putting it in the refrigerator. If this plan could be adopted in all our homes, there would be fewer sick children and the entire family would relish the milk and cream much better.

We would suggest to the readers that they insist on three things when purchasing milk or cream:

1st. That the owners of the cows furnish certificates issued by the state veterinarian stating that their cows have been tested for tuberculosis and found entirely free from germs.

2d. That the cows themselves, the stables, the milkers and all milk utensils are kept in a sanitary condition.

3d. If the milk is sold as pasteurized

COLONIAL
(Flaked)

Great Minds Differ

LIBERTY
(Granulated)

So do even the minds of salt manufacturers and buttermakers. Recognizing this fact

THE

COLONIAL SALT CO.

produces both salt in coarse light flakes that melt like snow flakes and salt of fine even grain that dissolves like mist. We leave it to our customers to determine which is the better for their use. Butter made from both grades is taking prizes and winning praises in all all parts of the country.

"The coarse, light flakes of our salt makes it dissolve the quickest and produce the best results in butter."—1st Competitor.

We Let You Choose

"The fine, even grain of our salt makes it dissolve the quickest and produce the best results in butter."—2d Competitor.

THE COLONIAL SALT CO.,

AKRON, OHIO

Chicago Office,
21 Quincy St.

Don't let the coupons escape you

Buffalo Office,
D. S. Morgan Bldg.

milk that it be subjected to a temperature of 180 degrees for no less than twenty minutes.

It is to be very much regretted that cities, especially Des Moines, do not have their dairy inspectors. True, the dairy commissioner keeps an inspector in cities of a certain population, but the state of Iowa does not offer funds sufficient to enable the commissioner to devote one inspector's entire time to each city. He is doing the best he can under the circumstances. What Des Moines needs is an inspector hired by the city, a man who is more acquainted with dairying and with dairy sanitation than with politics. They need a man who can go out to the farms where this milk is produced and ascertain if the stables and barns are in a sanitary condition, if cows are in a healthy state, if the milk utensils are properly cared for, and able to show the producer how to improve the conditions and then clothe him with authority so that if conditions are not improved he can condemn the dairy and order the milk taken off of the market. Another duty of the city dairy inspector would be in compelling dairymen to deliver milk to the consumer as it originally comes from the cow. The law says that milk offered for sale must contain a certain amount of fat, but many unscrupulous milk men whose cows give milk containing more fat than the law prescribes, take off some of the cream before offering it for sale. This, possibly, is practiced a great deal more than the milk consuming public are aware of and the city council should pass an ordinance prohibiting the skimming of milk with a severe fine or jail sentence for the violator of the law.

Pasteurizing cream for buttermaking purposes is not as general as it should be. The larger butter-making concerns have in most cases installed pasteurizing plants and all cream before being churned into butter is subjected to a temperature of 160 to 180 degrees Fahrenheit. While possibly it is not as necessary to pasteurize cream for buttermaking purposes as it is to pasteurize the city's milk supply, still butter made from pasteurized cream is purer, better and the keeping qualities are very much superior to what is termed "raw cream butter."

It is estimated that it costs the manufacturer of butter at least one cent per pound additional to produce a perfectly pasteurized article of butter, but it is worth this much or more to the consumer and we also suggest that the housewife ask and insist on getting not only properly pasteurized milk and cream, but properly pasteurized butter.

Speaking of the quality of butter, at this season of the year every manufacturer of butter receives more or less complaint regarding the quality of his goods. In many cases the fault lies with the consumer more than with the manufacturer and often times the grocers play an important part in spoiling the product. Not many people know that a small dish of strawberries placed in the refrigerator alongside of a print of butter will give the latter the most disagreeable odor and flavor that can be imagined, in fact fruit of every description, when placed by the side of butter gives the butter a flavor which is very undesirable; so for this reason at this time of the year all butter makers expect many telephone calls from the good housewives telling him his butter is bad. We suggest that butter and fruits are not kept together in the same ice box. Even butter and vegetables do not mix well, but vegetables do not play such havoc with the flavor of the butter as possibly a dish of strawberries.

Millions of dollars are being spent annually by the government, states and individual concerns in endeavoring to educate the producer of dairy products so that he will be able to furnish the consuming public with the best article obtainable. When we become sufficiently educated so that the product of the cow comes to the consumer in as pure a condition as nature makes it, then we can congratulate ourselves on having the best and most wholesome article of food known to man.

FOR THE ICE CREAM MAKER

The Disc Continuous Freezer

(Continuous in Operation as Well as in Name)

Combines perfect control of "swell," grain, and body, with economy of power and cooling-medium and minimum of labor.

Used with the

Wizard Ice Cream Mixer

it affords the most complete and efficient method of making ice cream

See these machines in operation at the Iowa State Fair, Aug. 20-28, and let them prove their value to you.

FOR THE CREAMERYMAN

We shall exhibit this year, in addition to our usual line of apparatus and supplies, the new

Victor Butter Printer

The only box cutting machine that leaves the prints on a tray or "spread board."

Come and see it and make our booth your headquarters during the Fair.

FOR THE DAIRYMAN

We carry a complete line of Cans, Tinware and Dairy Utensils of all kinds.

Creamery Package Mfg. Co.

Waterloo, Ia. ***CHICAGO, ILL.*** ***Des Moines, Ia.***

Omaha, Neb. ***Minneapolis, Minn.*** ***Kansas City, Mo.***

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS CONDUCTED BY A WOMAN

MRS. W. E. FERRINGTON

The oldest and largest rug factory in the United States is located in Des Moines and is called "The Reliable Rug Factory." The proprietor of this establishment is a woman, Mrs. W. E. Ferrington, who has practically built up a big paying business from nothing. Mrs. Ferrington has the staunch and forceful business qualifications that make men successful. She is a woman of resources, of decision, of sound judgment and not afraid of hard work. Her big establishment is run wisely and economically under her direct supervision. She understands and looks after much of the work. Her orders come from all over America and often from foreign countries. The transformation of old carpets which takes place at the Reliable Rug Works is too wonderful to tell. One must see it to comprehend. The worst old carpet is made into the most beautiful rugs. Rags are woven into rugs and portieres and cushion tops. Faded carpets and rugs are colored and resized and look like new. Silk scraps are woven into beautiful portieres and cushion tops. Mrs. Ferrington is justly proud of her factory and a visit is well worth while, as one may see the old carpets in every process of making, from the cutting into strips to the clipping of the rug by machinery when all finished and ready for sizing. Mrs. Ferrington conducts her business on a broad basis. To give the worth of one's money is her aim, and she feels that a satisfied customer is the very best advertisement she can have. The working capacity of the factory is tested the year round, and work is being taken in every day of the year. Beside the manufacturing, carpets are cleaned and put down and rugs are cleaned and dyed. Orders are given prompt attention. Among the manufacturing interests of Des Moines certainly this one managed and owned by a woman deserves high rank. The factory is at 840 West Twelfth street.

The Fine Even Grain of

Worcester Salt

makes it the safest and most satisfactory brand. **It is the quickest dissolving salt, and that means a whole lot to the butter maker.**

Bulletin No. 74 of the Wisconsin University Agricultural Experiment Station says on page 40: **"The appearance of mottles proper is caused by uneven distribution of salt in the butter. . . There is greater danger in this respect in the case of a coarse grained salt than with a brand having a fine grain; since it takes less working to have the latter evenly dissolved and distributed in the butter."**

It is true that the coarse salt can be made to dissolve finally, but only at the expense of continued or repeated working, whereby the grain and flavor of the butter are both injured. Actual tests made by Professors Woll and Farrington and reported in this Bulletin prove that WORCESTER is the quickest dissolving dairy salt. **Other tests made by one of the largest creameries in the country show that it takes only three-fifths as many revolutions of the worker to dissolve Worcester Salt as it does to dissolve other brands.**

These facts are generally recognized, and Worcester is more widely used than any other salt, BECAUSE

IT TAKES THE } **BEST**
TO MAKE THE }

Worcester Salt Company

168 Duane St., New York

Don't Waste Your Money on Impure Salt.

This question of salt *purity* goes straight to the *pocket book* of every man who is making butter for "what there is in it."

Because *impure* salt is necessarily *weakened* by just the amount of impurities it contains, and, of course, it requires larger quantities of this *weakened salt* to flavor butter at all.

Because again, the *flavor* is apt to be affected by the "harshness" or "rankness" of certain impurities which are found in *nearly every salt made.*

Because, further, impurities tend to nullify or to actually *destroy the preserving properties* of salt, thus lowering the butter quality.

Diamond Crystal Salt

Still further, because impurities attract *moisture*, and damp salt *cannot be readily absorbed* into butter, *nor add weight* as dry salt can.

And finally, because the man who buys impure salt is not only getting unsatisfactory *quality*, but is also *paying good money* for actual weight of theimpuritiesthemselves, and for the *water* they have already absorbed.

Now here is a fact which every buttermaker ought to know and remember: Diamond Crystal Salt is the *purest* salt made, and the *only* butter salt in the world *proved* to be over 99 per cent pure.

Find this out for yourself. Do it at *our* risk. Simply write us and say, "Prove up."

Then we will tell you our plan whereby you may **test Diamond Crystal Salt thoroughly,** with no inconvenience and without the risk of a **single cent.** WRITE TODAY.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO.

CHICAGO,
53 River St.

ST. CLAIR, MICH.

BOSTON,
46 Clinton St.

THE TRAVEL SKETCHES BY DR. LINN

No feature of The Midwestern has proved more attractive to a wide circle of readers than have the travel sketches which have appeared during the past year from the pen of Dr. Ellis G. Linn. Dr. Linn is a comparatively new resident in Des Moines, a brother of Dr. A. M. Linn. He is not the same sort of doctor, however, being an oculist, while Dr. A. M. Linn is a homeopathic physician.

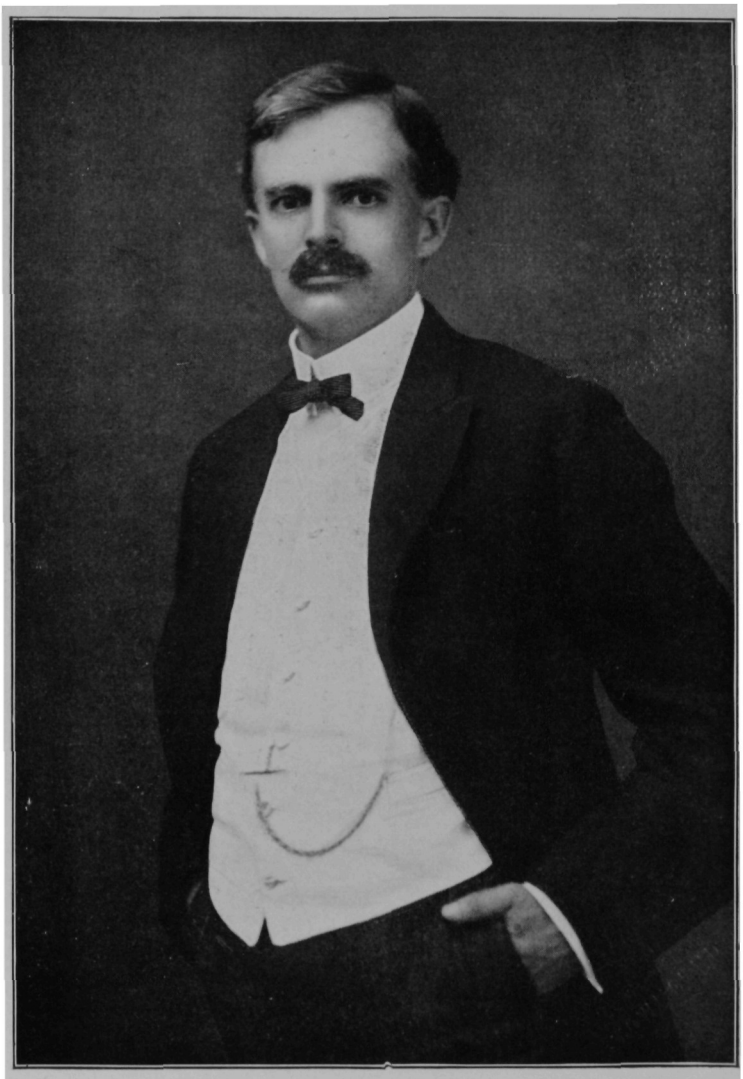
Dr. Linn, author of the sketches, is a man of cultured mind and of good powers of observation, as the sketches will prove. They were written in the form of private letters to his intimate friends, but he was persuaded to give them for publication. They cover objects of especial interest as seen by the doctor while pursuing his studies in the eye, ear, nose and throat clinics of Europe. On account of the unusual interest accorded them and their very marked literary merit they will soon be put into pamphlet form by The Midwestern Publishing Company, and they will meet with an appreciative welcome from the general public.

A BOON FOR THE DEAF

An invention that is well nigh perfect of its kind has been given to the public and it is one to rejoice the hearts of all who have defective hearing. Of all the inventions for making the deaf hear, this is the simplest and most effective, also one that tends to cure deafness instead of making one's hearing worse.

It is called the Stolz Electrophone and the principle of electricity is put to use in its construction. It is very small, thus proving most convenient, and perfectly complete weighs but twelve ounces. It is in reality a miniature telephone, regulated to suit varying degrees of deafness. In simplicity of construction and effective results, nothing equal to the Electrophone has ever been offered. Not the sound alone is amplified by its use, but articulation also, and this is where the great advantage lies. The Stolz Electrophone Company, Room 323 Flynn Block, give free trials and demonstrations of this instrument, also of an instrument especially adapted for use in churches, theaters, etc., to enable the deaf to hear at a greater distance. Their booklet is interesting and gives concise information and can be had by writing for it.

A View of Highland Park College Grounds and Some of the Buildings



DR. LOREN F. OSBORN

President of Des Moines College

Des Moines College

North Des Moines, Iowa

A high grade college, with all the advantages of the capital city
A strong curriculum, an able faculty, a splendid company of students
A wholesome environment

DEPARTMENTS

College of Liberal Arts
Bible School
School of Fine Arts
Business School
(W. A. Warriner, Director)
School of Education
Des Moines Musical College
(Dr. M. L. Bartlett, Director)
School of Oratory
Academy

College Year opens September 16

For catalogue and information address

Des Moines College

Des Moines, Iowa

Study Room at Highland Park College

AN IDEAL LOCATION IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF IOWA

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

DES MOINES, IOWA

A WELL EQUIPPED CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL

More than 1,800 Students in attendance this year. Ten well equipped University buildings.
More than one hundred trained teachers in the faculty.
Good Library Facilities.

DEPARTMENTS:

College of Liberal Arts: Four-year courses based upon a four-year high school course, leading to A. B., Ph. B., S. B. degrees.

College of the Bible: English courses, following four-year high school course. Also a three-year graduate course-

College of Law: Three-year course devoted to Law subjects, forms and procedure.

College of Medicine: Four years' work is required for degree of M. D. Good clinical facilities. Free Dispensary.

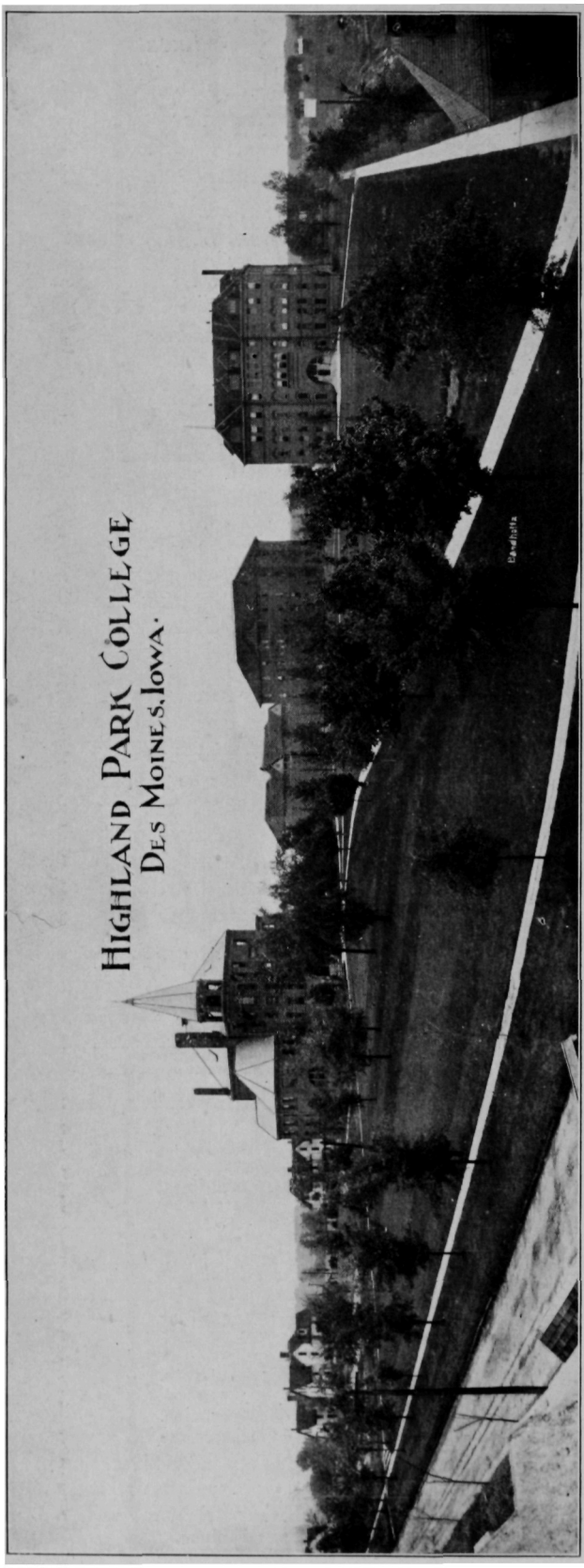
College of Education: Four-year course, leading to degree. Also two-year certificate course. Courses for Primary and Kindergarten teachers, and teachers of drawing and music in the public schools.

Conservatory of Music: Courses in voice, piano and other music subjects

The University High School: Classical, scientific, commercial courses.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 14th **Winter Term Opens Jany. 4th.**

Send for announcement of department in which you are interested. Address **DRAKE UNIVERSITY** **Des Moines, Iowa.**



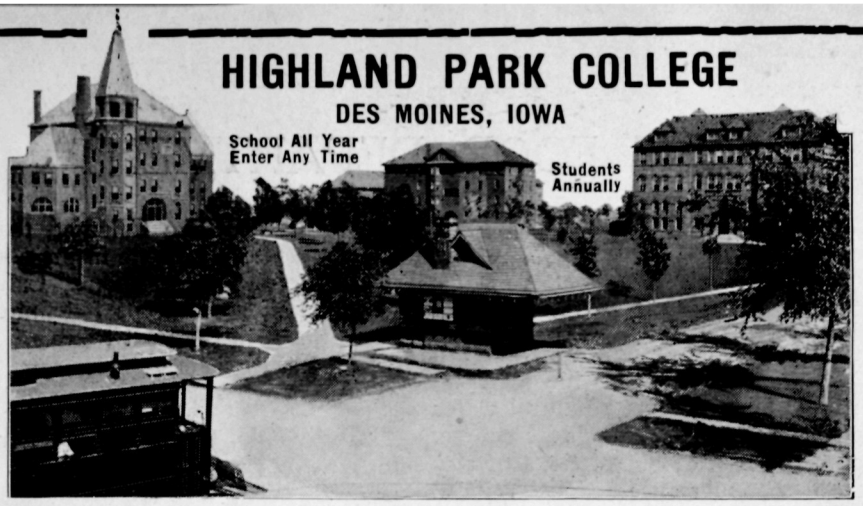
A REASON FOR IT

During the summer many old-time residents of Des Moines return for a visit and in the past month were several who have been living for some years in eastern cities. One lady in particular who has a critical eye for the niceties of daily living, declared that she had not believed it possible that such an improvement could take place in the general outward appearance of the people of the West, and for a while wondered just what it meant and to what the improvement was especially due. Finally she guessed it—it was due to the perfect condition of their outward garments, both in men and women, and this perfect condition in regard to cleanliness and to pressing came of the general patronage of Dress Clubs. Among the dress clubs in the city, none surpass in beautiful work The New Wardrobe, of which Ed Crawford is the proprietor. Every modern appliance is used in this well-known establishment, and the garments are returned hanging still upon the frames, thus avoiding the wrinkles they get when returned in a box. People are foolish to fancy they can look well in a wrinkled or soiled garment, even of elegant goods. The simplest material, perfect in cleanliness and pressing is preferable, and there is no excuse nowadays in the city of Des Moines for not looking as if one had just stepped out of a band box. The New Wardrobe cleans and presses the most delicate fabric, of any color, without doing it the slightest injury. They also clean draperies, bed comforts and blankets, fine rugs, etc., thus proving a boon of inestimable value to the housewife.

Each summer all the family furs, overcoats and winter tailored suits should be sent to The New Wardrobe and when put away carefully will not be in danger of moth and be ready for wear when fall comes. Of all the house and home keeping aids of modern times none is equal to the scientific work of the modern dress club. And in method and result none are superior to The New Wordrobe, located at 814 Locust street, Des Moines.

HIGHLAND PARK COLLEGE

DES MOINES, IOWA



Terms Open Sept. 1st, Oct. 14, Nov. 24, 1908, Jan. 4, Feb. 16, March 29 and May 10, 1909

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EXPENSES Board $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per week. Tuition in College, Normal and Commercial Courses, $15.00 a quarter. All expenses three months $48.40; six months, $91.11; nine months, $132.40. Send for catalog.

O. H. LONGWELL, President Highland Park College,
DES MOINES, IOWA

PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT

THE LABELING OF WATER

Under the ruling of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, manufacturers and mineral water dealers must label their product as artificial, imitation or natural. The new regulations provide that no water shall be labeled as a natural water unless it shall be the same as its source, without additions or abstractions of any substance or substances. The regulations also provide that no water shall be labeled as "medicinal water" unless it contains one or more contsituents in sufficient amounts to have a therapeutic effect, and no water is to be named after a single constituent unless it contains such constituent in sufficient amounts to have a therapeutic effect when a reasonable amount of the water is consumed.

Hereafter it will also be considered a violation of the pure food law if the label on a bottle of manufactured water bears any design or device, such as pictures of springs or fountains, which might lead the consumer to believe that the water was natural. Manufactured water may be named after a natural water in case the word "imitation" or "artificial" is also used.

AVOID THE CHEAP AND "BIG CAN" BAKING POWDERS

The cheap baking powders have but one recommendation: they certainly give the purchaser plenty of powder for his money. These powders are so carelessly made from inferior materials that they will not make light, wholesome food. Further, these cheap baking powders have a very small percentage of leavening gas; therefore it takes from two to three times as much of such powder to raise the cake or biscuit as it does of Calumet Baking Powder. Therefore, in the long run, the actual cost to the consumer of such powders is more than calumet would be. Cheap baking powders leave the bread sometimes bleached and acid, sometimes yellow and alkaline, and always unpalatable. They are never of uniform strength and quality.

Why not buy a perfectly wholesome baking powder like Calumet, that is at the same time moderate in price and one which can be relied upon? Calumet is always the same, keeps indefinitely and gives the cook the least trouble.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE

"Personally, I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Welch, proprietor of the Boston Lunch," said a well-known business man of Des Moines the other day. "I was well night a chronic dyspeptic," he continued, "and all from the partaking of noon-day lunches. Some places things were cooked in rank grease. In some, I was offered milk preserved with formaldehyde. In some, the coffee had been boiled for ten hours. In all of the places in which I ate at noon the bread was either really sour or on the verge of being so. Often the fish was rank. Sometimes the meats smelled to heaven in spite of cooking over a hot fire. The fruits were rotten and so, often, were the vegetables. It began to look as if crackers and water were the only things left that I could eat. And even these were not fresh.

"At about the time I was giving up in despair the Boston Lunch was opened. I thought I would make one more experiment. I did so, and with what delight! Since that first experiment I have regained a healthy stomach and nothing I ever ate there caused me distress. I know other men who had similar experiences. At this delightful place you take just what you want. Everything is appetizing, the charges are most reasonable. Any business man who has not given them a trial should do so for his own sake."

Open day and night. East Fifth street and West Sixth avenue.

Lawrence Drug Co.

Cor. Sixth and Locust Sts

Everything in the Drug Line

Prescriptions Carefully Filled

Calumet Baking Powder

Complies with the Pure Food Laws of all States

The perfect baking powder is the one that will evolve the most gas and leave the smallest and most nearly neutral residue in the food. A chemical examination of the many brands of baking powder on the market will show an enormous majority of them to be not only weak in gas, but either strongly acid or alkaline in reaction. Sweet, palatable food cannot be prepared with these powders. The bread will be bleached and bitter on the one hand or yellow and alkaline on the other. This condition results from manufacturers working with a fixed formula year in and year out, regardless of the strength of their material.

The makers of Calumet Baking Powder employ competent chemists who submit all material to analysis and determine its strength. This material is then accurately portioned to produce a baking powder neither acid or akaline, but perfectly neutral. It is the application of these methods that has gained for Calumet Baking Powder its reputation for strength, purity and uniformity.

CALUMET

Is a Perfect Baking Powder

A FEW BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

What would the summer vacation be without books and novels? Whether swinging in a hammock by the sea, lying under the pine-trees among the mountains, rocking in a boat on some inland lake, or appropriating the veranda of a prairie bungalow, thrice precious in the heat of summer is the novel, which carries us out of ourselves, away from the cares of business and makes the summer's loveliness more lovely. Ranged in a row upon my table are a few of the latest ones which I can heartily commend to my readers. They are: "A Man of Genius," by M. P. Willcocks, John Lane publisher; "Mr. Crewe's Career," by Winston Churchill, the MacMillen Co., publishers; "The Coast of Chance," Esther & Lucia Chamberlain, Bobbs-Merrill, publishers; "Old Mr. Davenant's Money." Frances Powell, Scribners; "In the Dead of Night," John T. McIntyre, Lippincott's; "Rose McLeod," Alice Brown, Houghton-Mifflin Co.; "Prisoners of Chance," Randall Parrish, A. C. McClurg & Co.; "Vera, the Medium," Richard Harding Davis, Scribners; "The Master Influence," Thomas McKeon, Lippincotts. These are all $1.50 books. They present a variety of tragedy, melodrama and comedy.

The greatest story is "Mr. Crewe's Career," to which Mr. Churchill has given himself in his very best mood, and there are bits that suggest the power of George Eliot. One might wish that Victoria Flint were made more real. Perhaps the most attractive of the character sketching is that of Sarah Austen, slight as it is.

The Bobbs-Merrill people know a good story when they see it, and their name is a guarantee of the readable quality of a book. "The Coast of Chance" is no exception to this rule. And it is far more than a story, as it is veined with a delightful prophetic philosophy which brings one up in emotion and tears at the end. The fascination of this book has been proved by its popularity.

Frances Powell does not seem quite herself in "Old Mr. Davenant's Money." and while the book is charming it lacks in dramatic power her "House on the Hudson." Another book of Scribners', "Vera the Medium," is so full of interest and of pathos that one longs to devour it at one sitting. The two Lippincott books are of enthralling interest. "In the Dead of Night" is a fantastic story of California life, while "The Master Influence" conclusively proves that love is the one supreme thing to a woman and to some men.

"Prisoners of Chance" is different from almost every book of the season. It is a story of a man and woman who came to grief in New Orleans in the days of Spanish rule and who then became wanderers in the wilderness of the Mississippi valley. After thrilling adventures, life settles down for them and happiness is in sight.

The book from the John Lane house, "A Man of Genius," is a masterpiece in its way. We see little of such writing nowadays. English without flaw, story wonderfully told and all pervaded with a passionate sense, life and love and pain.

Don't Think

of buying your fall suit or overcoat until you see what we will have to show this fall.

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YOU'LL realize when you come here the difference between a clearance sale that offers a big complete stock, and the ordinary few-of-a-kind sale. All sizes, big or small; we'll fit anybody; so will the prices; Yorkshire and Hart, Schaffner & Marx quality.

Fine $40, $35, $30 suits now sell at	**$22.50**
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SKAT

Mrs. W. B. M'Linn

Skat, as compared to whist, euchre and many other card games, is of comparatively modern origin, having first been played in Altenburg, Germany less than a hundred years ago. From this place the game gradually spread to all parts of Germany, where it is recognized as the national game, as well as to other European countries, and finally to America where there are said to be more than one hundred thousand players in the United States alone. The first book on Skat was not published until 1848, the author of which was a German professor by the name of Nempel, who lived in Altenburg. In August, 1886, over twelve hundred players met in convention at this place and for the first time adopted a set of rules and regulations which are still recognized in both Europe and America, and which were published some two years later. Credit is due to the members of a Skat club in St. Louis, Mo., for having called together for the first time the Skat players of America. This was done ten years ago January 22, 1898, at which time three hundred players were present and the organization known as the North American Skat League was first brought into existence. Since then annual congresses have been held in some of the larger cities. So rapidly has this game grown in popularity and public favor that, at the tenth congress held in Chicago last June, some twenty-seven hundred players took part, not including the six hundred ladies who were provided a separate convention hall and participated in the game also.

The coming congress to be held in New York City in June will no doubt be the largest and most enthusiastic convention of card players ever held in this or any European country.

An idea seems to prevail that no one but Germans play this game, and while they do represent a very great majority, naturally, the game having originated in their country, still there are hundreds of Americans, ladies and gentlemen—social leaders—who are among our most devoted Skat players.

Americans know a good thing when they see it and they are beginning to realize the value of this most delightful of indoor pastimes, and it is predicted that within the next few years they will be the best Skat players in the world.

Already in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Springfield, Chicago, Des Moines and many other cities, the feminine card lovers have formed clubs and cliques for the practice and study of this interesting game. The facts are, in many of the leading clubs it is gradually take the place of bridge since who understand it will not play bridge if they can get a game of Skat.

In many respects Skat is a better game than bridge and to those who can comprehend a comparison between the two games it is readily seen why the former bids fair to displace the more spectacular game.

A few comparisons will suffice to make this plain.

In the first place Skat is one of the best games known for three players; although four or even five may sit at the same table and each take their turn at play. It is not necessary, as in bridge, to have exactly four or some multiple of that number to fill the tables, since after three players have congregated any number, odd or even, can be accommodated. This saves a Skat-master or hostess no end of trouble and inconvenience when they receive word at the last moment that someone cannot come.

Skat is a distinctly individual game, each person playing for himself, and the final result a separate individual score. The successful bidder, called the player, playing alone against his adversaries depends upon himself entirely to win or lose his game—happy in the thought he has no partner's fortune to risk with his own. This one feature alone recommends itself to those who have long since become disgusted with the unkind and unnecessary criticism one continually hears between the partners at the bridge table.

In Skat each player has an opportunity

to bid—the one who can offer to play a game that will win or lose the greatest number of points having the privilege of naming the variety of game to be played. In bridge, dealer or dummy alone are permitted to name the game without reference to what leader or pairs may hold, which seems manifestly unfair. If the dealer and dummy happen to hold particularly worthless cards and declare spades the best their opponents can do is to double the make and score a few extra points with possibly nothing in their honor column; whereas had they had the opportunity to name the game could have declared no trump, scored a grand slam and with a possible hundred for aces won a game worth two hundred and twenty-four—the highest possible count in birdge, barring a double. But alas, it was not their deal and the likes of such a hand they may never see again. A decidedly unsatisfactory feature of this game.

In bridge if you have an unusualiy poor hand you must lose, while in Skat you may win points and games with the worst possible combinations that can be dealt, and the more worthless they are the more you can make out of it. This particular feature of the game at once recommends itself to the "proverbial poor card holder" who can see in it a chance for him also.

In Skat there are only thirty-two cards used, instead of fifty as in bridge. In the matter of rules and conventions it may be interesting to know that Skat is practically free from them, and a player is permitted to use some common sense and judgment in playing his cards and is not bound down to a system of number showing leads, second hand play, third hand plays and returns, signals, echoes, etc., to say nothing of the eight or ten different discards, none of which seem to give general satisfaction and many of them amount to little less than private conventions—an arbitrary rule without the slightest semblance of a reason for it, and suited only to those who are known as purely mechanical players.

In Skat there are a few simples rules for the play of the adversaries against the player which it is well for them to observe. While the player himself having no partner to inform or misinform, may handle his cards as his own judgment dictates. In Skat there is one discard with one single exception to it.

In bridge we have a choice of two games—trumps and no trumps. While in Skat there are three principal divisions of the game, each one containing several distinct games, making in all some ten different varieties which are permitted in the standard game, as well as a number of minor varieties that may be used at your pleasure.

"Variety is the spice of life" and card lovers have certainly found in this game with its ever changing combinations and possibilities with excellent opportunities for mental exercise, one of the most amusing, exciting and fascinating of pastimes.

Subsequent number of The Midwestern will contain elementary instructions in this game.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER

From Mrs. Bina M. Wyman, Los Angeles, Cal.

I have just received the June Midwestern and have enjoyed looking it over very much. I think your illustrations of the homes of Des Moines perfectly fine—as well as those of the people and business houses. It certainly is a credit to Des Moines and I hope is appreciated by the people.

We have simply perfect weather out here; the sun, warm, but not hot in the middle of the day, shines with such wooing splendor we love to be out in it. I spend much time in my garden, watering the lawn and flowers. You know we have no rain all summer, and so we must water every day. I have learned to use the hose, with its different sprayers, and so don't turn it on myself any more, as I did at first! I wish you could see my white La Marque climbing rose. I counted twenty-five full bloom roses and 125 buds, and it was only set out in February. All my roses are blooming. There are the "Madames," "Princesses," "Duchesses" this and that, besides everyday common red roses.

My parking and all the neighbors' is one mass of pink ivy geranium bloom. At our improvement club, we decided to have pink geraniums, and we have been setting them out in the parking of the vacant lots. As I look out I see nothing but green grass, trees and flowers. My neighbor across the way lives in a veritable bower. Every morning one may see her carrying roses or sweet peas or other flowers to some neighbor who

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DES MOINES, IOWA

In the Heart of the Midsummer Forest

hasn't as many as she. This same neighbor sent me forty roses the other day, to a little function, and you wouldn't know she had cut any!

People come out and get great armfuls of calla lilies, which are scarcely missed. "Why do you give away so many flowers?" "Oh, they grow all the faster for the picking," she answers.

I wish you could see one of my English Walnut trees—the one at the back door. The nuts are quite good sized already and the branches are so full they are weighed nearly to the ground. One neighbor said he thought I'd have a bushel at least from that one tree, and I have two or three others.

Can you wonder that I like to live here, where we have no frosts, and everything we plant keeps on growing? We don't have to renew planting each year, because the old ones never die. Some of the real old rose bushes have bodies as big as your wrist or arm, and vines grow so fast over your porches we sometimes think they must be related to "Jack's bean stalk."

But while we have such growth we have our enemies, too. The gopher and the meadow mole will dig and burrow under our lawns and flowers in spite of traps and other devices against them. One neighbor missed lettuce from the bed, and after hunting for the thief concluded that he came up from underneath and pulled the lettuce down! Such ingenuity or craftiness is worthy of the higher race!

Our Literary Club holds its last meeting for the season tomorrow, but some of us are going to meet every week and read. We have book lovers here, as well as elsewhere. On one neighbor's table you may see such magazines as "Power," "Unity" and "Eternal Progress," the "Literary Digest" with all the others.

We were pleased to have a visit with Mrs. Isaac Cooper and Mrs. Florence Ginn, who left for their home in Olita, Cal., last Saturday. Mrs. Hubbard left on Sunday for Des Moines, and Mrs. Lizzie Cleveland Allen has returned to her home in Washington, D. C.

Iowa Landscape Garden Scene